PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORT WAYNE & ALLEN CO., IND.

GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01746 7223

GENEALOGY
974
N4215
1895

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

http://archive.org/details/newenglandmagazi1895bost

# New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 12.

Old Series, Vol. 18.

March, 1895.—August, 1895.

Boston, Mass.:
Warren F. Kellogg, Publisher,
5 Park Square

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1895, by
WARREN F. KELLOGG,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

*All rights reserved.*

PRESS OF SKINNER, BARTLETT & CO.,
7 Federal Court, Boston.

# INDEX

TO

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XII. MARCH, 1895–AUGUST, 1895.

---


PAGE

Agatha Sage. A Story ..... *Mary G. L. Underwood* ..... 207
Alone on Osceola ..... *William Morse Cole* ..... 758
An Anniversary. A Story ..... *A. H. Thorndike* ..... 595
Artistic Domestic Architecture in America ..... *Barr Ferree* ..... 451
At the Bunch of Grapes Inn. A Story ..... *May Kelsey Champion* ..... 313
Ball, Thomas. The Sculptor ..... *William Ordway Partridge* ..... 291
Baptist Preacher and Soldier of the Last Century, A ..... *Alice Morse Earle* ..... 407
Bit of Unwritten New England History, A ..... *Emily C. Cord* ..... 272
Blue Mountain Forest Park ..... *T. J. Walker* ..... 355
Boston Public Library, The ..... *C. Howard Walker* ..... 259
Boston Public Library, The Story of the ..... *Edmund J. Carpenter* ..... 737
Brownell, Henry Howard. A Battle Laureate ..... *Richard Burton* ..... 601
Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks. A Story ..... *Elizabeth Beall Ginty* ..... 83
Capital of New Hampshire, The ..... *Frances M. Abbott* ..... 476
Changing Character of Commencement, The ..... *Arthur Reed Kimball* ..... 187
Charlestown's First Settler ..... *B. F. DeCosta* ..... 305
Christian Endeavor Movement, The Leaders of the ..... *Rev. James L. Hill, D. D.* ..... 586
Civil War Envelopes, The ..... *J. Howe Adams* ..... 121
Cotton Mills in the South, The ..... *Edward Porritt* ..... 575
Days in Confederate Prisons ..... *William C. Bates* ..... 177
Discovery of Silver, The ..... *Eliot Lord* ..... 697
Editor's Table ..... 125, 381, 510, 637, 765
Esther. A Story ..... *Robert Beverly Hale* ..... 561, 688
Evangelical Movement in America, The ..... *Charles F. Dole* ..... 533
Evolution of a Parlor Organ, The. A Story ..... *Anne Richardson Talbot* ..... 277
Famous Vermont Editor of a Hundred Years Ago, A ..... *Mason A. Green* ..... 495
First Harvard Graduate Killed in the Revolution, The ..... *Charles Knowles Bolton* ..... 107
Fitchburg, Massachusetts ..... *Joseph G. Edgerly* ..... 321
Germany's Tribute to Arminius ..... *Myron R. Sanford* ..... 160
Good Old Families ..... *William Henry Winslow* ..... 507
Granther's Set Kittle. A Story ..... *Keziah Shelton* ..... 500
Harriet Beecher Stowe at Cincinnati ..... *George S. McDowell* ..... 65
Hawthorne as an Interpreter of New England ..... *Katharine Hillard* ..... 732
Herreshoffs and Their Boats, The ..... *Henry Robinson Palmer* ..... 515
Indian Education at Carlisle ..... *O. B. Super* ..... 224
Inscribed Pottery of the Pennsylvania Germans ..... *Edwin Atlee Barber* ..... 34
In the Middle Town of Whitefield ..... *Helen Marshall North* ..... 286, 444, 719
In the Pullman Car ..... *E. W. Sanborn* ..... 467
Joseph Jefferson at Home ..... *William E. Bryant* ..... 193
Later Religious Art in America ..... *Clara Erskine Clement* ..... 131
Like Other Folks. A Story ..... *Gertrude Morton* ..... 434


14890

Machias in the Revolution and Afterward ..... *M. E. C. Smith* ..... 673
Malhalla's Revenge. A Story ..... *Joanna E. Wood* ..... 184
Mars ..... *Percival Lowell* ..... 643
Mary. A Story ..... *Ellen Strong Bartlett* ..... 756
Massachusetts in the Civil War ..... *Thomas S. Townsend* ..... 3
Meeting House Feud, A. A Story ..... *Dorothy E. Nelson* ..... 90
Memorable Journey in a Chaise, A ..... *John Boylston* ..... 440
Miss Theodora. A Story ..... *Helen Leah Reed* ..... 656
Mistress Sherwood's Victory. A Story ..... *Eva L. Ogden* ..... 338
Mystics Among the New England Hills ..... *Dian Calvert* ..... 571
New England Butterflies ..... *Margaret Wentworth Leighton* ..... 170
New England Sectionalism ..... *Corinne Bacon* ..... 241
Northampton Association of Education and Industry, The ..... *Olive Rumsey* ..... 22
Old Dutch Houses on the Hudson ..... *William E. Ver Planck* ..... 71
Old Marblehead ..... *John W. Chadwick* ..... 611
Old Milk Street, Boston ..... *Hamilton Andrews Hill* ..... 97
Old-Time Amputation, An ..... *John Albee* ..... 309
Omnibus. *See Poetry* ..... 255, 384, 640, 768
Physicians of Early New England, The ..... *May Kelsey Champion* ..... 156
Pride of Anne Havens, The. A Story ..... *Dorothy E. Nelson* ..... 629
Roxbury Latin School, The ..... *James De Normandie* ..... 388
Scotchman's Journey in New England in 1771, A ..... *William Gregory* ..... 343
Shakespeare's Fools ..... *Thomas R. Slicer* ..... 374
Sir William Pepperrell and the Capture of Louisburg ..... *Victoria Reed* ..... 415
Some Half-Forgotten New England Songs ..... *Mary Barrows* ..... 472
Streets of an Old Town, The ..... *Elisabeth Moore Hallowell* ..... 706
Swiss Idyls ..... *William D. McCrackan* ..... 713
The Call. A Story ..... *David Lowry* ..... 369
The Lighthouse Keeper's Story ..... *Bessie Chandler* ..... 723
The Part of Massachusetts Men in the Ordinance of 1787 ..... *Elizabeth H. Tetlow* ..... 55
The Smitten Village ..... *I. A. K.* ..... 668
Three Cups of Tea. A Story ..... *Dorothy Prescott* ..... 215
Triumph of Faith, A. A Story ..... *John P. Ritter* ..... 113
Walters Art Gallery, The ..... *Milton Reizenstein* ..... 545
Weather Studies at Blue Hill ..... *Raymond L. Bridgman* ..... 40

## POETRY.

Ab Origine ..... *Clarence Augustine Chase* ..... 369
A Fantasy ..... *Dorothea Lummis* ..... 223
Apples of Friendship ..... *Hannah Parker Kimball* ..... 366
A Queer Craft ..... *Charles Gordon Rogers* ..... 384
Caprice ..... *Frank Roe Batchelder* ..... 570
Circumstance ..... *Dorothea Lummis* ..... 106
Contrasts ..... *Harry Romaine* ..... 384
Diana ..... *Laura Spencer Portor* ..... 705
End of the World, The ..... *M. A. Nicholas* ..... 640
Good — Better — Best ..... *Ellis Parker Butler* ..... 384
Händel's Largo ..... *Philip Becker Goetz* ..... 159
Health's Exiles ..... *Amos R. Wells* ..... 106
Indecision ..... *Charlotte M. Packard* ..... 120
In June ..... *Emily McManus* ..... 414
In the Orchard ..... *Herbert Randall* ..... 494
John Keats ..... *Kenyon West* ..... 636

Kismet ..... *Arthur Fairfax* ..... 384
Lavender Leaves ..... *Minna Irving* ..... 21
Long Ago and I ..... *Charles Gordon Rogers* ..... 433
Love and Life ..... *Mary G. Slocum* ..... 82
Love's Chisel ..... *Eva Channing* ..... 628
Mt. Monadnock and the Green Mountains ..... *Mary Chandler Jones* ..... 600
My Lady's Sleeves ..... *Winthrop Packard* ..... 384
Noblesse Oblige ..... *Laura Spencer Portor* ..... 223
Pandora ..... *Laura Spencer Portor* ..... 387
Penobscot ..... *Ch. Eadward Pratt* ..... 206
Quatrain ..... *Sanda Enos* ..... 256
Remembered. A Memorial Day Poem ..... *Theron Brown* ..... 284
Responsibility ..... *Lydia Avery Coonley* ..... 668
Seven, They Both Love ..... *Edwin G. Baldwin* ..... 256
Song of Summer, A ..... *Mary Almée Goodman* ..... 768
Song of the Sea, A ..... *Frank H. Sweet* ..... 353
Soulful Verse ..... *Harry Romaine* ..... 640
Spring and Summer ..... *Mary Handerson Ela* ..... 533
Tears and Smiles ..... *Julie M. Lippmann* ..... 532
The Babbling Brook ..... *Zitella Cocke* ..... 256
The Happiest Lot ..... *Lucy Larcom* ..... 155
The Harper ..... *Charles Gordon Rogers* ..... 112
The Haunted House ..... *Abbie Farwell Brown* ..... 367
The Hillside Grave ..... *Madison Cawein* ..... 434
The Milky Way ..... *Martin Sylvester* ..... 256
The Mower ..... *Emma Playter Seabury* ..... 768
The New Wisdom ..... *Philip Becker Goetz* ..... 710
The Prism ..... *John White Chadwick* ..... 111
The Reformer ..... *Philip Becker Goetz* ..... 560
The Silver Ring ..... *Minna Irving* ..... 696
The Sweet Boy Singers ..... *Minna Irving* ..... 169
The Wood in Winter ..... *Clinton Scollard* ..... 33
Three Views of Friends ..... *Charles Warren* ..... 255
To Arbutus ..... *Anna Emilia Topliff* ..... 373
Two Mountains ..... *Richard Burton* ..... 711
Winter Woodlands ..... *Herbert Randall* ..... 240
Wives of the Fishers, The ..... *Frank H. Sweet* ..... 610

ENGRAVED BY M. LAMONT BROWN

JOHN A. ANDREW.

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. MARCH, 1895. VOL. XII. NO. 1.

## MASSACHUSETTS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

*By Thomas S. Townsend.*

(*The illustrations accompanying this article are chiefly from war-time photographs.*)

HEN we consider the multitudinous incidents of the decade between 1860 and 1870, and reflect upon the vast variety of important and exciting subjects included in the history of our civil war, it may not be an exaggeration to say that the events of that decade alone comprise more material for American history interesting to mankind than all that is recorded of the transactions of the previous two hundred and forty years. It was a period like that covered by some great tragedy into which were crowded the events of centuries. We can appreciate far better now than ever before the foresight of Major Theodore Winthrop, whose patriotic spirit uttered a hope in his last hours that his countrymen would keep a careful record of passing events for the instruction of future ages. But neither Winthrop nor any other of the far-seeing men of that day could then have formed any adequate conception of the long duration, vast proportions and far-reaching consequences of the warfare thus forced upon us in national self-defence — hostilities that cost the old Bay State alone the lives of fourteen thousand of her sons killed or mortally wounded during the war, and an expenditure of $30,000,000. We all know with what honest pride the descendants of our Revolutionary ancestry glory in the services rendered by their forefathers in establishing our national independence. The example of Trinity Church in New York City in some degree exemplifies this praiseworthy feeling. That corporation has, within a few years, deemed it due to a patriotic ancestry to erect a noble monument in the most conspicuous portion of Broadway to commemorate the services and sufferings of the eleven thousand Revolutionary patriots who perished miserably in military prisons in that city. More than four times as many of our gallant volunteers (out of two hundred thousand who were prisoners during the war) perished in the prison pens of Andersonville and Libby, Saulsbury and Belle Isle. Of this number, eight hundred Massachusetts soldiers lie buried under the pines around that little village of Andersonville in Northern Georgia.

Never before had the government been thrown upon an administration in such total wreck and ruin. It was as if a fleet cast ashore in a storm, beaten upon by the waves and dismantled by the winds,

had been hastily committed to the care of fresh officers to do what they could to rescue it from total destruction. When Mr. Lincoln came to Washington and looked around and asked, "Where is the treasury?" not a dollar was to be found; when he inquired, "Where is the navy?" not a sail was to be seen; when he turned to the arsenals and said, "Where are our arms?" not a musket was to be found. There is a celebrated mountain pass in Switzerland over which the traveller is conducted blindfold. It is said that he would lose

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT E. WESCOTT.

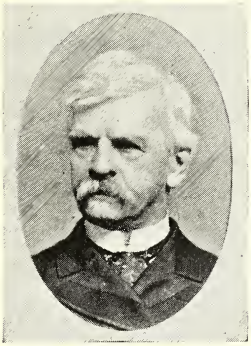
THE LADD AND WHITNEY MONUMENT, LOWELL.

his footing with his reason at a glimpse of the fearful abyss beneath. Had not God dealt with the American people in like manner in withholding from them a premonition of the whirling maelstrom of carnage and bloodshed that lay before them, the boldest minds might have doubted the possibility of preserving our national existence, even with the loss of three hundred and four thousand heroic soldiers and an expense to the government of nearly seven thousand millions of dollars — ten times as much as England spent in her six years of war with Napoleon Bonaparte. The most capacious minds of Europe, schooled in all wisdom of the past, called the war a madness. It was a madness if estimated by any material standard; but we had a hidden strength which the world did not understand. It was faith. The people felt, as by an inspiration from heaven, that the moral elements of the national cause made it irresistible. It was this that carried our people through the struggle; ten times their physical strength would not have kept them up in the absence of this sovereign sentiment. Bismarck once said that "if he did not believe in the divine government of the world, he would not serve his country another hour: take from me my faith," he said, "and you take my country also." When we consider the terrible condition of public affairs that confronted President Lincoln at the threshold of his term of office, how prophetic were his words before leaving his western home, — that a duty rested upon him which was perhaps greater than that which had devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. Lincoln was evidently raised up by the Divine Providence for the accomplishment of a great and sublime mission, and with a calm dignity and a child-like trust in God he went forth to give his labor and his life for his country.

On the 11th of April, 1861, orders were given to Gen. Beauregard to open fire upon Fort Sumter, the very stones of whose foundation came from the granite hills of the north, carried and placed there by the money of the nation. On Sunday afternoon, April 13, Major Anderson issued from the charred and battered fortress, his flag in shreds, his garrison smoke-begrimed, hungry and worn down with fatigue. Fort Sumter had surrendered, and Governor Pickens of South Carolina said: "We have humbled the flag of the United States; it has triumphed for seventy-six years, but to-day it has been humbled before the glorious little state of South Carolina." But South Carolina was obliged to pay very heavily for her attempt to humble the flag of the United States; as in addition to her sons killed in battle and the mourning in all her families, of her $400,000,000

GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

worth of property in 1860, only $50,000,000 remained in 1865. Did those reckless men suppose that the driving of a corporal's guard of starving men out of Fort Sumter and the temporary defiance of a betrayed and crippled government would end the matter? Did they suppose that the descendants of the yeomanry that in 1775, on the banks of Concord River and at Bunker Hill, breasted the power of England, would permit the experiment of secession to be concluded in a month, or a year, or a decade, if the integrity of the nation and the supremacy of the Constitution should not be vindicated before?



GEN. N. P. BANKS.

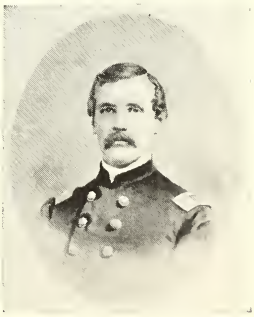
For nearly two centuries had the people of Massachusetts kept the vestal fire of personal and public liberty brightly burning in their little town democracies; and now Liberty, which first sprang from her breast, and drew from the fountains of her love its first nourishment in the Revolution, flew to her again in 1861, and from the mountain peaks of Berkshire to the remotest sands of Nantucket, the old Commonwealth stood as one man in defence of the national Union. She had given one hundred thousand votes for Abraham Lincoln, and elected members of Congress to support him, and she resolved never to swerve from her determination to trust and sustain him.

It was fortunate for the cause and for the honor of the old Bay State that the spirit which animated her people found such fitting embodiment in the person of Governor Andrew through all the stormy period. To his self-denying and patriotic efforts was greatly due the proud position of the state in the great struggle. His remains now rest in the shades of Hingham cemetery; but the remembrance of his generous sentiments, liberal views and enlightened principles, his watchful care and sympathy for the soldiers of Massachusetts and their families — these will live to be a monument more enduring than brass.

It was largely due to the foresight and energetic efforts of Governor Andrew's predecessor in office, Governor Banks, that the uniformed militia of the state was found to be in such an efficient condition when the state of the country demanded their services. A high tribute is due this distinguished son of the old Bay State. After acquitting himself honorably on many a hard-fought battlefield of the war, he was placed in command of the Department of Louisiana, and had he not been hampered by instructions from Washington both as to the management of his military operations and his treatment of the people of Louisiana, he would have done more to restore the Union, both by conciliation and by arms, than the whole cabinet. The legislature of the state passed a resolution that the "free state of Louisiana" will be forever a monument fitting to the fame of the wisdom, patience, patriotism and general administrative ability of Gen. Banks.

GEN. CHARLES DEVENS.

I am reminded here of how few of the great men who were prominent in the various walks of life during the years of the war are now surviving. As an illustration



GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER.

CHARLES SUMNER.

of the ravages of time, I may mention that of the five hundred and thirty-three members of the New York Union League Club in 1863, but sixty survive. Massachusetts could yield similar illustrations. How appropriate are the lines of that favorite poem of Lincoln's: —

"So the multitude goes like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told."

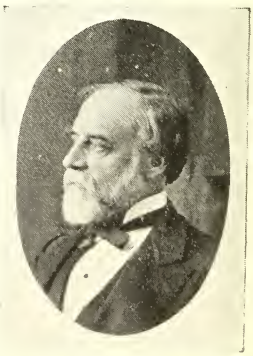
History has recorded the sublime uprising of the people of the old Bay State, devoting themselves, their lives, their all, to the cause of their country. No art has ever woven into song a story more tender in its pathos, or more stirring to the martial blood, than the scenes which were enacted in the cities, towns and villages of the old Commonwealth. Mark the marvellous rapidity in the march of events. On the 13th of April Sumter capitulated; on the 15th the President issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men; and on the 17th there marched forth from Boston the Massachusetts Sixth, under command of Col. Edward F. Jones, thus securing to the old Commonwealth the honor of furnishing the first fully equipped infantry regiment in the great line which thenceforth, for five years, followed in unbroken chain from state after state, to fill the ranks of the greatest army ever amassed by state or king or emperor in the history of the world. On the 19th the regiment arrived in Baltimore; and there, on the eighty-

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

HENRY WILSON.

sixth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, Massachusetts again shed the first drops of that crimson tide which was to rise to oceanic volume. Here fell Corp. Needham and Privates Whitney, Ladd and Taylor, the first four inscribed on that majestic pyramid of three hundred and four thousand names whose memory will be held in remembrance as imperishable as that of Galin Whipple of Rhode Island, who shed the first blood in the cause of independence. On hearing of the occurrences in Baltimore, Charles Lowell, of that patriotic family from which eight were killed during the war, none being over thirty years of age, started on the next train for Washington. Arriving at Baltimore, he found all connection between the two cities suspended; but on foot he made his way, and in forty-eight hours arrived, and, becoming agent for Massachusetts at the capital, soon brought order out of chaos for his own state, and then joined the army. He was not spared to witness the success of a cause for which he risked death as a spy, having fallen heroically at the battle of Cedar Creek in 1864, while in command of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry.

The same day that the Massachusetts Sixth was attacked in Baltimore, the New York Seventh marched down Broadway, to take its place in the advancing columns then rapidly moving to the defence of the capital, and joined the Massachusetts Eighth at the city of Annapolis. Inspired as those in the ranks were



HON. ALEX. H. RICE.

with the noblest sentiments, even the most patriotic failed to realize or even to suspect the tragedy which the future had in store for the republic. They were disposed to regard the whole affair in the light of a military picnic.

At Annapolis Gen. Butler took command of the regiments there assembled, and opened the way to Washington. To Gen. Butler and the brigade which he commanded the nation owes an immeasurable debt. He it was who, taking possession of Annapolis, bridled the rebels of Maryland, and on his march to the capital rescued the frigate *Constitution*, so famous in the war of 1812, just falling into rebel hands, and who saved to the Union Fortress Monroe, Fort McHenry, Chesapeake Bay and the national capital itself. Well might that brigade be called the advance guard of freedom. Without it the fight would have been carried on upon the Susquehanna instead of upon the Potomac. Philadelphia would have been threatened, not Washington. In view of such a contingency, with Washington in rebel hands and the Confederacy, as a consequence, perhaps acknowledged by European nations, does not the very salvation of the nation at that time seem to have rested upon Gen. Butler and his noble brigade? Butler was a born soldier, and it was the greatest misfortune that his mother was overruled by some Baptist minister when she had made all her arrangements for sending him to West Point.

LIEUT.-COL. WILDER DWIGHT.

The transactions of these first weeks hinged, as it proved, on the presence in Philadelphia of Samuel Morse Felton, the brother of President Felton of Harvard University. Mr. Felton was the manager of the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad, then owned by Boston capital. A curious anecdote in the life of Dorothea Dix shows how she communicated to him the information which she had gained in Baltimore of the plans of rebels there. Felton was himself undoubtedly well informed of all that was passing, and to his control of that line of transportation and to the use which he made of the resources of his position the country in those initial weeks was largely indebted.

The safety of Washington being secured, President Lincoln gathered about him the wisdom and fidelity of the land and prepared for the struggle. His cabinet was one of the ablest which could have been selected. His choice for Secretary of State was signally justified by the manner in which Mr. Seward served the nation during all those trying ordeals, when questions involving the destruction of the Union were being discussed by the monarchies of Europe. Although Secretary Seward was a New Yorker, it was the spirit of Massachusetts which laid the foundation of his fame as a statesman and patriot; for "if I have ever studied the interests of my country and of humanity," said Mr. Seward, "I have studied them in the school of Massachusetts. From John Quincy Adams I learned what became a citizen of the United States, and from him I derived every resolution, every sentiment, which animated and inspired me in the performance of this duty."

COL. GEORGE D. WELLS.

The next important duty devolving upon the President, after the selection of his cabinet officers, was the appointment of ambassadors to represent the United States at the various courts of Europe; and Massachusetts was called upon to furnish her distinguished citizen, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, to fill the most important and most difficult of all the diplomatic missions, — that to the Court of St. James. Nobly were the duties discharged. Mr. Adams's services, with those of his father and grandfather,

fill a place in the history of the first century of the republic which reflects honor on the nation as well as on the family which thus consecutively furnished for her diplomatic service three of the brightest names in American history. Perhaps Mr. Adams's master stroke of diplomatic argument was displayed in 1864, when, in a letter of reply to Earl Russell on the duty of neutrals, he pointed out the self-condemnation of the noble lord on the question of neutral rights and obligations. In an unthinking moment the British Secretary committed himself to a statement on the subject, which Mr. Adams availed himself of; and it may perhaps be said that this argument settled the basis on which our claims for losses by British-built pirates was finally established.

DR. SAMUEL A. GREEN.

At the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate, to whom the President and Secretary of State were to look for the guidance of their policies in securing favorable congressional action, was the great senator from Massachusetts, pre-eminent as a scholar, as a statesman and in general culture, — the Hon. Charles Sumner.

The patriotic spirit pervaded all classes of society. The clergy of all denominations shared in the inspiration. Fifty-nine clergymen left their pulpits and volunteered to serve as chaplains with the regiments from Massachusetts. Of these only three died during the war — Chaplains Fuller, Hempstead and Carver. Chaplain Arthur B. Fuller, who fell at Fredericksburg, was the first chaplain in the Union armies to fall in the service of his country.

Never before was such exemplary care taken of the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of soldiers, as by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. Such services as were performed by these Commissions had been done nowhere else in the world. It would be safe to say that the two Commissions combined doubled the efficiency of our army. At the head of the Christian Commission in Massachusetts was Mr. Charles Demond of Boston, whose untiring zeal in this labor of love contributed greatly toward securing nearly a million of dollars in free-will offerings from the people. After the Battle of Gettysburg, the chairman of the Christian Commission telegraphed to Boston from Philadelphia, "Can I draw on you at sight for $10,000?" The telegram was posted in the exchange; the merchants at once formed in line to put down their subscriptions, and the answer soon went back, "Draw for $60,000."

To name a single instance of the devotion of those days of which the evident results are written in history, Mr. Edward L. Peirce threw up, at a moment's notice, his practice of the law, and enlisted as a private in one of the regiments which served at Fortress Monroe. As soon as attention was called to the curious condition of the "contrabands," as Gen. Butler named them by one of his happy strokes of genius, the authorities at Washington communicated with Mr. Peirce, as an intelligent observer on the spot, as to their position and what could be done for them. Mr. Peirce was, in consequence, placed in charge, for a time, of the large body of negroes at Beaufort, who were emancipated by the flight of their owners. It was given to him, therefore, to organize the first staff of education for those negroes, and he did so by calling upon some of the teachers who had already been appointed at Hampton, and, naturally, upon his native state, where the Freedmen's Aid Society was immediately

GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

established for precisely such purposes. Mr. Charles H. Boynton and Mr. Charles E. Rich are to be named as the first teachers of the blacks, among thousands who enlisted for this purpose.

While the different professions furnished many heroes and victims to the war, the bar gave the most. But this was no new connection between the court and the field. In the Revolution the bar took the lead in the cause of the country. The greatest judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, John Marshall, had been a soldier; and the earliest commanding general of our Revolutionary armies, Artemas Ward, was afterward a judge. It was right that the bar should again take the lead in defending the Union and upholding the majesty of the law. When the news came of the fall of Sumter, a meeting of the Boston bar was held, and resolutions were adopted that those who remained at home would take charge of all cases of such attorneys as might be absent in the war, and also that they would make liberal provision for their families. Lofty niches in the temple of fame may the bar of the old Bay State claim for its illustrious dead. Prominent on the honorable roll stand recorded the names of Col. George D. Wells, Lieut. Col. Wilder Dwight, Francis O. Hopkinson and George Foster Hodges.

ADMIRAL CHARLES H. DAVIS.

No less prompt and spirited than the response of the clergy and the legal fraternity was that of the medical profession. The medical men of Massachusetts, of all classes and schools, veterans and students, offered their services to the country with an enthusiasm that could not be surpassed. The surgeon's duty is not, as is often supposed, one of little exposure. He stanched the bleeding wounds of our gallant men in the thickest of the fight, and was brave among the brave in the terrible hour of battle and within reach of the enemy's guns. Prominent among the names of those who adorn the records of the medical profession will be remembered those of Drs. George H. Lyman, William J. Dale, George Derby, George A. Otis, Samuel A. Green, Samuel Foster Haven, Lincoln R. Stone, Leland, Holman, Holbrook, Jewett, Thorndike, Garvin, Whiston, Smith, Willard, Ainsworth, Curtis and O'Connell. Nearly twenty Massachusetts surgeons were killed or died of disease in the service, prominent among whom were Drs. Haven, Revere and Bell.

COL. F. WASHBURN.

The venerable Harvard University sent forth one in four of her living alumni, or five hundred and twenty-eight out of twenty-four hundred. She was represented in every arm of the service, represented on almost every battle-field, represented in life and in death, from Wadsworth, the major general who fell in the Wilderness, to Private Emerson who fell at Chancellorsville; in the navy, from Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, the hero of the capture of Memphis, to the seamen before the mast. No other class of men, taking all ages and conditions indiscriminately, could show anything like such a ratio of persons who gave themselves to the public service. "We venture to assert," said the Boston *Transcript*, "that not a single man in England, in his sound mind, of respectable position in society, in thoroughly comfortable circumstances and not disappointed in love or other-

COL. H. B. SARGENT.

COL. PRESCOTT.

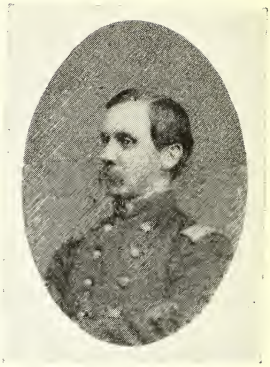
wise made hopeless and careless of life, ever voluntarily enlisted in the English army as a *private*, during the whole Russian war; nay, we challenge any one to show ten such instances in the last hundred years."

At the head of the illustrious sons whom Harvard sent forth to do battle for the cause of freedom, stands William F. Bartlett. In the darkest hours of defeat, as well as in the acclaim of victories hardly won, no officer fighting under the starry ensign better deserved the gratitude of his country than did this heroic son of Massachusetts.

Another son of Harvard whose name ranks high in the galaxy of patriotism, was Gen. Charles Devens, the soldier, the orator and the jurist. As commander of the famous Fifteenth Regiment he was several times wounded and was always conspicuous for his bravery and skill in handling his troops. Through merit alone Col. Devens rose to the rank of brevet major general; and it was under his lead, while commanding a division in the Eighteenth Army Corps, that the capital of the Confederacy was first occupied by his troops, when Richmond was evacuated in 1865.

In the law office with Devens at Worcester, when the war broke out, was Francis A. Walker. He joined Devens's regiment as sergeant-major, became adjutant-general of Couch's brigade in 1862, was on the staff of Gen. Warren and then of Gen. Hancock, was severely wounded at Chancellorsville, and left the service with the brevet of brigadier-general. His later brilliant career as a scholar and a publicist is a fitting continuation of his noble record in the war.

LIEUT.-COL. MUDGE.



COL. PAUL J. REVERE.

While the men were counselling for the public defence, the women of Massachusetts organized societies to furnish hospital material and make other humane provisions for aiding the soldiers who might become sick and wounded during the struggle. The American women by their labors and sympathies became a real and effective part of our armies, and "their ranks," said the Rev. Dr. Bellows, "under such leaders as Miss Charlotte Cushman, could not break while their sons, brothers and husbands were faithful in the field." It is due to the memory of Miss Cushman to say that her magnificent gift of eight thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission was the least part of the service which she rendered our cause while in Europe. Her earnest faith in the darkest hours, her prophetic confidence in our success, her eloquent patriotism in all presences, were potent influences abroad, and deserve the grateful remembrance of the whole nation. Would that I could proclaim in fitting terms to stamp on the nation's regard the names of some of the Florence Nightingales of Massachusetts who sacrificed the ease and comforts of home that they might bear their part in the sublime emergency of their country's life struggle,—such names as Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, Mrs. Greely Curtis,

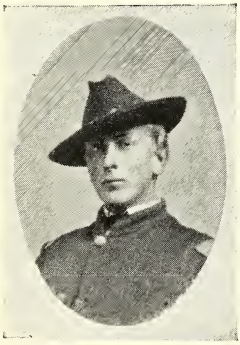
CAPT. THOMAS B. FOX, JR.

Miss Helen L. Gilson, Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, Miss Helen M. Wheeler, Miss Jennie L. Thomas, Miss May, Miss Bond, Miss Loring, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Francis Wright, Miss Southwick, Miss Rogers, and a host of others.

For more than four years the United States Sanitary Commission depended on its branches, mainly directed and controlled by women. This was the first example of co-operative womanhood serving the State which the world had ever seen. Over sixty millions of dollars were raised in the loyal states during the four years, by voluntary contributions, for the comfort of the soldiers; and the whole of this vast sum was gathered by the personal appeals, the influence, the persistence and the public spirit of the women.

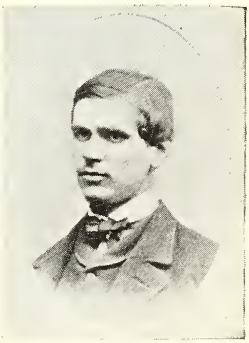
LIEUT. HENRY ROPES.

Next to the Supreme Ruler, woman was the soldier's mainstay. She cheered him in the darkest hours; her prayers were with him in the camp, on the field of battle, and on the bed of pain and death. Who can measure the good she did? Who can number the lives she saved?



COL. CHARLES F. MORSE.

It was not until the news of the most appalling character came respecting the Bull Run affair that the national government turned toward the commercial cities of the Union for relief—for instantaneous relief and for future help adequate to the demand incident to a contest which it was now conceded must be of long duration and immense cost. In response to an invitation from Secretary Chase, a meeting of bankers was held in New York City on the evening of Aug. 8, 1861. Never was a meeting of business men convened under circumstances more memorable. After an interchange of opinions, a committee of ten was appointed to report the next morning. The report was received with general approval at the next meeting of bankers, when the Hon. William Gray, Messrs. Franklin Haven and J. Amory Davis, representing the Boston banks, stated that they were authorized to say that they were ready, willing and determined to do all in their power to aid in suppressing the Rebellion, by furnishing men and money to the utmost extent of their ability then and thenceforth. The result of the conference was a pledge of the banking institutions of New York, Boston and Philadelphia to take $150,000,000 of treasury notes, in three instalments of $50,000,000 each, and to pay for them in gold. Thus was the national treasury temporarily enabled to build its war vessels and sustain the armies flocking to its standard. Had Secretary Chase been told that, instead of $150,000,000, which was thought sufficient at the time, and which was $15,000,000 more than the cost to the Colonies of the Revolutionary war, he would be obliged to raise $3,000,000,000 during the succeeding four years, it is doubtful how he would have faced them.



LIEUT. SUMNER PAINE.

"The hundredth part of Mr. Chase's embarrassments," said the London *Times* in 1864, "would tax Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity to the utmost, and set the public mind in a ferment of excitement." But during those anxious days Secretary Chase said "he received encouragement from the action of the Massachusetts Legislature, which at the very outset placed at the disposal of the nation the sum of seven millions of dollars." "We thought," continued the

Secretary, "that in the probabilities of war this sum would be likely to cover the greater part of the expenditure, and I saw in it the spirit of Bunker Hill resolving that the last man should perish and the last dollar be expended rather than that the Union should fail. I received inspiration from this, and all my subsequent labors were made easier." On another occasion the Secretary said, "When the credit of the government needed the support of some great financial leader, I found it in Mr. Samuel Hooper of Boston, to whom I am indebted for more assistance than any other man in the country." Again the Secretary said, "I sent the first treasury note that was ever signed to Mr. Edward Wallace of Salisbury, Massachusetts, in recognition of his having been the first man in the country to offer a loan to the government—and without interest."

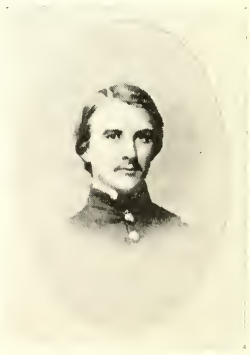
LIEUT. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM.

When the Loyal Legion was organized in Massachusetts, those gallant officers were proud to choose as honorary members John Murray Forbes and Edward W. Kinsley, merchants of Boston. They did so because, from the beginning to the end of the war, these men, like many others indeed, considered the war to be their first business and everything else secondary. For instance, when Governor Andrew determined, in the very first hours of the struggle, to send the Fifth Regiment direct to Fort Monroe, a steamer was chartered at Providence for that purpose. "How are these men to be fed?" said some one in Forbes's hearing. "Put the provisions on board," said he, "and send the bills to me." It is that sort of promptness by which an individual fills his relation to society and government, which gives to a real republic the strength which no emperor understands. Kinsley, again, was known and beloved in every camp from Fort Warren to the Rio Grande.

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Massachusetts expended out of her own treasury, authorized by legislative enactment, the sum of $27,716,000. The expenses incurred by cities and towns for war purposes amounted probably to as much more; but notwithstanding this, her treasury at the close of the war was found to be well provided for, her financial credit maintained at home and abroad, and her public securities unsurpassed, if even equalled, in value in the money markets of the world by those of any other state or of the nation. Governor Andrew said, in his first inaugural message: "All the scrip issued by Massachusetts she is bound to pay, both interest and principal, in gold, to all holders, with the cheerfulness which becomes her spotless honor and the promptness of an industrious, economical and thrifty Commonwealth." And she did pay promptly, and in gold, all interest on her bonds, and guarded her faith and honor with every creditor, while still fighting the public enemy. The people of Massachusetts have a right to be proud of their contributions to the financial measures of the government.

The splendid blossoming of patriotism which, upon the fall of Sumter, burst forth all over the loyal states found fruitage during the ensuing four years in the uprising of two million five hundred thousand patriots to avenge the wrong done to the nation—a larger army than that with which Napoleon overran Europe, overthrew kingdoms and empires, de-



LIEUT. JAMES JACKSON LOWELL.

stroyed and created dynasties, and revolutionized the political systems of one half of Christendom. To that great army Massachusetts contributed one hundred and sixty thousand men, thirteen thousand more than was required of her under all the calls of the President. Toward the close of the war it was found that she had sent more men to the field than there were then in the state liable to military duty. Such were the men — of the average age of twenty-one years — to whom, with the soldiers from other states, was confided the safety of the Union.

Nobly did the city of Boston sustain her Revolutionary fame. Boston, which had led in all the generous and magnanimous movements of our history, furnished for the suppression of the Rebellion sixteen thousand four hundred and forty-eight men, a number exceeding three quarters of the whole number of votes cast by the city at the presidential election in 1860; and of the surplus of thirteen thousand men claimed by the state in December, 1864, over all the calls of the President, five thousand belonged to Boston.

FRANKLIN HAVEN.

Of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company one hundred and fifty members buckled on their armor, some of them being among the best officers of the army of the Union. Governor Andrew said that "he did not believe that any military body in the country had done so much service for the Union cause as this venerable organization."

It was not the refuse of her population that the old Bay State sent to the war. Almost all the old historic names were to be found upon the rosters of her volunteer regiments. It is a familiar story, how one day in the Roman forum the earth opened and a great gulf yawned in the midst. The augurs said that this great gulf would never close its horrid mouth until it had been fed with the most precious thing in Rome. There was doubt as to what the most precious thing might be, when a young soldier, armed and mounted, rode boldly forward and plunged into the chasm, declaring that there could be nothing so precious as a life given for one's country. So in our land a great gulf yawned, dividing in twain families, communities, states, yea, the nation itself, and into this widening chasm Massachusetts cast her most precious possessions — the youth, the strength, the talent, the virtue and the patriotism of the state.

COL. THOMAS G. STEVENSON.

HON. WILLIAM GRAY.

The historian will never have to record greater heroism than was displayed by the soldiers from the old Bay State on the battle-fields of the Rebellion. There was no loyal army the shouts over whose victories did not drown the dying sighs of some son of Massachusetts. There was scarcely a battle-field which was not moistened with his blood; hardly an official report which did not bear witness to his courage and devotion. From Pennsylvania to the Rio Grande was his valor tested; over the fields of Virginia he tramped footsore and weary; he struggled through the everglades of Florida and the swamps of Carolina; he followed Hooker into the clouds and Sherman from Kenesaw to the sea.

The dying sentiments of many of these heroic sons of Massachusetts deserve to be preserved in enduring stone.

"Turn my face to the enemy" were

the last words of Col. Thomas G. Stevenson of the Twenty-fourth Regiment.

"Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit" was the last message of Lieut. James Jackson Lowell of the Twentieth.

COL. ROBERT G. SHAW.

"Don't carry me to the rear" was the dying appeal of Lieut. Thomas J. Spurr of the Fifteenth, preferring to die amid the din of the battle at the front.

"Go to some one else to whom you can do more good; you cannot save me," said Lieut. William Putnam of the Twentieth to the surgeon attending him.

"All is well to him who has faith" were the last words of Lieut.-Col. Wilder Dwight of the Second.

"You have a duty to perform in this life, and I will be near you," were the dying words of Lieut. Edgar M. Newcombe of the Nineteenth to his brother, who was with him in his last moments.

After Color Sergt. Brown of the Nineteenth Regiment had been mortally wounded, he stuck the staff of the flag deep into the earth and, falling, died by its side.

When the soldier is stricken down upon the battle-field, he does not fill the air with cries and groans. An arm is shattered, a leg carried away, a bullet pierces his breast — and he sinks silently to the ground, or creeps away, if he can, without a murmur or complaint. He falls as the sparrow falls, — and, like the sparrow, falls not without note by the God of all.

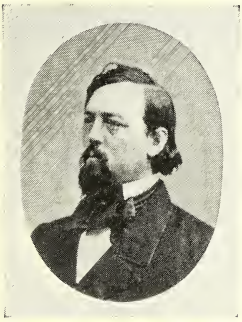
To Massachusetts must be given the credit of being the first in many striking incidents of the contest. Suppose she had been a week later in 1861, where would have been the capital and Fortress Monroe, which was more than the capital? Their safety was due to the foresight of the Commonwealth, which saw the coming storm and prepared for it, while elsewhere all was doubt and unreadiness. Let us remember that the state of West Virginia was enabled to retain her place in the Union only by the aid of arms sent for her protection by Governor Andrew.

Massachusetts' blood was the first shed in the war, and the first shed on the soil of the Palmetto State, where fell young Whittemore, from Cambridge, of the gunboat *Mohican*. Hers was also the first blood shed in Gen. Grant's Virginia campaign, when Private Charles Wilson of her Eighteenth Regiment gave up his life at the battle of the Wilderness. Her troops were the first to land on the soil of Texas and display the ensign of the republic in the city of Galveston, as they were also the first to land and enter the city of New Orleans. It was due to a son of Massachusetts, Col. Everett Peabody, that the Union army was saved from defeat at the battle of Shiloh. It was a son of the old Bay State, Col. Henry L. Eustis of the Tenth Regiment, who saved the day at the battle of Salem Heights. It was Major Henry L. Patten of the Twentieth who rescued the day at the battle for the possession of the Weldon Railroad — for which he sacrificed his life. The assault on Fort Fisher was led by another son of Massachusetts, Gen. A. G. Lawrence, that gallant officer planting the stars and stripes on the ramparts of the rebel works. It was a Massachusetts soldier, Private John Locke of the Thirtieth Regiment, who was the first to display the stars and stripes in the capital of the Confederacy when Lee surrendered in 1865. The first charge of the day at the battle of Winchester was made by the Twenty-sixth Regiment. The stars and stripes were first planted on the rebel works at Yorktown by the Twenty-second; and the Sixteenth Regiment was the first to enter the city of Norfolk. The salvation

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

of the army at the battle of Glendale was attributed by Gen. Hooker to the steadiness and heroic conduct of the Sixteenth, under the brave Col. Wyman.

Massachusetts had her full share of the brilliant deeds, the sacrifices, the perils and the glories of those years of struggle. Her regiments were an important factor in every campaign, conspicuous in nearly all the battles and bearing their part in the losses and sufferings of all. The city of Worcester and the whole state can never forget the gallantry of her Fifteenth Regiment, especially at the battle of Antietam, where it sustained a greater loss in fifteen minutes than was incurred in an equally short time by any regiment in the Army of the Potomac. Nor will soon be forgotten the magnificent charge of the Twenty-fifth at the battle of Cold Harbor. "Not since the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava," said Gen. Bowles of the Confederate army, "was a more heroic act performed than was done by the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts." To be held in equal remembrance is the magnificent conduct of the Twentieth — a regiment which lost a larger number of commissioned officers during the war than any other regiment from the state, and which is entitled to the honor of saving the fortunes of the day and the honor of the Second corps in the engagement near Petersburg on the 22d of June, 1864.



COL. EVERETT PEABODY.

Gen. Martindale said that the Eighteenth Massachusetts Regiment had no superior in the service; Gen. Hartsuff declared that the Thirteenth was unsurpassed by any of the sixty regiments which he had commanded. The Thirteenth was the representative regiment of the state militia, and Governor Andrew declared that "it could furnish officers for a whole regiment outside of itself and not be weakened." Nor will be forgotten the famous bayonet charge of the Fifty-seventh at Petersburg, where they carried the enemy's line at the point of the bayonet; nor the magnificent conduct of the Seventh, especially at Marye's Heights, where their colors were first in the enemy's works. The Twenty-eighth had in its possession at the battle of Fredericksburg the only green flag under which the Irish brigade advanced against the enemy; and nobly did it sustain its national character, nobly did it stand up for the preservation of those blessings which Taylor, Smith and Thornton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, meant to transmit to every Irishman who should make this country the land of his adoption.

Did space permit, it would afford pleasure to describe the brilliant conduct of the Twenty-second Regiment at the battle of Gaines Mills, where Col. Jesse A. Gove was the first of the sixteen Massachusetts colonels to fall in battle; and of the Twenty-third at the battle of Newbern, where Lieut.-Col. Henry Merritt was the first of the seventeen lieutenant-colonels who sacrificed their lives. Nor have I forgotten the battle of Glendale, where the gallant Major Henry J. Howe of the Nineteenth was the first of the twenty majors to fall; nor that of Ball's Bluff, where Capt. Alois Babo of the Twentieth became the first victim among the one hundred and ten captains; nor Bull Run, where Lieut. W. H. B. Smith of the First Regiment was the first of two hundred and forty-four lieutenants who died for their country — of whom eighty-five were residents of Boston. But the charm and nobleness of such brave men, said Governor Andrew, have not perished; the sentiments their lives and death inspire will be the most precious inheritance of those who are to be the hope of coming years.

MAJOR HENRY L. PATTEN.

To the Twenty-second Regiment

is due the honor of contributing to the nation a soldier who finally became the youngest major general in the army and whose record is unsurpassed in brilliancy and heroism — Gen. Nelson A. Miles, now commander of the Department of the East, and soon to become commander-in-chief of the army. It was as a lieutenant in the Twenty-second that he began his service.

One after another we saw the regiments of the old Bay State, when brought to the stern crisis of battle, meet undismayed the dread encounter and by their steady valor add glory after glory to their flag. At Cedar Mountain came the splendid Second, under the command of Col. George L. Andrews, with the best and noblest blood the state could boast; yet right royally was it poured out in the great cause in which they had enlisted. Only eight out of twenty-two commissioned officers escaped unhurt; one half of the non-commissioned officers and nearly one third of all the privates were killed or wounded in the short space of thirty minutes.

COL. JESSE A. GOVE.

Faithless indeed should I be did I fail to allude to the Fifty-fourth Regiment, the colored regiment commanded by Col. Robert G. Shaw, who, while waving his sword and cheering his men in the famous assault on Fort Wagner, was shot down and, falling into the fort, was buried with twenty-five of his colored troops who there fell. So long as America has a history and freedom a friend his name will not be effaced from the long list of patriots who gave life for liberty.

The first official recognition by the rebels of negro troops as equals was made in December, 1863, when a flag of truce borne by Major John C. Calhoun was received by Major Trowbridge of the First South Carolina volunteers. The first negro killed in the war was named John Brown. It was fitting that the first rebel officer whose duty it became to recognize officers commanding negro troops should be named John C. Calhoun; he was a grandson of the great philosopher of secession. This negro regiment, the first slave regiment mustered into the army, was raised, organized and commanded by one who had acquitted himself with honor as captain in the Massachusetts Fifty-first Regiment, — Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Thirteen thousand Massachusetts soldiers served in the cavalry, under command of such gallant young soldiers as Cols. Sargent, Chamberlain, Crowninshield, Porter, Washburn, Jenkins and Rand, the Third Massachusetts Cavalry being one of the eighteen cavalry regiments in the service which sustained the heaviest loss in battle. Justice has not yet been done to the magnificent conduct and gallant achievements of this branch of the service. A historian who was a correspondent with the army during the war, when asked why he had not done justice to the cavalry in his book, replied that they were always so far to the front and so near to the enemy that it was inconvenient and dangerous to be with them long enough to find out what they were doing. The cavalry was discredited at the beginning of the war; and later Gen. Meade became, perhaps, its most prominent enemy. In his report of the battle of Gettysburg the important part taken by the cavalry is unnoticed, while the only general, a cavalry officer, who fell within the enemy's lines, although he died with five wounds, was not even named. The cavalry was recruited largely from the colleges, being generally sons of wealthy men, individually equal to any body of men that ever went forth to battle. Gen. E. A. Paul said, "In the whole course of my experience I do not

COL. GEORGE L. ANDREWS.

remember to have seen a worthless cavalry officer." Their effective work was proven on a hundred battle-fields; and the severity of their service is shown by the long list of losses, Massachusetts losing over twenty-one hundred in killed, wounded and disabled.

Eighteen thousand Massachusetts soldiers served in the artillery branch of the army, of whom over twenty-seven hundred were sacrificed during their time of service. The artillery of the United States was organized by old Steuben at Chippewa, and its history from thence to Appomattox is a bright one. Its efficiency in the civil war was largely due to the gallant soldier who organized it in 1861 and gave it the high standing it maintained on nearly all the battle-fields of the Rebellion — Gen. William F. Barry. Among the sons of Massachusetts who fell in this branch of the service may be mentioned the names of Capts. Kimball and Saunders, and Lieuts. Mortimer, Blake, Granger, Nye, Berry and Galbraith.

Distinguished military officers have ascribed the chief credit in our war to the private soldiers, whose energies always rose with the necessity for action. At the great battle of Gettysburg there was no great generalship displayed, no manœuvring, no combinations; and for that crowning victory we owed no gratitude but to the Lord of hosts and to the hosts that championed our cause. As Gettysburg has been called the soldiers' battle, I cannot forbear to recall how signally in this great crisis Massachusetts sustained her heroic fame — a battle in which one thousand five hundred and thirty-seven of her sons were killed, wounded or captured. At nine o'clock on that summer morning, July 1, 1863, a musket shot was fired by the Confederates against Gen. Buford's picket line; this was the opening shot of the great engagement. Here on that day, on Willoughby Run, was fought what was in itself a great battle, in one respect perhaps the greatest battle of the war — that is, in the losses as compared with the forces engaged, the Union losses in killed, wounded and missing reaching nearly ten thousand. Space will not permit me to describe the operations of the first and second days of the battle — the portrayal of which would bring before us instances of a most daring assault met by a steadiness and bravery so unflinching as to exalt the men engaged to the highest pinnacle of military renown. Nobly did the Massachusetts Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments maintain the reputation of their state. The Thirteenth went into action with two hundred and sixty men; and when the roll was called that night it was found that they had saved of themselves only seventy-one, all told, their colonel, Leonard, being among the severely wounded. Our losses on the second day of the battle, though not greater than the enemy's, were indeed enormous, Massachusetts regiments suffering their full share. Where all did so nobly, it is difficult to particularize; but from their positions of peculiar exposure and active engagement the heaviest losses fell on the First, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth and Thirty-second Regiments and the Ninth Light Battery. The Twentieth Regiment and the whole Commonwealth mourned the loss of Col. Revere, than whom none possessed more rare and noble qualities. The regiment suffered terribly, losing among its dead Lieuts. Sumner Paine and Henry Ropes. The Thirty-second stood like a rock to breast the assault after the breach had been made in Sickles's corps; and Col. Prescott, though wounded, remained at the head of his gallant regiment. Lieut. Barrows was killed, and out of a total of two hundred and twenty-nine taken into the fight, eighty-one were killed, wounded and missing. The sad and noble record of those who shed their life's blood on the second day of the battle embraces Col. Ward, Capts. Markland and Jorgenson of the Fifteenth, Lieut. Hartley of the First, and Lieuts. Erickson and Whittaker of the Ninth Light Battery.

No sleep visited the eyes of the council of commanders who late that night assembled. Not even the brief duration of darkness of that night was used for rest. The destinies of the century depended on the next day's battle; its loss would have left to the Confederates no obstruction in their march on

Philadelphia and New York; and European recognition was ready to wreck the cause of freedom. That council, not disheartened by the losses we had sustained, and knowing that the advantages which the rebels had gained were rather apparent than substantial, voted to fight it out at Gettysburg. Having spent the night in accumulating powerful artillery against the rebel breastworks on Culp's Hill, where Ewell had established himself the night before, at four o'clock Gen. Slocum opened a heavy fire. This elicited from the enemy a most furious charge, which in desperation and recklessness scarcely has a parallel. But the Union forces presented an impenetrable front, and, coolly delivering a terrific fire, strewed the ground with dead in fearful numbers. After four hours' close contest, our line was re-formed by a charge of Geary's division, and the right flank was made secure. If I have among my readers any of the Massachusetts Second they will bear me out in the assertion that the battle of Culp's Hill was one worthy of a more extended mention. They will well remember the hour of seven o'clock that morning when, our artillery failing to dislodge the rebel force strongly posted across a little meadow, Lieut.-Col. Mudge gave the command, "Rise up, over breastworks, forward, double-quick!" Sadly will they remember how that noble officer midway in the meadow fell dead at the head of his regiment, how three color-bearers were shot in going two hundred yards; how, nevertheless, the colors kept on into the enemy's line, and would have held it, had not a regiment on their right fallen back in disorder. Another color-bearer is shot waving the colors; ten officers of the regiment are killed or wounded, and a regiment of the enemy is flanking it, when Major Morse gives the order to fall back, just in time to save the capture of them all. In that heroic charge of four hundred yards, the regiment lost out of about three hundred men, one hundred and thirty-four killed and wounded. Among the killed were Capts. Robeson and Fox and Lieut. Stone.

Thwarted in his plans against our right flank, Lee resolved to stake all upon the centre. After the struggle had ceased on the right, there was for several hours a deep silence, indicating that some weighty design was in preparation by the enemy. The moment before battle, when the lines are formed, the skirmishers deployed, the guns unlimbered, and the command awaited which is to end the awful pause dividing life from death, is more trying to the nerves of soldiers than the conflict itself. The love of life, the dread of the awful future on whose very verge they stand, the instinctive shrinking from danger, the thought of home and friends are felt at that instant with an intensity which can only be known on the perilous edge of battle. About noon the silence was broken by the roar of the Confederate artillery, all of Lee's batteries uniting in an attempt to uncover the Union centre preparatory to a charge by the flower of Longstreet's veterans under Gen. Pickett. For more than an hour the rebel guns poured on Cemetery Ridge a furious and unremitting shower of shells, the steadiest and most continuous fire ever maintained by the Confederate artillery. The Union batteries were not slow to answer the cannonade; and the earth shook under the terrible unbroken thunder of three hundred guns. Finally the rebel fire slackened and then ceased altogether. The moment had now come for Pickett's hazardous assault, the last forlorn hope of Confederate victory. On they come, victory staked upon the issue. Withholding our fire until the first hostile outburst from one hundred and forty guns of the enemy had spent itself, Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery, then directed our batteries to open, when from ridge to ridge, for nearly two hours, an artillery combat ensued which filled the air with fire and smoke and the mad clamor of two hundred guns. Then came Pickett leading the flower of the rebel army; and the whole strength of the attack was concentrated upon the Second corps, in which Massachusetts was represented by her Fifteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-eighth Regiments—a corps which bore the brunt of the struggle and merits the first honors of the victory. Pickett's splendid division of Longstreet's corps in front, with the best of A. P. Hill's veterans in support, came steadily and, as it

seemed irresistibly sweeping up. From a hundred iron throats, meantime, their artillery had been thundering upon our barricades. At last they were in point blank range. Then burst our sheeted lightning forth, and from thrice six thousand guns issued a sheet of smoky flame, a crash, a rush of leaden death. The first Confederate line literally melted away; but there came the second line not less resolute. Pickett's division now rushed up the crest of Cemetery Ridge, thrust itself up to Hancock's very line, and the full strength of the assault fell upon the brigade commanded by Gen. Alexander S. Webb of New York. The moment was most critical, but the personal skill and bravery of Gen. Webb, aided by the cool appreciation and quick action of Gen. Hancock, caused the repulse and rout of the assailants and their expulsion from northern soil. But the illustrious victory was not won without great cost. Twenty commissioned officers from the state of Massachusetts alone were among those whose phœnix souls

"Rose on the flames of victory to heaven."

Thus ended the great battle of Gettysburg, the last shot of which was fired by the Fifth Massachusetts battery, — a battle in which the power of the Confederacy fell with its dead who fell. With it lay slavery buried deep in the tomb of the Rebellion; and the prophecy made by Seward thirty years before was fulfilled — that slavery was opening up before our people a graveyard to be filled with brothers falling in combat.

But Gettysburg was only a sample of what came before and followed after. Our soldiers did not rest upon their laurels gained on that well-fought field, but marched on to the terrible campaign of the Wilderness, the weary months of toil and fighting around Richmond, and the death grapple with the Rebellion between Petersburg and Appomattox.

Let us now glance at the record of the American navy, and see what was done by that arm of the service, which proved the most potent of diplomatists in preventing foreign interference in our domestic affairs. Massachusetts can boast of a glorious record in that portion of its history. Twenty-six thousand Massachusetts men imperilled their lives upon the decks of the navy. They were in every scene of danger and duty — along the Atlantic and the Gulf, on the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Mississippi and the Rio Grande. Under Dupont, Dahlgren, Foote, Farragut and Porter, the sons of Massachusetts bore their part and paid the debt of patriotism and valor. When the disadvantages are considered under which our navy labored at the commence- of the war, we may claim the credit of achieving a series of results surpassing in magnitude and importance the record of any navy in any country. Let Norfolk, Hatteras, Roanoke Island, Port Royal, Pensacola, the Rio Grande, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, Memphis, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Fort Jackson, Fort St. Philip, Mobile, the city of New Orleans, the shattered fragments of Sumter, bear witness to the activity and efficiency of the American navy. The remarkable energy displayed by the Navy Department was largely due to the efficient services rendered by a son of Massachusetts, Assistant Secretary Gustavus V. Fox. He held his high position from the commencement to the close of the Rebellion. Foremost in the contest in his place was the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, member of the House of Representatives from the old Bay State, who, by his public speeches and labors in the Committee on Naval Affairs, both shielded the department and created a true public sentiment in regard to the navy. As Senator Sumner aided so successfully the Secretary of State, Senator Wilson the Secretary of War, Mr. Hooper the Secretary of the Treasury, so did Mr. Rice aid the Secretary of the Navy in saving the country from disaster in some of the most critical periods of the struggle.

When Secretary of War Cameron resigned in 1861, he said to Senator Wilson, "No man in the whole country, in my opinion, has done more to aid the War Department in preparing the mighty army now under arms than yourself." It should be remembered by the brave men whose breasts are adorned by those little medals which are such high cer-

tificates of heroic service that it was Senator Wilson who first introduced in Congress a resolution for the presentation of them to those who deserved the honor. On the 8th of March, 1862, when our fleet of steamers and sailing craft had landed the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, on the Peninsula, the sudden appearance of the rebel ram *Merrimac* near Old Point Comfort threatened serious derangement of the plans of the McClellan campaign. The battle was opened by the *Roanoke*, commanded by Capt. John Marston, a Massachusetts officer; and in the battle the gallantry of the *Cumberland*, commanded by Lieut. George W. Morris, with Lieut. Theodore O. Selfridge second in command, both sons of Massachusetts, will be forever remembered. With her flags flaunting defiantly and her noble crew, commanded by Acting Masters Randall and Kennison, Massachusetts men, delivering their shots from the port-holes, the ship sank in the deep sea. Readers of "Ivanhoe" will remember the tournament, where an endangered cause was saved from destruction by the advent of the Black Knight, whose unassuming demeanor seemingly precluded all hope that he could successfully contend against his powerful adversary. A parallel on a far mightier scale was to be furnished on the following morning, by a little vessel of insignificant appearance, which steamed into Hampton Roads. It was the *Monitor*, looking like a cheese-box on a raft. The *Merrimac* came forth again to the contest; and after one of the most desperate conflicts recorded in naval history, we had the satisfaction of beholding the little *Monitor* the victor and the *Merrimac* slowly withdraw from the contest.

In October, 1781, the town of Boston was startled from its slumbers by the clear voice of a watchman, who cried, "Twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!" Such was the announcement which meant that the bright dawn of peace had broken, and that England was conquered. So, by the overruling of a wise Providence, it came to pass that at eleven o'clock on the night of April 9, 1865, the news passed over the land, "Lee has surrendered!" Our struggle was over; the new birth of the nation was accomplished; and freedom was triumphant.

The grand total of all the Union losses, from the attack on Sumter to the surrender of Gen. Lee, amounted to nine thousand commissioned officers and two hundred and eighty-five thousand men; and although twenty-three hundred engagements took place during the four years, one half of all the sacrifices occurred in the principal battles of the war, which numbered thirty-one in all.

There would not now be in the land such scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, such abodes of social happiness, if the flag during those years of blood and death and peril had not been defended with such immolation on the altar of patriotism as that whose records crowd the annals of the American civil war. The hope expressed by Capt. Shurtleff of the Massachusetts Twelfth Regiment, killed at Cedar Mountain, will not be forgotten. "Should it be our lot to fall in the cause of liberty," said the gallant captain, "we ask only that it be remembered by all that for liberty we fought and for liberty we fell." And while we venerate the memory of the dead, let us not forget the living. They too offered their lives, although the sacrifice was not required of them, and their valor helped to win the day for which their comrades shed their blood. One by one they are passing away, honored and remembered like the patriots of the Revolution; but their souls and the souls of their dead comrades will go marching on, until thrones shake and crumble; on until every nation is a republic and every man a freeman; on until the soldiers of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan shall have saved the world as they saved the Union!

In an article like the present, as no one is so conscious as the writer, it is impossible that names should not be omitted quite as worthy of mention as those which appear. Such an article is no census, but at best only a reflection of the lines in which Massachusetts made great contributions to the great cause.

# LAVENDER LEAVES.

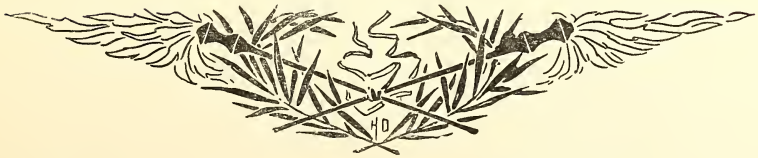
*By Minna Irving.*

THE waving corn was green and gold,
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone, —
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender,
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green,
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue, —
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,
And fell in many a shred;
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,
And some to shroud the dead.
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady-lily tall
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro —
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.



# THE NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION OF EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY.

*By Olive Rumsey.*

FIFTY years ago, in the town of Northampton, Massachusetts, a socialistic experiment was tried which up to the present time has had no historian. It was akin to Brook Farm in its spirit and *personnel*, but on its industrial side it was widely different. Brook Farm has left to the world, as a result of a communistic experiment, only a few literary reminiscences. The Northampton Association organized its industries so well that they lived long after the commune was abandoned. The Nonotuck Silk Company is an outgrowth of the silk department of the Northampton Association. The projectors and leaders of the Northampton Association were as prominent in the activities of ante-bellum days as were the transcendentalists and *litterateurs* of Brook Farm. Associated with the Northampton community, as sympathetic friends or as members, were William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, David L. and Lydia Maria Child, W. Adam, George Benson, James Boyle, Charles Burleigh, and many more of anti-slavery fame.

If such an association were to be formed to-day, even though we are accustomed to socialistic discussions, it would be more difficult to account for than it was in the year 1842. The years preceding and following that date were seething with projects for radical social reform. To quote John Morley: "A great wave of social sentiment poured itself among all who had the faculty of large and disinterested thinking." England was witnessing the Tractarian movement in religion, and the Corn Law agitation in commercial affairs. Dickens through his novels was exposing the abuses and cruelties of prisons, courts and schools; and Carlyle was denouncing all shams, political or social, in words which could not be misunderstood. France was not quiescent; she was preparing for the great Revolution of 1848. Our own country was engaged in that tremendous moral agitation which ended in the Civil War and the emancipation of the slave. She was also vindicating her right to be called practical. Every European idealist who had a plan for social reform came here to work it out, or sent his idea here. From the influence, direct or indirect, of Fourier's writings arose no less than thirty-four communistic experiments, of which the "Northampton Association of Education and Industry" is no mean specimen. It is impossible to learn from the meagre records of the association now extant how much or how little of its plan is due to Fourier's ideas. A member writing to the Boston *Liberator* of 1843 says: "This community is not a Fourier Association; its success or failure is no criterion of Fourierism." Nevertheless the ground principle, that of co-operation, was first laid down by Fourier, and the organization of labor into different departments is an exact counterpart of Fourier's phalanxes.

In the fall of 1841 four or five men with radical ideas for reform drifted, from one cause or another, into the historic old town of Northampton. William Adam was a Scotchman, who began his public life as a Baptist missionary to India. While there he assisted Rammohun Roy in his translation of the Bible. Under the influence of the celebrated Hindoo, Mr. Adam became a Unitarian. Later in life he came to this country and accepted the chair of Oriental Languages in Harvard College. He was a man of great learning and had a wide reputation as a teacher. The name of Professor Adam attracted many a student to the school established by the Northampton Association. He was assisted in the work of education by David Mack, a teacher of a girls' school

in Old Cambridge. George W. Benson was a successful business man of Brooklyn, Connecticut. He was a brother-in-law of William Lloyd Garrison, and an ardent enthusiast in the anti-slavery movement. Mr. Samuel L. Hill was a cotton manufacturer of Willimantic, Connecticut. He was a "come outer" from the Baptist Church on account of the antagonism which the church showed toward the Abolitionists. Those who knew him best speak of him as a simple and unpretending man, plain in his ways, possessing remarkable sagacity, tireless industry, and a moral courage that was unsurpassed. Mr. Hill, like Mr. Benson, came to Northampton for business purposes, and was soon engaged in the manufacture of silk. These gentlemen, through their companionship and interchange of ideas, soon reached the conclusion that the world was very much out of joint, and that society sprang from wrong principles and brought forth fruit which was evil instead of good. After much thought and deliberation, they decided that co-operation, and not individualism and competition, should be the basis of industrial society. They believed that it would be possible for man to live in comfort and plenty without excessive labor, if a community should be planned with diversity of employment, simple habits of life, and freedom of religious belief. They then planned their community and issued a circular whose cardinal principles are these: —

I. Productive labor is the duty of every human being, and every laborer has the exclusive right of enjoying and disposing of the fruits of his labor.

II. It is the right of every human being to express the dictates of his conscience on religious and all other subjects, and to worship God under any form agreeable to his convictions of duty.

III. The rights of all are equal, without distinction of sex, color or condition, sect or religion.

IV. The family is sacred by the laws of nature and the will of God, and no relationships shall be formed which are inconsistent with this, the root of all human excellence and happiness.

V. The combination of individuals or families is an evil or a good according to the object to which it is directed. It is good to combine to counteract within a greater or less sphere the causes which have produced ignorance and vice, oppression and crime, bigotry, fanaticism and intolerance. It is good to co-operate for the purpose of giving labor its true dignity and of making a wise division of the departments of industry.

The affairs of the Northampton Association of Education and Industry were to be conducted by two distinct organizations, — a stock company and an industrial community. The stock company and the industrial community were to be distinct from each other in their organizations, in deliberations, and in their accounts, but the members of each body were allowed to inspect the records and accounts both of the industrial community and of the stock company. The directors of one company might give advice to the directors of the other company, but no director was allowed to vote with the body of which he was not a member. The association was to be organized by those persons who had paid three fifths of the amount of the stock for which they had subscribed. The president, treasurer and secretary of the association were to be *ex-officio* trustees of all the property of the association, and members of the board of stock directors and members of the board of industrial directors. The board of directors of the stock company was to consist of the president, treasurer and secretary of the association and four additional members. Stock was in shares of one hundred dollars, and the limit of the subscription was one hundred thousand dollars. Each share of which three fifths had been paid was represented by a vote, provided no shareholder should be entitled to more than ten votes. Stock might be paid in money or some equivalent, at the option of the directors; and if a person without any capital should be deemed eligible as a member of the association, he was allowed to subscribe for one or more shares, to be paid from the proceeds of his labor. He was not permitted to vote as a stockholder nor to receive interest on the sum to his credit until it should amount to three fifths of the stock which stood in his name. Stock was entitled to an annual interest not exceeding six per cent, but interest was not payable under four years. Every certificate of stock contained a condition to the effect that shares owned by persons not members of the industrial community might be bought in by

members of the community upon payment of principal and interest. The stock directors were to determine in what manner all funds should be invested and to make appropriations for carrying on the different branches of the business.

Individuals and families uniting together were to form the industrial community. They were to establish distinct departments of industry, and to elect a director for each department. Every member of the community was at liberty to devote himself to one or more departments, and had the privilege of choosing his own industry. The directors of the several departments, together with the president, treasurer and secretary of the association, formed the board of industrial directors. This body was to provide suitable employment for all members and fix the rate of remuneration for labor, awarding the same wages to men and women without distinction. All materials and goods for the use of the association were to be purchased by this same board of directors, and they were to sell all articles manufactured or produced by the association. Every member of the industrial community was to live on the lands belonging to the association, and to be provided with suitable apartments. In settling with individual members, each was to be credited with the value of labor performed, charged at a reasonable rate with the rent of apartments occupied, and at cost with articles for domestic consumption.

This constitution of the association was certainly unique, for it provided for two distinct companies representing capital and labor respectively. The stock company controlled the capital: it would have been a collective *entrepeneur* and capitalist, but that the industrial company controlled the labor and the rate of wages. The stock company was an employer that could not select its own employees, a capitalist subject to the dictation of an association of workers. These companies might have stood for capital *versus* labor, had not the *personnel* of the two companies been the same. In short, it was the peculiar union and at the same time separation of capital and labor that makes the Northampton Association of Education and Industry worthy of serious attention. For the practical working of this scheme and the suggestions which it has to offer for the solution of this labor problem, we must look at its history.

The plan seemed attractive and reasonable to such men and women as were seeking to live under better social and industrial conditions. It promised too, on paper at least, to remedy many of the evils attendant upon the competitive system; so in the spring of 1842, six or seven families decided to try this communistic experiment. In looking about for a suitable place to settle, they fixed upon Broughton Meadows, a tract of land upon the outskirts of Northampton. A silk industry had been established here some years before, and as it was adapted to the purpose of the Northampton Association, the estate was purchased by it for $30,000. It consisted of four hundred and twenty acres of farming land and fifty acres of timber land, situated on the plain where now stands the town of Florence, and stretching north in the direction of Hatfield. There was a large brick factory nearly four stories high, with water-wheel and machinery adapted to the manufacture of silk, a dye-house with necessary apparatus, a saw-mill, a planing-mill, a shingle-mill, and six dwelling-houses.

The Northampton Association of Education and Industry was formally organized April 8, 1842. At the first meeting seven members were present; a president, secretary and treasurer were elected; the stock directors and a committee for the admission of new members were appointed. In due time the various departments were formed, which for the first year consisted of the silk, lumber, mechanical, store, educational and domestic departments. The association, as may readily be seen, did not make agriculture the basis of its industrial life. These reformers had no theories upon the benefits to be derived from direct contact with the soil. On the contrary, the manufacture of silk was the nucleus about which the other departments clustered. Special attention was given to the raising of the silkworm. It must be remembered

in this connection that our community started about the time that the *Morus multicaulis* rage reached its height. The mulberry trees were already growing upon the hills surrounding Florence. In this department of silk culture they raised about a hundred pounds a year, or about what was manufactured in a week. The list of manufactured articles was not long; it consisted of sewing silk and stick twist put up in short, hard, round shapes not quite half the size of a lead pencil.

The various departments were hardly organized when two very serious questions arose for the consideration of the society, — the remuneration of labor and the number of hours which should constitute a working day. After much discussion, the former was left for settlement until the end of the year, when the following scale of wages was adopted: under twelve years of age, one cent per hour; between the ages of twelve and sixteen years, three cents; between sixteen and twenty years, four and one half cents; over twenty years, six cents. The subject of the hours for a working day was not so satisfactorily adjusted. In those days twelve hours was considered a day's work; and as custom is binding, many members of the association believed that a reduction of the working hours would be neither expedient nor advisable. But in this community the spirit of reform was stronger than the force of habit, and it was decided that eleven hours should constitute a day's labor. In consequence of this opinion, two of the practical business men and heaviest stockholders withdrew from the association, leaving the finances in a crippled condition. To help themselves in their difficulty, an agent was sent to England to spread the principles of the association and to solicit stock subscriptions. As to his success the record book gives no clue, and we may infer that silence chronicles failure.

During the first year almost every day brought with it an application for admission into the community. There were three different methods of admitting people. Some were received at once as permanent members, others for a fixed period of time, six months or a year, and others on probation. One importunate class of people who wished to enter the community was that of inventors who had machines, but no money with which to operate them. In the course of this first year the association became the manufacturers of a new kind of wagon and several other worthless articles. The result of these enterprises was a gain in experience and a deficit in money.

The first annual meeting of the association occurred January 16, 1843. The community had added fifty-two people to its list of members, and lost six. The treasurer reported that after paying all the expenses of the association there was a balance in the treasury of $44.32 in favor of the association. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, and new directors appointed for the eleven departments which now constituted the industrial community. New by-laws were adopted, which defined the rights and privileges of the members and the duties of the directors toward their several departments and toward the association. The allowance to each member for board and clothing was fixed as follows: all over eighteen years received $20 a year for clothing; between fourteen and eighteen years, $14; between ten and fourteen years, $10; between six and ten years, $8; and under six years, $5. The rate of board was eighty cents a week for all members over ten years, and forty cents for all under ten years. This allowance must have been in addition to the regular wages, although there is no record to that effect. In talking with a member who had saved from her eighteen months of labor the magnificent sum of $1.80, she said: "Families found it easier to make both ends meet than did single individuals, because there was an allowance for each child, and by lumping these allowances the money brought more comforts to the family as a whole." Indeed, this community did not wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day.

The reports of the first year seemed encouraging enough to the members to warrant the undertaking of new projects for enlarging the facilities and increasing the usefulness of the association. They proposed to build a new community house, a schoolhouse, a grist-mill, a

hennery and a tannery, and to rebuild the old saw-mill. Some of these buildings materialized, but others remained in the minds of their architects.

By way of a venture, the association began the manufacture of bolting cloth; but like many another similar enterprise, it was soon abandoned. During the year 1843 the various departments of industry were thoroughly investigated and much advice was given the several directors as to the best methods of conducting business. Of course this action on the part of the members caused a good deal of dissatisfaction among the directors, and resignations followed as a consequence. The silk department was always the subject of special solicitude; for upon it hung the financial success or failure of the association. In this year, 1843, the silk dyeing was made a department by itself, the manufacture of waste silk was provided for, and $3,000 was appropriated for the silk department alone. In the educational department there was much dissatisfaction; the director complained that the association did not provide sufficient accommodations for the school; the parents and guardians did not like the arrangements of hours given to study and manual labor. Co-operation did not diminish the friction in the domestic department. Some women found their tasks too hard, others found theirs distasteful, and all of them could have managed better than did the director of the department. The cutlery department told its own story when it reported at the annual meeting, "Doing nothing." In the hope that another venture might be successful, they added the manufacture of knives to their other experiments. Of the agricultural and lumber departments the record book invariably says, "Reports unanimously accepted." These were the money-making departments of the association.

The members of the association now began to feel a little doubtful about their ability to reform society. They found it expedient to be more careful about the admission of members. It was decided that no one should be received without capital, if he could by his labor do no more than support himself. Prudence and not charity must now actuate their votes. The two-headed organization was found to be rather cumbersome; so the association revised its constitution and united its two distinct companies into one. But far more significant than either of these actions was the decision reached in November, 1843, that three members should act as agents of the association for the purpose of founding auxiliary associations and of raising a subscription of $25,000. During the year 1843 another reduction was made in the hours of the working day; ten hours were now considered a day's labor. The association this year increased its membership by seventeen, while nine resignations were accepted.

Of the year 1844 there is not much to chronicle. Professor William Adam severed his connection with the society this year; why no one knows, unless the rumor that he found his wife scrubbing the floor can be trusted. This incident might have proved to the members, in an unexpected way, that the idea of a rotation of duties was not wholly practicable. A new department was added to the industries, that of making boots and shoes. The new members added were twenty, the withdrawals twelve. Just what was the financial condition of the association this year it is impossible to tell, for there are no records to bear testimony; but if the prospects had been hopeful the secretary would have recorded no such words as these: "Mr. G. W. Benson offered to purchase the stock and property of the association and to assume all its liabilities." This proposition was refused. Not yet were these ardent reformers ready to acknowledge themselves defeated.

The energy of these enthusiasts seems to have known no bounds. They began the year 1845 with a determination to succeed in spite of the greatest of obstacles, no money. They looked over carefully every detail of the departments, for the purpose of putting them on better foundations and making them more productive; but the reports of the different directors must have been discouraging to the most optimistic member. The director of the silk department stated

that the hindrance to a large and profitable business had been an insufficient supply of silk, and sometimes a supply of unsuitable silk. The dyeing department was troubled by a delay in procuring dyes. The silk-growing department had fallen so far short of the estimated earnings that it had no explanation to account for the deficiency. The boot and shoe department had not enough men to do an amount of work sufficient to secure a contract. The agricultural department complained that the interference of the financial agent in its affairs had completely deranged its business. There was no department which had not its grievance, and also very good reasons for its want of success. The failure of the agents to secure the twenty-five thousand dollar loan was reported at the annual meeting and fully discussed. It was credited to the influence of members withdrawing from the association.

The community continued its existence, hoping that things would grow better; but in May of the same year two prominent charter members, G. W. Benson and David Mack, withdrew from the association. The immediate cause of their resignation is not known; but in all probability they saw that the dissolution of the association was not far off, and they were obliged to provide some means of support for their families. A new president and secretary were elected, and new directors were appointed for the various departments. But new officers could not bring vitality to the association. In September, 1845, it was decided in a general conversation amongst the members that the association had better dissolve. It was deeply in debt, and there was no prospect of any new stock being taken up. This was the only thing which could relieve the association, as its earnings were not large and the members that had withdrawn were calling for the stock which was due to them. November 7, the executive committee decided to close the affairs of the association as soon as practicable; and after that date the Northampton Association of Education and Industry became a matter of history.

The indebtedness involved the repaying of the subscribed stock and the debts incurred by the buying of new machinery and raw material. The association during its very short existence had managed to maintain its members, boarding and clothing them and paying the wages earned. Its successful departments were the agricultural and lumber. The silk department paid its own way and had a little each year on the credit side of its account. The other departments were barely self-supporting, and some money was lost by experimenting with new inventions. The reason for the failure of the association on its economic side was the withdrawing of stock by the different members; but this withdrawing of members had its first cause in the social life of the community. In closing the affairs of the association, Mr. S. L. Hill, who from its origin to its dissolution was an ardent advocate of its principles and a stanch supporter of its plans, took upon himself the entire business of the association, assuming all its liabilities. He said to the creditors: "Give me time and I will pay you all; if you disturb me, I cannot do it." In ten years he paid to the members all stock subscribed and all other debts incurred by the association, and gained moreover from the business, which yielded the "associates" only the necessities of life, a fortune for himself.

This is but a brief outline of the association's industrial history, — a history which is full of interest to the student of social science, because the Northampton Association had economic features which are found in no other commune. Yet to understand this history in its most significant phases, it is necessary to become familiar with the social life of the association. The people who projected and supported the Northampton Association of Education and Industry were for the most part reformers; and sad to relate, no two of the hobby riders were on the same horse. A large number of these people found it impossible to adjust themselves to life as it was; but they knew that they would make admirable citizens of the world as it ought to be. There were reformers in medicine, in diet, in politics and in religion. One member advocated the continental costume; another thought raw potatoes a nutritive food. Every

"ism," no matter how much despised in the world at large, found a warm welcome in the association. It was a home for ideas not congenial to conventional life, and each member had the privilege in the community of airing his ideas. Free thought and free speech was the fundamental principle of the association, and nonconformity of ideas was its religious creed.

Naturally enough it was not the rich and the well-to-do, the satisfied and contented, who knocked at the community gate. The poor in purse as well as in spirit, the enthusiast for trying experiments, the inventor with a machine which the world did not want, as well as the men of high ideals and noble motives, came to Northampton. In the early days of the association, no man was so poor in money, skill or reputation, that an entrance into the community was denied to him. In short it was an asylum to all humanity, to the outcasts from the world. Every condition of life was represented. The farmer and the lawyer, the mechanic and the doctor, the day laborer and the minister, the teacher and the washerwoman worked together side by side. Their aim was one, — a better economic and social world. The much-despised negro found warm friends in the Northampton Association; for these idealists preached not only with their lips, but in their lives, the equality of black and white. Sojourner Truth, the "African sibyl," lived in the community for some time. One of the members told me that he and Sojourner used to wring out the clothes together on washing day. Dr. David Ruggles, a colored physician, made his home in the association. He was a man of much repute in the neighborhood, and became the manager of a successful water cure. The growth of the association was easy and natural. No definite measures were taken to win people to the cause; no pamphlets were published, and no tracts nor circulars were issued. People came into the association because some of their friends were already there; others joined through the advice of Miss E. P. Peabody, Samuel J. May, David Lee Child, his wife, Lydia Maria, or other friends of the community. One member, now living in Florence, told me that he was a printer in Old Cambridge. "One day," said he, "I set the type for the Constitution of the 'Northampton Association of Education and Industry.' As I read it over, I became impressed with its principles. I turned around and said to the men in the office, 'I think I will go up and try it for a year.'" He did so, learned the trade of a silk dyer, and followed it for fifty years. In Northampton he met his wife, who was working in a silk factory. In speaking of the community, he said, "Those were happy days, and I have never regretted coming here."

The members of the community represented no particular section of the country; though the greater number came from New England, there were people from New York, Maryland, Alabama, England, Scotland and Germany. Life in the community was simple from principle, and frugal from necessity. Social life was unconventional and free, going sometimes to the verge of propriety, but never beyond. Drinking was unknown, and there was no need of a court house or a jail. Vulgarity was less common than in the outer world; and what swearing was heard was but an emphasized indignation against meanness. The family life was held sacred, as the unit of society, and families or individuals resided, according to their pleasure, either in the community boarding house or in one of the dwelling houses. The boarding house was the brick factory, of which the first floor was used for machinery, the second for the manufacture of silk, the third for school, store, dining-room and kitchen, and the fourth was partitioned off by thin boards into apartments of various sizes.

The domestic work of the community fell to the women, and in many cases hard manual labor such as scrubbing and washing was delegated to women who had been tenderly reared and were physically unable to endure the strain of severe work. The women of the community found life more burdensome than did the men, and, in the words of an old farmer, did more grumbling. But it must be remembered that many of the women were not

actuated by the same ideal motives that the men were; they came to Northampton to gratify the wishes of either father or husband. But in spite of hardships and discomforts, these idealists, both men and women, bore the burden and heat of the day with fortitude and cheerfulness. To be sure, their aim was high, — the complete revolution of society; and if they wanted the martyr's crown, they must take his stripes too.

The members of the association who are still living speak with enthusiasm of those community days, and emphatically pronounce them happy ones. A visitor to the community, in a letter to the Boston *Liberator*, says: "I have never seen together so numerous a company with such free and happy characters. I have never seen such cheery, hopeful countenances and such easy and interesting manners and deportment." Giles B. Stebbins, in his book, "Upward Steps of Seventy Years," thus writes of his life in the Northampton community: "There was a strange charm in the daily contact with persons with whom opinions could be freely exchanged and no cold wave of self-righteous bigotry be felt. This and the hope for fraternal industry won from excessive toil made them cheerful amidst difficulty and discomfort. It was a study of character as well as of books; marked individuality, moral courage, conscientious devotion to right and warm sympathies abounded. I remember a wedding at the breakfast table of the factory dining-hall, with no cards or cake, but brown bread and wooden chairs, and a squire to make it legal. The ripe wisdom and beautiful tenderness finely set forth in words or in delicate acts, by those who went from the wedding table to their work in mill, or field, or kitchen, made some weddings, where silks and diamonds and shallow compliments abound, poor in comparison."

The educational side of the association was always prominent, owing to the reputation which Professor Adam had as a learned man and a brilliant teacher. Some people entered the community for the sole purpose of educating their children; others sent their boys and girls as boarding pupils. The directors of the educational department believed that manual labor should form a part of an educational system. Accordingly the younger children fed the silkworms for so many hours a day, and the older ones worked in the factories or on the farm. The plan was not wholly satisfactory, for the teachers found that after the pupils had worked all the morning they were incapable of profitable study in the afternoon. Many experiments were tried, but unfortunately the life of the association was too short to solve the problem of what relation manual training ought to bear to intellectual training in a complete scheme of education. The duties of the educational department were not confined to the training of the young; they embraced also the moral, intellectual and spiritual instruction of the adult members of the community. Lectures of different kinds were provided. Sylvester Graham delivered one on physiology and hygiene, William Lloyd Garrison one on association, and Professor Adam one on social economy. Moral questions were often discussed in the weekly meetings of the association or in the Sunday services.

To draw fine distinctions between the moral, the spiritual and the mental influences of the community would be impossible; one line of thought colored and mingled with the others. It must be remembered that the association was made up of people of all beliefs and no beliefs; some were orthodox Christians, a few were materialists and atheists. One man might say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" but his next-door neighbor might claim that one day was as good as another for doing the work of the world. The people of Northampton, fed and nourished on the teachings of Jonathan Edwards, looked upon the community as a set of godless men and women with no reverence for things in heaven nor things on earth. This, however, is a reputation which I believe they do not merit. It is true that on entering the society they subscribed to no creed, and that liberal thought was the spiritual stimulus. Yet if we accept the saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them," we must acknowledge that this community, taken as a whole, was an assembly of sincere

men and women acting from the highest motives, and that they feared and reverenced God and loved their neighbors as — yea, better than — themselves. Their Sunday services were simple and without ceremony. On pleasant, warm days, their tabernacle was a grove of pines, where now stands the Congregational Church of Florence; on wintry days they gathered together in the school-room. The speaker was sometimes a member of the community, and sometimes a visitor. Wendell Phillips often addressed them, and so did Samuel J. May, Frederick Douglass and William Lloyd Garrison. Life in the Northampton community could not have been dull or monotonous for want of ideas, — a charge which is brought against the Shakers and the German communities; in truth, it was the fact of having too many ideas that ruined it.

And yet these people were not all seers of visions and dreamers of dreams. There was a good proportion of practical business-like people in the community; and these ought to have kept the association from framing that unique feature of their social life known as mutual criticism. The members made an agreement among themselves that each one should submit himself to the criticism of every other member. The object of such an institution was of course improvement and progress, and the means to that end were to be used with sincerity and charity. This mutual criticism flourished among the Perfectionists of the Oneida community; they maintain that it is a remedy for gossip and backbiting. But the Northampton Associates found that this institution increased rather than diminished the friction of social life. Faults which might have passed unnoticed were brought to the cruel gaze of the world. Every woman could bring up a child better than its mother, and every man could do a piece of work more deftly than his neighbor. There was a general tendency among the members to labor in other people's vineyards. This institution was formed with all honesty and sincerity of purpose, and the fact that these idealists fully believed, in the childlike simplicity of their hearts, that systematic fault-finding could be practical in this world of envyings and emulations, is not without a touch of sublimity as well as of pathos. It illustrates better than anything else what manner of men they were. The actual working of mutual criticism may be shown by the story of a farmer member. "I was," said he, "a teamster in the community. One day I drove my horse very rapidly toward the factory. A member who stood on the steps said, 'If that was my horse you would never drive it in that way again;' but I told him that as long as I drove the horse I should drive him just as I pleased." If you knew that farmer, you would be very sure that he kept his word. I do not wish to insinuate that life in the Northampton community was one continual wrangle; for the members believed in the efficiency of mutual criticism, and endeavored to put it into practice with Christian fortitude and brotherly love. It failed because the community was composed of men and women, and not of angels. One might say with truth that when the association framed the institution known as mutual criticism it signed its own death warrant. From petty differences arose serious troubles which caused this member or that to withdraw from the association. The paying back of stock to dissatisfied members crippled the association financially and brought about its dissolution.

Looking at the history of the association from the distance of fifty years, we see other causes for failure which stand out less prominently than does this of mutual criticism. The fact can hardly be over-emphasized, that this community was a gathering of peculiar people. Many of them were idealists who could not make the connection between theory and practice. They were all good, and many of them were noble; but they were not of the class to stand shoulder to shoulder and bear the heat and fatigue of commonplace work. They were weighed down by the burden of their many ideas, and were made restless by their noble discontent with life as it was and their desire to better its conditions. If the association had been larger, with a goodly proportion of ordinary and conventional men and women, so that the reformers need

not have jostled one another, the chances for the success of the enterprise would have been increased.

The members of the Northampton Association were bound together by no strong ties. The German communities, like the Shakers, adopted communal living as a religious belief. This creed was the vital principle of their lives, and in it and by it they were kept together. Their faith furnished rules for implicit obedience, and any flagrant disregard of these rules excommunicated a member from the society. Now, the members of the Northampton Association were held by no contract whatever. The requirements and regulations were very loose; a man might cease to be a member from any cause, trivial or weighty. In many kindred associations withdrawal from the society was at the expense of one's property, which afterward came into the possession of the community. But the Northampton Association paid back stock with a promptness which was against the principles of the constitution and opposed to its best interests. They were generous when it would have been better to be prudent and worldly-wise.

Brook Farm found its backbone and inspiration in George Ripley, and Hopedale was held together by the enthusiasm of Adin Ballou; but the Northampton Association listened to no voice which spoke with authority. There was no man who stood out from the rest as a leader. Perhaps there were half a dozen men to whom the association was the chief interest of life. All of those men were industrious, self-sacrificing and ambitious, and gave their best thoughts to furthering the growth and prosperity of the community. Still it lacked the unity and enthusiasm which a whole-souled leader can give an enterprise.

One might easily ask whether in the midst of so many reforms and beliefs there was no common ground. Yes, there was one thread of sentiment which held the members together for a time, and that was the interest in the anti-slavery cause. From the beginning to the end the community was a stronghold of Garrisonian abolition. The association had for one of its founders George W. Benson, a brother-in-law of William Lloyd Garrison; so, naturally enough, many of the people who were thrown with Mr. Benson were more or less of his way of thinking. Garrison's method of extending his cause had nothing uncertain about it. It was aggressive and violent; he believed in no compromises, no palliative measures. The slave must be set free and at once, was his doctrine. Now, the people of the Northampton Association were of the type of men to be attracted and held by Garrison's radical ideas. They themselves believed that there was no way in which society can be reformed except by breaking down all existing conventionalities and beginning with new principles. Many of the members were ardent advocates of Garrison's cause before they joined the community; and here they found themselves amidst conditions which fostered their enthusiasm. Garrison himself was a frequent visitor at Northampton. When he was worn out by his public work, he found rest among these congenial friends in the valley of the Connecticut. During the four years which made the brief existence of the association, every possible effort was made to extend the anti-slavery cause. Members of the association, then as well as afterward, were editors of its papers, agents for its societies, and speakers on its platforms. The same spirit perpetuated itself in the village of Florence, which was an outgrowth of the community. It became known in the surrounding country as a gathering place for the abolitionists. There the flying fugitive found friends and often a home. Charles Burleigh, a man well known in the anti-slavery cause, was for fifteen years the leader of the Free Congregational Church, or Cosmian Hall, as it is known in the neighborhood. What Brook Farm has been in the history of American literature, the Northampton Association has been in the history of the anti-slavery cause; and no record of that movement would be complete without an allusion to the part taken by these enthusiastic men and ardent women.

So manifold are the interests of the Northampton Association of Education and Industry, that in a single article it is impossible to touch upon them all. We

have looked upon it as a socialistic experiment, as a centre of liberal thought on religious questions, and as a movement for promoting the anti-slavery cause. Yet there is one more point which deserves mention. The Northampton Association has a place in the labor movement of America. It was a pioneer in productive co-operation. Twenty years before the Civil War it formed a stock company, and tried by this means to unite the laborer and the capitalist, to establish the industrial independence of the workman, and to enable him to divert profits into his own pockets.

The association did not succeed, it is true, but its failure was only partial; that is, it was the social scheme and not the co-operative scheme which was at fault. The industries of the association were sound, or they could not have lived after the commune was abandoned. The history of co-operation in this country is for the most part a record of failures; and after the experiments of fifty years the industrial world has to-day no better plan to offer than that which the Northampton Association tried. These enthusiasts made efforts to better the condition of the workingman by distinguishing in their purchases between the products of free and slave labor. They made a stand also upon the duration of the working day, reducing its hours from twelve to ten. Long before the world knew that there was a woman question, they gave to women for the same work the same wages which men received. The labor questions of fifty years ago were in essentials what they are now; but to-day the demands for shorter hours and higher wages are made by the laborers themselves, and then they were advocated only by reformers and idealists.

The Northampton Association has not passed out of sight leaving no traces behind it. A couple of miles from the centre of Northampton stands the pretty village of Florence. It was built by these communists, their descendants and friends. On its open square rises Cosmian Hall, a church, if it may be so called, of the most advanced and liberal views, an outcome of the religious principles of the association. Along Mill River is a series of brick factories which belong to the Nonotuck Silk Company. This company, so wealthy and well known, had its origin in the silk department of the association. Not far from the river, and along the line of the horse-car, is the Florence Sewing Machine Company, an indirect result of the mechanical department of the association. It is easy to find in Florence brick-and-mortar witnesses of the community life; but to trace its intellectual and moral influences is a far harder task. The Christian helpfulness that actuated members of the association to good deeds moves to-day the townspeople of Florence. The few remaining men and women who were once members of its community live still in Florence, and the town is always ready to do them reverence.

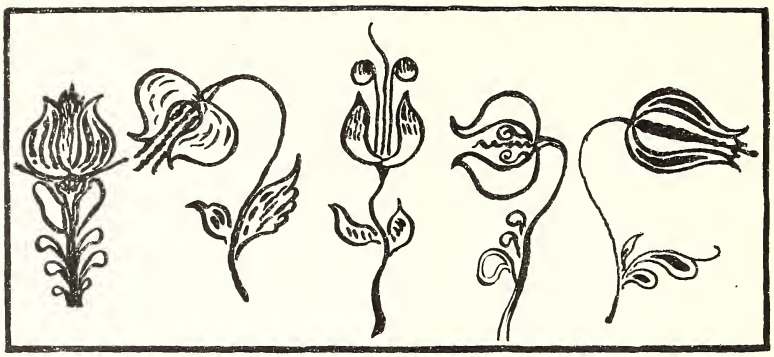
Such is the history of a socialistic experiment which was begun and ended long before our war. Can so old an experiment have any meaning or lesson for us of to-day? It is true that Fourierism and many kindred "isms" are things of the past; but the spirit of social reform has not yet gone out of fashion. Whatever form socialism may take in the future, it cannot neglect industrial organizations; for capital *versus* labor will always be a vexed question, and we cannot afford to throw away any suggestions which the experiments of the past may give us. On its industrial side, the Northampton Association had features worthy of note. Few communes have been manufacturers, and none have conducted their industries upon so sound and so intelligent a business plan, — that is, a double organization with capital *versus* labor as the basis of a co-operative system. The transition from this plan to ordinary business methods was an easy one. The two companies became one; this one company shrank to one man, who was the connecting link between the association and the Nonotuck Silk Company. On its social side the community has no lesson peculiar to its own experience. The history of every commune teaches us that any scheme which attempts to reorganize society, and overlooks the fact that society grows and is not made, is foreordained to failure.

# THE WOOD IN WINTER.

*By Clinton Scollard.*

THE wood is reft of its beatitude
Since song has ceased, and voices its despair
In moans that fail along the wintry air
Like dying cries upon some field of feud.
Above, the clouds in sullen masses brood,
And up to them their writhing arms and bare
The gaunt trees lift, as though to woo them fair,
And win them back unto a sunnier mood.

A king whose heart was as the heart of morn
But yesterday, whose hope was falcon-high,
The wood is Lear, and his Cordelia song:
Behold a suppliant now, bereft and lorn,
Upholding piteous arms unto the sky,
Pleading that heaven will right his bitter wrong.



FORMS OF TULIP DECORATION ON PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN POTTERY.

# INSCRIBED POTTERY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

*By Edwin Atlee Barber.*

THE distinguished philologist, the late Professor Samuel Stehman Haldeman, who made a thorough study of the Pennsylvania German tongue, described it as a legitimate South-German dialect with an element of English, and not, as is popularly supposed, a corrupt dialect of the German language formed in America. The German emigrants who settled in Eastern Pennsylvania very early in the last century, came principally from the Palatinate and spoke the dialect which prevailed on the upper Rhine. As time passed and the transplanted German communities came into contact with the English-speaking settlers who surrounded them, their vocabulary became gradually enlarged by the addition of many English or Anglicized words, so that the Pennsylvania German of today has come to be an idiom which is largely unintelligible to the natives of Germany and to Americans as well.

The meagre literature of the earlier Palatines in Pennsylvania was almost wholly, if not entirely, ecclesiastical, and consequently appealed only to a limited class of the German-speaking inhabitants. No works of a purely popular character seem to have been printed for the common people, who were, therefore, compelled to turn elsewhere for amusement and instruction. To supply the want of a light literature, the art of the potter was brought into service, and ordinary pie-plates and dishes were inscribed with the homely mottoes and rude rhymes which had ornamented the coarse earthenware of the fatherland. These inscriptions were either incised, or traced on the ware in liquid clays. The time-honored sentiments thus reproduced gave place gradually to more original compositions, which were either of a moral or pious character, satirical or humorous. Usually the lettering was placed around the margin of the dish, while in the centre appeared a device of bird or flower, man or beast. The floral designs, however, predominated, and among these the tulip figured most frequently. This was a favorite flower with the old German-Americans, not only on account of its beauty and characteristic form and the ease with which it could be represented in slip-painting, but because of the associations surrounding it. The tulip, a native of the northern shores of the Mediterranean, in the Levant, is said to have been brought from Constantinople to Augsburg by Conrad Gesner in the year 1559, where it soon came into popular favor. In the seventeenth century the cultivation of this plant developed in Holland to such

an extent that it became one of the most remarkable horticultural manias in the world's history, and fabulous prices were frequently paid for new and rare varieties. The *tulpenwuth* or "tulip madness" extended into Germany and continued to rage for many years. The German potters of the eighteenth century, particularly throughout the Rhenish Palatinate, used the tulip extensively as a decorative subject on their slip-ornamented earthenware. The porcelain manufacturers of Saxony, notably at Meissen, also painted it, in natural colors, on their finest china, and it still continues to be employed by the best decorators of continental factories, being especially characteristic of the Dresden wares of the present day. When the emigrants from Germany settled in eastern Pennsylvania in the last century, they brought with them the ancient art of slip-decoration and first established it in the United States. It is remarkable that the Persian name of the tulip, *dulband*, should have been retained through nearly three and a half centuries, and that the plant should be known to the Pennsylvania Germans to-day as the *dullaban*.

The manufacture of this interesting pottery in Pennsylvania seems to have been confined to the eastern counties of Montgomery, Bucks, Berks, Lehigh, Northampton, Schuylkill and Lancaster, while the large majority of examples which have been brought to light were made in the first two named. If there has ever been any doubt as to the American origin of these pieces, it must disappear on a careful examination of the inscriptions which they bear. These are in the nature of mottoes and sayings, which rarely reach the dignity of proverbs, usually arranged in rhyming couplets. In the majority of them, especially those on pieces produced between 1800 and 1850, the Pennsylvania dialect is apparent; and if further proof of their local origin should be required, it is furnished in a number of recently discovered examples which contain the names of the makers and the dates and places of fabrication. One of these named and dated pieces, shown here, contains the inscription, "Rudolf Drach, Hefner in Bädminster Daunschib, 1792," showing that it was made by Rudolph Drach, potter, in Bedminster Township (Bucks County) in the year 1792. This furnishes an illustration of the English influence on the German dialect, the word *Daunschib* being a phonetic adaptation of the English *township*. I am informed by General W. W. H. Davis that Rudolf Drach (now Traugh) was a potter in Bedminster a hundred and twenty-five years ago. In 1763 Thomas and John Penn conveyed three hundred acres in Bedminster to Rudolf Traugh. At his death, in 1770, this land was divided between his two sons, Henry and Adam. In 1787 Henry conveyed his share of the land to his son Rudolph, who was, no doubt, the maker of the above-described dish. 14890

Among the table ware of this section we find no oblong meat platters such as are now in use. In place of these were large, deep, flat-bottomed dishes, of circular form, which served the double purpose of a platter and vegetable dish. The table etiquette of these simple-hearted people was the most unpretentious, as may be gathered by looking over the "Hundred Necessary Rules of Conduct for Children," formulated by Christopher Dock, the "Pious Schoolmaster on the Skippack," about the middle of the eighteenth century, as published by Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker in his "Historical and Biographical Sketches," Philadelphia, 1883, from which we take the following extracts: —

"Avoid everything which has the appearance of eager and ravenous hunger, such as to look at the victuals anxiously, *to be the first in the dish*," etc.

"*Stay at your place in the dish*, be satisfied with what is given you, and do not seek to have of everything.

"Do not wipe the plate off either with the finger or the tongue, and do not thrust your tongue about out of your mouth.

"The bones, or what remains over, do not throw under the table. do not put them on the table-cloth, but let them lie on the edge of the plate.*

"To look or smell at *the dish holding the provisions* too closely is not well.

"It is not well to put back on the dish what you have once had on your plate."

* This passage has reference evidently to the use of the plate with the flat projecting rim, a relic of the past, but, unfortunately, perpetuated to the present day.

*The dish is made of earth.*
*When it breaks the potter laughs,*
*Therefore take care of it.*

Mottoes of a pious nature are not common on the Pennsylvania slip wares, yet a few such have descended to us, as the following, also from the dish just mentioned: —

"Blumen Wollen ist gemein
Aber den geruch zugeben vermach
zur Gott allein,"

which, in "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States" (p. 73), I translated: —

"To sketch flowers is for me,
But to give perfume belongs to
God alone,"

in the supposition that the second word was "*Mollen*" derived from *Mó-la*, meaning to draw or sketch. I have been informed, however, by Mr. Charles H. Deetz of the United States Coast Survey, who has rendered me valuable service in the translating of these inscriptions, that the word is *Wollen*, and that the proper rendering of the lines would therefore be: —

*To raise flowers is a common thing,*
*But God alone can give them fragrance.*

From the above quotations it is seen that Christopher Dock was wise in his generation and in advance, perhaps, of his time in his ideas of social requirements.

In studying these ceramic inscriptions we may classify them under several heads. First let us take those relating to the potter's art. We find that Johannes Neesz (now spelled *Nase*) made a large number of plates and dishes in Montgomery County during the first part of the present century, among which we find a pie-plate with design of a leaping stag in the centre, and the marginal distich: —

"Ich bin gemacht von häfner sin
Wan ich ver brech so bin ich hin,
No. im iahr 1814,"

which may be translated: —

*I am made of potter's clay,*
*When I break then I am gone.*

This seems to have been a favorite rhyme with the old potter, as we find it on another plate with tulip decoration, only slightly changed in the spelling ("*heffner Zin*").

A similar sentiment is expressed in an inscription which occurs on an old dish, dated 1789: —

"Die Schüssel ist von Erd gemacht
Wann sie verbricht der Häffner lacht,
Darum nehmt sie in Acht," —

The dish, as may be supposed, is ornamented with the oft-occurring tulip.

Tradition has it that old Johannes Neesz many years ago executed an order for a dozen plates for the Lutheran minister, which were to be inscribed with religious sentiments. One of these pieces has actually been identified, which bears the name of the maker and the date, 1812, with the words of grace: —

"Lieber Vatter in Himmel reich
Was du mir gibst das es ich gleich,"—

*Dear Father in Heaven,*
*Whatever Thou givest me I eat immediately*
(*i. e.*, without question).

The tulip, or *dullaban*, seems to have been invested with a beneficent power to shield from harm, which idea is admirably expressed in an inscription which appears on a large dish bearing the date 1785 and a central design of bird and flowers: —

"Es wird gewisz kein wey diesen vogel kriegen
Weil die dullebahnen sich ueber in biegen,"

which may be interpreted: —

*No harm can surely come to this bird*
*While the tulips bend over it.*

The plant in the German community was venerated as the queen of flowers and, until a generation or so ago, was cultivated very generally. But with the decadence of the art of slip-decoration, about the middle of this century, the tulip seems to have lost its place, to a great extent, in the affections of the people, and at the present day receives no special attention.

The tender passion frequently found expression in ceramic writings, and it was not unusual for the lovelorn young potter to address his sweetheart through the medium of an inscribed plate.

"Es neckt mich ietzt der wohllust art
Ich hab schohn lang auf dich gewart"

is an example of sentimental composition that has descended to us, which may be freely rendered: —

*I feel now in a loving way.*
*I have been waiting for you a long while.*

We cannot help wondering how much longer the writer of these lines was forced to wait for the hand of his lady-love, and what stress of circumstances should have caused the dish to pass out of her possession. Could the same hand have engraved on another plaque the ardent verses: —

"Lieben und Geliebt zu Werden
Ist die Gröste Freud auf Erden," —

*To love and to be loved*
*Is the greatest joy on earth?*

The following breathes a somewhat philosophic spirit: —

"Wer das lieben ungesund
So dädens docter meiten;
Und wans den wibern weh däd
So dädens sie nicht leiten," —

*If loving were unwholesome*
*The doctor would protest against it;*
*And if it would hurt the wives*
*They surely would not suffer it.*

The decoration of pottery presented an excellent opportunity to the old Pennsylvania Germans for the dissemination and perpetuation of moral sentiments among the people; and many pieces have survived which bear inscriptions of this character.

"Alles Verfreszen und versoffen vor meinem end
Macht ein richdig Testament,"—

*To consume everything in eating and drinking before my end*
*Makes a very clear testament.*

This occurs on a pie-plate, and is repeated on a spherical jar with floral ornamentation, both having been made at

the pottery of Jacob Scholl in Montgomery County, in the year 1831. The sin of intemperance is referred to in the lines: —

"Der Stern der auf der Bottel blickt
Der hat schon mannichem sein Glick verstickt," —

*The star that looks down on the flask*
*Has destroyed the happiness of many.*

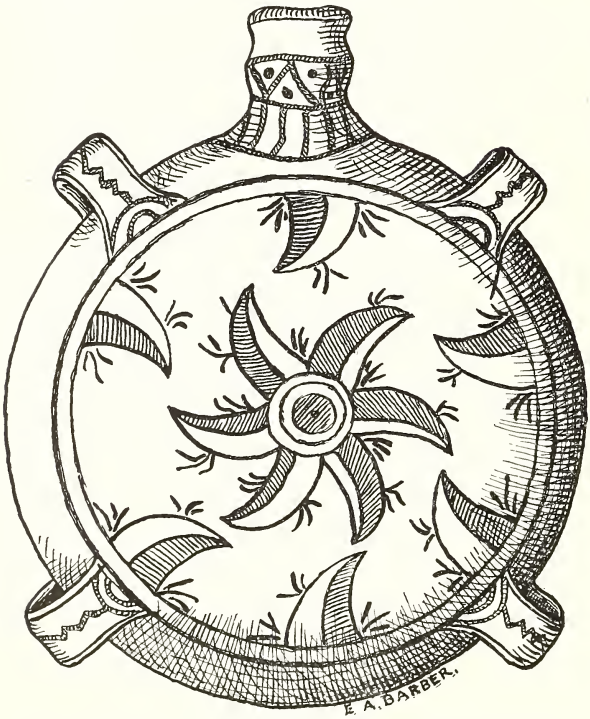
The following inscription, which occurs on an eighteen-inch dish, dated 1769, with central design composed of three large tulips, was the work of a philosopher: —

"Aufrichtig gegen jedermann
Vertraulich gegen wanich,
Verschwiegen sein so vül (?) mann kahn
Als wer ich bin der bin ich und dasz ist wahr."

While much of the spirit of the original is lost in translating, the following is a free rendition: —

*True to every man, familiar to few, to be reserved as much as possible, then it is known that what I am, that I am, and that is true.*

Among the proverbs found on pottery made in this section previous to the year 1800, we find the two following: —




CONVENTIONAL TULIP DESIGN ON SGRAFFIATO CANTEEN.
IN THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM.

"Wer etwas will verschwiegen haben
Der derf es seiner frau nicht sagen," —

*He who would have something secret*
*Must not tell his wife.*

"Lieber will ich ledig leben
Als der Frau die Hosen geben," —

*Rather would I single live*
*Than the wife the breeches give* (than live as a henpecked husband).

This sentiment has been found on two dishes made by John Leidy, Montgomery County, in 1797 and 1800, respectively. Both of the preceding were previously used by potters in Germany.

"Glück und unglück
Ist alle morgen unser Frühstück," —

*Good luck and misfortune*
*Is our breakfast every morning.*

"Ich leibe (liebe) was fein ist,
Wann schon nicht mein ist
Und mir nicht werden kan
So hab ich doch die Freud darn," —

*I like fine things*
*Even if they are not mine*
*And never can become mine.*
*I enjoy them just the same.*

The large majority of these inscriptions are of a humorous or satirical nature, without application or moral, merely intended to amuse, as in this rollicking couplet which surrounds a representation of General Washington mounted upon a horse and *smoking a pipe*: —

"Ich bin ein reitknecht als wie ein ber
Ach wan ich nur im himmel wer," —

*I am a horseman like a bear.*
*I would that I in heaven were.*

On a similar plate we read: —

"Ein Peifge tuback ist einen so gut
Als wan man die daller bei den Metger ver dut," —

*A pipe of tobacco does a man as much good*
*As if he spends his money with the girls.*

This is a difficult passage to translate. Our first impulse would be to render the second line as it appears to be written, — *As if he spends his dollar in a butcher shop;* but Mr. Deetz and Count von Erichsen of Washington, D. C., both authorities on the Pennsylvania dialect, agree in translating the word *Metger*, *girls*, basing their conclusion on the fact that *Mädcher* is used in some of the German dialects instead of the plural *Mädchen*. In Montgomery County *g* is generally given the sound of *ch*, and *Mäd* (or *met*) is pronounced *mäte*. The word *Metger*, therefore, was not intended for the German *Metzger*

(butcher), but was the phonetic spelling of *Mädcher*. The same word occurs in two other plates * embellished with the same mounted Continental soldier: —

"Ich bin geritten über berg und dahl
Hab *metger* funten über all," —

*I have been riding over hill and vale*
*And everywhere have found (pretty) girls.*

This is evidently an adaptation or corruption of the old German couplet: —

"Ich bin geritten über Berg und Thal
Hab' hübsche Mädchen gefunden überall."

A fifth example with the same central device bears the legend: —

"Ich iert die beid strosz hin und her
Und doch wirt mir der beitel lehr," —

*I travelled up and down the street*
*And yet my purse became empty.*

The last five pieces described were made by John Nase, and were apparently suggested by an old print of Washington which, some years ago, was to be seen frequently in the houses of this section. The inscriptions, as will be seen, were wholly irrelevant.

The following, taken from old dishes, are varied in sentiment: —

"An diesem disch gefalt mirs nicht
Der Koch der wascht die fin(g)er nicht," —

*I do not like it at this table.*
*The cook has not washed his fingers.*

"Ich koch was ich kan
Est mein sau net so est mein man," —

*I cook what I can.*
*If my sow will not eat, my husband will.*

This was, doubtless, suggested by the old German saying, "He is a poor farmer because he eats all the good things himself, and does not give his pig any." The second line of this inscription was translated by me, in "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," "Is my pig neat, so is my man," in the belief that the word *est* was a corruption of *ist*, and the word *net* was intended to mean *neat*, as it does in some sections of the Pennsylvania German district. But Mr. Deetz, himself a Pennsylvania German, informs me that *est* is in reality the third person singular, present tense, of the indicative or subjunctive mood of the verb *essen*, to eat, the Pennsylvania conjugation being Ich *ess*, Du *es(s)t*, Er *es(s)t*. The word *net*, in this passage, is the Pennsylvania German for *not*, which is a corruption or abbreviation of the German *nicht*. The correct rendering of the inscription is, therefore, as first given. It is the kind of "Dutch" that is spoken in some of the more remote places where the English is not known.

"Dren Blumen auf einem Stiehl
Lang in die Schüssel und Nim Nicht Viehl," —

*Three flowers on one stem.*
*Reach into the dish, but do not take much out.*

"In der mid state ein Stern [referring to a large star in the centre of the plate]
Was ich gleich das es ich gern," —

*In the middle stands a star.*
*What I like I eat heartily.*

"Alle Jungfrauen auf der erden,
Wolten gern zu weiber werden," —

*All the young women on the earth*
*Would willingly become wives.*

"Du bist von der art
Das du hast drei har ambart," —

*Thou art of the kind*
*That have but three hairs in their beard,* —

a saying which has reference to a smart, but tricky, fellow. This occurs on a shaving basin.

The inscriptions which we have here given will convey a fair idea of the folklore of this interesting people. Allowance must be made for the illiteracy of many of the old potters, whose orthography was correspondingly faulty. We find, for instance, the word *richtig* variously spelled *richdig*, *richtich* and *rechdig*, and *ledig* is sometimes written *letig* and *latich*. In the absence of a popular dictionary of the Pennsylvania German dialect, the old potter was guided mainly by sound, and therefore developed a marked tendency toward phonetic spelling.

It would be erroneous to suppose that all of the table utensils made by the Pennsylvania Germans were ornamented. Only a small percentage of the ware was of this character, and such pieces were carefully hoarded or brought forth only on extraordinary occasions. The majority of those referred to in this paper have been gathered together by the writer and placed in the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia.

* In one of these, which is figured in "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," the spelling is slightly different: —

"Ich bin geritten über berg und tal
Hab metger funten iber ahl."

DISTANT VIEW OF BLUE HILL.

# WEATHER STUDIES AT BLUE HILL.

*By Raymond L. Bridgman.*

THE OBSERVATORY AT NIGHT.

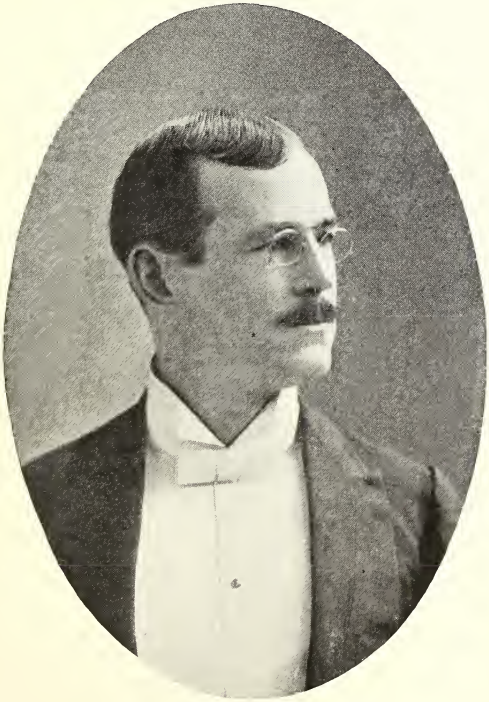
WITHIN ten miles of the Atlantic coast, from southern Maine to Florida, no higher elevation can be found than the historic Blue Hill of the town of Milton, from whose primitive Indian neighbors the state of Massachusetts takes its name. Rising six hundred and thirty-five feet above tide water, and more than one hundred feet higher than any other hill in the range which bears its name, it overlooks a wide expanse of country and commands a prospect of rare beauty and variety. The view seaward extends thirty-three miles, and the Uncanoonuc mountains in New Hampshire are visible on clear days. The hill is so far raised above local disturbing atmospheric influences that it is one of the best places in the country for scientific study of the phenomena of the weather. This advantage was appreciated by Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, the scientist by whose liberality the observatory is maintained; and in August, 1884, the idea of establishing a meteorological station occurred to him. With characteristic energy the enterprise was begun at once. On the first of September a force of twenty men began work upon a road to the top, which they finished in ten days. Plans for the observatory were speedily drawn; work upon the structure began October 18; by December 6 the building was roofed in; and on January 31, 1885, the energetic founder and his observer moved into their quarters.

Since then the observatory has become famous. An enthusiastic corps of young men has surrounded the leader from the beginning, and the results already achieved are highly satisfactory, while the promise for the future is no less than "brilliant," in the judgment of the meteorologist of the station, Mr. H. Helm Clayton. The observations and investigations of these weather experts have deep popular interest, in addition to their scientific value, and it is on the popular side that this account of their discoveries is written.

Careful observations are made and recorded constantly by self-registering instruments, and there is not an hour, since the apparatus was set at its involuntary task, whose peculiarities of tempera-

ture, humidity, direction and velocity of the wind, proportion of cloudiness of the sky and pressure of the atmosphere cannot be learned by consulting the volumes of records which are faithfully preserved. Whenever in the future new problems in science have need of these facts, here they are ready to serve a purpose which was not anticipated by the men who found in them abundant material for the science of the weather which they were slowly and with much caution reducing to greater exactness. At the first meeting of the New England Meteorological Society, October 21, 1884, Mr. Rotch stated the purpose of his enterprise to be "the investigation of the rainfall at this elevation, the velocity and direction of the wind, the maximum and minimum temperatures, the path of thunder and other local storms, and such other phenomena as may present themselves."

A. LAWRENCE ROTCH,
FOUNDER OF THE OBSERVATORY.



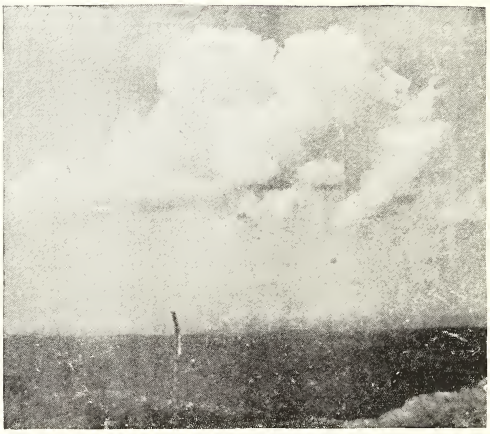
H. HELM CLAYTON,
METEOROLOGIST OF THE STATION.

In the science of the weather, air currents play a principal part, and the monotonous tables of figures which are furnished by these deaf, dumb and blind observers, which work at all hours of the day, in all weathers, never becoming hungry or tired, when translated by the intuitive intelligence of the weather calculator reveal a condition of affairs which is not suspected by the average citizen, and which perhaps might be disputed by him, were he not sure that the facts are on the side of the observatory. One of these singular facts is that the wind tends to veer completely around the compass during the twenty-four hours of every day. This motion of the air is slight and generally it is, of course, wholly broken up by stronger currents which sweep away such a minor force as is trying to assert itself in this form. But the records prove indisputably that in the

CUMULO NIMBUS.

CUMULUS.

early part of the day there is a tendency for the wind to blow from the east. As the day advances, the wind veers to the south; later on, it becomes a current from the west; and at night there is a return from the north of what went in that direction in the middle of the day.



CLOUD EFFECTS.

Now for the explanation, as it is given by Mr. Clayton. The atmosphere surrounding the earth, even if it is two hundred miles high, as is supposed, is only a very thin shell compared with the entire globe. When the sun shines upon it, the heat expands it and it is set in motion. With the sun in the east, the expansion forces the air westerly. When the sun is on the meridian, the current away from it would be to the north. When old Sol is heating the air in the west, the expansive force would make the air flow eastward; and at night the air which was forced north at noon returns, thus giving a complete circuit of the compass by the wind regularly every twenty-four hours.

Still further in this same line, there is found to be a tendency of the wind to veer around the compass in yearly periods. It is found that the wind from the south has the greatest frequency in May and June. By July it is southwest. August and September also show that this breeze is partial to them. The favorite months for the west wind are November, December, January and February. The northwest wind rages especially in March. April is preferred by the northeast; and the southeast chooses May for its portion. These tendencies are clearly revealed by the observations. But this truth must not be confused with the other truth, that there may be more of a given direction of wind in one month than in any other, and yet there be more of other wind in that month than of the one under consideration. Here is the companion truth, — that at the Blue Hill observatory the prevailing wind is northwest from February to April, is south in May, is southwest in summer, and is west and northwest for the other months of the year. There is an excess of northwest wind in March. Taking the year as a whole, ninety per cent of the observations show wind in the quarter from southwest to northwest.

The same distinction is to be observed in speaking of the daily motion of the air. Taking all the currents together, the greatest frequency of south wind is at

eight o'clock P. M.; of southwest wind, at ten; of west, at one A. M.; of north, at five A. M.; of northeast, at noon; of east, at two P. M.; and of southeast, at seven P. M. This condition occurs winter and summer, the year round, and is independent of the sea breeze. Clouds at all heights reveal the same fact regarding the currents which bear them along; and the same truth is found to prevail in Europe and other parts of the world, — so the cause must be world-wide, and is regarded as being the heating of the air by the sun.

The reader will understand, from his own observation of the weather, that great irregularity is a characteristic of the force as well as of the direction of the wind; and the observations show that there is a portion of the day, a little before sunrise as a rule, when the velocity of the air currents is at a minimum. According to observations at the Boston station of the Weather Bureau, the minimum in January is about seven o'clock in the morning. From that time the hour moves backward rapidly until it reaches two o'clock in April, then it advances until it reaches six o'clock in July; but by the time the sunrise has been delayed till after six o'clock, in October, this minimum has moved backward nearly to midnight, in apparent exception to the main generalization. By December, however, it has again hastened forward to seven o'clock in the morning, or a little while before sunrise once more.

How is it possible, it may be asked, to learn so much about the currents of air? At the surface of the earth the velocity and direction are observed and recorded by the instruments of the observatory; but how about the higher regions? The velocity of an air current is observed by means of objects floating in it, just as the progress of a river is noted by objects floating upon it. In the air currents above the reach of the observatory's instruments the floating objects are the clouds; and this branch of weather study is most interesting.

THE BLUE HILL OBSERVATORY.

Now we deal with dizzy heights, with short-timed observations, and with almost inconceivable velocities. The highest cloud-forms at times float at a level of ten miles above the surface of the earth, and the velocities at which they fly are so furious that if the same speed were encountered as continuously at the surface the present orders of vegetation and of architecture could not endure for a day.

VIEW FROM BLUE HILL DURING A FOG, SHOWING TOPS OF HILLS AS ISLANDS.

In a general way, the observers recognize five different cloud-levels. Highest of all is that which they have named in scientific circles the cirrus level. Level number two is the cirro-cumulus; level three, the alto-cumulus; level four, the cumulus; and level five, the stratus level. These names are given from the peculiarities of the clouds which are found at these levels respectively. These are the broad classes of clouds; but there is a long list of compounds with which the reader need not be burdened here. Many excellent cloud photographs have been taken at the observatory, and some of them are here reproduced. Ninety per cent of these different kinds of cloud have been found by observation to float in the air at the following elevations: the cirrus clouds, from 23,000 to 39,000 feet; the cirro-cumulus, from 14,800 to 29,500; the alto-cumulus, from 6,600 to 16,400; the cumulus, from 3,300 to 8,200; and the stratus, below 3,300.

But the clouds do not float as high in winter as in summer, by any means. The air is colder at great heights. Currents of warmer air do not rise as high. The air cloak hugs the earth more closely in winter, as a man wraps his garments closer for warmth. The average height of the most distant clouds is 32,000 feet in summer; but in winter they are more modest and come down to an average of 26,279. Those in level four are still more struck with the cold, for they drop from an average of 26,987 feet in summer to 16,528 in winter. As we come nearer the earth the relative difference between summer and winter is smaller, but still it is material. For the clouds of level three the average summer height is 13,868 feet, but only 11,428 in winter. The cumulus level falls only from 5,435 feet in summer to 5,153 in winter, while the average of the low-lying stratus clouds is 1,847 feet in summer, and 1,489 in winter.

THEODOLITE ON OBSERVATORY TOWER.

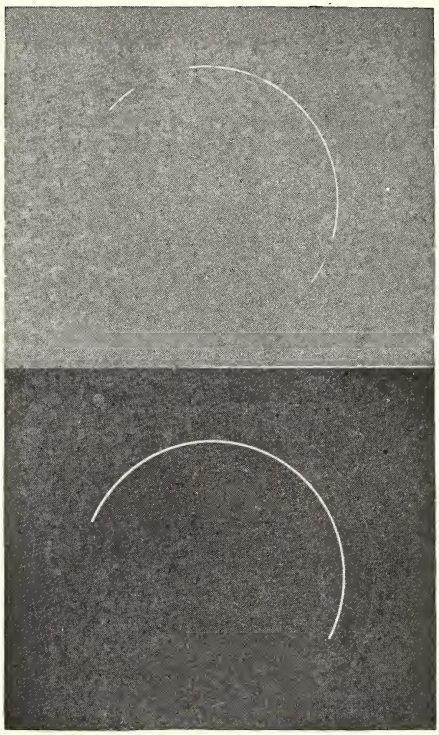
(INSTRUMENT FOR MEASURING THE HEIGHT OF CLOUDS.)

But these are average

heights. At times the clouds rest upon the surface of the earth, or only a short distance above it. Occasionally the elevation of a stratus cloud is learned by walking down the side of the hill till the observer is below it. Then it can be seen, the lower surface a mass of broken and ragged projections, drifting rapidly by, permitting close observation of what is usually too distant for a speaking acquaintance. At times the cloud extends wholly to the surrounding country and is what every one knows as a fog. Sometimes the top of the hill is above the fog, and the other points of the Blue Hill range can be seen above the white covering which envelops them, rising above its level like islands from the sea. Excellent photographs have been taken showing this condition of the landscape.

The inquiring reader may question whether the heights of clouds can be accurately determined; and there is force in the doubt, for great difficulties exist which cannot be wholly overcome. A cloud is usually an indefinite object. To fix the location of a point of one is not like locating a definite object, like a distant balloon. The observers find, as a rule, that the cloud is undergoing such constant and rapid change that the same point upon it cannot be followed for over three minutes. Then the aspect of the same point is different at different stations. As there must be two observers, with instruments, a considerable distance apart, it is difficult for them to sight to precisely the same point. So here is a possibility of variation, though the precautions adopted reduce it to less than it would appear at first thought.

Elevations of clouds are measured by the theodolite, of which an illustration is given as it was photographed on the top of the tower. Sighting through the eyepiece, the observer brings the intersection of the lines across the other end of the instrument directly over the point of cloud which is under observation. The vertical circle of the instrument gives the angular elevation of the cloud at that point, while the horizontal circle shows in what quarter of the compass the cloud is situated. At the base of the hill, three fourths of a mile away and 440 feet below the observatory, is another similar station for observation. Connection by telephone has been established between these places, so the observers can talk with each other and can thus agree upon the particular point to be observed. Having the base line of the triangle at whose apex is the cloud, and having the angle at each end of that line



PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NORTH STAR, SHOWING ITS PATH AROUND THE POLE.

toward the cloud, it is a matter of figuring to find out the distance of the cloud from the earth.

Another curious way of learning the heights of clouds is by measuring the angle at which light is reflected from the clouds. The observations for these calculations can be made at night by means of the electric lights of the large places within view of the observatory. Not only is the neighboring town of Hyde Park utilized for science in this novel way, but Quincy, Brockton, Boston and even Providence, thirty-five miles away. The base line is known; the

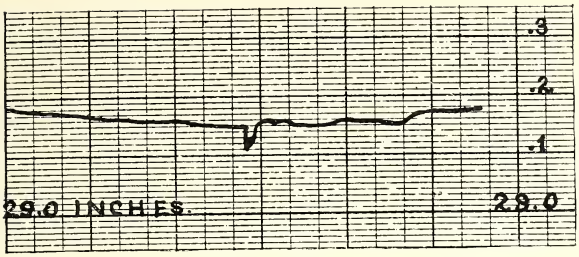
angular direction of the reflected light is measured, and then the height is figured out.

Now as to the velocity of these coursers of the sky. The sporting world looks with wonder and delight upon the performance of the pacer who has covered his mile in less than two minutes, or a little more than the rate of thirty miles an hour, — and this not for one hour, but one mile. Rarely does any railroad train in our country sustain a rate of one mile in one minute, or sixty miles an hour. Now let the observer of either horse or train at its highest speed bear that speed in mind, and then realize that the average speed of the highest clouds in winter — the average, mind, not the maximum — is one hundred miles an hour, while velocities have been observed of 230 miles an hour. This is so great that it is doubtful if one can clearly realize what it means in comparison with the lower rates of speed mentioned.

PHOTOGRAPH OF LIGHTNING MADE AT BLUE HILL.

Clouds fly much faster in winter than in summer, and it is estimated at the observatory that the entire mass of the atmosphere, from bottom to top, is moving about twice as fast in the coldest part of the year as in the warmest. It is said, further, that the upper currents are very much more rapid over America than over Europe; and this accounts for the much faster movements of storms in America. It will not fail to be observed that our surroundings were comparatively fast and furious before our people had made that reputation for themselves in the eyes of the world — which raises the pertinent question, Are we creatures of our circumstances, or are we mere imitators, or are we great hustlers on our own hook, regardless of the general rush in nature about us?

Clouds have their traits, as persons, — in this particular of speed, at least. Flock clouds move more rapidly than the sheet clouds which lie at the same level. That is, they are flyers by nature, and you cannot make a sheet cloud fly like a flock cloud, if you put it at the same height. But, unlike persons, clouds change from one form to another. One way of measuring the speed of low clouds is by timing the movements of their shadows over the landscape. Blue Hill overlooks a wide expanse of comparatively

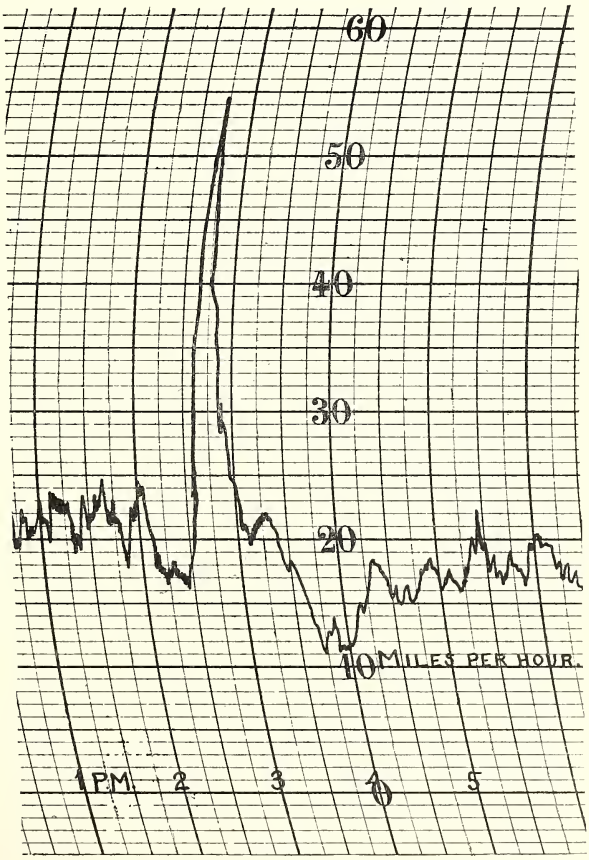



SELF-RECORDING BAROMETER RECORD, SHOWING CHANGES IN PRESSURE DURING THE THUNDER STORM, AUGUST 12, 1891.

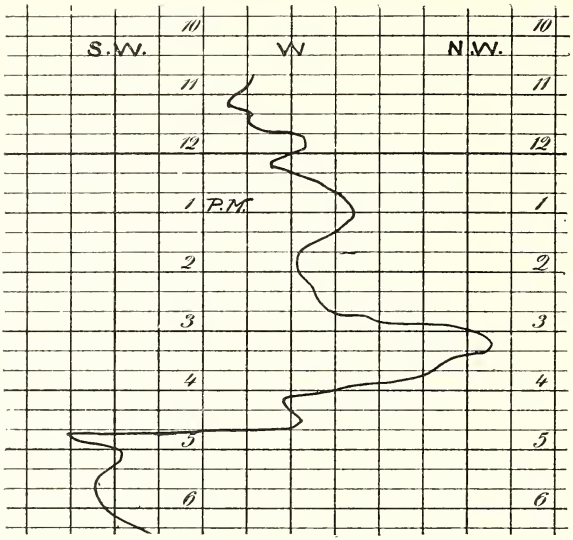
level country lying about it in every direction. Villages dot this expanse in many places, and the distance from one to another is known. If, then, the time in which a cloud-shadow passes from one village to another is learned, the velocity of the cloud-movement is quite accurately ascertained, because the course of the cloud is practically parallel to the surface of the earth.

Another way of calculating the velocity of clouds is by observing their motion as it is reflected in a level mirror. The elevation of a particular kind of cloud being known, the angle it would cover in a given time in passing from one part of the sky to another would afford the means of computing its velocity. By use of the mirror, the observer gets rid of the apparent curvature of the vault of the sky, and the observations are reduced to the standard of a plane.

One portion of the study of the clouds is to determine the proportion of cloudiness to clear sky; and the means by which this is done is worth attention. By day or by night there is apparatus on the watch, by whose records the determination is made. It is impossible to keep a record for the entire area of the sky; but for the daytime the sky is assumed to be clear during the hours when the sun is shining, and for the night when the pole star is visible. So the recording instruments must tell when the sun shines or when one can see the north star. For the day observations there is on the south side of the parapet of the tower a glass sphere about three inches in diameter. This acts as a burning glass. Under it and about half an inch from it, where the rays come to a burning focus, is placed a piece of cardboard graduated to show the hours of the day. When the sun is clear, it burns a line along this piece of card. When a cloud passes over the sun, there




SELF-RECORDING ANEMOMETER RECORD, SHOWING VARIATIONS IN VELOCITY OF WIND DURING THE THUNDER STORM, AUGUST 12, 1891.



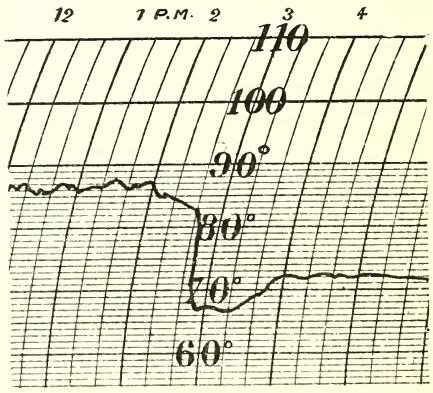

DRAPER'S SELF-RECORDING ANEMOSCOPE RECORD, SHOWING VARIATIONS IN DIRECTION OF THE WIND DURING THE THUNDER STORM OF AUGUST 12, 1891.

is a break in the line corresponding to it. Hence the record is exact for each hour of the day, subtracting the half hour after sunrise and before sunset, when the sun is so low that it does not have burning power. These cards are preserved, and so a record is kept automatically of every hour of sunshine since this apparatus was put into service.

By night the record is kept by what is called the pole-star recorder. This curious instrument is possible because the pole star is not at the pole, but distant one and three tenths degrees. The star describes, therefore, a perceptible circle in the sky, in its daily motion. This instrument for registering the amount of cloudiness by night consists of a small telescope with a photographic camera attached. A clock is connected, so that the apparatus is closed in the morning. On a clear night the path of the star around the pole is beautifully photographed without a break. But whenever a cloud passes over the star the line is broken, showing by the length of the break the time during which the sky at the pole was overcast. These different conditions are clearly illustrated in the copies of photographs which are given. On one night the sky was perfectly cloudless, at any rate about the pole, while on the other the star was repeatedly obscured. As in the case of the day observations, the proportion of cloudiness at the point of observation is assumed to be the same as that for the entire heavenly vault.

According to the record of one year, for day and night, fifty-eight per cent of the sky was cloudy; and for another year the record showed fifty-six per cent. The maximum cloud period for the twenty-four hours, taking the year round, is at one P. M., and the minimum is at nine P. M., while there is a secondary maximum at seven A. M. The maximum has a strong tendency to recede to five A. M. in August and September. The minimum usually occurs between eight and ten P. M., which makes its average about nine.

Observations from the top of Blue Hill concerning the transparency of the air, which is affected partly by cloudiness and partly by haziness, confirm the general impression regarding the comparative clearness at different seasons. Three mountains were selected as standards of observation, — Nobscot, twenty miles distant, Wachusett, forty-four miles, and

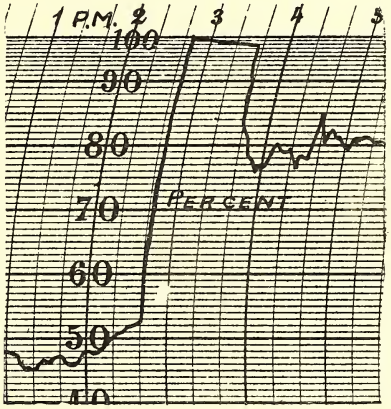



SELF-RECORDING THERMOMETER, TEMPERATURE RECORD DURING THE THUNDER STORM, AUGUST 12, 1891.

Monadnock, sixty-eight miles. Every day since 1886 a record has been kept of the visibility of these peaks from Blue Hill. As a rule, Nobscot can be seen on more than two thirds of the days, Wachusett on about half of them, and Monadnock on less than one third. In 1887 Nobscot was seen on two hundred and eighty-one days, Wachusett on one hundred and eighty-three days, and Monadnock on one hundred and four days. In 1888 the corresponding numbers were three hundred, two hundred and forty-eight and one hundred and seventy; and in 1889 they were two hundred and sixty-four, one hundred and seventy-nine, and one hundred and sixteen. Spring and autumn were most profuse in clear days, good for seeing the broad vision of beauty which stretches into the dim distance on every side of the outlook; while the chief minimum of visibility is in summer, with a secondary minimum in winter. The summer minimum is due to haze or dust, while that of the winter is caused by clouds or storms.

As may be imagined from the preceding lines, the top of Blue Hill is the most favorable point in a wide area for beholding the great spectacles of nature. If the scene be regarded as a panorama, it is to be said that the presentation is constantly and rapidly changing, and that while it is often peaceful, yet it rises at times to the sublime. Violent storms can be watched in their progress over the country for many miles; and the intensity of the action of the elements, with the brilliant play of the lightning and the crash and roll of thunder, is at times thrilling. Phenomena of thunder storms have been the subject of special investigation by these indefatigable workers, and their records sustain the popular belief that there is often a tremendous force and suddenness to the onset of the storm. The diagrams accompanying this sketch will give ample demonstration of this.

One of the most sudden thunder storms on record, since the opening of the observatory, was that of August 12, 1891; and the records made by the self-operating instruments for a few hours of that day are given, with the double purpose of illustrating the suddenness and force of this particular storm and of showing, in a general way, how the records of the weather are taken and preserved. We will begin with the instruments' story of this thunder storm by reading the barometer's account of it, — Draper's self-recording pencil barometer. The vertical lines in the diagram show the hours of the day, with subdivisions into twenty minutes. The horizontal lines show the height of the mercury in the tube of the barometer, the finest subdivisions being hundredths of an inch. The irregular line shows the mark of the pencil. From noon till




SELF-RECORDING HYGROMETER RECORD, SHOWING CHANGES IN MOISTURE DURING THE THUNDER STORM, AUGUST 12, 1891.

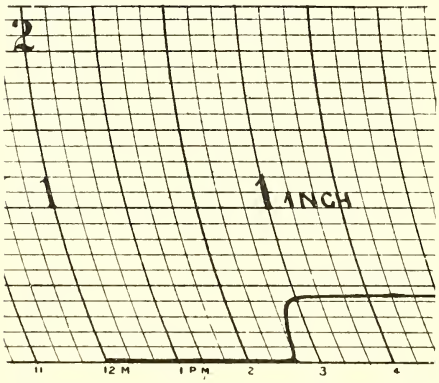
nearly three o'clock there was a gradual fall; but about a quarter of three came a sudden drop; then a speedy recovery, followed by a somewhat irregular rise.

Now, while the barometer was thus suddenly and violently disturbed, what was the wind doing? It was prodigiously busy, as can be easily shown. Here is an extract from the diary of one of the brothers of old Boreas for the early afternoon. The curving vertical lines give hours of the day, and the horizontal lines give the velocity of the wind per hour, in miles. The wind was booming along, before the storm, at the comfortable gait of a trifle over twenty miles an hour, when with a dash, whiz, up it went to about fifty-five miles. But the effort was too much for it. In a state of exhaustion it dropped almost immediately to its

former level, and then in a few minutes took a further drop, doubtless for rest, to nearly the ten-mile line. There it recovered breath, and then jogged along at an average of less than twenty miles.

But during this dash and retreat it did not keep to its main course at all, but whisked around as if to find out whether there were any easier way than going straight ahead. By Draper's self-recording anemoscope we are told that there was much shifting from one side to the other. On this diagram the points of the compass are shown by the vertical lines, while the hours, subdivided into twenty-minute sections, are shown progressing downward by the horizontal lines. Before the thunder storm came up, the wind had been shifting slowly from south of west to north of west. With its hurried dash up to fifty-five miles an hour, it wheeled clear to the northwest, then shifted back again before five o'clock to the southwest, and went on in that quarter. This diagram shows only the average course of the wind. It is practically impossible to reproduce here the details which show the whirling of the vane back and forth incessantly.

Still further, what story has the thermometer to tell of this very busy afternoon for the other instruments? The diagram shows its record. The curved vertical lines show the hours of the day, and the horizontal lines show the degrees of temperature according to Fahrenheit.




SELF-RECORDING RAIN-GAUGE RECORD, SHOWING AMOUNT AND RATE OF RAINFALL DURING THE THUNDER STORM, AUGUST 12, 1891.

It was a warm afternoon, we see. It would not be extravagant to say it was hot, for the mercury reached eighty-eight degrees before the storm came on. But, coincident with the great disturbance of the barometer, the anemometer and the anemoscope, the thermometer also felt dizzy, and the mercury dropped suddenly and far, as the record shows.

But the hygrometer, — what was its part in this interesting hour? In this diagram the curved vertical lines are hours of the day, and the horizontal lines are the percentages of moisture in the air, up to one hundred per cent, which is the rain-point. Early in the afternoon, says the hygrometer, it was not particularly moist. The record ran below fifty per cent. But see what a jump the record took just the time the wind made its bold dash! Up it went at a bound to one hundred, and down came the rain.

It was a hard downpour; for there was another instrument at work, whose record will now be brought in. Here is a section for those hours, from the diagram for the self-recording rain-gauge. The curved lines are the hours, once more, while the horizontal lines show the rainfall to tenths of an inch. Almost half an inch of rain came down in those few minutes before three o'clock, proving how sharp was the shower.

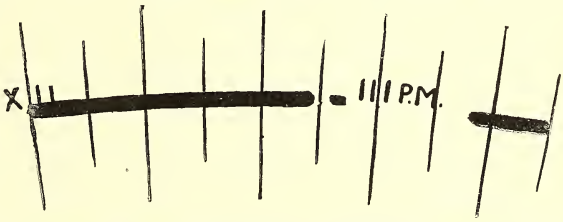
One further record will show how long the sun was overcast during this disturbance of the elements. It was made by the burning of the sun into the card, as mentioned above. The transverse lines show divisions into half hours, and the black line running lengthwise through the middle of the card is the burnt hole made by the sun. So we have the story of Sol himself that he was shining steadily, without a cloud across his face, up to almost half past two. Then a forerunning cloud of the approaching storm obscured his brightness for a few minutes; then his face was out again till the grand onset came, when he went into complete hiding. For almost exactly an hour he was concealed, though the rainfall continued only fifteen minutes. A little before four he was shining once more in full splendor, and so continued for the remainder of the day.

The reader may learn a point from the accompanying photograph of lightning flashes. There are never any zigzags in the course of the electric current. Artists who paint signs for telegraph offices may think so; but the observations of years, corroborated now by the accurate engraving by the light itself upon the plate in the camera, proves that the lines are always curved. It will be noticed in this picture that a part of the cloud lies across the path of the flash. Photographs of flashes prove that the electricity passes from cloud to earth, from earth to cloud, and from cloud to cloud.

The records of the observatory prove that there are particular hours of the day when thunder storms are most frequent. For winter thunder storms this maximum is at one o'clock in the morning. During the summer the maximum comes at three different hours, respectively two, four and eight P. M., with a secondary maximum at three o'clock in the morning. The maxima which come at two and four o'clock are attributed to storms which have their rise in the neighborhood, while the later maximum is credited to storms which arise in the valleys of the Connecticut and Hudson rivers. The air in valleys becomes heated during a summer day more than that over the hill country, and hence these localities named are homes of thunder storms. Only two per cent of all the thunder storms occur between the hours of five and ten in the forenoon. The general maximum is, of course, in summer, and the general minimum in winter. The annual distribution of severe gales is the exact reverse of thunder storms, for their maximum is in winter and their minimum in summer.

Mr. Alexander McAdie, by experiments conducted at the Blue Hill observatory in June and July, 1891, not only demonstrated once more the existence of electricity in thunder clouds, but proved further that, by means of copper wire attached to his kites, "it was possible to obtain sparks from a perfectly cloudless sky, and generally at an elevation not exceeding five hundred metres." That is, the air is a vast reservoir of electricity, ready to be drawn upon at all times, giving a hint to the many inventors and investigators in the field of electricity of a source of exhaustless and irresistible power waiting to be harnessed to the machinery of man.

Many people are weather observers to the extent of hanging a thermometer out of doors and looking at it when it is nipping cold or blistering hot; but at Blue Hill they are as methodical in recording the temperature as any of the other features of interest connected with the weather. It is an old saying, that it is always coldest an hour before sunrise. In making that general observation, the average, untrained man is not so far out of the way as unscientific people are sometimes, when compared with the exact records. Taking the year around, the minimum temperature for the twenty-four hours of the day is about five o'clock in the morning, while the maximum is at two o'clock in the afternoon. But the minimum is displaced in May and June, falling back to four o'clock, still keeping before the rising of the sun. The maximum does not fall later in the afternoon in summer than from two to three o'clock, as it does further inland, on account of the sea breeze, which is a disturbing element, — a most agreeable disturbance, however, for the people along the coast in hot summer days, and a disturbance of the weather regularities and proprieties which will be readily forgiven. Almost exactly the reverse of the period of daily temperature is the period of daily humidity, showing that warmth of the air tends to favor evaporation and to charge the air more with moisture.




SUNSHINE RECORD, SHOWING VARIATIONS IN AMOUNT OF SUNSHINE, AUGUST 12, 1891.

Sudden drops of temperature are much more frequent than sudden rises, as demonstrated by the records of the observatory. According to the definition of the government's Weather Bureau a cold wave is "an abnormal fall of temperature below forty-five degrees of, at least, fifteen degrees in twenty-four hours." By the Blue Hill records, falls of twenty degrees or more at the rate of a degree a minute sometimes occur, while the most rapid rise of ten degrees or more, during seven years covered by the observations, was at the rate of one degree in five minutes. The sudden falls endured from thirty to sixty minutes, while the rises were about twice as long in duration. Most of the sudden falls in temperature occur in June and July, and are due to breezes from the sea. In general the cause of sudden changes in the temperature is a shifting of the wind, bringing a different current of air.

It is a general truth that the warmest air is close to the earth, and that as one ascends the air is found to be colder. But many inversions of temperature, as they are called, have been observed at Blue Hill; that is, it is warmer at the top of the hill than at the base. Naturally the temperature is two degrees higher at the base than it is at the summit, and when inversions occur they begin usually about six o'clock in the afternoon and end at seven in the morning. Mr. S. P. Fergusson, the valuable assistant at the observatory, has made a study of this phenomenon and has recorded a difference of temperature between the base and summit of twelve degrees, the summit being the warmer. Sometimes this inversion reaches its culmination before the summit is reached, for the air will gradually grow warmer as one ascends, till a certain point on the side of the hill is reached, and then it will grow colder.

Weather studies by means of the barometer have their fascinating features. For instance, comparison of the hourly records reveals the fact that atmospheric pressure has a double daily period. The chief maximum occurs at nine o'clock in the morning, and the chief minimum is at three o'clock in the afternoon. But there is a secondary maximum which occurs about ten o'clock in the evening, and a secondary minimum comes about three o'clock in the morning. In winter the chief maximum is not reached till ten o'clock in the forenoon; but as the sun rises earlier with its return northward, the maximum pressure follows it until it is as early as eight o'clock in summer. The chief minimum takes just the other tack and is later in summer, advancing from two o'clock in winter to five in June.

But the amount of rain has its daily period, as the pressure of the atmosphere and the velocity of the wind. Taking the amounts of precipitation according to the hourly record, the conclusion of the observatory is that they have a "fairly well marked double diurnal period with minima at two A. M. and one P. M., and maxima at eleven A. M. and five P. M." In the several months the amount of the precipitation is very irregular; but if the six coldest months are taken as one group and the six warmest as another, the preceding conclusion is reached.

The amount of the annual rainfall is so irregular that the observers do not think they have been making a record long enough to enable them to say that a certain amount is the average for one year. It is observed that there seem to be three maxima for rainfall during the year, — one in January or March, one in August, and one in November. At most stations in New England where weather observations are made, August is the month of largest fall, while at every station June is the month of smallest fall, and there is a secondary minimum in September.

Ever since literature was, it has borne record to the tempestuous character of the ocean. Scripture and classic authors testify that the much-tossed mariners go down to the depths and, again, almost strike the lofty stars. But the exact mind of the modern man has set about measuring the waves which are reported to run "mountains high," and finds that they come well inside of one hundred feet from trough to summit, if I remember the figures. The billows of the air, however, still afford ample scope for the

story-teller of vigorous imagination, for it is computed by science — the same sort of science which has taken the untruth out of the "mountains" of the ocean — that the waves of the air occur at times from ten to fifteen miles high from trough to summit. No wonder that the weather man hears with contempt the yarns of the storm-tossed mariner, for when it comes to height of waves, the old ocean is out of the contest altogether. Neptune cannot begin with Boreas. These really mountainous waves occur when a lighter stratum of air is flowing over a heavier, and the agitation between them so corresponds to the wave-producing action of the air upon the ocean that genuine waves are formed. The existence of these is ascertained by the variations in the pressure of the barometer; for the difference between the pulsations, as they are recorded upon the instrument, is such as to require the presence of a column of air ten or fifteen miles high to account for them.

We have already noticed that the weather prophets who have had no scientific training at all have been justified by science; and a further justification, most interesting, is to be added. It is a common belief, probably ages old, that the moon has an influence upon the weather, and that when the moon quarters, especially at the new moon, a change in the weather is likely to occur. Now, science has been unable to learn that the moon has the slightest influence upon the weather; but it does find, beyond question, that there is a certain periodicity in the weather which is abundant basis for the conclusions of the unscientific. Many observers, in all, have recorded a periodicity of about twenty-seven days in the weather, which corresponds with sufficient closeness to the period of the revolution of the moon; for some people ascribe to the moon any change of weather which occurs within three or four days of the entrance upon the first quarter. Now this twenty-seven-day period corresponds nearly to the time of the rotation of the sun once upon its axis.

But there are shorter periods, which bear out the popular fallacy of changes being due to the moon's entering upon a new quarter; for Mr. Clayton, at this observatory, has repeatedly recorded seven-day periods in phenomena. There have been such recurrences of this period as to establish what is called a rhythm in the weather. There seems to be what may be likened to the harmonics of a string of a musical instrument. After several repetitions, the series is broken up and is lost. Not only is there a recurrence of seven-day periods, but Mr. Clayton has observed six-day periods also. This rhythmic movement of the weather seems to be so connected with the sun that, in the opinion of these observers, forecasts of the weather can be made for a week or two with nearly as much accuracy as for thirty-six hours.

Space will not permit mention of the ingenious instruments which are used in making and recording the conditions of the weather. They are at work at all hours, making a continuous record, as the reader can see from the diagrams which were given above to illustrate the thunder storm. These records are carefully preserved, and any one who is interested to learn the condition of air or sky at any hour of day or night during these years will find it exactly set down. Cases in court have turned upon conditions which were shown by these records to have existed at the hour of a disputed occurrence. The amount of figuring connected with these observations is marvellous, and to draw conclusions from the volumes (which are published as part of the Annals of Harvard College Astronomical Observatory) must require not only a wide range of technical skill, but also a large fund of patience.

One new invention, however, which promises much, may be mentioned, and that is the flying of kites with self-recording instruments attached, by which the conditions of the air high above the earth may be learned. The expert in this field is Mr. William A. Eddy of Bayonne, New Jersey, who conducted experiments at Blue Hill in the summer of 1894. By means of a series of Malay, or tail-less, kites, attached to one string and sent up tandem, a record of the temperature was obtained at the height of fourteen hundred feet. At that point it was six

degrees lower than at the surface of the earth. This beginning is believed to open the way for sending up other instruments, and so for adding much to our knowledge of the upper air. Certain material advantages are connected with kites, and the promise of valuable results in this field is excellent.

It would be a pleasure to give the history of the observatory in some detail, but lack of space forbids. The following description of the building, before the addition of a wing containing a snug library, a workshop and another bedroom, is in the words of Mr. Rotch himself, the public-spirited founder. It shows that the culture of the science of the weather has its drawbacks as truly as the worship of science within the frozen zones or in the heat of the tropics.

"The observatory is built of the broken stone found on the hill, with granite trimmings. It consists of a two-story circular tower of twelve feet inside diameter, twenty-five feet high with a flat roof, which contains the instruments. Extending southward from this tower is a one-story hip-roof house, with two bedrooms, a dining-room and kitchen. A wooden shed adjoins. In the construction every precaution was taken to insure solidity, the walls being twenty inches thick, and the roof well anchored to them. It has, however, been found impossible to make the walls impervious to rain, which is driven by heavy gales through the minute cracks which the stone must contain. Several coats of marine varnish have served to disfigure the stone-work, but not to render it waterproof. The walls of the living-rooms are plastered and the floors are of hard pine. In the cellar is a wooden tank, holding nine hundred gallons of water, obtained from the rain falling on the roof, which has always proved sufficient for domestic purposes. A spring furnishes water for drinking. A large stove in the lower room of the tower heats the upper room through a register, and by its flue and that of the kitchen range warms the other rooms also. About ten tons of coal are burnt annually. Double windows are put on throughout the building in winter. A safe built into the chimney protects the records and charts from fire. A telephone line extends down the south side of the hill to the central office in Milton. There are no houses within a mile of the observatory so that, even with this connection with civilization, it is largely dependent on its own resources."

Local daily weather forecasts made at the observatory by Mr. Clayton were for several years published by the newspapers of Boston and adjacent cities. These were discontinued in 1891, when the Weather Bureau, appreciating the advantage of local forecasts, established a station in Boston. Mr. Clayton has recently begun the publication of a weekly weather bulletin, giving a forecast of the weather for a week in advance. Already there have been signal verifications of his predictions, which cannot be reasonably attributed to chance. At the end of four months a summary of results was given, by which it was shown that "at Blue Hill about two thirds of these forecasts were correct, and one third wrong." While it is admitted that there is much room for improvement, still it is asserted that there is a scientific basis for such forecasts of the weather, and the accomplishments of the past certainly give reason to expect greater accuracy of prediction for the future.

The observatory is new; its observers are young, rapidly adding to a soundness of judgment which has made them well known in scientific circles; instruments of higher accuracy and delicacy are being invented from time to time; broader bases of facts afford better grounds for generalizations and for the discovery of important laws; other stations in this country and abroad are co-operating in the general purpose; and the experience of the past shows how to avoid errors, as well as how to work on the most direct lines. Hence the prospect of still more exact weather science is encouraging, and the public can well afford to wait, trusting to the ability, patience and perseverance of these observers.

# THE PART OF MASSACHUSETTS MEN IN THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.

OLD SOUTH PRIZE ESSAY, 1893.

*By Elizabeth H. Tetlow.*

AT the close of the Revolutionary War, large tracts of land bordering on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, which no longer belonged to the British crown, were claimed by different states, chiefly Virginia, Connecticut, New York and Massachusetts. These states based their claims on the fact that they had won the land from the Indians, as in the case of Virginia through Colonel George Rogers Clark's expedition, or that their charters embraced part of it. The other states, especially Maryland, complained at having no share in lands which they had helped to take from Great Britain. One by one, at the invitation of Congress, to which body the dissatisfied states had appealed, the claimants ceded the land to the United States, but in several instances with accompanying conditions which hindered legislation with regard to these vacant lands. It was through the hesitation of Congress to accept these unsatisfactory acts of cession and thereby gain the right to dispose of the territory, that the first two plans for western settlement failed.

The first of these unsuccessful plans originated in Massachusetts in 1783, its distinct purpose being the relief of the soldiers who were thrown out of occupation by the cessation of hostilities between the colonies and Great Britain and in vain demanded pay for past services. Rufus Putnam and Timothy Pickering, two Massachusetts army officers, were foremost in petitioning Congress for a grant of land between the Ohio River and Lake Erie, where the officers of the Federal army who had associated themselves for this purpose could build up a new state, in which there should be ample provision for education, and in which slavery should have no existence. The settlers were to organize their own government, and the new state was to enter the Union immediately on the same footing as the other states. Toward the end of this year, 1783, another petition, presented to Congress by officers of the Federal army, through the influence of General Rufus Putnam, failed because the acts of cession of the different states were still under discussion.

The second plan for western settlement was brought forward by Theodoric Bland, a member of Congress from Virginia, in the hope that by means of the sale of this western land the United States could pay part of the great war debt. All the soldiers were to receive land in payment of their dues; but ten thousand acres out of every one hundred thousand were to be reserved for the use of the United States government, — the revenue derived from the land to be devoted to the founding of seminaries of learning, the erecting of frontier forts, and the payment of the civil list of the United States. This movement, having merely financial ends in view, would probably never have brought about any important results, even if it had proved successful.

These early movements, however, resulted in the revision of Virginia's act of cession in accordance with the desires of Congress, on March 1, 1784; and on that very day a committee, having Thomas Jefferson for its chairman, reported an ordinance for the government of the western territory. According to the final report of this committee, as it

was amended in Congress and passed April 23, all the territory "ceded or to be ceded" was to be divided into two rows of states from east to west, the states being bounded on the north and south by the odd parallels of latitude. Distinct provision was made for seven states lying wholly north of the Ohio River, where the territory had already been ceded, and for another state, more than half of which lay north of the Ohio River. This division also implied the formation of six or seven new states south of the Ohio, when the territory should be ceded. Each of these states was to adopt the constitution of one of the thirteen original states, until it contained twenty thousand inhabitants, when it could establish a permanent government of its own. As soon, moreover, as it had a number of inhabitants equal to the number in the least populous of the thirteen original states, it could enter the confederacy, and in the mean time could be represented in Congress by a delegate having the privilege of debating but not of voting.

In the first draft of the report of Jefferson's committee it had been provided that there should be no slavery in the territory after the year 1800, except as a punishment for crime; but when the ordinance was passed, April 23, 1784, in addition to several minor changes, this provision had been struck out.

That Jefferson realized the incompleteness of his government ordinance, which failed to provide for a systematic settlement of the lands, is shown by the fact that on May 7, with the help of four colleagues, among them Gerry of Massachusetts, he reported a supplementary ordinance providing for the disposal of the public lands. In March of the next year this ordinance was referred to a new committee, of which Rufus King, a Massachusetts representative, was a member; and the report of this committee provided for the survey of five ranges, extending from the Ohio to Lake Erie, and divided into townships six miles square, with the reservation of two square miles in every township for the support of education and religion. The report was adopted May 20, but without the reservation of land for the support of religion.

In the year 1785 Rufus King, instigated by Timothy Pickering, proposed that the anti-slavery provision, changed so as to prohibit slavery immediately from the states described in the ordinance of 1784, by which he meant the states north of the Ohio River, distinctly specified in the ordinance of 1784, should be restored to this ordinance. The committee of three, to whom this proposition was referred, decided against this change, and added to the provision in its original form — except that their provision, too, was to apply not to all the territory "ceded or to be ceded," but only to the states north of the Ohio — a clause providing for the return of fugitive slaves found within the territory; but the action of Congress on their report was postponed in favor of the land ordinance then in process of formation, and the report was never called up again.

In the summer of 1785 James Monroe of Virginia visited the West to be present at the formation of a treaty with the Indians at the mouth of the Great Miami, and returned with a strong sense of the imprudence of dividing the territory into so large a number of states as were provided for by Jefferson's ordinance. The committee to which the matter had been referred recommended that Virginia and Massachusetts should revise their acts of cession so that Congress should be at liberty to divide the new territory into not more than five nor less than three states. Soon after this, on the motion of Nathan Dane of Massachusetts, a committee was appointed, of which Monroe was chairman and Rufus King a member, to draw up another ordinance for the government of this western territory; and the report of this committee embodied a great change. Henceforth the new states, instead of adopting the constitutions of the original states for their temporary governments, were to be governed by a governor, council, judges and other officers chosen by Congress, and not until they had reached a certain population could they elect a legislature. No reference was made to the exclusion of slavery.

In the summer of 1786 William Grayson of Virginia sought to modify Monroe's

resolution with regard to the division of the western territory into states, by proposing that it should be divided into five states, one east, another west of Lake Michigan, and three south of the parallel passing through the southern extremity of this lake. At this time the Spaniards held the land at the mouth of the Mississippi River and refused to concede to the United States the free navigation of this important highway to the sea. The inhabitants of the western states were thus cut off from the easiest and most advantageous way of disposing of the abundant products of their soil; and moreover there was danger that the southwestern states would abandon the confederacy and seek an alliance with Spain for the sake of being admitted to this privilege of navigation. The Spanish minister, in his treaty with the United States, offered the latter several commercial advantages, which the northern and eastern states were eager to gain; and to bring about a speedy settlement of this favorable commercial treaty these states were willing to sacrifice the free navigation of the Mississippi River, in which they had no direct interest. Thus the southern states were eager to promote western settlement and thereby gain new advocates to oppose the northern states on the Mississippi question; whereas the northern states, dreading this opposition, and fearing that western emigration would thin their own populations, to say nothing of the fact that some of them had lands in the East which they wished to sell, were rather jealous of the progress of the West and defeated Grayson's motion for increasing the number of western states.

In the autumn of 1786 Monroe's ordinance was referred to a committee of which Johnson of Virginia was chairman and Nathan Dane of Massachusetts a prominent member. Dane introduced into this report a provision relating to the conveyance of property, borrowed with changes from the Massachusetts code of laws. Moreover, this ordinance guaranteed to the inhabitants the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, — two important provisions, because they are the first of the nature of a bill of rights to appear in any ordinance for the government of the western territory. On April 26, 1787, this same committee presented another report, which, when amended, provided that the territory north of the Ohio River, regarded as one district, should be governed by a governor and judges appointed by Congress, and a legislative body composed of the governor and judges, until it contained five thousand free male inhabitants of full age, when the people could elect a house of representatives. The provision relating to the *habeas corpus* act and trial by jury was retained, but Dane's provision with regard to the conveyance of property was struck out. Action upon this report was delayed until July 9, when it was referred to a new committee which drafted the great ordinance of July 13, 1787. Meantime an important event helped to hasten this result.

In the year 1786 a company called the Ohio Company had been organized in Massachusetts by General Putnam, General Tupper and others, for the purchase of western land, having among its members many of the officers and soldiers whose petition to Congress in 1783 had been defeated; and a year later Samuel Holden Parsons, one of the directors of this company, was sent to negotiate with Congress for the purchase of a million acres of land bordering on the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers. His views, however, proved to be at variance with those of the company; and July 5, 1787, Manasseh Cutler, another agent, arrived in New York, where Congress was in session, for the same purpose. Stimulated by the prospect of so extensive a purchase to hasten in devising a better form of government for the western territory, Congress appointed a new committee, of which Edward Carrington of Virginia was chairman; and the report of this committee, drawn up by Nathan Dane, and presented July 11, passed in Congress with only one negative vote, which was cast by Mr. Yates of New York. Soon after this Manasseh Cutler completed his negotiations for the purchase of land, and returned to Boston.

The final ordinance, already referred to, regarded the territory northwest of the

Ohio as one district, and provided for it an elaborate temporary government, to consist of a governor and judges appointed by Congress and certain officers appointed by the governor, until the district should contain five thousand free male inhabitants, when it could have a general assembly and a representative in Congress with the right to debate but not to vote. It was provided that the district should be subsequently divided into not more than five nor less than three states; and when one of these states, their boundaries having been specified in the ordinance, should contain sixty thousand inhabitants, it could be admitted to the confederacy. Dane's provision with regard to the conveyance of property was revived. Articles of compact were added providing for the freedom of religious worship, the spread of education, kind treatment of the Indians, the maintenance of justice, freedom of navigation, the republican character of the government, just administration of taxes and the prohibition of slavery.

In every important committee appointed to consider the government of the western territory, except the committee of which Jefferson was chairman in 1784, Massachusetts was represented, — once by Elbridge Gerry, twice by Rufus King and twice by Nathan Dane. The influence of these men and of other Massachusetts men whose interest in western settlement enlisted their aid in the development of the ordinance of 1787, was brought to bear principally on the second provision of the ordinance and on the first, second, third and sixth articles of compact and the last provision of the fourth article of compact, and here we can distinguish their influence from the influence exerted by men of other states. The second provision of the ordinance concerns the conveyance of property, and is important because it guards against the inequalities in the inheritance of property, which are fatal to republican institutions. Nathan Dane states, in a letter to Daniel Webster in 1830, and in his "Abridgment and Digest of American Law," that he copied this provision from the Massachusetts law; and it certainly corresponds very closely to a passage found there. In the Massachusetts law, however, an exception is made in favor of the eldest son, who is to receive two shares of the property, while each of the other children receives only one; but Nathan Dane provided that the estate should be divided among the sons and daughters in equal parts. This subject of the conveyance of property had been touched upon in the land ordinance framed by Jefferson just after the passage of his government ordinance, and never voted upon; but by Jefferson's ordinance the daughters were not to have equal shares with the sons. Nathan Dane deserves credit not only for reviving this important provision, but for changing it so as to make these titles to property "more purely republican," as he says in his "Abridgment of American Law," "and more completely divested of feudality than any other titles in the Union were in July, 1787."

The first article of compact of the ordinance provides for freedom of religious worship; the second guarantees to the inhabitants of the territory the *habeas corpus* act, trial by jury, a proportionate representation of the people in the legislature, and judicial procedure according to the course of the common law, and provides for the limitations of fines and punishments and for the protection of property and of private contracts; the third provides for the encouragement of education, including in the term moral and religious training, and for just treatment of the Indians; the sixth for the immediate as well as permanent exclusion of slavery, modified by the addition of the fugitive slave law; and the last provision of the fourth for free navigation on the tributaries of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers. None of these ideas was new, but this was the first time they had been brought together in a complete bill of rights. If we trace first the history of article six and of the first provision of article three, we shall be able to study articles one and two, the last provision of article three, and the last provision of article four, in the light of certain outside influences, emanating from the efforts of Massachusetts men, which helped to bring about, in the ordinance of 1787, this

important addition to Johnson's meagre plan for the government of the western territory.

In the first document providing for the government of a new western state, drawn up by Timothy Pickering and presented to Congress by Rufus Putnam in behalf of the officers of the Federal army, there is a clause providing irrevocably for the total exclusion of slavery, a prohibition which, though it never gained legal force, set the example of anti-slavery sentiment, not timidly, but with unmistakable strength. Moreover, in this same petition to Congress it was provided that all land remaining after individuals had received their shares should be disposed of for the public good, — among other things, for establishing schools and academies. The letters written by Putnam and Pickering on the subject of western settlement show that they entertained these ideas. Putnam, in a letter to Washington in 1783, explaining the expectations of the petitioners, speaks of an allowance of land in each township for the establishment of schools; and in a letter to Rufus King in 1785 Pickering speaks with regret of the absence, in the ordinance of 1784, of any provision for schools and academies, and with indignation of the omission of an anti-slavery clause, calling the latter a terrible calamity which he solemnly urges King to prevent. It may be that this letter of Pickering's had some indirect influence in bringing about the provision in the land ordinance of May 20, 1785, that two sections in every township should be set apart for purposes of education and religion, for King was a member of the committee which prepared this ordinance. Certain it is that it was through the influence of this letter that King, in 1785, proposed that the anti-slavery provision which had been struck out of the first draft of Jefferson's ordinance should be restored in a form which would prohibit slavery immediately from the western territory. It is fortunate for the West that this proposition was not adopted in the form in which it was finally reported by the committee of three to whom King's motion was referred, since in this form it granted to slavery fifteen years in which to gain a firm foothold on the soil.

When the Ohio Company was formed in 1786, its members probably shared the views of Putnam and Pickering, who were the chief originators of the company; and we find them selecting for their agent Manasseh Cutler, a Massachusetts clergyman of wide education, high principles and keen practical sagacity, who shows, in a sermon which he preached at Marietta in 1788, his sense of the importance of educational and religious institutions in the new country. The fact that he was empowered to make this extensive purchase, which afforded to Congress an opportunity of paying part of the national war debt and provided for the immediate settlement of the western territory by earnest, persevering men, who would protect the frontiers and promote the commercial interests of the country, gave Manasseh Cutler great influence over this body. Moreover, Washington, who was the most influential man in the country, and who was interested in the advancement of western settlement, partly because of some land which he owned in the West, sympathized heartily with the undertaking of the Ohio Company, whose members had suffered with him the hardships of war, and are said to have looked to the West for their future homes at his suggestion. This sympathy is shown in his cordial wish that he could hasten the action of Congress with regard to the officers' petition for lands in the West, a wish expressed in a letter to Rufus Putnam in 1784. It was he who had forwarded Putnam's memorial to Congress in 1783; and now, in 1787, his friendship was a bond of union between these Massachusetts soldiers and his Virginia brethren, Lee, Carrington and Grayson, the most influential men left in Congress after it had been thinned by the departure of many of its members to the Philadelphia convention.

Dr. Cutler arrived in New York, where Congress was in session, July 5, 1787, and his memorial was referred to a committee in which Massachusetts was represented by Nathan Dane and Rufus King, Edward Carrington of Virginia being chairman. This prospect of immediate settlement stimulated Congress to seek a better

government for the western territory; and five days after Cutler's arrival Johnson's ordinance, which had failed to be called up May 10, was referred to a new committee, in which Edward Carrington, the chairman, and Richard Henry Lee represented Virginia; John Kean, South Carolina; and in which Nathan Dane and Melancthon Smith, the former scribe, represented the two northern states, Massachusetts and New York. The fact that Carrington and Dane were members of both committees established a connecting link between this committee and the committee appointed to consider the purchase. It was a long time before Dr. Cutler could obtain from Congress the terms of purchase which he had settled upon with Rufus Putnam and Samuel Parsons, his fellow directors, especially the grant of lands for the establishment of schools and an academy and the lot in each township for the support of religion, each of which he was determined not to give up; and during this interval he became acquainted with several members of Congress, with whom he discussed the purchase and exchanged ideas on the subject of a new settlement.

In his diary for July 10 Dr. Cutler tells us that a copy of the ordinance was submitted to him with a request that he would make any suggestions he chose to make; that he proposed several amendments, and that when he returned from Philadelphia, where he spent the next seven days from July 10 to July 17, he received a copy of the ordinance as it was finally passed, and found that all but one of the amendments which he had suggested had been made.

He had proposed that the new states should not be liable to continental taxation until they were entitled to full representation in Congress; but Congress, arguing that this would unduly stimulate emigration, granted instead to the new states representation with the right of debating but not of voting. There has been found, too, among the papers of the Ohio Company, a copy of the ordinance of 1787, with a pencil note in the margin to the effect that the provisions relating to religion, education and slavery were the contribution of Manasseh Cutler; and his son remembers to have heard his father say, a year after the passage of this ordinance, that he was the author of these provisions.

William Parker Cutler, William F. Poole, George F. Hoar, Edward Everett Hale and others, taking into consideration the precedent supplied to Manasseh Cutler by Pickering and Putnam, the anti-slavery principles, the devotion to education, and the love of justice and free inquiry of Massachusetts men of whom the Ohio Company was largely composed, the power possessed by Cutler over Congress by virtue of the advantageous purchase he was authorized to make, the statement in Dr. Cutler's diary, and the astonishing fact that the anti-slavery provision, till now strenuously opposed by the southern states, was passed in a Congress where these states were in the majority, have thought that this Massachusetts clergyman set out from Boston with the intention not only of obtaining favorable terms for the purchase of western land, but of forcing Congress to make the ordinance for the government of the new territory conform to the ideas of his New England brethren who were going to settle there. Some go so far as to think that he prepared an ordinance of his own and submitted it for approval to his two colleagues, Putnam and Parsons, in the flying visits which he paid them on his way to New York. There is absolutely no proof that Manasseh Cutler forced Congress to add to or subtract from the ordinance of 1787 one single clause. July 10 he took the liberty, as he modestly expressed it, to suggest certain amendments to the draft which Nathan Dane submitted to him, and as soon as he had returned it he set out for Philadelphia. From July 11 to July 13, while he was away, the ordinance of 1787 was discussed, amended and passed by Congress, and when he returned, July 17, it was a law. The articles of compact at least could not be changed except by the common consent of the states. If Manasseh Cutler had, before July 10, laid his demands with regard to the ordinance before Congress, either as a body or as individuals, and had so thoroughly persuaded them of the

advantages of yielding to these demands rather than sacrifice the opportunities afforded by the purchase, as to feel sure that they would adopt his amendments, and to have no hesitation in going away at the critical moment, we have no proof of it. But he not only felt no hesitation in going away. "I thought this the most *favorable* time to go on to Philadelphia," he wrote in his diary, just after mentioning that he had returned, with suggested amendments, the copy of the ordinance submitted to him by Nathan Dane. Now, when the Ohio Company was formed, in 1786, its members proposed to purchase western land in accordance with the land ordinance of May 20, 1786, and this land ordinance was supplementary to the government ordinance of 1784, which contained no prohibition of slavery. This does not favor the inference that they considered the abolition of slavery a necessary condition of their settling there. Moreover, if Dr. Cutler had made the embodiment of certain principles in the ordinance for the government of the territory a *sine qua non* with reference to the purchase, he would doubtless have made some statement to this effect in his memorial.

The probability is that Nathan Dane consulted Manasseh Cutler out of respect for the interests of the men whom he represented, who had the best right to have their ideas considered in the matter of a government for land which they were about to settle on; that Dr. Cutler suggested the revival of certain principles which had long been in the minds of other men, and that Nathan Dane, appreciating their importance, embodied them in the ordinance in the form in which they appear there. We cannot be sure just which these provisions were. Nathan Dane claims that he took the clause relating to the encouragement of education from the Massachusetts code of laws. But the sentiments of the Ohio Company with regard to the advancement of education, which are expressed in a vote passed at the second meeting of the company, March 5, 1788, "That the directors be requested to pay as early attention as possible to the education of youth," the untiring efforts made by Manasseh Cutler to obtain grants of land for purposes of education, and his labor in behalf of the Ohio University in later years, give weight to the evidence afforded by the pencilled note in the copy of the ordinance found among the Ohio papers, stating that he furnished the provision for the encouragement of education. He probably suggested it and Nathan Dane embodied it in the ordinance in the language of a provision of the Massachusetts law. In a letter to Daniel Webster in 1830, and also in the appendix to his "Abridgment of American Law," Dane traces the history of the anti-slavery provision, giving credit to Jefferson and King, but claiming for himself the credit of its appearance in the ordinance of 1787; where it prohibited slavery immediately from all the territory northwest of the Ohio River. In a letter to Rufus King three days after the ordinance was passed, he says that he omitted this clause in the final draft, feeling sure that it would not pass in a Congress where Massachusetts was the only eastern state, but that when he found the house favorable he proposed this amendment, which passed with a unanimous vote. This statement is upheld by the discovery in 1820 of a printed copy of the ordinance with the slavery article at the end in Nathan Dane's handwriting. Probably to Dr. Cutler belongs the credit of the suggestion of this provision, which was discussed and left undecided by the committee, and to Nathan Dane the credit of its introduction on his own responsibility as an amendment.

There are two reasons why the southern states should suddenly agree to an anti-slavery provision in the ordinance of 1787, when they had opposed a similar provision in Jefferson's draft only three years before. In Jefferson's ordinance the anti-slavery provision was to have force in all the territory "ceded or to be ceded," — which would in time embrace several new southern states; but the ordinance of 1787 prohibits slavery only from the territory northwest of the Ohio River, — and, moreover, this clause is modified by the addition of the fugitive slave law. But it seems probable, judging from a letter written by Charles Thomson, the

secretary of Congress, that the southern states would have opposed Rufus King's motion in 1785, although in its final form it contained the fugitive slave law and was to have force only in the states distinctly provided for in the ordinance of 1784, all of which lay north of the Ohio. The eagerness of the southern states to promote western settlement, in order to gain new advocates for opposing the Spanish monopoly of the navigation of the Mississippi River, has already been mentioned; and they were also influenced by the fact that western settlement would increase the value of their back lands by creating commercial traffic and affording protection to the frontiers. It is not strange, therefore, that in this matter of an anti-slavery provision they should be willing to yield to the northern states, in order to gain their ready co-operation in making possible immediate western settlement. Moreover, William Grayson states, in a letter written in August, 1787, that the southern states wished to monopolize the cultivation of indigo and tobacco, and were quite willing that the new western states, through not having slaves to work on their plantations, should be cut off from the possibility of cultivating these staples. Professor Barrett, in his pamphlet, speaks of the great influence exerted in Congress by Grayson, its president, Lee and Carrington at the time when the ordinance was passed, when many prominent congressmen who would not easily have followed their lead were away at Philadelphia. In 1785 William Grayson was the only Virginia member to vote that Rufus King's anti-slavery proposition should be referred to a committee; and a letter of his to Timothy Pickering in this same year shows his warm friendship for the man and his sympathy with his views, which we know were anti-slavery in the extreme. These men, whose principles could not be stifled by party jealousies, saw in this settlement the means, as Carrington expressed it, "of introducing into the country, in the first instance, a description of men who will fix the character and politics throughout the whole territory, and which will probably endure to the latest period of time;" and they were willing to do everything in their power to promote the interests of these pioneers. Manasseh Cutler says in his diary for July 19: "Grayson, R. H. Lee and Carrington are certainly my warm advocates."

But our ability to account for the passage of the anti-slavery clause in the ordinance of 1787, without believing that Manasseh Cutler made it a condition of the Ohio Company's purchase, ought not to lead us to undervalue Dr. Cutler's services in connection with this and other provisions of the ordinance. He had infinite tact and wonderful powers of persuasion; and all the time he was in New York he was exerting over the members of Congress with whom he came in contact a quiet but powerful influence toward the promotion of education and religion and the establishment of a government based upon high principles in the western territory. When the opportunity came for following up this influence by practical suggestions with regard to the ordinance for the government of this territory, he was ready to supply just what was needed; and it was probably due to his influence and the circumstance of the purchase that the necessity of embodying in their report a bill of rights, without which Johnson's ordinance would have been incomplete, became impressed on the minds of the new committee. This seems likely from a letter written by Nathan Dane to Rufus King three days after the ordinance was passed, in which he says: "We tried one day to patch up M.'s p. system of W. government, started new ideas, and committed the whole to Carrington, Dane, R. H. Lee, Smith and Kean. We met several times, and at last agreed on some principles, — at least Lee, Smith and myself. We found ourselves rather pressed. The Ohio Company appeared to purchase a large tract of the federal lands, — about six or seven millions of acres, — and we wanted to abolish the old system and get a better one for the government of the country, and we finally found it necessary to adopt the best system we could get." This explains the fact that Nathan Dane and Melancthon Smith, only a month and a half later than April 26, when they had voted for Johnson's ordinance, which

contained only two provisions of the nature of a bill of rights, the two relating to the *habeas corpus* act and trial by jury, should help to frame, in less than five days, a new ordinance which is famous for the principles of toleration, justice and freedom embodied in its six articles of compact.

The last part of the third article in the ordinance provides for just treatment of the Indians. General Rufus Putnam, later one of the directors of the Ohio Company, probably expressed the sentiments of his fellow petitioners in his letter to General Washington in 1783, in which he represented the advantages to be gained by securing the friendship of the Indians through trade. In another letter, written in 1788 to a missionary living among the Indians, he states the intention of his fellow settlers to preserve good faith toward the Indians and to buy the land from them rather than to deprive them of it unjustly; and he mentions the peculiar advantage which New England men have in dealing with the Indians, because the latter have no cause on account of previous injuries to be prejudiced against them, and because their farming and manufacturing interests do not conflict with the pursuits of the Indians. The fact that such sentiments as these were entertained by one of Manasseh Cutler's fellow directors might lead us to believe that the closing provision of the third article was one of those which he suggested, were it not that Nathan Dane claims originality in regard to this provision in his letter to Daniel Webster in 1830 and in his "Abridgment of American Law." He certainly did not originate an idea which had been expressed, not only by Pickering and Putnam, but by Palatiah Webster, William Penn, Roger Williams and many others; but he may have embodied it in the ordinance of his own accord and without copying it from any existing document, — and called that originality.

Article four provides, among other things, for free navigation on the tributaries of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers; and we find that Timothy Pickering and Rufus Putnam, with their usual foresight, had taken into consideration the necessity for the protection of navigation in the western territory. In a letter to General Washington in 1783 General Putman describes at length the advantage of communication between the Ohio and Scioto Rivers and Lake Erie, and recommends the establishment of a chain of forts to facilitate this end; and in a letter to Rufus King in 1785, Timothy Pickering dwells on the importance of free water communication in the western territory, and suggests natural boundaries for the states to bring about this result, — adding, however, that he thinks this method of boundary impracticable. Dr. Cutler, in a pamphlet which he published describing the western territory, traced four water routes of communication, one ending with the Hudson, another with the Potomac, another with the James River, and the fourth with the Ohio River, each being intercepted at least once by what he calls portages, corresponding to the "carrying places" mentioned in the ordinance of 1787. These ideas on the part of Putnam, Pickering and Cutler are the basis for the inference of Dr. William Cutler, in his life of Manasseh Cutler, that the latter was responsible for the revival in the ordinance of 1787 of Grayson's provision for the free navigation of the tributaries of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers. It is quite as likely, however, that this provision was suggested by one of the committee, two of whom, Carrington and Lee, were close sympathizers with Grayson, or that it presented itself to the far-seeing mind of Nathan Dane as a provision which it would be wise to perpetuate.

Article one and the first six clauses of article two correspond closely to passages in the bills of rights of the different states, and were probably copied from the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights; for Nathan Dane, who was at this time preparing an "Abridgment of American Law," and was very familiar with the subject, especially with Massachusetts law, drafted the ordinance of 1787, where all but two of these provisions make their first appearance as provisions for the government of the western territory. He also, with trifling help from

Charles Pinckney, drafted Johnson's ordinance, in which these two clauses just referred to, that relating to the *habeas corpus* act and that relating to trial by jury, are found for the first time in any ordinance for the government of the western territory. Moreover, Nathan Dane says, in his letter to Daniel Webster: "The other description" (which includes this part of the ordinance) "was selected mainly from the constitution and laws of Massachusetts, as any one may see who knows what American law was in '87;" and he makes a similar assertion in the appendix to his "Abridgment of American Law."

With regard to the authorship of the last clause of article two, providing for the protection of private contracts, there have been three theories. Dane claims originality with regard to this provision, stating vaguely in his "Abridgment of American Law" that it was "made previously to secure to the Indians their rights and contracts." Some have thought that the idea was suggested to him by the occurrence of Shays's rebellion, in which a body of men in the western part of Massachusetts tried to prevent the courts from interfering in behalf of creditors, — which would be a silent acquiescence on the part of the state in the violation of private contracts between debtor and creditor. Dr. William Cutler asserts that this provision was inserted in the ordinance through the influence of Manasseh Cutler, as a safeguard against any attempts in the future to invalidate the title of the Ohio Company to their lands on the Muskingum, which they were forced to purchase by a private contract without any charter. George Bancroft, citing a letter written by the French ambassador in New York in 1787, and a letter written by Lee himself, in which he claims the authorship of this provision and says that it is a proposition which he has not heard mentioned, urges that it originated with Richard Henry Lee and was intended to prevent the state from interfering with the validity of private contracts between buyer and seller by issuing paper money which would soon depreciate. Bancroft's interpretation is probably the true one, particularly as he does not award to Lee all the credit of this provision, but takes into consideration Nathan Dane's claim to a share of it.

For a long time after the ordinance of 1787 was passed, few people thought of disputing Nathan Dane's claim to its authorship; but William F. Poole's article in the *North American Review* for April, 1886, bringing before the public Manasseh Cutler's claims to a share in the honor, gave rise to a spirited discussion, which ended in an exaggerated belief on the part of a great many thoughtful men in Dr. Cutler's influence upon the ordinance of 1787. Rufus King, with dry humor, speaks of the subject as having "fallen under that morbid infirmity in literature which delights in denying Homer and Shakespeare their works, and sometimes has not spared even Holy Writ from its rage."

Of late years there has been a revulsion of feeling, and the wisest thinkers, after pointing out on the one hand Nathan Dane's inconsistencies, and on the other the absence of any real evidence to prove many of the theories of those who award so large a share of the honor to Manasseh Cutler, have decided to adopt an intermediate belief between these two extremes. One thing is certain — that a political masterpiece like the ordinance of 1787 is never the product of one man's brain, but develops gradually, absorbing the best thought and experience of many years.

No one can fail to notice in a study of the ordinance of 1787 that the provisions which were developed largely by the action of Massachusetts men are the very ones which make the ordinance famous to-day and will preserve its fame in future generations. We may say of Massachusetts in the words of Henry Cabot Lodge: "She has fought for liberty; she has done justice between man and man; she has been the fruitful mother of ideas as of men; her thought has followed the sun throughout the length of the country."

# HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT CINCINNATI.

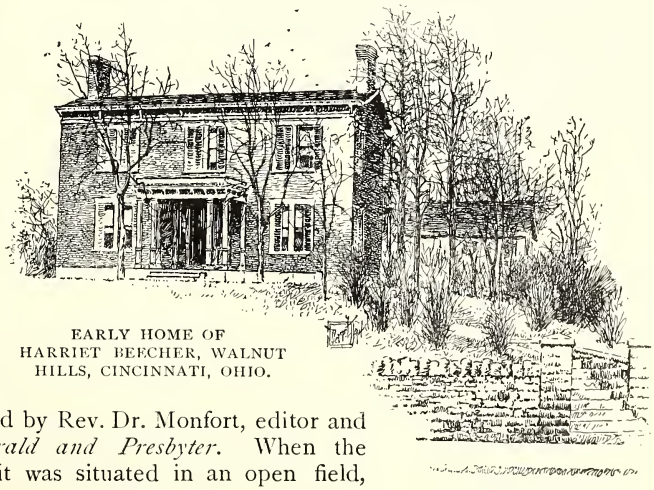
*By George S. McDowell.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

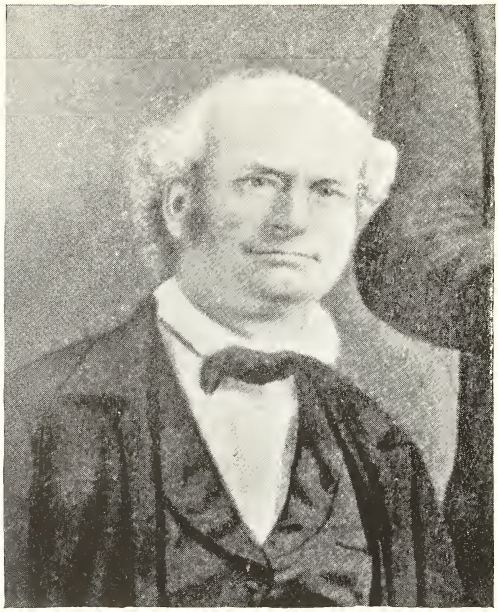
FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN AT THE TIME "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE spent over a quarter of a century of her life in Cincinnati, coming there with the family when her father, Lyman Beecher, assumed charge of Lane Theological Seminary, and remaining until, as the wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe, she accompanied him to Maine, when he became a professor in Bowdoin College. The Beechers lived all that time on Walnut Hills; and that girlhood home of Harriet Beecher is now owned and occupied by Rev. Dr. Monfort, editor and proprietor of the *Herald and Presbyter*. When the Beechers occupied it, it was situated in an open field, having few trees around it, but a magnificent forest of beech trees close in the rear. It was approached by a common country road, which since then has become a fine city street in the construction of which a grade of several feet was made, leaving the house upon a high knoll protected from caving out by an immense stone wall. Here the girlhood and young womanhood of Harriet Beecher were spent in happiness and usefulness, the product of the rich intellectual and busy Christian life which surrounded her on every hand. Her most intimate and beloved friend was Eliza Tyler, the first wife of Professor Stowe, whose early death brought a mutual sorrow and sympathy which kindled the love which made Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher man and wife.

While as Harriet Beecher she spent in Cincinnati some of the happiest years of her life, so it was there as a wife and mother that she passed through the fiery furnace of affliction, suffering, sickness, poverty and grief, which enriched the luxuriance of her



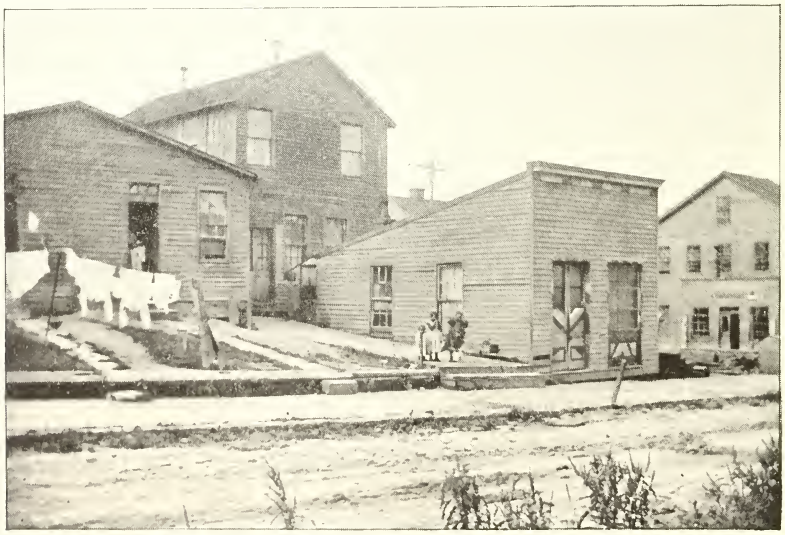
EARLY HOME OF HARRIET BEECHER, WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



CALVIN E. STOWE ("SENATOR BIRD.")

life's prime. Her associations were those of intellectual refinement, and in her daily life she walked in the midst of influences which quickened heart and mind. Among her intimate acquaintances were Archbishop Purcell, Dr. Drake, Hon. A. H. McGuffy, Mrs. Peters, afterward founder of the Philadelphia School of Design, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz and Salmon P. Chase, with whom she was associated in a literary society known as the Semicolon Club, an aggregation of the brightest minds in the early history of Cincinnati. Her first literary work was done as a contributor to the entertainments of this club; and the necessity of putting forth her best efforts in rivalry with the brilliant minds in the company did much in training her in that excellent and attractive style which gave such a charm to all she wrote.

It was only by the most indomitable energy and patience that she carried on her literary labors after her marriage. She felt the claims of her family to be paramount to all else; and amid the incessant and distracting cares of a large household, an insufficient income, frequent maternity, and heavy bereavements in the loss of a child and a beloved brother, she managed to save little time for writing. During one year she felt obliged to eke out her slender means by receiving boarders into the household. At another time the house was turned into a temporary hospital by reason of an outbreak of fever among the Seminary students. Another year was seemingly lost in a literary sense because of an affection of the eyes which



VIEW IN FREEDMAN'S SETTLEMENT, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

forbade any use of the pen. With all, the genius which must have its way, be it clothed with the form of the feeblest, most harassed and care-ridden housewife of them all, became so evident that her husband wrote her in 1840: "You must be a literary woman. It is written in the book of fate."

All this time the subject of slavery was crowding itself more and more upon her mind. The materials for certain chapters of the future book lay already in her mind, and were constantly receiving additions, as the cloud around her, which

LEVI COFFIN ("SIMEON HALLIDAY").

finally burst into war, grew darker and still darker. Before her marriage, in company with a fellow teacher, she visited a Kentucky estate answering closely to the description of Colonel Shelby's in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The (to her) novel sight of negro slaves and their manner of life seemed to attract but little of her attention; and while others of the party laughed and enjoyed the pranks of the well-fed and well-cared-for negroes, she seemed absorbed in other thoughts. Years afterward, however, her companion recognized in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the reproduction of scene after scene of that almost forgotten visit.

In a letter to a friend, we have a description of Walnut Hills which, viewed in the light of its present aspect, seems like an imaginary sketch. Should the authoress, her struggles past, her anxieties gone, her hopes crowned with success beyond measure, return to Walnut Hills, she would see the lovely glen which she describes converted into a roaring thoroughfare, where nothing remains but the outlines of her picturesque hillsides, which stand scarred by cuts and grades, nearly covered with the prosaic buildings which form the outskirts of a city noisy with steam, electric and cable railways. Arriving at the site of her former modest house and dooryard, she would stand surrounded by stately mansions, where few traces remain of the village where she lived and labored; and upon one part of what used to be her romping-grounds she would see one of the largest and liveliest of Cincinnati's beer-gardens.

After her marriage to Professor Stowe, they built a home near the Beecher homestead; and in this house all her children were born. It was while living in this

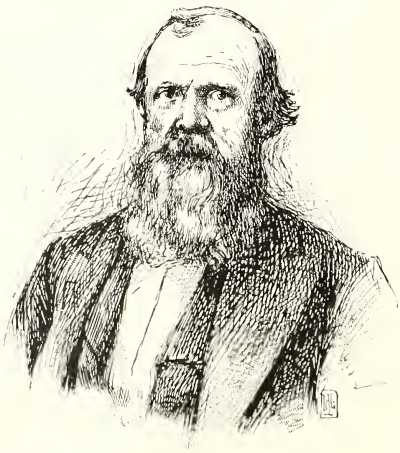
CATHERINE COFFIN ("RACHEL HALLIDAY").

house that she gathered the materials and laid the foundation for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For this work she could not have been more favorably situated. Cincinnati was on the border between the two civilizations, and Mrs. Stowe's opportunity for studying both, each in relation to the other, was unsurpassed. The abolitionists and the advocates of slavery were in constant strife, and the clash of the conflict echoed through her daily life. The main thoroughfare of the "Underground" system in the West was through Cincinnati; and the most active and influential men on both sides had

THE PLACE ON THE OHIO WHERE "ELIZA" CROSSED ON THE ICE.

their home here — Chase, Birney, Coffin, of the first, Nevill, Longworth, Graham, of the second — one party engaged in assisting the slaves to escape, the other in combating this effort and in capturing the fugitives and returning them to their masters. From the many exciting incidents in this struggle she drew much material for her famous book, to which were added many personal experiences in visits to Kentucky, a slave state, where she saw the slaves at their best in the West, and points gathered from reports of people who had travelled in the extreme South, where slavery was at its worst, as well as from the narrative of escaped slaves. The house in which she then lived still stands, though occupied by strangers to the life that once brightened it. As shown in the picture, it is as it was at that time, except that when it was the home of Mrs. Stowe there was an addition in the rear, in which she at one time conducted a school for freed negroes and their children.

Not only the incidents of the story, but also several of the characters, are taken from her Cincinnati experiences. The Simeon and Rachel Halliday of the story were Levi and Catherine Coffin, earnest and active Quaker Abolitionists, the former for thirty years president of the "Underground railroad" in the West, who, according to the inscription on his monument in Cincinnati, assisted ten thousand fugitive slaves to liberty. He presided at the last meeting of the society held in the city soon after the ratification of the fifteenth amendment, when it was resolved that the objects for which the organization had been effected had been accomplished. Mr. Coffin was a native of North Carolina.



R. C. RANKIN, WHO ASSISTED "GEORGE HARRIS" TO LIBERTY.

The character of John Van Tromp is drawn from the life of John Van Zandt, a Quaker born in Kentucky, who moved to Ohio long before the war and settled on a farm north of Cincinnati, near the present village of Glendale. He identified himself with the "Underground railroad" work, and was more than once arrested for the part he took in assisting runaway slaves to get to Canada. In more than one of these trials he was defended by Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief Justice of the United States. The house in which he lived and in which the Eliza Harris of the story was hidden for several days, as were many other slaves before and afterward, stands on the crest of a hill; and from its

weather-beaten and somewhat dilapidated porch one can look away southward over one of the most charming valleys in southern Ohio. John Van Zandt has been dead for many years, and the place, consecrated by the great risks and self-denying services which he rendered in the cause of human rights, has passed into other hands.

Of course most of the characters represent the adventures of more than one person, whose identities have for the most part been lost. The adventures of Eliza Harris, for instance, are those of a number of slave girls recorded as those of one person, a thing that was necessary to avoid cumbering the story with a confusion of characters. The young girl who furnished the name of Eliza Harris to the character was a slave girl from Kentucky, the property of a man who lived a few miles back from the Ohio River, opposite Ripley, Ohio. Her master and mistress were kind to her, and she had a comfortable home until financial embarrassment forced the master to sell his slaves. When Eliza learned that she and her only living child were to be separated she resolved to make her escape. Driven closely by her pursuers, she actually took to the river, which at that time was full of floating ice, and made the passage as described in the story. She was almost benumbed with cold and exhausted when she reached the Ohio shore, and would have drowned on the border of liberty, had not a man who watched her daring feat assisted her up the bank. The name of this man is lost; but the woman was taken to the house of Rev. John Rankin, a Presbyterian minister, whose family still lives in Ripley, and cared for there. Thence she was forwarded through Cincinnati to the house of Levi Coffin, then living at Newport, Indiana, just over the Ohio line; and from there she was sent to Canada.

The young girl who was rescued through the humanity of John Van Tromp was Eliza Buck, one of Mrs. Stowe's servants. She was a slave from Kentucky, who had come into the state of Ohio by consent of her master, to visit friends, her brother being held as hostage for her return; for a slave once indulged in this way was under the laws of Ohio entitled to freedom. She became a seamstress in Mrs. Stowe's family, and resolved not to return to Kentucky, — a resolution in which she found much encouragement. But after some time word was sent to Professor Stowe from various quarters that the girl's master was in Cincinnati looking for her. Though secure under the law, there were nevertheless unscrupulous justices who were always ready to serve whoever would employ them; and the slaveholders knew

HOME OF JOHN VAN ZANDT ("JOHN VAN TROMP") NEAR GLENDALE, OHIO.

them. Professor Stowe determined to carry the girl to some place of safety till the inquiry for her was over. At night he secured a horse and wagon and, in company with Henry Ward Beecher, performed for Eliza the kind and perilous service attributed to the character of Senator Bird. It was a drive of ten miles to the house of John Van Zandt, where Eliza was secreted. The night was dark and stormy, and swollen streams had to be forded, but the trip was made in safety. Eliza was never captured, and afterward lived in Cincinnati the remainder of her days.

It has been stated by some writers of reminiscences that the Topsy of the story was a girl whom Mrs. Stowe had brought from the South; but this is not probable. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that Topsy is an aggregation of pickaninnies, whose comicalities and happy-go-lucky ways were compressed into one character.

Another character in the story is Richard Dillingham, a young Quaker from Morrow County, Ohio, who came to Cincinnati to teach the negroes, and whose enthusiasm led him to Nashville in behalf of a slave, — where he was arrested and imprisoned and died before his release.

So far as known, there is not one of the originals of the characters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" living, except George Harris, — and there is a question as to his being the original. But as he claims this himself, it is well to state his name. He is known as George Clark, or Lewis G. Clark, and is now living at Oberlin, Ohio.

RANKIN RESIDENCE, RIPLEY, OHIO. ELIZA'S FIRST REFUGE ON FREE SOIL.

THE BRETT HOMESTEAD. BUILT 1709.

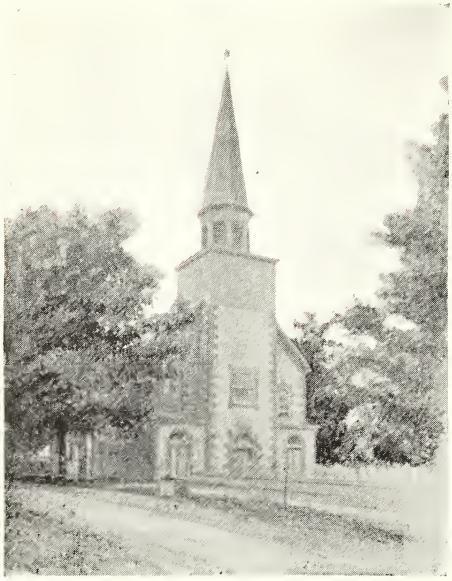
# OLD DUTCH HOUSES ON THE HUDSON.

*By William E. Ver Planck.*

DUTCHESS County, on the Hudson, is one of the ten counties first established by the colonial legislature of the province of New York in the seventeenth century, after the province had passed into the possession of the Duke of York on its capture from the Dutch. The county took its name from the title of the Duke's wife, Dutchess, as the word was then spelled. The other counties established at the same time were New York, Albany, Westchester, Orange, Richmond, Ulster, Kings, Queens and Dukes, — the latter comprising Martha's Vineyard and other islands off the coast of Massachusetts — a name they bear to-day. All these names were associated with the Duke's titles or family estates, and were aristocratic and essentially English. Perhaps they were given to impress on the inhabitants the fact that they had passed under English rule. At all events, the people of Dutchess County appreciated the name of their county so highly that they have clung to the original form of its spelling.

By one of the early acts of the provincial legislature the county was bounded thus: "Dutchess County to be from the bounds of the county of Westchester on the south side of the Highlands, along the east side of Hudson's River as far as Roeleffe Jansen's Creek" (now in Columbia County) "and eastward into the woods twelve miles."

That part of the county lying between the Fishkill and the Wappingers Creek and extending "fouer houers going into the wood," to use the quaint language of the deed, had been previously bought from the Wappinger Indians by Francis Rombout, a Huguenot, and Gulian Ver Planck, a Hollander, who were then partners in trade, whose title was subsequently confirmed by the colonial governor, Thomas Dongan. Rombout and his associate gave the Indians good value in money and goods for the land.



DUTCH CHURCH, FISHKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON. ESTABLISHED 1716.

"The schedull or Perticuler" annexed to the deed shows that they received, among other articles, "One hund. Royalls, one hund. fathom of black wampum, forty fathom of duffills, forty Hatches [hatchets], forty Juggs, fouer ankers Rum, forty blanketts," besides other articles of clothing, as well as "gunns, barrs of lead, pipes, tobacco, &c."

It was not until several years after the death of Rombout that the land was opened for settlers, and about 1703 that his daughter, Catharyna, and her husband, Roger Brett, determined to make their home in the "lands in the Wappins," as Rombout called it in his will. Brett and his wife left their town property, an extensive house and garden in New York, on Broadway, between Trinity Church and the fort, overlooking the river. Roger Brett had been a lieutenant in the royal navy, and was a personal friend of Lord Cornbury, that whimsical colonial governor who was so proud of his likeness to his cousin, Queen Anne, that he occasionally appeared in public at the fort in female dress, to the great scandal of the good people of New York. His lordship is reported to have said that he knew of no better way of representing his sovereign. The land which fell to the share of Catharyna Brett and her husband when the patent was partitioned consisted of upward of twenty-five thousand acres. It lay, for the most part, along the Fishkill, at the foot of the mountains, — still a most picturesque place, notwithstanding the many mills and railroads which this restless age has planted on its banks.

Roger Brett and his wife were the first settlers in the county to develop its resources in agriculture and milling, and in 1709 they built their manor house. It is large and substantially built of wood with shingle siding such as one sees to-day on Long Island. In that respect the house differs from most of the other old houses in this neighborhood, which were generally laid up of rough stone taken from an adjacent quarry and stuccoed. Why brick was not more generally used at that period is not clear, for it was made on the Hudson at an early period, as the old Dutch records prove. Perhaps this brick was of an inferior quality. When we do find an old brick house in this neighborhood, it is generally associated with a tradition

THE NEWLIN HOMESTEAD, TIORONDA. BUILT 1740.

that its material came from Holland or England as ship's ballast. The old Brett homestead formerly stood by itself in the open country not far from the creek, having a calm and peaceful inland view, and by it stood an old-fashioned garden. Such was its condition through the days of the Revolutionary war and down to within the past thirty years. But now the town of Matteawan has grown up around it, and its chimney is no longer a golden milestone.

In this old house Roger Brett and his wife made their home. They had three sons, one of whom was born on the river and called Rivery; but the boy was not fated to grow up. His two brothers, however, have successfully perpetuated the family name. Roger Brett was drowned from a sloop about 1726, leaving to his widow, since known as Madame Brett, the care of their extensive interest, which there is reason to believe was something of a burden and not of great profit to her. She managed well, however, was a liberal landlord, and left an enviable reputation behind her. She galloped on a pony daily over her large estate, overseeing its varied interests; nor did she forget the Indians who had moved just over the boundaries of the patent, but maintained frequent and friendly relations with them. Madame Brett died in 1764, at an advanced age, and was buried under the west window of the old Dutch church in Fishkill, which was established in 1716. The old Brett homestead should be preserved by the town buying it for a hall or museum, as has been done with similar old houses at Newburgh, Yonkers, Kingston and other Hudson River towns.

Another almost forgotten homestead in lower Dutchess County is the Newlin house. It stands at the mouth of the Fishkill, surrounded by giant locust trees, facing the south and east and commanding an extensive view of the river and the mountains, especially of Skunnymunk, the sleeping giant of the Indians. This old house is said to have been built in 1740, by Isaac de Peyster, who married Maria van Ballen, a half sister of Madame Brett. The land on which the house stands was originally part of the Brett property, and Isaac de Peyster and his family lived there for many years. The property finally came into the possession of Cyrus Newlin, near the end of the last century. He was of the Society of Friends, and came from Wilmington on the Delaware to

THE NEWLIN HOMESTEAD FROM THE NORTHEAST.

settle at Fishkill as a miller, forming a partnership with William Byrnes. Cyrus Newlin was a descendant of Nicholas Newlin or Newland, as the name sometimes appears in the old records, who emigrated from England to Pennsylvania in 1682. He brought with him the following quaint letter, which is copied from the original in the possession of one of his descendants in Maryland: —

THE VER PLANCK HOUSE, ON SPROUT CREEK PLAINS. BUILT 1768.

"At the request of Nicholas Newland, we do hereby certify that the said Nicholas Newland acquainted our Men's Meeting with his intention of removing himself and family out of this nation into New Jersey or Pennsylvania in America; and we have nothing to charge against him or his family as to their conversation in the world since they frequented our Meetings, but hath walked honestly among men for ought wee know or can hear of by inquiry which hath been made, but our Friends meeting is generally dissatisfied with his so removing, he being well settled and having sufficient substance for food and raiment which all that profess godliness in Christ Jesus ought to be content with, for wee brought nothing into this world and we are sure to take nothing out; and he has given us no satisfactory reason for his removing; but our godly jealousy is that his chief ground is fearfulness of sufferings here for the testimony of Jesus or coveting worldly liberty, All which wee certify from our Men's Meeting at Mount Mellick 25th of 12 mo., 1682, and wee further certify that enquiry hath been made concerning the clearness of Nathaniel and John Newland, sons of Nicholas Newland from all entanglement of marriage and that they are released for ought we find. Signed by the advice and in behalf of the meeting,

"Tobias Pladwell, William Edmundson, Christopher Roper, — and others."

The Newlin homestead was built of brick, and is a large house, perhaps the most extensive and costly one of the period in this neighborhood. The date assigned for its erection is 1740. The grounds about the house slope to the creek, which is here most picturesque, with its cascades and islands and long quiet reaches shaded by overhanging trees. It is one of the most beautiful parts of the stream. "Fairy Isle" still keeps its charm and beauty, though this part of the creek has been to a great extent desecrated by railroads and factories.

The house with adjacent land remained in the possession of the family until about twenty-five years ago, when the Boston, Hartford and Erie railroad bought it and cut a long deep gash through the orchard near the house, through which the trains of the New England railway now pass, often shrieking as if in derision of the old homestead. The house has in these days something melancholy about its appearance; nor has it any future like some of the other old houses hereabout. It is fast passing into neglect and squalor. Its garden and orchard have disappeared; but the tall and solemn locust trees still stand as a monument of the past. The relic hunters have even carried off the old Dutch doors.

The neighborhood is called Tioronda, "the meeting of the waters" — of the

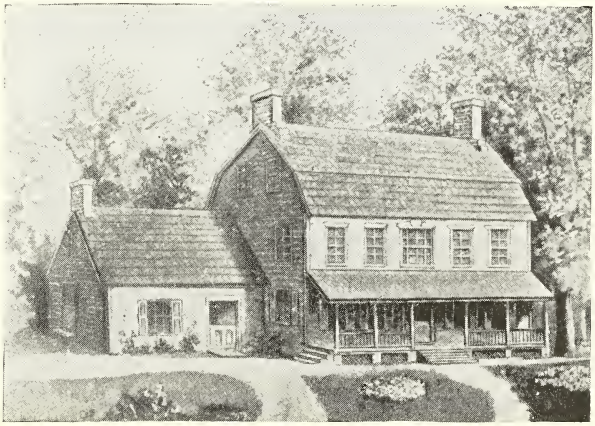
Fishkill and the Hudson. The word was coined from the Indian tongue by the late Joseph Howland, who had a large country seat in the vicinity, to which he gave the name.

Still another old house of interest stands on the Sprout Creek, three or four miles above its confluence with the Fishkill and about eight miles east of the Hudson. This is the Ver Planck House, built by Philip Ver Planck in 1768. It replaced a still older house built by his uncle William, or Guilliaum, as he was baptized, who died there, a bachelor, in 1745, and is buried in the yard of the old Dutch church at Fishkill with others of the family. Although this William was a miller and farmer in what was then the backwoods, he seems to have been something of a dandy, judging by the inventory of his wardrobe and other assets made after his death. He left behind him "2 suits fine broad cloath cloaths, a velvet vest and britches, 2 bever hatts, 1 pair silver shoe buckells, 1 pair silver Nee buckells, 2 wiggs, a sattin night gound, 6 pr. silk stockins." The appraisers, who displayed the indifference to spelling usual in those days, also set down in the inventory, among the horses and cattle, two negro slaves.

The house built by Philip, his nephew, is of brick and is in excellent condition, owing to the good care taken by the present owners. The house, which stands in the midst of a grove of locust trees, the usual accompaniment of old places hereabout, is an excellent example of the architecture of the period, and it has no modern addition to mar its symmetry. One of the interesting features of the house is the date, 1768, marked or built in the gable by large black bricks. The house has some quaintly carved mantels and the usual half doors found in Dutch houses. At the bottom of the garden flows the creek, a winding and beautiful stream. The Dutch called it the *Spruyt*, meaning a branch, which has since passed into *Sprout*. The house with its adjoining farm of four hundred acres passed out of the possession of the family in 1827.

Reference has been made to the purchase of a tract of land, in 1683, from the Wappinger Indians, by Francis Rombout and his associates. The old township of Fishkill and parts of Poughkeepsie and La Grange now occupy the territory covered by that patent. Through the northerly part of this land ran the Mawenawasigh, called by the Dutch Wappinger-kill or creek, a name it still bears.

The Wappinger Indians were river Indians, whose lands extended from New York Island northward through Dutchess County and extending about twelve miles eastward from the Hudson. They were part of the Five Nations, that great Iroquois confederation which existed so long. The Wappinger Indians took part in the wars with the Dutch in 1643 and 1663, led by their chiefs, Wapperonke and Acpjen. At the time of Rombout's purchase their sachem was Megriskar, in whose name the deed was made by twenty-one chiefs. They executed the deed some by mark and some by totem—all affixing their "seales."



THE DIRCK BRINCKERHOFF HOMESTEAD.

FROM AN OLD DRAWING.

It is the opinion of Brodhead, the historian, that all this neighborhood was the home of the Indian priests, where they set up their altars. In his history

THE COLONEL JOHN BRINCKERHOFF HOUSE. BUILT 1738.

of New York he says, "It would seem that the neighboring Indians esteemed the peltries of the Fishkill as charmed by the incantations of the aboriginal enchanters who lived along its banks, and that the beautiful scenery in which those ancient priests of the Highlands dwelt is thus invested with new poetic association."

The Brinckerhoff family had two interesting old houses in this neighborhood, both situated on the Fishkill creek, about two miles apart, the house of John Brinckerhoff being further up the stream, not far from its confluence with the Sprout, while the home of his brother Abraham was below. John and Abraham were two of the four sons of Dirck or Derick Brinckerhoff of Flushing, Long Island, who in 1721 bought for them a tract of land consisting of about one thousand seven hundred acres from Madame Brett, who has already been spoken of. The name Dirck or Derick, in English Dick or Richard, was a favorite name in the Brinckerhoff family for the first three or four generations. It came from Joris Dircksen, the first settler, who was born in Holland in 1609, the year of Hudson's discovery of the river which now bears his name, a coincidence which the family have not overlooked. The family name is probably a corruption of *Brengerhof, i. e., court bringer* or messenger, — like most Dutch names, descriptive. Thus the name ten Eyck means at the oak; van Wyck, of the ward; van Voorhees, from in front of Hees, a city in Holland.

The homestead of Abraham Brinckerhoff, which was also the home of his son Dirck or Derick, stands not far from the creek, having a lovely view to the south toward the Highland through which the old Albany and New York post road winds. The house was built about 1740, and like some of the old houses on Long Island already referred to, it was shingled on the sides. About twenty-five years ago the house was modernized, no doubt making it more comfortable, but at the same time taking away its quaintness and character architecturally. During the Revolutionary war the house was occupied by Derick Brinckerhoff, who held the office of colonel. He was also the miller and keeper of a general storehouse. The mill was destroyed by fire during the war, and the army under Washington being encamped near, he ordered them to rebuild it, for suspicion pointed to the soldiers as being the perpetrators — for they had done many acts of lawlessness in the neighborhood. There is a tradition which Henry D. B. Bailey has preserved in his "Local Tales of Fishkill," that during the war tea became scarce and dear, and Brinckerhoff, thinking to profit by it, raised the price so that it was beyond the means of most of his customers of the neighborhood;

whereupon the farmers' wives, determining to have the tea at a fair price, marched to the store one hundred strong, under the leadership of Mrs. Catharine Schutt, and demanded tea, offering six shillings a pound. Brinckerhoff at first refused to accede, but when the women threatened to take it by force, he relented and sold them the tea at their offer.

Colonel Brinckerhoff was a strong patriot during the Revolution, and a friend of Washington, who frequently stopped over night at his house when passing to or from New England. Lafayette too was a guest of Colonel Brinckerhoff six weeks on the occasion of an illness which attacked him during the campaign in the neighborhood.

The reason why the American army was encamped at Fishkill was because Sir Henry Clinton had sent his fleet up the river to reinforce Burgoyne, who was getting hemmed in at Saratoga. The fleet sailed up the river, destroying the chain at West Point and burning Kingston, and reached Hudson. There, hearing that Burgoyne had surrendered, the fleet returned. The Americans, supposing that the fleet would effect a landing, collected an army near Fishkill to give battle. The fleet created great alarm among the inhabitants of Fishkill when sailing up the river. Many families fled to Beekman and Pawlings, and some sought refuge even in Connecticut.

John Adams also stopped at the Brinckerhoff homestead. Writing to his wife from Fishkill, where he had just come across country from Boston, Adams says: "After a march like Hannibal's across the Alps, we arrived here last night at this place, where we found the utmost difficulty to get forage for our horses or lodging for ourselves, and at last were indebted to the hospitality of a private gentleman, Colonel Brinckerhoff, who very kindly cared for us." Not many years before this another New Englander, Rev. Samuel Seabury, afterward the first bishop of the American Episcopal Church, was not made so welcome while passing through Fishkill; for being a royalist and suspected of treasonable conduct, he was made a prisoner at the Brinckerhoff house. He was soon set at liberty, however, and continued his journey to New York, where he stayed during the greater part of the Revolution.

Dirck Brinckerhoff was a prominent man in local matters during the war. He was chairman of the local "Committee of Observation," which was formed in each county under the authority of the provincial legislature. The committee held many sessions during the summer of 1775, and Jacobus Swartwout and John Brinckerhoff, who will be mentioned later, were also prominent in them. They too, with Derick Brinckerhoff, raised companies of militia. One of the objects of the committee was to discover the disaffected persons and to weed out those who were suspected of joining for the purpose of hiding their real sentiments. The minutes of the committee contain charges of various kinds against members, *e. g.*, "Drinking damnation to the Church of England;" "For denying the

THE MESIER HOUSE, WAPPINGER FALLS.

authority of the Continental Congress." The lists of those who signed in the committee were forwarded to the provincial legislature. Among other officious proceedings of these committees, it was the practice to appoint a sub-committee "with sufficient guard to go to the persons called Tories and in a friendly manner request them to part with their firelocks for the use of the Continental forces at a reasonable price (fixed by appraisement) and in case of their refusal, to take such firelocks forcibly." Many arms were thus acquired.

Derick Brinckerhoff held positions in the legislature of the state both before and after the Revolution. It was through his influence with Ninham, the last sachem of the Wappinger Indians, that that tribe took the American side during the war. T. van Wyck Brinckerhoff, one of the chroniclers of the family, says: "When the Revolution broke out, Ninham held his warriors true to the cause his white friend had espoused, and remained steadfast and unchanging throughout that great contest. I have heard the colonel's daughter say that she had often seen the hillside around her father's house covered with Indians who were sleeping through the night wrapped in their blankets. He lost his life fighting for the American cause."

Derick Brinckerhoff was fond of horses, and was often seen driving in a phaeton, then a new style of vehicle which excited great interest and comment. His descendants still own and occupy his old homestead, which has since given the name Brinckerhoffville to the neighborhood.

The other old homestead farther up the stream is that of John Brinckerhoff. It was built in 1738, as the date in the gable still bears witness. No change has been made in the exterior of the house since it was built, and it presents the same appearance as it did during the Revolutionary war, when John Brinckerhoff, then an old man, lived there. He was an uncle of Derick Brinckerhoff, and like him espoused the cause of independence. He also was a friend of Washington. An incident in their acquaintance is thus related in the family history: "Upon one of the visits of Washington, the colonel was very anxious to know of some movements then going on in the army, and was pushing his point very zealously. Washington interrupted by saying: 'Colonel Brinckerhoff, can you keep a secret?' 'Oh, yes,'

FISHKILL CREEK BELOW FAIRY ISLAND.

replied the colonel, expecting no doubt the ready answer. 'So can I,' replied Washington."

It is now many years since any of the family owned or lived in this old house, and it now presents a melancholy and neglected appearance. A beautiful avenue of trees shading the road leading up to the house redeems the otherwise dreary aspect of things.

THE VER PLANCK HOUSE.

Another old Dutch homestead, a few miles back from the river, is that built by Jacobus Swartwout the younger. It is situated at Swartwoutville on the Fishkill, not far above its confluence with the Sprout. This house was built about 1730. Jacobus Swartwout the elder, like the Brinckerhoff family, came from Long Island to settle in Dutchess County, not being deterred by the false reports of the unfavorable condition of the land. This house, like those of other Long Island people, was built with shingled sides, a roomy, comfortable, homely house. Near by the house once stood the mill, which the early members of the family operated in connection with a large farm. Jacobus Swartwout the elder was supervisor of the town as early as 1721. He then lived in a small house, which the present one, built by his son, replaced. Jacobus the younger was the more prominent man of the two. During the French and Indian war, he served as captain under the English, and when the war of the Revolution broke out he sided with the colonies, and at its close was promoted to the rank of general, after active service throughout the war. General Swartwout was a man of great physical strength and endurance. He lived beyond the age of ninety years, and took part in the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of American independence, which was celebrated with great fervor at Fishkill, July 4, 1826. Swartwout took great interest in the rebuilding of the Dutch church at the end of the last century. He often employed all his farm hands on the church, giving their labor and furnishing materials. Other farmers also gave their labor, and it was the boast of those interested in the church that the new building was the result of gifts, no one receiving pay except the architect and boss mason. As some money was needed, the building committee sent Abram Du Bois to Long Island, that being deemed a rich country and one whence many of the farmers had come. Du Bois was successful, and the church was finally completed in 1795. The name Swartwout means Blackwood.

Abraham Swartwout, a Revolutionary soldier, and his son Robert, a brigadier general in the war of 1812, were also members of this family. The latter's brother, Samuel, settled after the war in the city of New York, and was appointed collector of the port by President Jackson. Robert fought a duel with Richard Riker, then the recorder of the city. It grew out of a political quarrel, and it ended like most duels, bloodlessly. Samuel was an adherent of Aaron Burr, and accompanied him on the expedition of 1805. Another Samuel, nephew of Robert, was a naval officer of distinction. In

the *Grampus* he put down piracy in the West Indies in 1836–37, and afterward while on the coast survey he rendered valuable services to the government. He was stationed on the Pacific coast during the difficulties of 1855–57, and during the late war he commanded the *Portsmouth* in the blockade of the lower Mississippi. The Swartwout homestead remained in about the same condition until about twenty years ago, when the shingles were replaced by new-fashioned siding, and other modern changes were made. It is still a picturesque old place. None of the family live there now, and the name is extinct in the neighborhood, if not in the entire county.

It should not be forgotten that John Lorimer Worden spent his boyhood at this old homestead, going there with his father from Westchester County where he was born. If Admiral Worden's distinction rested solely on his great services in commanding the *Monitor* in the great naval duel with the *Merrimac*, he would merit the highest honor at the hands of his countrymen. Possibly the associations which he had with the home of the Swartwout naval commanders influenced him as a lad to follow in their footsteps.

Baron Steuben had his headquarters at the Swartwout homestead at one time during the Revolutionary war.

It must not be supposed that all the early settlers hereabout were Hollanders. The French, particularly the descendants of the Huguenots, came in large numbers not only into Dutchess County, but into other parts of the state; and having the same religion as the Dutch, they became members of that church, having their baptisms, marriages and deaths recorded there. In that way they became somewhat merged with the Dutch, and their names being often mutilated, their identity has sometimes been lost sight of. Thus LeDoux has become Ladue; de la Vergne, Delavan. What Dingee and Losee were I am at loss to say; Bice, however, is not a corruption of Bois, but bad spelling of Buys, an old name in Dutchess County. Another French name a good deal disguised is Amie, a family descended from Nicholas Eighmie, who went from the continent to England with forces to support Prince

FISHKILL CREEK NEAR THE NEWLIN HOMESTEAD.

Rupert in the cause of Charles I. Afterward he went to Scotland, and thence came with Robert Livingston to settle on Livingston Manor on the Hudson. Eighmie, however, preferred complete independence, and to hold his land in fee, and therefore he came to take up land in lower Dutchess County. Other settlers of French extraction in this neighborhood were Du Bois, Le Roy, De Peyster and Mesier. Francis Rombout, the grantee of the Indians and the first patentee, was a Frenchman. In fact, Nicholas Eighmie and Peche Dewall (possibly a corruption of Duval) were the first settlers on the Rombout patent, coming here before the rightful owners took possession under Rombout's title. Eighmie did, however, hold some sort of title from the Indians, but it proved bad, and he afterward bought from the holders of the Rombout title, and his descendants have continued here since. Peche Dewall seems to have been virtually a squatter, but he was not disturbed.

The oldest map of the Rombout patent was made in 1689. It shows the whole country as a virgin forest, with here and there a wigwam. No house of a white man is indicated, except one, "Ye Frenchman's," at the mouth of the Wappinger Creek. Who this Frenchman was I have not been able to discover. He had come on the patent many years before the Dutch settlers. It may have been Eighmie, notwithstanding the local historians generally assign his first settlement at the mouth of the other creek—the Fishkill.

A mile or two above the mouth of the Wappinger Creek are the falls, which still retain their interest and beauty notwithstanding the inevitable water power and factory. They, with the accompanying settlement, constitute the village of Wappinger Falls.

Over a hundred years ago, on the outskirts of this village, which was then a mere hamlet, Peter Mesier made his home. He was one of the descendants of Pierre Mesier, who was born in Normandy in 1631, and like other Huguenots whose ancestors left France for Holland on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, he came finally to New Amsterdam, where he married Maritze Willen about 1659. He was known among the Hollanders of New Amsterdam as Pieter Jansen—that is, Peter, son of John Mesier.

Prior to the Revolution, Peter and his brother, Abram Mesier, were living in New York, where they had established themselves in trade and had amassed quite a large property; and they were Tories. The movement for independence did not therefore fill them with enthusiasm. In 1776–77, during the British occupation of New York, and owing also to the loss of Long Island and part of New Jersey, the seat of war was moved farther into the interior. It was then that the neighborhood of Fishkill, being north of the Highlands, came to be considered a safe place. The village itself was crowded with refugees, who thought to escape imprisonment or impressment into the army. The land for several miles about was being taken up by farmers and millers; and Peter Mesier, finding that a good water power and adjoining farm could be had on the Wappinger Creek, bought it in 1777 from its owner, Matthew van Benschoten; and affairs in the city of New York being very unsettled, and a large part of his property having been destroyed by the British, Mesier was glad to settle down in the country, far from the madding crowd, where he could enjoy a rural life. He found on the place an old house built by one of his predecessors in title thirty or forty years before, possibly by van Benschoten or by some of the heirs of Stephenus van Cortlandt; for it was to the latter that this part of the Rombout patent was set off on its first partition in 1708. Van Cortlandt had become one of the three joint patentees not long after the purchase from the Indians.

The old house, which has since suffered in outward change, stands in a grove of trees in the heart of the village, and a short distance from the Albany and New York post road. A broad public road a mile long, formerly called Mesier's Lane, shaded with overhanging trees, leads from the south directly up to the place. On the opposite side of the post road stands

Zion Church, a quaint stone structure, built in the early part of the century and fostered by the Mesier family — for they inclined to the Church of England rather than the Dutch Church. The first communion service of Zion parish was celebrated in the Mesier homestead in 1834, and the Sunday school had been held in a barn on the place for several years before.

During the war of the Revolution the Mesier homestead was occupied by some British officers who were loath to leave it until they had drunk up all the Madeira with which its cellars were well stocked. Madeira was then the fashionable drink, and the old families prided themselves on having a wine of fine flavor. It was thought in those days that Madeira was improved by making several voyages; so the wine was left in the hold of the vessel for several years, and when taken out and bottled it was the custom to brand it with the name of the ship.

No great change took place in the condition of the Mesier homestead, except the gradual encroachment of the village, until about five years ago, when, the last of that generation of the family having died, the heirs, of whom there were several, wishing to preserve the homestead, transferred the house with seven acres adjoining to the village of Wappinger Falls for public purposes. The legislature in 1892 ratified the transaction, and named the place Mesier Park, and put it under proper supervision.

## LOVE AND LIFE.

*By Mary G. Slocum.*

I SAID: "No tutor shall my darling know
Save one: he is my own and I decide
For him; and Love is such a tender guide,
How smoothly all his years shall come and go!"
But Life, that sternest teacher, at one blow
Then snatched him, unresisting, from my side;
And Love and I with pleading tears long tried
In vain to win him back to us. But lo!
The dreaded teacher, Life, has taught what we
With all our zeal could never make him learn, —
That Love is more than Life. And now I turn
And cry, "Oh Life! though full of mystery,
The humblest teacher and the best art thou:
Teach Love and me thy wondrous secret now!"

# CANT HOOKS AND PEAVEY STOCKS.

*By Elizabeth Beall Ginty.*

THERE was never a time in Jim Sprague's boyhood when the future had not forecast the shadow of its responsibility. That unconscious freedom supposed to be found only in youth was not known to him; even the thrill of anticipation of an unschooled Saturday afternoon was hampered by the recollection that his mother always needed help about the house, such as filling those wood-boxes, splitting that kindling-wood, and all the rest, including looking after Sam, who was the baby and had to be amused, — if he took the violent divertisements planned and executed by his brother as amusement.

At ten years, Jim's learning was not so profound as to warrant his father's wild idea of making a scholar of his eldest son; so he was taken from school and put at odd jobs. When he was twelve, his fine athletic build made him seem older; so he went with his father, who was a woodsman, up on the drive, — to use the logging term.

The elder Sprague must have grown a bit careless through long habit, or possibly his usual daily drinks were multiplied. Be that as it may, in giving a venomous push to a group of logs that had stopped to gossip near the big boom, Jim's father missed his reckoning; for when the logs floated down he went with them and drifted off into the great unknown. The foaming Yellow River had learned one more secret — and Jim was fatherless.

Just before night settled down on the river, Pat McCann, who happened along in time to see the subscription paper going the rounds for Sprague's "old woman," gave his personal contribution in a form of his own.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, boys," he said; "I'll take Sprague's Jim home with me, and if his folks is willin', I'll do right by him and give him a job."

Now, everybody in the entire valley knew Pat, and his saw-mill, and his house, and his horse, and his heart; and he took old Sprague's Jim and did right by him. Pat had lost a leg in the service of his adopted country, as any one could tell, for he made no effort to hide his honorable misfortune, and indeed there was something cheery in the sound of Pat's good old wooden peg. There are two ways to walk on wooden legs, — to walk from the injured stump, or to walk from the heart: Pat walked from the heart.

So Jim got on bravely, and would have stopped until the mill shut down, but that his mother's pleadings brought the offer of a position in the big planing-mill on the bank of the Valley River, just opposite the forlorn cottage so long tenanted by the large family of Spragues. Every morning, as Jim ate his breakfast of bacon, he could see across the street the sign appended to the planing-mill by two slight iron stanchions; it swung out over the side-door entrance. The sign read:

CANT HOOKS AND PEAVEY STOCKS.

Jim always passed under its shadow before the six o'clock whistle had lost its wheezy breath. Despite his prompt attention to his work, no one ever told Jim to keep on and the world might hear of him; no one asked him at night how things had gone during the day. In fact, in the very face of the sign, Jim's mother did not know what a cant hook or a peavey stock really was; but, lamentable as was her ignorance in these matters, she knew to a T when pay-day came, and always waited indoors to greet the money. Like many another white slave, she was educated only in the alphabet of dollars and cents; the height of her learning lay in the counting of a purse full enough to pay the rent. She never had had more than this sum at one time; her husband had taken good care of that, for there were several public

houses on the way up town before he reached the sign, "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks," which so frequently read double to him.

Jim gave over his small wages with punctuality; but even then his mother had to do scrubbing and washing to "piece out." Jim never claimed his right to keep a few stray dollars of his own money, but plodded on with the same uncomplaining fortitude that had enabled him to overlook the shabbiness of his clothes and to do his duty by Sam, the baby, when that small person made his appearance at the mill some twenty odd times in a forenoon.

Occasionally a pretty girl went by the mill. She offered no greeting to Jim, although she knew well enough who he was, because she ranked a peg higher in the social circles of Valley City than he. She was the daughter of the land-hunter, Allister. Jim's father had known her father, but his son did not dare to hope for the honor of access to her exclusive set. There are many strange people admitted to the first circles of Valley City, but odd circumstances draw the line at a few who are just beyond the pale; of course there are always some who do not aspire to know their social betters, but this class is chiefly confined to servants in the western town of Valley City. Kittie Allister went with the West Side set, that is, a circle which is everything correct on the West Side, but let it once cross the bridge and approach Aristocracy Hill, and its glory departs from it.

Jim had not, as yet, attained prominence with West Side society. His wildest dissipation was an entertainment at the First Presbyterian Church parlors. He was enticed there by a member of the firm that owned the mill in which he worked. The First Presbyterian Church — it could hardly have been the second, being the only one of its creed in town — sheltered the most stylish faith in Valley City. The building had evidently been modelled after the Roman Coliseum; but the architect either grew frightened at the design, or the materials fell short, for the structure ended like an addition to a hen-coop. It remained, however, the foremost of churchly buildings in the place. It seemed a palace to Jim, who hurried outside after the festivity was over, and watched the people come out until Kittie Allister's finery appeared, when he suddenly lost interest in the crowd and walked slowly home, his holiday over.

But, although his social opportunities were not increasing, his position in the mill had been raised; and so it came to be known to one or two and consequently to the whole town, that old Sprague's Jim was "likely." Likely young men, or indeed unlikely ones, were scarce in Valley City; and as the number of eligibles decreased, the tide of pretty girls swept onward in the West. In consequence, the men in town were keen in knowing their advantage, and hardly deigned to waltz with girls at a ball, when it was really the proper thing, so far as Valley City etiquette went, for each man to see that his particular favorite got there safely, not to mention dancing and suppering later on.

Possibly this coolness on the part of the sterner sex led Kittie Allister to notice young Sprague after she had heard him pronounced likely. At any rate, he thought the heavens had fallen when she stopped one day just opposite the sign, "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks," deliberately returned his embarrassed recognition and, crossing the street to him, asked if he was going to the Masonic dance. True, her way might be past the mill, but she need not have gone over to his side of the thoroughfare.

It all ended as she thought it would: Jim asked her to accompany him, and he was, in turn, severely reprimanded by the keeper of the family purse when he broke the news at home. Still, the honor of escorting an Allister condoned the extravagance after the first shock was over and the family purse had had time to recover.

The night of the dance, Jim labored as conscientiously through the measures of "Money Musk" and "The Prairie Queen" as he did at the mill from six to six, although he could not help seeing that Kittie danced too often with more graceful fellows, especially Don Rollins, the son of a banker, for whose sake Jim was being used as a stepping-stone.

There was a little balcony outside the Masonic Hall, decorated with flags, sprays of oak, and fine large potted plants; here a few Chinese lanterns shed their limited lights on matters generally. Jim was warm after his seventh dance, so he followed the glow of the lanterns to get a breath of fresh air before supper. As he threaded his way across the ball-room, a few people exchanged significant glances. He stood at one end of the balcony, looking out on the unanswering stars. He had accomplished his social triumph with Kittie, only to find that she had given all the best waltzes to another man. Jim did not understand the mystery of woman, so he decided to tell Kittie his opinion of the way she had treated him and leave her to those whose society she preferred. The hope of an apology from her lips never occurred to him; it was not for the like of Jim Sprague to expect that. In his humiliation he recognized anew the invisible barriers behind which society favorites hedge themselves, even in Valley City. Presently the sound of two voices fell upon his ear. One said: —

"I couldn't believe it until I saw you come in with him; for he's not in our set. Promise you won't go out with him again, Kittie."

Everybody but Jim Sprague knew that Kittie would have taken Don Rollins for the asking. Possibly Rollins knew it himself, for a tone of proprietorship rang in his voice as he repeated, "Promise you will not!"

"Why should I make you any promise?" she asked, with a half-mocking smile.

To old Sprague's Jim in the background, standing behind the potted palms, the look of wistfulness in her eyes was lost; but not to Rollins, for something seemed to please him. He took her hand, and laid it on his lips before he carelessly drew it through his arm and led her back to the dance. Rollins broke up the little tête-à-tête which Jim would have given his life for. Slow as he was at his lessons in wordly learning, Jim saw this, and stood rigid where they left him.

"Not in our set, eh?" He clinched his strongly knit hands, and the cords in his neck stood out. "Not in our set!" If "our set" meant a lot of idlers who thought more of their dancing-school tricks, drinking, gambling and currying favor with women they never intended to marry, then Jim Sprague was not in "our set." Rollins might not have cared to meet this man out on the balcony at this moment.

Old Sprague's Jim, like his mother, judged the world through the medium of dollars. That night he made a resolution. He had something now to work for besides duty, and Rollins had given him that something. The pack-horse that labors uncomplainingly is always a pack-horse; but the restive colt may turn out a racer. The first dull ray of ambition penetrated into Sprague's mind and burned its way surely. He drew his handkerchief over his damp forehead and, turning slowly, went through the French window which opened on the balcony, straight across the hall to where Kittie was talking to Don Rollins. The fiddles were silent; the floor was nearly cleared. Those who had seen Jim break in on Kittie's retreat turned instinctively and watched him as he led her toward the supper room; for something of his ambitious resolves showed in old Sprague's Jim's heavy face. Those at the first table had not yet finished; so the pair walked up and down the long room, and Kittie suddenly made the discovery that Jim Sprague was not exactly clay to be modelled into acquiescence by her wilful hands. She felt that an almost imperceptible change had taken place; but she was not further enlightened, and was taken home without a reproachful word.

* * * * *

"'Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks' can't stand this much longer," Jim's mother said next day, as the wind storm swept the little sign up to a precarious angle.

"There'll be more than that sign go under, I'm thinking, and you needn't be surprised if I come home in the middle of the day," Jim said shortly, as he went out.

In the doorway he met Jack, the next in size to Jim in the step-ladder of Spragues.

"I'm going to speak for you over to the mill, Jack. It's time you got to work; there's something else in this world than book learnin'."

Half way across the street Jim longed to turn back; but he put Kittie before his mind and pushed his way into the firm's private office. He was going to speak for some one besides Jack. The general manager, Higgins, represented the owners, Bently & Co., who only dropped in once a day or so. When Higgins came in, Sprague stood hat in hand, an attention not usually shown by the mill-hands to their superiors. Higgins was a little surprised when Jim made it known that he wanted an advance in his wages; he whistled, and looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"Possibly Rufe would do it for you next year," he said at length. "But Rufe — although I say it that shouldn't — ain't none too lib'ral."

"Not next year — to-day!" Jim answered doggedly.

"You'll have to see Rufe about that, yourself. Here he is now. Say, Rufe, here's a strike."

The manager smiled good-naturedly at Jim, who shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other.

"What's up, Jim?" Rufus Bently, the business man of the firm, could afford to be cheery when his pocketbook remained untouched. "A strike, eh? Are you the spokesman?"

"I'm speaking for myself only." As Jim said this, two figures on a balcony drifted before his eyes, and he knew that he lied. "I've got no fault to find, but the time has come when I must earn more money."

Rufe's face fell at once. He was a small man, with a small heart, a small religion, smaller humanity, and a large bank account.

"When I was your age," he said, "I earned less, and helped to home besides. I'm 'fraid your women folks is makin' trouble for you, Jim. I'd like to do something for you, — but times is hard, d—d hard." The only time Rufe swore — for he was a religious man — was when the question of dollars and cents arose. "I can do somethin' for you next year," he added.

"The time has come now," Jim repeated monotonously.

Higgins knew his man better than Rufe did, so he interceded for him. "I suppose it's the women folks that make you feel thet way." As Sprague's mother and sisters knew nothing of his rash demand, he kept silent. "I know how you feel with women dependent on you; I've ben there myself." Higgins spoke with the calm superiority of a man who had once been poor, but now earned the princely salary of nine hundred dollars a year.

Jim knew it was sink or swim with him. If it were swim, Kittie's "set" should hear of him; if it were sink, he could at least take himself out of the town where he was known.

Jack was given a place, and Jim worked out his week, while Rufe was thinking over the question of higher wages. Jim neglected nothing; he even gave his successor a few hints, and then, after his last day of work, he went home and told the women what he had done. Old Sprague's Jim took a deal of talking from them, and toward the end of the harangue a shrill-voiced neighbor came in and helped it out. He sat stolidly by and let the blasts of wrath pass over his defenceless head. He only put his word in once, and that was when his mother threatened to betake herself under the "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks" sign and beg back his situation. Then he told her that a woman's place was at home. She held in the answer on the tip of her tongue, but told her girls later on that Jim was getting like his father.

Jim's successor turned out a failure, and Rufe Bently discovered that a man who did work enough for two was entitled to wages for one and a half; so Jim was reinstated and safe for the time being. This was the beginning of his good fortune. Rollins unconsciously was the source of inspiration to an ambitious young financier. Jim served at the mill for a year; then he went up into the woods with Scotty McKay, and in less than three years had his own camp. Then he became young Jim Sprague, — no longer old Sprague's Jim. He bought his camp provisions from an Allister, and paid cash

down; he employed several Allisters in his logging crew; and he entertained Kittie's father royally whenever he came near his camp, besides doing him a favor in business. All these matters, are they not set down in the archives of the Allisters?

The spring zephyrs whispered to the Valley folk that Jim Sprague's logs were coming down; and when a man's logs are coming down he is in an enviable financial position. The river was high, — not too high though, no carrying away dams or any such antics. This same river did its duty by Jim for three seasons successively. At the end of these summers, Mrs. Sprague and the step-ladder family moved into a better house, next door. Jim liked the old place well enough, but the women found fault with it. The last unmarried sister — for it had been one of the heaviest of the Sprague misfortunes that the three eldest children were girls — was introduced to the world in better style than her wedded sisters had been.

Shortly after the new house-warming, the annual Masonic ball took place. Jim was a Mason himself now; so he took Kittie to the ball in full regalia. As the carriage rolled past the "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks" sign, Jim looked at it, and remembered the time he had left the mill to go back triumphant. With a thrill of heartache he thought over his past few years. His ambition began with revenge, but it ended with Kittie. Kittie had made a man of him. What would she do with her own handiwork?

It was after the second waltz that Jim took her out on the balcony and urged her not to dance with Rollins. Of course she said he had no right to ask that. And he asked the right, — despairingly too, for he feared her answer; and she asked for time, and then said "Yes" before he gave her the time; and — was he in heaven? was he on earth? who was he that this happiness should have fallen to him? Sprague was not an imaginative man, — a logger is not apt to be led far by day-dreams; but he seemed unreal to himself; his very identity, for the moment, lost its significance when he looked down and saw the little hand resting complacently on his arm and, seeing, felt that it was his. And as no woman wears her heart upon her sleeve, how was he to doubt but that it went along with the hand?

Kittie said she was cold when he kissed her, — and how was he to doubt that either? For, although Valley City is provincial, its women can compete favorably with the Metropolitan Opera box-owners when the question of low-cut bodices arises; so Sprague took her back to the ball-room.

Rollins saw them as they stepped in from the balcony. He was shrewd enough to perceive how far the affair had gone; so he smiled at Kittie, who tried to keep down her heart throbs.

* * * * *

All Valley City went to the wedding, at least all the *élite* of Valley City. There is only one form of entertainment this town fancies more than a wedding, and that is a funeral. As I have said, nearly all Valley City went to Jim's wedding; and those who were not invited anticipated his funeral the more pleasantly. The mayor was there with his prosperous smile; he could afford to smile, for every one said in speaking of him, "His heart is all right." Then there was a prominent citizen whose heart was all wrong. Then there was Jim's mother, who wore a dove-colored silk, and looked a bit red about the face, and felt, with a sickening foreboding of gloom to come, that Jim was now her social superior. There were Bently and the boss and Pat McCann, — and last, but not least, the entire Allister faction, including old Dan and little Dan, Angus and big John the logger. Kittie was snobbish about Jim's friends; but she was clannish enough to want every Allister, rich or poor, in the entire country round to be there, — and they were, too. Rollins's set was present, and Don was prominent in a front pew.

The wedding trip was of short duration, as Jim wanted to get back to business and Kittie wanted to get into her new house. Mrs. Jim had distinctly informed her husband that the mill end of the town was a horrid neighborhood. She told

him so some eight months before their marriage; and this was the reason Jim built up on Aristocracy Hill instead of on the site of the old house opposite the "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks" sign. He longed to remind her of the memorable day when she had crossed the street to smile and chat with him; but he decided not to venture, — and, keeping silence before all women, he finished the Queen Anne house in the latest style. It was furnished, frescoed and made ready for occupation by a man who came from afar to make homes of culture to order.

I am not so sure that Sprague found much enjoyment in this new house. The waxed floors bothered him, and he privately warned his friends against them. He had one little room he called his own and he could do as he pleased in it; that was a blessing, — for his wife amused her friends by many fashionable festivities, in which her husband took little part.

Two brown eyes raised pleadingly to Sprague's face conquered him and gained permission to ask Don Rollins to the first big Sprague ball. That was the memorable ball when Jim and several of his friends put cream and sugar in their bouillon at supper, and Jim thought it a very good joke until the next day, when his wife found it out and also discovered that her husband had taken several guests over the house to show them its grandeur.

"It ain't what I care for," he said apologetically for fear they should think him proud; "it ain't my style," as he lit the gas from room to room, "but it suits Kit all to nothing. She likes things stylish, Kit does."

The guests who had accompanied the unsuspicious Sprague went away and repeated the price of each article of household furniture, as their host had given it, together with remarks about his private view of his own establishment.

News travels fast in Valley City, and Mrs. Jim was ready and waiting for her husband when he came home for early luncheon on the day following the ball. She went over the disgraceful facts of the case again and again, and each time she grew angrier. Jim's ways had made a laughing-stock of her — of them both; the whole world knew of it by this time,— it was simply unendurable. As fast as she tried to be some one and lift her head above their early surroundings, Jim dragged her back.

Sprague eyed her furtively. "I don't know," he said, as her voice broke into a sob, "as I'm ashamed of my airly surroundings. The hull town knows who we both are; I don't see the sense of tryin' to make 'em believe we are some one else. You knew who I was, Kit, when you married me. Perhaps my ways are a little rough."

"I didn't know you when I married you. How was I to know you were going to set your face against everything I wanted?" Kittie's voice rose to a shrill wail. "You're just old Sprague's Jim, and nothing can alter that."

The intended sting missed its effect, for Sprague scarcely heeded her words. He was looking at her questioningly, a horrible doubt settling over his face, the effect of an idea that had never crept into his slow mind till then.

"Just before we was married," he said thickly, "a man who was a friend of mine says to me: 'Jim, she'd never hev had you four years ago.' I have questioned since what he meant. Now I know. I thought you married me because" — here he put his head despairingly into his rough hands — "because you loved me — me, Jim Sprague. God! — it was — the money!"

As though struck with the force of his own conclusions, he fell back in his chair and waited for her to say something — something to prove him wrong. But she said not a word to appease him; instead she put her hand out appealingly. He grasped it with such force that she drew back with an involuntary scream of pain.

"Don't!" she cried.

The apprehensive look in her eyes, the shrinking from his touch, the powerlessness to explain away his accusations, told him everything. He went quietly into his own den; and after this, when Kittie bade her friends welcome, she did so alone. It was whispered among the young people, with whom Kittie was a tremendous favorite, that Sprague was

proud and unsociable in the great house which he called home. In reality it was a sort of prison to him. He missed a wife in its big rooms and winding halls; so he grew to hunting up his old friends, often dropping in at the mill, where he used to stand in the open doorway under the "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks" sign, to look across at the little cottage in which he had once lived, — and think — and think.

He always went to the mill to see his brothers, for they seldom came near his house. As each one of the step-ladder throng grew to a certain age, Rufe Bently took them regularly in their turns. It was a set speech with him, that the Spragues were steady. The Sprague boys spoke of Jim's wife with bated breath, for there was a perceptible family breach, more perceptible to the veriest stranger than to Jim, whose kith and kin had, out of loyalty to him, refrained from telling him all.

His logs kept coming down, and he grew to be the richest man in Valley City. Mrs. Jim went to Europe, the great house was shut up, and Jim lived alone for a few months, months that might have proved the most peaceful of his life but for the career of Sam, the youngest, the last step in the family ladder. Sam objected to the mill. He had made the most of his eldest brother's influence, and mixed with the rising generation of callow youths on Aristocracy Hill. The eldest Sprague's bank account warranted the directors in offering Sam a small chance in the bank; but his hours and habits showed no signs of changing for the better. Sprague's mother stood between his wrath and her youngest born — for she knew Sam would turn out right; but Sam showed no immediate signs of fulfilling her prediction, and, losing his situation, did nothing in consequence but accumulate a fine and varied assortment of debts, — for vacant positions were scarce in Valley City and times were growing hard. The "young uns," as Sam's set was dubbed, considered their elders "slow" and fell to calling the place the city of the unburied dead.

A snowless winter kept Sprague down from the woods much of the time after his wife's return, and in consequence he had the full benefit of Mrs. Jim's Parisian manners. There was no doubt of her improvement; she found fault with the architecture of the First Presbyterian Church, and called her own home a barracks. Owing to the bad logging season, few people could afford to throw open their houses, and Mrs. Jim's popularity extended accordingly. Jim used occasionally to look at her curiously; she seemed like somebody else's wife, not his, so far were the two apart whom no man had put asunder. Only once did Mrs. Jim endeavor to bridge over the domestic rift, and that was when a second snowless winter came to Valley City, and the wiseacres shook their heads, and the young people commenced going westward, and the news leaked out that the town was dead. Now, Mrs. Jim considered, was her time to be at the head of a city establishment; and she talked sweet nothings to her husband, who received her cordiality with suspicion. He had a slow-acting mind, and it was almost as difficult to get an old idea out of his head as to get a new one into it. She wound up in a burst of indignation, and told her husband that his loyalty to Valley City was "provincial."

It was understood in Kittie's set that she wanted to live in the city; and numerous predictions and several bets were the outcome. The odds were on the favorite; but, as often happens, the dark horse won, for Jim went away by himself. He moved to a far-distant place where there are many mansions, but where no word is given to prove that an honest man finds his surroundings too grand for him.

Just before Sprague moved away to that distant city, he lay sick in his great house; exposure endured in his logging camp had produced a serious malady, and two of his men had brought him down home. The doctors openly confessed themselves anxious, and the neighbors wondered if Jim Sprague expected his money would save him. If they had looked into the depth of his heart, they would have known that he expected that which he had always received — nothing. Just before he went, he sent for the

errant Sam. If any parting instructions were left, Sam took them silently to heart and went sobbing out into the night. Sprague lay among his pillows, unshaven, unkempt, motionless, staring at a set pattern on the flowered wall.

"Do you want any one?" the doctor asked.

"No."

After a pause he said feverishly: "There's Sam, now, I feel a responsibility about Sam — and — " But he was gone, with all his responsibilities and peculiarities, a disappointed man. Sprague's Jim, who was likely, had gone into that somewhere which his father, who was not likely, had found before him.

The day after Jim went, the town knew that his mother and sisters had annuities sufficient for their common comforts, — no more. He spared his own the wealth which had forced him into an unsuitable and distasteful position. In this act his intentions were partially misunderstood, especially by the married sisters' husbands.

Mrs. Kittie Sprague's set mourned with the wealthy widow, and sent intricate floral designs fashioned by a distant city's florists; and some of these lay with Jim as he was borne slowly down the street from his big house, the Masons walking in honor to him through the sleet and snow, — on, on, on, down Aristocracy Hill, through the business streets, by the mill where the sign, "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks," flapped aimlessly in the wind, triumphant over physical life. It had stood while a generation had passed by. On, on, on, to the gates of the silent city of the dead.

The day after the funeral train went past the mill, a heavy-faced, hardy boy — the repentant Sam — turned in at the sign, "Cant Hooks and Peavey Stocks;" and another Sprague was launched out upon the sea of commerce.

---

# A MEETING-HOUSE FEUD.

*By Dorothy E. Nelson.*

NAY, I tell you, I know it cannot be," said Abigail Seaver sharply.

"Mayhap you'll trust your own ears to-morrow, if you trust not mine to-day," returned Lydia Warren. She tried to speak in her usual manner, but she could not conceal a note of triumph in her voice nor the light in her eyes. It was as if her soul, casting aside all disguise, glanced out for a moment and impressed itself indelibly upon the observer, like a strange face at the window.

Abigail Seaver saw it, and quivered with anger. She turned from the iron pot, over which she had been bending, and faced the other woman.

"I would not trust my own ears, though the parson read it a hundred times," she cried passionately. "You are ever puffed up with your own importance, Lydia Warren; and I say it to your face, though you be my cousin. 'Twere a likely thing that you, ten years the younger, be seated in meeting above me!"

Her eyes gleamed with sharp lights like edges of steel: one might have fancied them her words taking visible form.

A young girl who was in the room started forward, with a frightened face, and then shrank back again before her mother's stern glance. They were alike in form and feature; but the subtle contrasts of character were so much stronger than the physical resemblances of flesh and blood, that she seemed no more like the older woman than the trembling reflection of a tree in some wind-stirred pool is like the real tree standing firm and immovable above it.

Even Lydia Warren quailed a little before the fierceness of her anger, and spoke, in spite of herself, half-pleadingly.

"Nay, but 'twere not unjust, Abigail. We sit as do our goodmen; and you know that Daniel's service counteth for eight

years, — for so have the committee ordered — whereas Nathan is but seven years the older. 'Tis all fair and reasonable; truly there be no cause to make so much ado about it. 'Twere wise to bridle one's tongue, at least."

Abigail's face had grown fairly white with anger, and the big wooden spoon in her hand trembled. She controlled her voice by an effort.

"When I wish counsel, Lydia Warren, I have wit enough to seek it. 'Tis not for you to tell me how to fashion my speech. I believe not one word of this; but *mark you*," — and her voice suddenly became deep and solemn — "should it be true, then take your fill of vanity, for *not one year will you hold the higher seat!*"

There was silence in the room for a moment. Lydia Warren's face turned red and then white; the young girl's was pale, and her eyes full of terror. Lydia recovered herself with a little laugh.

"An' thou art not careful," she said warningly, "thou'lt have a seat high enough above thy neighbors. 'Tis long since the scolding-stool hath had an occupant."

But the taunt was unnoticed; Abigail had turned away and was bending once more over the pot. She was frightened herself at the vehemence of her anger and her strange prophecy. It seemed to be echoing in her ears with solemn iteration, and she was awed by it into silence.

Lydia went across the meadow to her own house. She was not superstitious: for a moment she had been frightened because Daniel was a year younger than he had said, and age counted in "seating the meeting." She had in reality gone over to Abigail's to find out whether she remembered the difference in age. If she did not, no one else knew, for Daniel Warren had come from another township.

"'Tis naught," she said to herself. "Abigail Seaver hath held the higher seat, 'tis four years now; and Daniel hath paid higher charges to the meeting-house than Nathan. 'Tis but just he should get his dues; and for her threat, it were mere empty breath. Am I not younger than Abigail? More like she will never hold her seat again."

She entered the house with a determined step. She had almost persuaded herself that she was the wronged one.

A young girl was sitting at one corner of the fireplace, rubbing the pewter plates. She wore a dull green gown and a brown apron, and the contrast between the sombre colors and her fair neck and face was almost startling. She looked like a white lily blossoming in the dark corner. Her mother glanced at her, thinking to tell her of the committee's decision. She knew Rose would be unprepared for it, but perhaps 'twere better to leave it till the morrow. She stepped about briskly, preparing the supper. There was need of haste, since her visit had delayed her; but it was unlawful to work or visit on Saturday evening, and she had had to see Abigail before the Lord's Day.

Before the sun had set, the meal was finished, the table ware washed, and all in order for the Sabbath. During the evening that followed, Lydia sat with folded hands while Daniel catechised the children. No one would have imagined, seeing her sit there so rigidly erect, the storm that was raging within her soul. It was she who had persuaded Daniel to give his age as older than he was. He would be fifty-seven in a month, she reasoned, — almost as soon as the new order would become a law. Was it not nearer the truth to call him so now than to call him fifty-six? Daniel had always followed the lead of his quicker-witted wife; and he had done so this time, scarcely realizing what he was doing. As he sat there hearing his children recite the catechism, he had entirely forgotten the matter, and was wholly engrossed in the questions that were scarcely less trying to him than to them.

Only Rose, sitting by the window, her fair hair lying in smooth curves about her face like the petals of a flower, was untouched by fear or weariness. Across the meadow she could see the Seaver house, its lines softened by the gathering dusk; and when the familiar outlines were blotted out by the darkness, she did not know it, — her mental vision still held the picture. She still saw, through the maple trees, the dark roof-slopes of the Seaver house.

At half past eight the next morning, the Warren family started for the meeting-house. Lydia and Daniel walked first, then the children, two and two. Rose, leading her youngest sister, came last of all. She wore a lilac-flowered print with a dimity tucker, and a bonnet with lavender ribbons, and carried a bunch of dill in her hands. As they passed the Seaver house, the family were just coming out. Abigail saw them, and turned her head stiffly in the other direction. Lydia marched by, looking straight ahead. Rose did not notice : she was looking at Rachel Seaver, who was standing with her brother Joseph. She did not look at Joseph, but a vivid color flashed across her fair face, as she smiled at Rachel, and all unconsciously she crushed the dill in her hands.

They soon turned into the main road and joined the decorous procession that was climbing the hill to the meeting-house. Abigail swept by Lydia and took her old place. Lydia's eyes flashed, but she quietly took the lowest seat. At that moment she felt justified for the deceit she had practised. Rose and Rachel sat side by side on the singers' seats, and Joseph's place was opposite them.

In a few minutes the parson entered and the men who had waited outside followed him. There was the scraping of the hob-nailed boots over the sanded floor, the settling down of the elders and deacons in their seats in front of the congregation, the officious tip-toeing back and forth of the tithing-man as he seated the restless boys, and then the service began. The hot summer sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows, and the soft summer hush, broken only by the occasional stamping of the horses outside, seemed almost like a tangible presence about the quiet meeting-house. But inside it was different. There was a spirit of restlessness, of excitement, that defied detection and yet impressed itself upon all.

Finally the parson lifted a long paper from the pulpit. There was an instant response in the thrill that swept over the congregation. It was the committee's order for "seating the meeting-house." Two red spots burned in Lydia's cheeks and she glanced sideways at Abigail, but Abigail was looking fixedly at the parson. She fairly frowned in the intensity of her gaze.

It was as Lydia had said. Daniel Warren was seated above Nathan Seaver, and their wives, of course, had corresponding seats on the women's side. Nathan looked amazed, as did his son; Rose started with surprise and cast a quick, troubled glance at Joseph and then at Rachel. Only Abigail Seaver sat looking straight before her with the same unchanging intentness of gaze.

But when the meeting was over and the people had crowded out and stood in little groups talking with suppressed excitement, she drew her husband aside.

"Nathan," she said, "will you brook this insult?"

"Nay," he answered, trying to quiet her, "'tis meant for no insult, Abigail. 'Tis but the turn of fortune's wheel. Perchance we were e'en in danger of being uplifted by pernicious pride. Can we not give as true worship in a lower seat?"

"Thou hadst ever a poor spirit," she retorted bitterly. "'Tis pity when a woman has to play the man! But listen! Though you be content to be scorned by those who, an' we had our rights, should sit below us, so am not I. Nay, it shall not be, an' I tear the names from the door myself!"

"Hush, woman!" he said sternly, giving a quick glance around; "you know not what you are saying; you are beside yourself. Take heed lest, perchance, that tongue of thine bring us worse disgrace than the lower seat."

Abigail hesitated a moment, then she turned away and walked over to a group of matrons among whom Lydia Warren was seated. She ate her brown bread and cheese and talked soberly with the others of the morning discourse, but she never noticed Lydia Warren. She did not avoid her: she rather seemed to look through her as if she was not there at all.

Presently one of the committee went over to the meeting-house door and nailed upon it the list of the attendants and the seats assigned them. Lydia glanced quickly at Abigail, but Abigail paid no attention. When the time came

for the afternoon meeting, she went in and took her old seat as if nothing had happened: the new order would not begin for two weeks. But though she sat there outwardly reverent, she heard not one word of the sermon. She was thinking of the list on the meeting-house door.

The red sand trickled through the hour-glass, and the long hours crept slowly by. The sun was shining low through the western windows when the afternoon service was finally ended, and the men stamped out and began untying their horses. After them came the women — quieter, with feminine rustles and importance. As they crowded out, Abigail Seaver was pushed against the door; and, when she passed on, it was noticed that the list was torn, part of it lying on the ground. There were little exclamations of surprise; but Abigail walked on unheeding. Her husband and son, having gone out with the men, knew nothing of the accident. Only Rachel, close behind her mother, watched her with frightened eyes. Abigail saw the look, and it irritated her; but she could say nothing.

At sundown the neglected Sabbath work had to be done. At eight o'clock Joseph passed through the kitchen. His mother called him sharply.

"Where are you going?" she said.

He stopped short in surprise.

"An' where should it be but to Mistress Rose Warren's?" he returned.

His mother rose and stood facing him in the gloom.

"I forbid thee to go," she said passionately. "Were it not enough to be insulted by Lydia Warren before all the meeting? And then, forsooth, my son must needs go sneaking over to see that white-faced wench. I trow there are many maids of better seeming than Rose Warren; and hadst thou the spirit of a *man*, thou wouldst never look on her face again!"

Joseph's fresh young face had grown pale, but he answered with a quiet gravity that was free from any trace of anger: —

"Nay, mother, there is but one maid in the world to me, and that thou knowest. Such idle talk were worse than useless now."

He took his hat and started for the door. His mother did not move, but her voice rang after him with strange power. It was trembling with passion, but perfectly low and distinct.

"Joseph Seaver, an' thou take one step toward Goodman Warren's house, my curse shall rest upon Rose — not upon thee, but upon Rose!"

For one moment the young man stood as if stunned. Then he broke away and dashed out of the house with a bitter cry. His mother watched him with a strange light of triumph in her eyes. He had turned in the opposite direction from the Warren house.

The next Sabbath many curious glances were cast at the Seaver family. Rumor had been busy during the week; and it was whispered that Abigail Seaver had torn the list the week before — that Joseph no longer went a-courting Rose Warren, and that Rose and Rachel did not speak. How much of this Abigail heard, no one could tell. She held her head proudly as she took her seat. But Rose Warren was very pale and did not look at Joseph or his sister, and Joseph's face was set in stern lines.

Once more the list was read by the parson and nailed upon the meeting-house door. Once more Abigail sat with her intent face and gave no slightest sign.

At the noon hour Rachel tried to speak to Rose, but Rose avoided her. Finally Rachel pulled her sleeve.

"Rose," she said, "I must see you. It needs but a moment." Her pretty, pale face was full of anxious pleading. Rose gave one glance at it, and then slowly — as if drawn by a stronger will she could not resist — followed her apart from the rest. Rachel was trembling with excitement.

"Rose," she said eagerly, "'tis not Joseph's fault. He is suffering sore. He dared not go to see you."

Rose's lips trembled, but she lifted her fair head proudly.

"I know not what Joseph Seaver is to me, that his sister must needs speak for him," she said, turning away, "nor understand I 'I dare not' from a man."

"Nay, but, Rose," pleaded Rachel. "O Rose! tarry a moment. Joseph did

not send me. Shame on you for thinking it! He knows naught of it."

"Then," said Rose, turning her pale, grave face toward Rachel, "why did you come? There is naught to say."

"O Rose, Rose!" cried Rachel, "you understand not. It is — mother. She — let me come close, Rose, I dare not speak it out — she laid a curse upon you if Joseph went a-courting you — not upon him, but upon you. And so he dared not, for your sake."

Rose's face changed; there was a sudden tender flush over it, and she caught Rachel's hand with a firm clasp.

"Hush, sweetheart," she whispered. "Dear heart, it hurt thee to tell me that, but be not so grieved. I fear naught."

"Hast thou no word for Joseph?" asked Rachel, looking up with tear-wet lashes.

Rose lifted her face: her eyes were shining with a tender light, and the words of the Psalmist, as she spoke them, sounded like a solemn chant: —

"*In God have I put my trust: I will not fear what man can do unto me.*"

The two girls stood a moment in silence. Then Rose gently withdrew her hand, and they went back to join the others.

When the afternoon meeting was over and the people passed out, the list again lay torn on the step. This time there were suspicious glances at Abigail Seaver, but she heeded them no more than on the previous week. Joseph was too absorbed in his own misery to notice what was passing about him; but every glance and every whisper reached Rachel and pierced her like an arrow.

That week the deacons went to remonstrate with Abigail Seaver. Rachel saw them coming and ran to tell her mother. Abigail met them with hard defiance and bitter scorn. Nathan, who had not been home that day, was much disturbed when he learned of the visit, and immediately hastened to see the deacons and plead with them for his wife. He was a man of high standing in the community, and for his sake they agreed to overlook her action if it was not repeated. He told his wife what he had done, and laid the sternest commands upon her. She listened in silence, but Rachel, watching her face, felt sick with sudden fear. Joseph seemed not to notice. He had not spoken to his mother since the Sabbath when she had forbidden him to visit Rose.

The next Sabbath the new seating became a law, but Abigail took her old place. When one of the deacons remonstrated with her she broke out into a torrent of abuse. Nathan Seaver, on the men's side, began to pray. Joseph set his lips firmly, while Rachel clasped her hands tightly together, the tears running down her white face. Rose bent down and whispered to her and then looked across at Joseph; and through the tempest in his soul that steady look shone like a star. Everywhere in the meeting-house was the most intense excitement. Finally Lydia took her old seat, but her eyes were shining. She knew her hour of triumph was near at hand.

Thursday was Lecture Day in the colonies, and the day for punishing all misdemeanors. On the Thursday following Abigail Seaver's outbreak in the meeting, there was unusual excitement in the community. Early that morning the constable had gone to Goodman Seaver's, and all knew well his errand. In a short time he came out again with Abigail. Her husband walked beside her with downcast head, and Rachel, her face red with weeping; but Abigail's face was hard and unflinching. She submitted to be tied to the post, where she was to stand all day, without a murmur. Her husband left her and went home, almost broken by the disgrace to his honorable name. Only Rachel stayed in spite of remonstrance, commands or even threats. Her true character broke the bonds of years at last, and she showed a will equal to her mother's: the likeness in the two faces was striking that day.

Through the long morning hours Rachel stood there, trying to shield her mother from the sun, and offering food and water, which Abigail stubbornly refused.

At lecture time the neighbors began to pass. A painful flush burned on Rachel's face; but still Abigail was unmoved. Some of the people passed on with kind,

pitying glances; some few looked stern; but most stopped and gazed curiously. Presently the Warrens came. Rose turned to speak to Rachel, but Lydia called her sharply away. Then at last Abigail spoke, fixing her hard, bright eyes on Lydia with that strange compelling power.

"Remember, Lydia Warren!" she said. And though the day was warm, Lydia shivered, and the red in her face changed to deathly white.

But though outwardly so unyielding on that terrible Lecture Day, Abigail had suffered keenly. Under her rigid Puritan demeanor she loved her husband deeply; and when the first flash of anger had passed, could not forgive herself for the stain she had brought upon his name. She took the lower seat quietly, and people nodded and said Abigail Seaver was a changed woman. The terrified look in Rachel's eyes died away, and she began to hold up her head once more. Only Joseph went his way silent and unconvinced. He knew that at heart his mother was unchanged, and he dared not see Rose Warren.

So the brief New England summer slipped away, and winter came; and it began to be said that Lydia Warren was ill. She declared 'twas a cold, and still came to the meeting; but her face had a strange, hunted look, and often when spoken to she did not answer. People began to shake their heads ominously and say she was losing her wits. But Abigail smiled shrewdly to herself. She had not watched Lydia Warren Sabbath after Sabbath for naught.

One cold winter day she went over to Daniel Warren's. The wind blew stingingly across the frozen fields, and her face was rough and red; but she did not seem to feel it, though she had only wrapped a little shawl about her head. She was carrying a covered bowl, and the hand in which she carried it grew purple with the cold. She looked down at it.

"'Tis biting cold," she said; and it sounded as if she was speaking of something that did not touch her at all.

Lydia was sitting by the fireplace, and Rose getting dinner. Both women looked up in surprise as the door opened, and Lydia shivered in the icy blast that crept in. Abigail closed the door and looked across at Lydia. There was an exultation that was almost savage in that look.

"'Tis said you are ill, Lydia Warren," she began without preface.

The sick woman cowered, and then, with a sudden flash of resolution, straightened up and looked intently at Abigail.

"'Tis naught. I'm e'enmost well," she returned. She spoke slowly, keeping her eyes fixed eagerly on Abigail's face.

Abigail smiled scornfully. "Dost think I am a fool, Lydia Warren? Thou art not well, and never will be." Her voice was low, but so full of passion that Rose started and stepped protectingly to her mother's side. But Lydia said no word; only an agonized look crept into the eyes that she never took from the relentless face before her.

"Thou'st had the doctor, I'll be bound, and been bled and physicked, and he hath said 'twas this and that in Latin terms; but we — we *know*, thou and I!"

Still there was no answer but that strange look. The moment the low, bitter words died away, it seemed as if they had never been spoken, so much more intense was the language of the two faces.

Suddenly Abigail drew herself up to her full height and raised one arm above her head. Her voice rang clear and full through the room.

"Dost remember, Lydia Warren, that day you came over, puffed up with pride in your ill-gotten gain? Dost remember that day when you rejoiced at my disgrace? Dost remember the times when you called your daughter from mine as though she were smitten with the plague? And did I not tell you judgment would come upon you? The wrath of the Lord is upon thee: his hand is lifted against thee. Thou art not ill, Lydia Warren, and thou knowest it: thou art *deaf*, and never wilt thou hear again!"

As the ringing tones died away, Lydia fell back insensible. Abigail herself, exhausted by the frenzy to which she had been wrought up, leaned, fairly trembling, against the door. Rose's face seemed blazing with a white light as she looked up from her mother.

"Thou art a wicked woman, Abigail Seaver," she cried, "and God will not let thee go unpunished. She is dead, and 'tis of thy doing!"

Abigail did not seem angry. Every breath she drew was giving her severe pain, but she was scarcely conscious of it yet. She spoke quietly without a trace of her former excitement.

"Hush, girl! you know not what you are saying. Lydia is not dead — 'tis but a swoon. She will soon come out of it — then give her that saffron tea I brought. She will be well now," — and, turning without a glance, she closed the door and was gone. Abigail was right. The eyes of hate are sometimes keener than those of love, and she had discovered Lydia's real trouble. Her severe cold had left her deaf; but, fearing to have it known, and be compelled to leave her high seat for a place in the deaf-pew, she had struggled to conceal it. The strain was too much for her, and she was fast breaking down under it. She was ill from the shock for two weeks; but when she recovered she was perfectly well, save for the sealed ears. Now that the secret was known she gave up all pretence. In her heart she considered it a judgment for the deceit that was still unsuspected.

But Abigail Seaver never saw Lydia sit in the deaf-pew. A sharp attack of pneumonia was the result of that bitter day, and before she recovered from that she had a stroke of paralysis that left her helpless. She could not even speak, but lay week after week watching them all with eyes that were full of a pitiful longing when she could not make herself understood. Rachel waited upon her with untiring love and patience, and even Joseph was kind to her in his undemonstrative way: he could not keep his anger against a helpless woman.

After a time she began to watch him with an intensity that annoyed him. Again and again she tried to say something to him, but he could not understand.

And so the weeks crept on, and it was almost summer. A rose-bush grew close to the window of the little bedroom where Abigail lay. She watched its stems grow red with returning life and the tiny leaves unfold day by day. Finally a crimson bud appeared, and she watched it with eager eyes, for it seemed like a promise to her. At last it opened. All day long she watched the crimson blossom tossing back and forth across the little window space, as if weaving some mysterious pattern. When Rachel came to give her her supper, she beckoned for the rose. Rachel was surprised. Few flowers blossomed in the stern Puritan life, and Abigail had never cared for them. But she grasped this flower eagerly in her poor crippled fingers, and then signed for Joseph; and when he came she put the blossom in his hands, with a look that even he could not fail to understand. A great light broke over his face.

"Trifle not with me, mother," he said huskily. "Dost mean I am to see Rose?" The eager look in her face gave place to one of perfect content.

Half an hour later the Warren household were startled by a quick knock. They were all sitting about the open fire, summer though it was; the light shone ruddily on the needles with which Lydia was knitting, and played across Daniel's weather-beaten face and hands. Rose was sitting at one side sewing. Her fair profile and the soft folds of her hair were edged with the warm light. Lydia and Daniel looked up in surprise as Joseph came in, his face shining with great happiness and a red rose in his hand. He walked across to Rose and laid the flower upon her work.

"My mother gave me this to-night," he said. She looked up at him, and before that look all the sorrow of the months that had gone was swept away forever. She said no word, and Joseph turned away and began speaking to Goodman Warren of the crops and the discourse on the last Lecture Day. Rachel listened and sewed, but the crimson petals seemed to flash light in her eyes so that she could scarcely see her work. Lydia knitted quietly on through the talk that was silence to her.

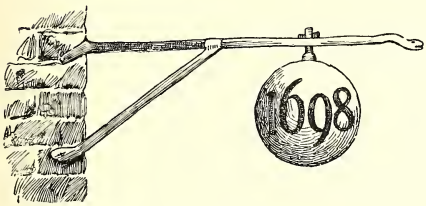
When Joseph went at nine o'clock, Rachel bid him a sober good night, as did the others. Then she went to her own room. She pressed the rose to her face, which at its touch bloomed into a color as

warm and soft. Then she put it away in a corner of her chest, folded in with some wrought linen work; but for a long time she sat there in the darkness, seeming still to feel the soft, clinging petals. The pride and passion and deceit of two lives were buried forever beneath the sealed lips and ears, and from their grave had blossomed the perfect flower of love. Rose knew nothing of this: she only knew that her patient waiting was ended. She crept softly to her little window. The moonlight was lying in broad silver bands across the meadows, and faintly in the distance she could see the outlines of the Seaver house.

---

# OLD MILK STREET, BOSTON.

*By Hamilton Andrews Hill.*




THE BLUE BALL.*

AFTER Washington and State Streets, as they are now called, — the High Street and Market Street as they were called originally, — the street which we know as Milk Street was one of the earliest highways laid out in Boston. It was the southern boundary of the homestead of Governor Winthrop — The Green — of which we shall write more particularly in another article. Robert Reynolds's lot was on the opposite side. Drake speaks of the street as "the ancient Fort Street, conducting from the governor's house to the Sconce or South Battery;" and this designation is given to it in the "Book of Possessions" (1645), in the description of Reynolds's house and land. But it was so unimportant as a thoroughfare at first, that it was not always referred to by name. The executors of Stephen Winthrop, son of the governor, in their deed conveying The Green to the Rev. John Norton, in 1659, described the estate as bounded on the south "by the highway to the seaside," and Mrs. Norton in her first deed to the brethren of the Old South Church, 1669, in giving the bounds of the land conveyed, took as a starting point "the corner post next Nathaniel Reynolds [son of Robert Reynolds] along the high streete," and, coming to the fourth side, added, "from thence [the garden of Mr. Richard Peirce] to the said corner aforesaid next the said Nathaniel Reynolds his dwelling house two hundred thirty-eight foote and one halfe." The street was called Milk Street in 1708, and was then described as follows: "From the South meeting house, passing by Mr. Borland's * and Madam Oliver's down to the sea by Holloway's [Hallowell's shipyard]." It took its name, no doubt, from the well-known street, "the milk market of mediæval London," running from Cheapside on the north to the modern Gresham Street.†

The streets which very early in the history of the town were laid out from Fort Street, on the north, were: —

First: Joyliffe's or Jolliffe's Lane, named after a much-respected citizen, who for a long period was one of the connecting links with the first settlers, and who survived until 1701. This lane was a continuation of Pudding Lane, thus described in 1708: "From the Exchange in King Street, passing by Mrs. Phillips', into Water Street." The whole thoroughfare received the name of Devonshire Street in 1784.

Second: Tanner's Lane, so called from the tanyards in the vicinity. It was

* This illustration, the Julien House and the Franklin House were redrawn by permission from "Drake's Landmarks of Boston." Roberts Brothers, Boston.

* There is some discrepancy in this description, as, according to Shurtleff, Mr. Borland did not buy the estate in Milk Street until some time after this date.

† Sir Thomas More was born in this street, — "the wisest man," says Fuller in his quaint manner, "that ever shone in that *via lactea*."

afterward called Horn Lane, because of its crookedness; and then, in 1807, Bath Street, from a bathing establishment which was there. This street was almost obliterated by the changes which followed the fire of 1872. The ancient description of it, as given by Drake, was: "From Milk Street, north, to Water Street (1708), between Major Walley's and Mr. Bridgham's land." A creek crossed Fort Street near this point, reaching nearly to what is now Summer Street (originally known as Mill Lane) opposite Chauncy; and in 1643 the leather dressers were granted a place here to water their leather.

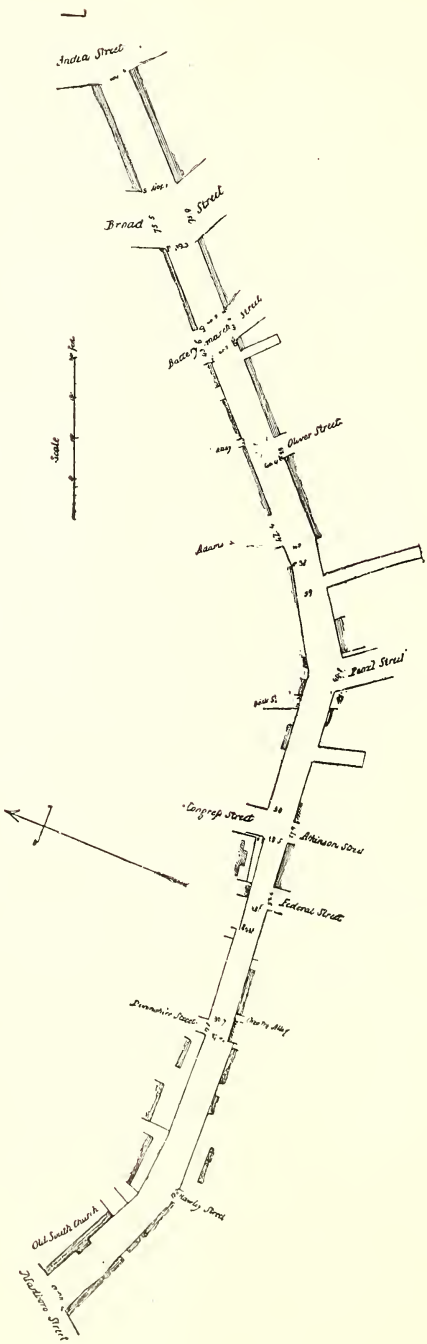
Third: Mackerel Lane. This name was given to it in 1708, when it was described as "the way leading from Justice Dummer's corner in King Street, passing over the bridge as far as Mr. Dafforn's corner in Milk Street."* The southerly portion of this lane was afterward, at different times, called Cooper's Alley, Miller's Lane and Adams Street. After the great fire of 1760, when this thoroughfare was straightened and widened, it became Kilby Street, in compliment to Christopher Kilby, a liberal and public-spirited citizen of Boston, who at that time was living in London, and who died there in 1771. The southern part, between Liberty Square and Milk Street, was called Adams Street until 1825.

Greenleaf's or Hallowell's shipyard was a part of what is now Liberty Square.

The ways diverging from "the highway to the seaside," southwardly, were: —

First: Bishop's Alley or Lane, one of the boundaries of Nathaniel Bishop's land, running "from Clark's corner in Summer Street to Brown's corner in Milk Street." This is now Hawley Street.

Second: Long Lane, which ran in a southeasterly direction to Cow Lane, now High Street. This thoroughfare received the name of Federal Street, to commemorate the State Convention which, in 1788, adopted the Federal Constitution, and which held its sessions in Dr. Belknap's meeting-house, where Dr. Channing afterward preached. To the east of Long Lane lay the land of Theodore




MILK AND COMMERCIAL STREETS IN 1820. FROM HALES'S MAPS OF BOSTON.

* August 11, 1724. "This day I view the desolation by fire, visited Mrs. Dafforn, who was carried out of her house to Mr. Daniel Oliver's for fear of the fire." — SEWALL'S DIARY.

JULIEN HOUSE.

Atkinson, one of the founders of the Old South Church, who died in 1701. In 1732 a street was opened through it to Cow Lane, and bore his name for many years, — "now," wrote Drake in 1855, "disgraced by the name of Congress Street."

Third: On the map of 1722 several ropewalks appear where Pearl Street now is. They covered a part of what had been Atkinson's land. In 1732 the alley by the side of these ropewalks received the name of Hutchinson Street, changed in 1800 to Pearl Street. The ropewalks were burned in 1798, and the street, then laid out anew, became one of the finest in the town for private residences, and so continued until the advance of the wholesale dry goods and boot and shoe business, which carried all before it in the years 1844 to 1846.

Fourth: Oliver Street, named for the Oliver family, which lived in it for generations. Madam Oliver, mentioned above, we suppose to be Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brattle, and wife of Nathaniel Oliver, a prominent man who died in 1704. At a later period the Wendell family also lived in this street.

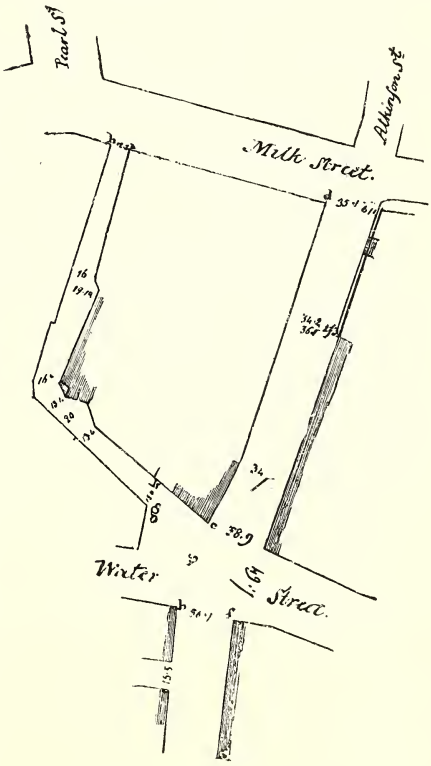
The selectmen of the town voted, May 14, 1711, to widen Milk Street on the southerly side by taking land of Mrs. Armitage, Jonathan Balston and Samuel Marshall. The breadth of the street as "enlarged" was thus recorded: "From the land of Captain Nathaniel Williams to the land of Mr. Jonathan Balston, deceased, eighteen feet; from the corner of Mackerel Lane over to Mr. Marshall's land, twenty-one feet, seven inches; from the southeast corner of Mr. Hallowell's shop cross the street, twenty-two feet, seven inches."

Hales, in his surveys of 1819, describes Commercial Street as "a continuation and formerly a part of Milk Street," beginning at the southwest corner of the Commercial Coffee House and running north and east one hundred and seven feet, four inches, to the corner against Broad Street.

Our space will allow us to speak particularly of only a few of those who lived in or near Milk Street in the olden time. The first name we shall mention will suggest Longfellow's reference to our city of Boston as an ancient palimpsest, upon the blotted page of which the historian brings to light

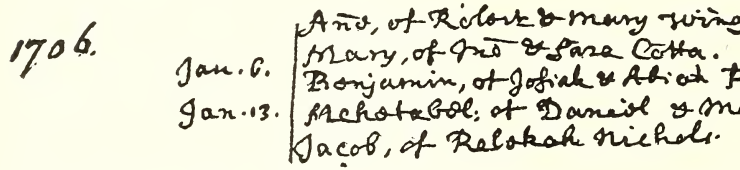
"The mournful record of an earlier age,
That, pale and half effaced, lies hidden away
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day."

William Hibbins had a house, with garden and stable, to the east of Governor



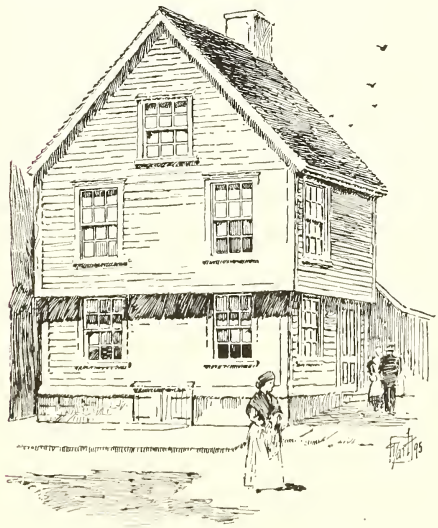

MAP SHOWING SECTION NOW POST OFFICE SQUARE. BATH STREET ON LEFT.

Winthrop's, and near to Mr. Joyliffe's. He was a man of property and a magistrate, but is said to have made heavy losses before his death, the effect of


1706.
Jan. 6.
Jan. 13.
Ann, of Robert & Mary Wing.
Mary, of Jno & Sara Cotta.
Benjamin, of Josiah & Abiah Franklin.
Mehetabel, of Daniel & Mary Willard.
Jacob, of Rebekah Nichols.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE RECORD OF FRANKLIN'S BAPTISM.

which was to increase "the natural crabbedness of his wife's temper," and to render her so odious to her neighbors that they were moved at length to accuse her of witchcraft. Although many of the most influential men in Boston sought to save her, Mrs. Ann Hibbins was condemned by the General Court and by Governor Endicott, and she was executed June 19, 1656. Some one has said that she was hanged for a witch when she was only a scold; on the other hand, it was whispered at the time that she was really punished because she had more wit than her neighbors.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH FRANKLIN WAS BORN.

In the next generation there lived in this vicinity, and perhaps on what had been a part of Mr. Hibbins's land, a very prominent man, John Walley, who was a member of the court of assistants, a judge of the Superior Court, and a citizen soldier of the first rank. As lieutenant-general he commanded the troops in the disastrous expedition against Quebec in 1690. He was subjected, says President Quincy, like all unsuccessful commanders, to the suspicion of misconduct, but public opinion finally settled into a firm conviction that the causes of the failure were insufficiency of preparation and ignorance of the difficulty of the attempt, rather than any fault of the general. Twice after this he was chosen captain of the artillery company, as he had been once before. In his funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Pemberton of the Old South, he was characterized as "a true servant of his generation," and as one of the "main and most ancient pillars" of that church. One of his daughters, Elizabeth, married the Rev. Joseph Sewall; another, Sarah, was the mother of the Rev. Charles Chauncy. The house built by Major Walley, as he was usually called, descended to his son John, a merchant,* on whose death in 1755 it was sold out of the family. It was advertised in the papers as containing "upwards of twenty rooms."

On the opposite side of Tanner's Lane from Mr. Walley's was Mr. Bridgham's house and land. This had been owned previously by John Spoore or Spurre, who, in 1651, was excommunicated from the First Church "for his insolent bearing witness against baptism and singing and the church covenant as noe ordinances of God." The property came into the hands of Deacon Henry Bridgham, a noted tanner, as were members of his family to the third generation. Before his death, Mr. Bridgham built a

* The second John Walley married Bethiah, daughter of John and Katharine Eyre. After Mr. Eyre's death, his widow married Wait Winthrop.

mansion house, which, surviving the destructive fire of 1760 that swept the neighhorhood, was known a hundred years ago as the Julien House or "Julien's Restorator," * and was taken down in 1824. It stood in a grass plot and was fenced in from the street. The estate passed to Francis Borland in 1735, to Thomas Clement in 1787, and to Monsieur Julien in 1794. During a

MILK STREET IN THE EARLY PART OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

portion of this time Joseph Calef, also a tanner, was a tenant. Indeed, the shoe and leather industry of Boston may be said to have had its birth in Fort or Milk Street. Among the first dwellers

* M. Julien was a French refugee, who is said to have come to this country with Dubuque. His soup is as much of a favorite in Boston to-day as it was a hundred years ago. The estate was thus described in the town records, 1798: "Citizen Julien, owner and occupier, wooden dwelling; South on Milk Street; East on Dalton Street; West on Eb. Niles; North on Dr. Homans. Land, 6286 square feet; house, 1440 square feet; 3 stories, 18 windows; value, $6000."

BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES POLLOCK.

MILK STREET BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1872.

on the south side, facing toward Governor Winthrop's land, were Robert Reynolds, already mentioned, "cordwainer," John Stevenson, shoemaker, and Nathaniel Bishop, currier.

After the fire of 1760, Leverett's Lane, afterward Quaker Lane, was extended from Water Street to Milk, and the extension was called Dalton's Lane; in 1788 the thoroughfare was called Congress Street.

In the records of the selectmen we find the following entry, April 27, 1691: "Granted libertie to Josiah Frankline to erect a building of eight foote square upon the land belonging to Lt. Nath. Reynolds neare the South Meetinge house." This was the beginning of the humble house in which, for several years, dwelt Josiah or Josias Franklin, who came to this country from England in 1685, and who married his second wife, Abiah Folger of Nantucket, in 1689; here, as is generally believed, his youngest son, Benjamin, was born, January 6, 1706, old style; and from here, on the same day, the future philosopher and statesman was carried across the street to the South Meeting-House, to be baptized by the Rev. Samuel Willard, in whose handwriting the record of the baptism stands, as reproduced in these pages.

There are those who maintain that Benjamin Franklin was born in a house on the corner of Union and Hanover Streets, to which his father moved his residence and (perhaps) place of business from Milk Street, taking with him, as we suppose, the Blue Ball, which had been his sign since 1698. The settlement of the question depends, of course, upon the date of the removal. Dr. Shurtleff says that the Hanover Street property was conveyed to Mr. Franklin by Peter Sergeant and his wife Mehitable, formerly wife of Thomas Cooper, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1711–12, Benjamin then being six years old. This seems to be decisive. It is possible, of course, that the Franklin family occupied the house in Hanover Street several years before they acquired a title to it, but of this, so far as we know, there is no proof. Dr. Sparks

BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES POLLOCK.

MILK STREET AFTER THE FIRE.

satisfied himself that the removal did not take place until after the birth of Benjamin, and this is certainly in the line of almost unvarying tradition.

Dr. Shurtleff thus describes the Milk Street house: "The main house resembled in form some of the tenements of the olden time which have been preserved till now. Its front upon the street was rudely clapboarded, and the sides and rear were protected from the inclemencies of a New England climate by large, rough shingles. On the street it measured about twenty feet; and on the sides (the westerly of which was bounded by the passageway, and contained the doorway, approached by two steps) the extreme length of the building, including a wooden lean-to used as a kitchen, was about thirty feet. In height the house was about three stories, the upper being an attic, which presented a pointed gable toward the street. In front, the second story and attic projected somewhat into the street over the principal story on the ground floor."

Josiah Franklin continued in the membership of the Old South Church until his death in 1745. At an election for deacons in this church in 1719, when Bartholomew Green and Daniel Henchman were chosen, he received several votes.

The portion of the Reynolds estate with which we are now concerned, after having been owned by the Fosdick family for many years, was purchased in 1794 by Mr. John Sweetser, a wealthy merchant, who gave the beautiful glass chandelier which for nearly seventy-five years hung in the Old South Meeting-House. Mr. Sweetser died in 1802. He had previously conveyed the property to his nephew, John Sweetser Lillie, who was the occupant of the old house when it was destroyed by fire in December, 1810. The house and land were thus described in the city records in 1798: "John S. Lillie, owner and occupier; wooden dwelling; North on Milk Street; East on Niles; West on a passageway; South on Widow Fosdick. Land, 620 square feet; house, 620 square feet; 2 stories, 13 windows; value $700." Snow, writing of Franklin's birthplace in 1825, refers "to the house which lately stood where the

THE FEDERAL STREET FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE AFTER THE FIRE.

THE POST OFFICE FROM POST OFFICE SQUARE.

furniture warehouse now stands in Milk Street, nearly opposite the south door" of the meeting-house.

A traveller from Alabama, who visited Boston in 1823, and published an interesting account of what he saw here and elsewhere in 1826, writes as follows: "It will be recollected that Doctor Franklin was a native of Boston. Almost the first object of my curiosity, after my arrival in the city, was to inquire for the spot where his parents resided; but to my great surprise his family was scarcely recollected. After much inquiry and heartrending researches, I discovered the place where the house once stood to be opposite the Old South Church in Milk Street, though the place was occupied by another building."

EFFECT OF THE FIRE ON GRANITE WALLS.

Our illustration of Milk Street, looking toward Washington Street (p. 101), is taken from a painting which belonged to the late Abbott Lawrence, dating back to the early years of the present century. In this picture we see, to the left, the corner of a large house, representing, as we suppose, the mansion built by William Bowdoin, which afterward descended to his daughter, who married her cousin James, only son of the governor of the same name. Mr. James Bowdoin, who will always be remembered as the generous friend of Bowdoin College, went abroad under Mr. Jefferson's appointment, first as minister to Spain, and then as associate special minister with General Armstrong to France; and in his absence from the country his house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Winthrop, the latter being his niece. Here our honored fellow-citizen, Mr. Robert Charles Winthrop (lately deceased), was born May 12, 1809, and spent the first two years of his life, and hither he frequently came in his childhood, on Thanksgiving and other occasions. "The first object that met his eyes," said Colonel Henry Lee at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, "as he was held to the window, were the Old South Meeting-House and its parsonage, standing on the Governor's Green, the home of his ancestor, the wise and beneficent founder of the town and state." Mr. Winthrop's recollections of the house and grounds were quite distinct; and from a conversation with him a few months ago we are able to give some account of them. The front door was on Milk Street and opened into a large hall with rooms on either side; the windows of the drawing-room looked out upon the garden, which went back nearly if not quite to Franklin Place. This was one of the finest gardens in Boston (another being Governor Bowdoin's on Beacon Street), and it contained a profusion of flowers and a great variety of fruit trees,—apples, pears and peaches. Mr. Winthrop remembered particularly the choice variety of pears, including Saint Michael, Brown Beurré, Monsieur Jean, Saint Germain, and some kinds not now known. The description of the estate in 1798, in the town records of "Bounds and Valuations," is as follows: "James Bowdoin, owner and occupier; brick and wooden dwelling; North on Milk Street; East on T. K. Jones; West on Bishop's Alley. Land, 44,135 square feet; house, 3,124 square feet; 3 stories, 31 windows; value, $12,000." After Mr. Bowdoin's death in 1811, his widow, who became the wife of General Henry Dearborn, continued to occupy the mansion while she lived. She bequeathed it, with other property, to her great niece, Mrs. Sarah Bowdoin Sullivan, wife of Mr. George Sullivan, on the condition that her two sons should assume the name of

Bowdoin, which they did. Mrs. Sullivan subsequently moved to New York, and the house was used as a hotel, and was called, we believe, the Mansion House.

Some time between the years 1843 and 1846 the furniture warehouse mentioned by Snow was succeeded by a fine granite block which bore the inscription "The Birthplace of Franklin." * During the same period, Milk Street was completely transformed from a street of pleasant residences to one of imposing granite warehouses, occupied for the most part by dry goods importing and commission firms. Near to the Franklin building was Bowdoin Block, on the site of Mr. Bowdoin's mansion, consisting of three stores, owned by Andrew Carney; and beyond this was Morton Block, consisting of five stores, owned by Pliny Cutler and others. On the northerly side of the street, the Old South Block, three stores, was built on the site of the two brick parsonage houses erected in 1809; also Sewall Block, three stores, on land owned at the time of the Revolution by James Boutineau, a royalist; a block built by Abbott Lawrence, for the occupancy of A. & A. Lawrence & Company and other firms; and Milk Street Block, four stores, facing Federal Street. All these buildings except the Old South and Sewall Blocks were destroyed in the fire of 1872.

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES POLLOCK.

MODERN MILK STREET.

The corner stone of a new federal building for the post office and sub-treasury was laid on the sixteenth of October, 1871. When the great fire a year later (November 9, 10, 1872) was threatening destruction in every direction, its progress northward was arrested by the massive walls of this building which held it in check successfully at that point.* One of our illustrations shows how the walls looked after the fire, battered and smoky, like those of a fortress which had been besieged. It serves to show also the original plan of the General Govern-

* The present building of iron, erected since the fire of 1872, bears the same inscription, with a bust representing Faust, which is said to have served as a sign for Ebenezer T. Andrews and Isaiah Thomas.

* By permission of the Government, the Bostonian Society, in 1892, placed a bronze tablet on the corner of Milk and Devonshire Streets, with an inscription suitably commemorating the event.

ment in the erection of this building, which was to be about one half its present size. Advantage was taken of the vacant land on the east to extend the proposed accommodations for the post office, and to bring the federal courts under the same roof. The wisdom of the men who anticipated the growth of the trade and commerce of Boston, and who boldly planned for it, and that of the Government which accepted and acted upon their judgment, have been amply vindicated. Post Office Square, or as it should be called, Federal Square, is an attestation of this.

## HEALTH'S EXILES.

*By Amos R. Wells.*

O DIAMOND isle upon a diamond sea,
Wherein our Stevenson — and England's — died,
Loathing thy loveliness, and weary-eyed
Turning from all thy softening sorcery
As the romance-maker of the Odyssey
Spurned Circe's coils, and day long sat beside
The cruel beauteous waves whose further tide
Touched home and friends and proud Penelope, —
Full many a sister scene as vainly fair
Holds guests as anguished with their perfumed chains,
Strong souls that sick and swooning bodies bear,
Exiles for health's sake from their native plains;
Ah, heavy task, when half their health is there,
Back in the home-land where their heart remains!

## CIRCUMSTANCE.

*By Dorothea Lummis.*

TAWDRY and tired, she flaunted in,
Dragging a child, neglected, thin,
Ill-fed, one ankle slightly lame,
A thing of accident and shame.

Bold glances and a painted smile
This mother wears. Across the aisle,
Watching the two with yearning eyes,
A wife, and childless, sits and sighs.

# THE FIRST HARVARD GRADUATE KILLED IN THE REVOLUTION.*

*By Charles Knowles Bolton.*

FROM A PHOTO. BY PERMISSION OF WALTER STIMSON.

SPOT WHERE CAPTAIN GARDNER FELL. NORTH AVENUE, NEAR SPRUCE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN Isaac Gardner, Jr., was born, May 9, 1726, Brookline was a village of less than fifty families. The names Aspinwall, Gardner, Winchester and White were familiar then as now, but others like Boylston, Devotion and Sewall, famed in their day, survive only upon the map. Through the present Washington and Walnut Streets the western stages passed on their way to Roxbury and Boston Neck. In summer when there was no ice between Beacon Hill and the Cambridge shore, professors and students took the long circuit through Brookline if they wished to reach the college town by land. From the tavern near the junction of Walnut and Washington Streets, with its sign of the punch bowl, the village was known for many miles around as "Punch Bowl Village."

Isaac Gardner, Sr., lived on the east side of Brighton Street, which under its modern name of Chestnut Hill Avenue runs from Boylston Street near Heath to the Beacon Street reservoir. This Mr. Gardner had been married to Susanna Heath, and their son was thus connected more or less directly with the leading families in Brookline, Roxbury and Cambridge. He was a farmer, and the town records show that he was chosen a field-driver in 1714, a fence-viewer in 1717, a surveyor of highways in 1721, and on March 1, 1725, a selectman of the town. In matters relating to the little schoolhouse at the corner of Warren and Walnut Streets, where doubtless his children mastered the three R's, and in the affairs of the meeting-house close by, he took an active interest. At the age of sixteen Isaac, his son, entered Harvard. Until the class of 1773, boys were arranged according to social position, a system which caused heartburns and sometimes called forth letters from the boys' parents stating their claims to distinction.

In a class of twenty-eight the farmer's son ranked twentieth. William Ellery, afterward a delegate to the Continental Congress, was the only scholar in the class who came into much prominence. Artemas Ward, later a major-general, was in the class below him, and James Bowdoin in that of 1745. Isaac graduated in 1747 and received his Master of Arts degree in due time.

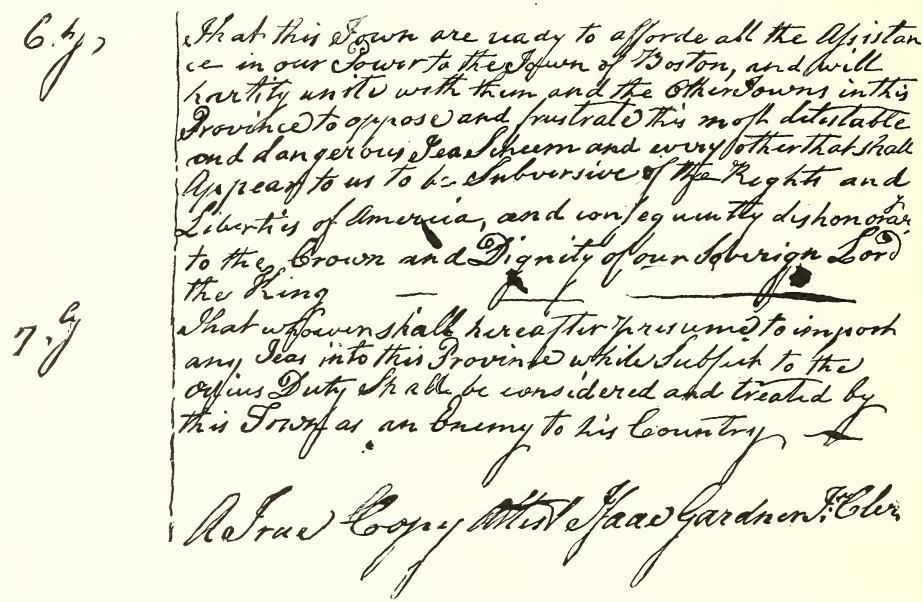
He at once took an interest in the affairs of the town, rose to be captain of the local militia, and in 1751 was one of a committee "To Take Care for the Supply of ye Pulpit." Later he led the singing at church.

On the twenty-sixth of April, 1753, he was married in Brookline to Mary Sparhawk, "Rev. Mr. Nathl. Appleton" performing the service. Of their ten children a number lived to manhood and womanhood, and are still represented in the town. Their eldest son, General Isaac S. Gardner, died in 1818, at the age of sixty.

*The assertion that Isaac Gardner, Jr., was the first Harvard graduate killed in the Revolution is based upon the fact that he is the only man in the list of Americans killed April 19, 1775, given in the 1894 year-book of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, whose name appears in the Quinquennial Catalogue of Harvard University (1890) as dead in 1775.

An enumeration of the offices which Isaac Gardner, Jr., held will show to some extent the work done by an efficient town officer, and will give some idea of the influence which his words had in the growing indignation that was to spread from town to town and join them in an irrevocable bond against the government of George the Third. "1758, March ye 6th. Voted Isaac Gardner jnr. Chosen Town Clerk & Treasurer sworn." These offices he held by re-election until they were separated in 1768. He retained the former, being elected for the last time on the sixth of March, 1775, six weeks before his death. The records kept during the stirring months preceding the battle of Lexington are in his handwriting.

In 1760 he was chosen a selectman, and continued in this office until 1774, excepting the years 1761 and 1770. The records in 1763 first give the "Esq'r," by which style he was afterward designated on account of his office as "one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace;" his appointment, however, was dated November 5, 1761. In the year 1763 he was chosen on a committee to dispose of Mr. Obediah Druce's pew, which sold for £6 13*s.* 4*d.* the following year. In 1771 he shared the responsibility of raising a steeple for the bell to be sent from England by Thomas Boylston. Doubtless these many cares had forced him to give up the treasurer's duties. May 19, 1768, it was "Voted Unanimously that the Thanks of the town be given to Isaac Gardner Esq'r as being Treasurer to Said Town a Number of Years."


6.ly That this Town are ready to afforde all the Assistance in our Power to the Town of Boston, and will hartily unite with them and the Other Towns in this Province to oppose and mistrate this most detestable and dangerous Tea Scheme and every Other that shall appear to us to be Subversive of the Rights and Liberties of America, and consequently dishonour to the Crown and Dignity of our Soverign Lord the King

7.ly That whoever shall hereafter presume to import any Tea into this Province while Subject to the aforesaid Duty Shall be considered and treated by this Town as an Enemy to his Country

A True Copy Attest Isaac Gardner Jr. Clerk

In 1767 Mr. Gardner's father died at the age of eighty-two, and in August, 1768, his mother's death followed.* The Gardners were fated to have more houses burned than any other family in the town, from which it might perhaps be inferred that they were "cold-blooded," to use the current expression, and kept dangerously large fires on the hearth. Isaac Gardner, Jr., inherited his father's home,

* The Gardner Family.

Isaac Gardner (died March 11, 1767, aged 82 years, son of Thomas, third of that given name in Cambridge) and Susanna Heath, his wife (died August 18, 1768, aged 76 years), had a son:

i. Isaac, born at Brookline May 9, 1726; killed April 19, 1775.

Isaac Gardner, Jr. (killed April 19, 1775, aged 49 years), married, April 26, 1753, Mary Sparhawk (died December 26, 1778, aged 48 years). They had:

i. Susanna, born February 2, 1754. Married, June 26, 1776, Dr. William Aspinwall. She died June 2, 1814. He died April 26, 1823. A son, Colonel Thomas Aspinwall was consul at London from 1815 to 1853.

ii. Mary, born April 15, 1756. Married, May 6, 1783, Isaac Reed of Lexington and Littleton. He and his son, Isaac Gardner Reed, were Harvard graduates.

iii. Isaac Sparhawk, born November 21, 1758. General Gardner married, June 13, 1784, Mary, daughter of Samuel Sparhawk of Cambridge, and had ten children. He was a Harvard graduate.

and in two weeks after his mother's death (September 2) the house was burned to the ground. A new house was erected on the ruins.

The spirit of revolution had already gathered strength. At a meeting of the inhabitants December 15, 1767, Isaac Gardner, Esq., was for the first time chosen moderator, and it was "Voted Unanimously that this town will take all prudent and Legal Measures to promote Industry, Occonimy & Manufactures in this Province & in any of the British American Colonies, and will likewise take all Legal Measures to Discourage the Use of European Superfluities." A committee of five, including Mr. Gardner, were appointed to prepare a form for subscription against receiving the "Superfluities."

In answer to a letter from the town of Boston to the selectmen of Brookline it was voted, December 28, 1772, "that there be a Committee now Chosen to write to the Committee of Correspondence in Boston and communicate to them a true attested Copy of the foregoing Votes [six votes relating to the rights of the colonists and their infringement following the "alarming steps towards . . . setting up an despotic Government in the Province"] and also further correspond with said Committee of Boston or any other Towns if they shall think it needful." Mr. Gardner was one of the committee of seven appointed.

A year later the announcement that a number of ships had sailed for America loaded with tea on which a tax of threepence a pound would be levied to enforce the king's authority set the country in a blaze. The last week of November, 1773, Brookline resolved —

"6ly. That this Town are ready to afforde all the Assistance in our Power to the Town of Boston, and will hartily unite with them and the Other Towns in this Province to oppose and frustrate this most detestable and dangerous Tea Scheem and every other that shall Appear to us to be Subversive of the Rights and Liberties of America, and consequently dishonorary to the Crown and Dignity of our Soverign Lord the King.

"7ly. That whoever shall hereafter presume to import any Teas into this Province while Subject to the odius Duty shall be considered and treated by this Town as an Enemy to his Country.

"A True Copy Attest

"ISAAC GARDNER T. Cler."

JOHN HEATH OF BROOKLINE.

SILHOUETTE USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. HENRY F. DANA.

The little group of men, headed by Captain Benjamin White, Captain Thomas Aspinwall and Isaac Gardner, Jr., Esq., were rapidly drifting toward open rebellion. The first of September, 1774, Mr. Gardner was chosen one of five delegates to a county convention for Suffolk. At meetings held September 6 at the house of Richard Woodward of Dedham and September 9 at the house of Daniel Vose of Milton a committee, including the three delegates from Brookline, were chosen to wait upon Governor Gage and remonstrate against the fortifications on Boston Neck and the insults of the soldiers there. At the same meeting in Brookline these significant instructions were given to a committee: "to Examine into the state of Said Town as to There Milatary preparations for War, in case of a Suden attack from our Enemies, and make Report at the Adjournment of this Meeting." The winter was passed in uneasiness and in preparation for the conflict which was already foreshadowed. The town election of officers was held as usual in March.

iv. Sybil, born July 18, 1760. Married, October 3, 1782, Rev. Cornelius Waters of Goffstown, New Hampshire. She died February 20, 1802.

v. William, born August 3, 1762. Died September 6, 1831, at Avon Springs, New York, having gone there from his home at Manlius on account of his wife's health.

vi. Elizabeth, born January 22, 1763. Died November 29, 1777.

vii. Thomas, born October 3, 1765. Married, in 1790, Abigail, daughter of Judge Ebenezer Champney of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, and had seven children. Represented Groton, Massachusetts, in the General Court 1811. Died in November, 1833.

viii. Abigail, born October 8, 1767. Married, February 27, 1800, Luke Nichols of Weathersfield, Vermont. She died March 18, 1843.

ix. John, born October 4, 1769. Died November 30, 1769.

x. Hannah, born January 25, 1771. Married, October 15, 1789, Thomas Gardner of Cambridge, son of Colonel Gardner who died from wounds received at the battle of Bunker Hill

Tuesday, the eighteenth of April, 1775, Dorothy Dudley wrote in her diary: "To-day nine Redcoats stopped at Bradish tavern for dinner and then galloped on toward Lexington. I wonder what mischief is in the wind." That night at half past ten Lieutenant Colonel Smith embarked from the Common which then sloped down to the bay), landed his men on the opposite shore, and marched all night to seize the military stores at Lexington. He met the minute-men on the Green at five o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth. At nine Lord Percy marched out of Boston with eleven hundred men to his relief. The soldiers came along the Neck to the grist mill, now Providence crossing; turning sharply to the right they followed Tremont Street past the pudding-stone ledges now fast disappearing, past the Downer house in Brookline village, and the Punch Bowl tavern, through Harvard Street and Coolidge's Corner to the river, by the colleges in Cambridge to Menotomy, and as far as the turn in the road just east of Lexington Green. While the regulars were marching through Brookline, observed from the windows and rail fences by excited men and boys, Smith was at Concord. At half past two his exhausted men retreating were received within a hollow square formed by Lord Percy's reinforcements. A little later the combined forces began the return through North Avenue in North Cambridge, harassed on every side by the minute-men and farmers. At six o'clock the regulars were in front of Jacob Watson's house near Spruce Street, now (1895) occupied by Mr. Walter Stimson.

THE GARDNER GRAVE.

The minute-men of Brookline had assembled in front of the church the same day. Captain Gardner, says Miss Woods in her "Historical Sketches," felt that he should not return alive, and his farewell to his wife and children was particularly affecting. As he hastened toward the church he stopped a moment to ask the wife of Deacon Davis, who passed him in her chaise, to call upon Mrs. Gardner on the way and comfort her.

The militia crossed the fields "as the crow flies" toward Lexington. "When the Brookline men reached West Cambridge," writes Colonel Aspinwall, whose father was one of the party, "the British troops were resting at Lexington, and they endeavored to get within musket range of the British pickets, at least to see them when they came. An irregular fire

took place; but when the British began to move toward Boston, the militia scattered, some to a distance and others to various covers to harass the retreating enemy."

General Heath in his "Memoirs" continues the story: "Several of the militia (among whom was Isaac Gardner, Esq., of Brookline, a valuable citizen) imprudently posted themselves behind some dry casks, at Watson's Corner, and near to the road, unsuspicious of the enemy's flank-guard, which came behind them and killed every one of them dead on the spot." Captain Gardner's body was pierced by balls and bayonets in twelve places. The spot where he fell is on the southerly side of North Avenue, not many feet to the east of Spruce Street. He was the only patriot killed that day who had received a degree from Harvard College.

After the retreat of the British troops the body was found; in the morning his neighbor, Mr. John Heath, drove over to Cambridge and conveyed it to the home of his widow. The deepest sorrow prevailed throughout the town. Brookline gave one of the foremost of her officers, one of the most beloved and respected of her citizens, to the defence of the liberties of the province. The pent-up fires of indignation could no longer be restrained; war had begun, and the people gladly staked their all upon the issue.

Isaac Gardner, Jr., was buried in the old graveyard on Walnut Street near the church. The stone is on a gentle hill beneath a towering pine tree. The marker of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution tells the stranger that this is a soldier's grave; and the little flag fluttering in the autumn wind symbolizes a great nation which he, dying at the threshold of its struggle for existence, never beheld.

# THE PRISM.

*By John White Chadwick.*

"Time, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

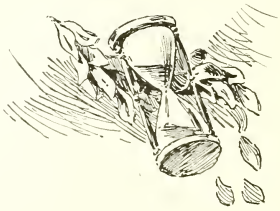
SHELLEY, 'tis greatly said, — and yet I would
That thou hadst been a century later born:
Then with far less of this majestic scorn
Hadst thou the mystery of Time withstood;
Some clearer vision of her steadfast good
Had come to thee in this our brighter morn
Of knowledge, and some voice profound to warn
Thy daring speech. For, lo, if but we could
Speak simple truth, the dome of Time would be
No glass discoloring God's eternal light;
Rather a glorious prism which, as the night
Makes heaven stars, His white infinity
Makes warm and tender, and we live impearled
With all the sweet perfection of the world.

# THE HARPER

THE bronzed old harper came and played
His tunes along the quiet street;
And, O, the music that he made
Was rarely soft and strangely sweet!
His sunburned fingers were so fleet,
It seemed as if each chord obeyed
Some wild desire, long delayed,
That in each string had silent beat.

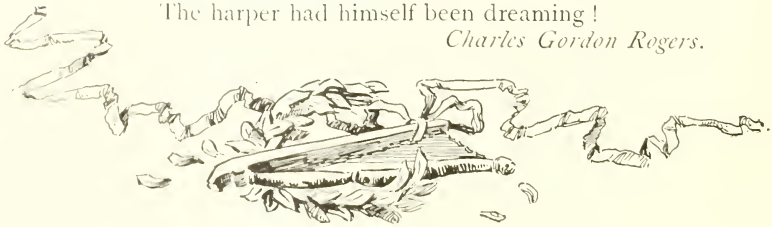
And stifled echoes of my brain,
Which dormant in that prison deep
Had been, now answering stirred their chain,
As troubled children turn in sleep.
And waking, with a joyous leap
They bounded forth, a happy train,
And laughing turned, and turned again,
And bade me follow in their keep!

For as that lyric harmony
Fell on my lost yet listening ear,
Another scene I seemed to see;
And other music, yet more near,
Within the first I seemed to hear.
The mad brook laughed again for me;
And glad as when I too was free,
The lark's high note rose wild and clear!



Old Time had turned his glass; and through
Their crystal girdle, silver gleaming
As falling waters to the view,
The sands of other years went streaming!
The music ceased — and ceased the seeming
Which from my brain that music drew;
But by his face full well I knew
The harper had himself been dreaming!

*Charles Gordon Rogers.*



# A TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

*By John P. Ritter.*

THE year 1843 was memorable throughout New England as a period of great religious excitement. The prophecies of William Miller and his disciples that the second coming of the Messiah was near at hand had found a multitude of believers, and in many localities secular occupations were wholly neglected, the people giving themselves up day and night to penitential psalms and prayer and trembling expectation.

Among the green hills of Vermont, in the township of Marlboro, a little band of these earnest enthusiasts had gathered together upon the banks of the Branch — a mill stream then famous for its trout — where they lived in tents, like the patriarchs of old, praying, fasting and exhorting each other to prepare for the impending dread event. From the rising to the setting of the sun the hills around echoed to their singing. The farmers, urging their toiling teams along the neighboring roads, would become grave and thoughtful as the solemn chorus floated by them on the wind; for they were for the most part simple-minded men, who could not but be impressed by the earnestness of the singers.

On Sundays they would drive into the camp with their wives and children, not to join in the religious exercises of the occasion, but to look on curiously at the scenes enacted there. It was universally conceded that there never had been in all that neighborhood a camp meeting to equal it; such heartfelt praying, such eloquent exhorting and such spontaneous, exultant singing had never been heard before. Many a hardened sinner, who had come there to indulge a scoffing curiosity, received the gift of grace and became converted. The tents along the borders of the grassy stream, which at first were but ten in number, soon increased to fifteen, to twenty, to twenty-five, until the camp finally assumed the proportions of a fair-sized village. As the summer advanced the conversions became more and more numerous. Half the community seemed to have suddenly awakened to a realization of their sins and to the necessity of preparing for the judgment day.

Old Jack Blanchard's girl Melissa drove into the camp one Sunday afternoon from Sodom. This was the name bestowed upon a cluster of farmhouses down in Mass Hollow, because the families living in them worked in the fields on the Lord's Day. Melissa entered the grounds in company with Mather Dunklee, a young Sodomite whom she had promised to marry. But they had not come there to worship. They had come rather as Philistines, prepared to scoff and jeer at every demonstration of religious ecstasy made by the chosen of God.

They found a considerable number of people assembled. The farmers from far and near had driven to the camp to hear the teachings of the strange new sect which had been making so many converts among them, and the fields bordering the enclosure were dotted with their teams. With their wives and little ones they strolled among the tents, peering in curiously at those which were open to see how their occupants were engaged. The door of one was completely blocked by a chattering, laughing throng, and Melissa vainly tried to catch a glimpse through the sea of heads of what was going on inside.

"Give me a boost, Mather," she said. "I can't see through these folk's backs."

Her lover lifted her clear off the ground, and she then saw what occasioned so much merriment in those around her. Kneeling upon the bare ground was an old, gray-haired man, his hands clasped, his wrinkled face uplifted beseechingly to heaven, while in a quavering voice he was calling upon God to

pardon his past iniquities, so that he might be numbered among the lambs at the fast approaching day of doom. At this spectacle she could not restrain a jeering laugh, for she recognized in the aged penitent a notoriously wicked Sodomite — Jonas Allen — whom she had known from infancy as the boon companion of her father in his drinking spells.

"The wretched hypocrite!" she exclaimed as her feet touched the ground again. "What do you think of it, Mather?" she continued, turning to her lover. "It's old Jonas Allen — that drunken old scamp who never opens his mouth but to curse — down on his knees, pulling a long face and praying to the God whose name he's never spoke but in vain. Bless me! if this ain't as good as a county fair!"

It was in this spirit that she soon afterward entered the big central tent where the Adventists were holding their services. Here several hundred people were packed together upon rude plank benches, facing a raised platform which was reserved for the active participants in the meeting. As she drew her lover down beside her on a bench near the door, she whispered: —

"Now, don't get converted, Mather; for *I* don't want a psalm-singing husband, if others do."

They sat there holding hands, after the manner of rustic lovers, for some time, criticising the various speakers in whispers, and tittering audibly when some emotional Adventist interpolated sonorous "Amens" into the prayers. At length a young man of distinguished appearance advanced to the front of the platform and commenced to harangue the audience. His figure was that of a typical New Englander, tall and angular, and his features were sharp in outline; but his clear blue eyes were those of a thoroughly sincere man, and their steadfast gaze compelled attention.

He began in low, distinct tones; but warming to his theme as he proceeded, his voice gradually increased in volume, until the tent shook with his eloquent appealings. He told his hearers that the faith of the Adventists was founded upon the word of God, upon the prophecies proclaimed in the Bible. He demonstrated that recent events in the world's history pointed convincingly to the speedy fulfilment of those prophecies. He endeavored to impress upon the minds of all present the urgent necessity of preparing for the Messiah's coming; and in the course of his pleadings he recited a story which aroused all the dormant susceptibilities for good in Melissa's wayward nature.

"I had a good Christian mother," he said. "She did all that such a mother could do to instil into my heart a love of religion. Over my childhood she exercised an angel's influence; but as I grew to manhood and began serving my apprenticeship in the world, I forgot her teachings and entered upon a career of vanity and wickedness."

At this point Mather bent his head toward his sweetheart to make some jesting remark; but she motioned him to silence. She was all attention now.

"Oh, how she bore with me! how she prayed for me!" continued the speaker. "But I laughed at her solicitude and made light of her prayers. Suddenly she was called to appear before the judgment seat of God. But she had watched and waited every day of her life for her Master's coming; and the summons of the dread archangel found her ready. As I stood bowed down by sorrow at the side of her coffin, I cried aloud in the anguish of my soul, 'Why did not God take me instead of her?' Conscience gave back the answer: 'Miserable man! If thou hadst been taken, who could have answered for thy salvation?' Yes! Then I realized how utterly unfit I was to die. God had taken home the saint and in his infinite mercy had spared the sinner. And, brethren, he is sparing you. He is giving you each and all a merciful chance to make ready against his coming. I implore you, as you love your own souls, as you hope to meet again the loved ones gone before, not to throw it away. Even now, while I speak, the fateful judgment trump may sound, and the heavens open, and God in his wrath descend to cast you into outer darkness."

The preacher now broke forth into the most passionate entreaties that all there present who were walking in the paths of

wickedness would repent before it was too late. His utterances were interrupted by frequent sobs from different parts of the audience. Men and women were seen to fall upon their knees, swaying back and forth with the violence of their emotions. Suddenly he stopped speaking, and, in the momentary silence that followed, a pleading little voice was heard to cry out somewhere near the door of the tent: —

"Lord Jesus, have mercy upon poor me, a sinner!"

It was Melissa. She was now upon her knees on the ground, her dark head bowed between her hands, convulsive sobs shaking her slight frame — a perfect picture of desolation and despair. Her lover kept his place upon the bench from which she had slid, with a scowl upon his brow; for somehow he felt that Melissa was drawing away from him, — that she was already far removed.

The speaker, in referring to his mother, had touched a responsive chord in the young girl's heart; for she too had had a loving, Christian mother who had watched over her girlhood with the tenderest care. She too had grown up to be neglectful of that mother's teachings. She could see that pale, suffering face just as it lay in the coffin. How reproachful, yet how forgiving, was its expression! She remembered how at that time she had prayed that death might take her also. Then came the preacher's terror-inspiring words, "If thou hadst been taken, who could have answered for thy salvation?" They made her shudder with a realizing sense of her great unworthiness. But God had spared her. There might be a chance yet for her to repent and amend her ways; and in the anguish of her heart she had cried aloud for mercy.

It was a clear, cool Sunday morning early in September. The bell of the Congregationalist meeting-house in Marlboro town rang out sharply on the crisp air, and the roads leading toward it from north, east, south and west were dotted with the wagons of the country folk who, dressed in their best apparel, were going in to service.

Those who passed through Sodom on their way might have seen a coarse-featured, red-faced man, whose shaggy beard and unkempt hair fell upon his breast and shoulders, sitting in the doorway of a small, weather-stained farmhouse, smoking a short-stemmed pipe. Old Jack Blanchard — for it was he — was one of that class to be found in every farming community, who are content to till their land for the bare subsistence that it can afford them, having no ambition beyond. He was industrious by fits and starts, when it was necessary for him to be so. When it was not, he devoted himself with great assiduity to the task of emptying the cider kegs in his cellar; and old Jack took particular care that his cellar was always plentifully stocked with this invigorating liquor. When his wife was alive, he was not quite the worthless character he had latterly become. She had been an industrious woman with a will of her own, and her husband had entertained a wholesome respect for her. He had been forced into the fields because she would not tolerate his presence in the house; but since her death he had been free to do as he pleased. He raised a few potatoes, a little corn, and a hog or two each year, stored sufficient hay in his rickety barn to keep a horse alive, and could boast of a solitary cow. The only product of his farm in which he took any particular interest was the crop which his apple orchard brought forth. This he carefully gathered, to the smallest fruit, and carted to the nearest cider mill to have made into the inspiring liquor which he loved so much. His daughter Melissa now kept house for him; and as she was of a timid, gentle nature, he bullied her as he pleased.

As he sat gazing upon the sunny fields on this particular Sunday morning, the thought occurred to him that if he wished to save his scanty crop of corn from the frost which might ruin it now at any time, he had better begin harvesting it at once. So, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he rose and entered the house. He had been drinking very heavily of late, and was in a surly mood. Moreover he was much put out at the thought of the hard work that was before him. Going to the

foot of the steep ladder of boards that served as a stairway to the attic above, he called out hoarsely: —

"M'lissa! M'lissa!"

"What is it, father?" answered the girl.

"Put on yer hat, and come along with me. I'm goin' to stook the corn."

Melissa made no reply to this; but presently she came down the ladder arrayed in her best apparel. Her gown was perfectly plain, and over her shoulders was thrown a fringed shawl. Her deep brown eyes looked out soberly from the frame of a poke-shaped bonnet, and her dark hair was parted in the middle and smoothed down tightly on both sides of her forehead. In her hands she carried a pair of white cotton mitts and a Bible which had been her mother's. Her father looked her over slowly from head to foot, and then exclaimed: —

"Yer ain't goin' to stook corn in sich a rig as thot, be ye?"

"No, father," she answered quietly; "I'm going to camp meeting."

"Oh, yer be, hey?"

It was all that he could give utterance to for some moments; for he was completely taken aback by the girl's serene manner and the look of quiet determination upon her face. Never before had she shown the least desire to go against his commands. He could not understand the sudden change that had come over her. At first he was merely astonished; but this feeling quickly gave way to rage.

"Come," he said, seizing her arm roughly and shaking her, "off with yer fine feathers and make ready to work!"

The girl laid her hand beseechingly upon his shoulder, and fixed upon his face a look full of tenderness.

"Oh, father!" she said, "do not ask me to work to-day, for I cannot. It is wicked. You always allowed dear mother to go to meeting on the Sabbath. Then let me go too. I will work all the harder to-morrow." But he would not listen to her. He pushed her from him rudely and stood gazing at her fiercely.

"Ye heard what I said?"

"Yes, father."

"Then do it at once."

Melissa said never a word, but, drawing her shawl tightly around her, moved resolutely toward the door.

"Do you dare to disobey me?" cried the enraged man.

"I will dare to do the right," answered the girl, with a look full of heroic resolution.

Old Jack sprang upon her like an angry panther. He tore the bonnet from her head and the shawl from her back, and flung them into a corner. Then in a perfect delirium of fury he rained blow after blow upon her defenceless shoulders. The poor girl struggled to free herself from his grasp, and shrieked with pain. Her cries reached the ear of Clem Marshall, a near neighbor, and his vigorous rappings were quickly heard at the kitchen door. He well knew what was going on inside. It was no unusual occurrence for old Jack Blanchard to abuse his daughter when in his cups, and Clem had often interfered in the girl's behalf. As he held a mortgage on old Jack's farm, he possessed a controlling influence over the man which he sometimes employed to good purposes. On hearing his hard knocking, the brutal father released his hold on the girl, and sullenly opened the door. His neighbor strode fiercely in and glanced around. Melissa, who had sunk into a chair, turned a look upon him so full of anguish that it moved his heart to pity.

"Damn ye, Jack Blanchard!" he blurted savagely, "ye've been lickin' yer darter agin!"

"Wal, she's my gal, ain't she?"

"Your gal or not, there's been enough on it. What's he been doin' it fer?" He addressed Melissa, but she made no reply.

"She's took up with them camp-meetin' folks on the Branch," put in Jack. "She was fer goin' thar agin my wishes to-day. That's what I licked her fer."

Clem cast one wrathful look upon the coward, and then turned to the girl.

"Melissa," he said, "us folks down here in Sodom don't go to meetin' on the Lord's Day; but 'tain't because we're any too good. Jest put on yer duds and start along."

Old Jack was dumb. Melissa put on her shawl and bonnet, and left the house. It

was a good five miles to the camp of the Adventists; but she was accustomed to long walks, and gave no thought to the distance. Nor did she brood much over the cruel treatment she had received from her father. Her mind was filled with much loftier thoughts; and as she trudged along, her tear-stained face gradually assumed an exalted expression. She forgot all her past and present sufferings; for her heart was overflowing with a strange delight. There was a light in her face like that of the old Christian martyrs.

As she passed through Marlboro town, she heard the people assembled in the Congregational meeting-house singing a hymn, and she wondered why it was that such earnest Christians should scoff at the religious community to which she belonged. Her own faith in the teachings of the Adventists was so simple and entire, that she could not understand how any Christian could doubt them.

While sitting in the big tent that morning listening to the thundering exhortations of a famous preacher from New Hampshire, she became uncomfortably conscious of a pair of eyes fixed intently upon her. Turning her head slightly to see whose the eyes might be, she caught a glimpse of a thin, sun-browned face — the face of Mather Dunklee. There was an anxious, pleading expression in his dark eyes which struck home to her heart. Although she still loved him devotedly, she had felt it her duty to avoid him of late, because he scoffed at her conversion and did everything in his power to distract her mind from the thought of the impending day of doom in which she so confidently believed. She had tried to bring him to her own way of thinking, but in vain; and fearing that she might be led through his influence to return to her former vain and sinful life, she had ceased all intercourse with him. And now he had followed her here. She determined not to let his presence interfere with her devotions; but, try as she would, she could not drive him from her thoughts.

At the conclusion of the service she left the camp and started to walk home; but she had not gone far when she heard some one following rapidly behind as if to overtake her. Turning, she found herself face to face with her lover. Although she was greatly agitated, she managed to conceal her emotions, and forcing a smile to her lips, said pleasantly: —

"Good day to you, Mather."

"Thought I'd walk home with you if you didn't mind," replied the young man curtly.

They strolled on side by side for some distance without speaking. Melissa could see that Mather was suffering keenly, and knew that it was on her account. Yet what could she say to help him? Finally he spoke.

"Do you think you've been treating me right, Melissa?" She did not know what to say, and was silent. "It's come to this," he continued in a trembling voice, — "either you mean to throw me over, or you don't — which is it?"

Melissa took his rough hands in hers and looked into his face with an expression of the deepest affection.

"Throw you over, Mather?" she said. "Never."

"Why then have you acted as you have?"

"Because I know that our hopes in this world can come to nothing. Because I feel it is wicked to think of earthly love when the kingdom of heaven is so near. O Mather!" she continued appealingly, "if I only could make you believe as I do!"

A gleam of hope lit up the young man's eyes. "And if I should get converted and join the camp-meetin' folks down yonder — would you consent to marry me then?"

"Nothing could make me happier than to have you become a good Christian man, Mather," she answered earnestly; "but marry you I never can. 'Tis sinful to think of such a thing now."

"Then you positively refuse to marry me?" he asked hoarsely.

"We should not talk of marriage when the kingdom of God is at hand."

Mather Dunklee possessed but ordinary powers of penetration. He did not have the insight to perceive that a simple mind can easily be persuaded to pin its faith upon the most extravagant things, and that that faith, quite apart from its

object, may be sublime. Wholly unconscious of the great love she bore him, he regarded Melissa's scruples as mere cant.

"Well, Miss Hypocrite," he said bitterly, "I am glad I have found you out. You didn't want a psalm-singing husband a few weeks ago; but now I can recommend one to your taste. There's old Jonas Allen; he'll do for you." He turned angrily and left her, while with quivering lip she watched him.

The twenty-second of October was the day fixed upon by the Adventists when the Messiah would certainly descend to judge the world. The sun rose that morning on a wonderful scene in the little camp on the Branch. The true believers walked among the tents, clad in white ascension robes, ready to be caught up into the sky when their happy fate had been pronounced by the expected Judge. Some moved about with their eyes fixed upon the ground, calling upon God to remember them in his mercy; some turned their gaze heavenward, as if on the look for celestial appearances; while others joined together in singing triumphal hymns with an enthusiasm born of absolute faith. Fear and expectancy were depicted upon every face; and to such a tension had the nerves of all been stretched, that if but a fowling piece had been discharged among the surrounding hills, they would have fallen in a body upon their knees, thinking it a trumpet of an archangel. As the morning advanced, the slopes around the camp became crowded with spectators. They hung upon the confines of the enclosure like clouds about the moon, their secular dress and profane behavior being in marked contrast to the snowy raiment and saintly demeanor of those within the sacred precincts. Verily the lambs were already set apart from the goats in anticipation of the approaching judgment.

At an early hour of that portentous day Melissa arose from the bed on which she had passed an anxious, sleepless night, and threw open the window of her little room. The sun had not yet arisen, but the eastern horizon was streaked with light, indicating that it would soon appear above the mountain tops. She gazed long and earnestly at the silent landscape stretched before her, like one taking a parting view of a dear, familiar scene. Then she turned with a sigh to a small chest of drawers which stood in a corner and took from it a parcel carefully wrapped in muslin. She removed the covering, revealing a snow-white garment of the finest texture. Holding it up at arm's length, it fell in graceful folds to her feet. A tender light filled her eyes as she arranged its simple draperies; for it was the robe in which she expected to enter the gates of heaven that day. She had sacrificed all her worldly possessions to purchase it, and had secretly fashioned it with her own hands, — at night, while her father slept, — so that every stitch represented a part of her expiation for the past. How exalted had been her meditations during those silent hours! How her faith in the Messiah's coming had increased!

Melissa made her toilet deliberately, like one preparing for some great occasion, and when it was finished she approached her looking-glass. It was not done in vanity, but with fear and trembling; for she wished to know how she would appear before her God. She saw a slender, white-robed figure, and a sweet face, upon which was an expression of the most exalted faith. As she turned away from the glass, a sharp pain darted through her body, and she gasped for breath. Objects swam before her eyes, and she was obliged to sit upon the edge of the bed to keep from falling. But she quickly recovered from this faintness and, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, stole out of the house, not forgetting to take her mother's thumb-worn Bible.

As she entered the road leading toward Marlboro town, the sun peeped over the eastern hills, glorifying the autumnal foliage with a golden light. It was one of those transparent mornings when nature assumes a spiritual aspect and the earth and sky glow with hues which seem borrowed from heaven. It appeared to Melissa's overwrought imagination that the Spirit of God was brooding over the landscape; and she thought of the hour, now so imminent, when he would appear in his unveiled majesty.

"It will be all over soon," she murmured, while a joyous smile illumined her

features. "No more pain, no more sorrow, but an endless eternity of bliss."

A gray squirrel ran across her path, and climbed nimbly up the trunk of an old beech tree just ahead.

"Oh, little friend," she thought, "you are laying up your winter store of nuts; but there will never be another season of cold and snow. The evil days are over."

Half a mile past Marlboro town she came to a small cemetery which crowned the summit of a barren hill. The weather-beaten tombstones and grassy mounds lay bare to the sun; for there was not a tree in all the place to cast a shadow upon the graves. Climbing over the low stone wall which enclosed them, she made her way slowly through the tall, rank weeds which grew upon the neglected paths, until she came to a small wooden cross which stood apart from the other tombs. It rose from the sod slantwise, and on the transverse piece was rudely carved the word "Mother." By the side of this humble monument she sat down and, opening the Bible which she had brought with her, prepared to wait patiently the expected coming of her Master.

Old Jack Blanchard drove down to the neighboring town of Brattleboro that morning to make a few purchases. He arrived back in Sodom some time after dark, and now stood by the side of his foam-flecked horse, talking and gesticulating wildly to a group of excited neighbors. It could be seen, by the light of the lanterns which they carried, that his face was ghastly pale and that his gaunt frame shook with nervous tremors.

"I seen my dead wife as I druv past the graveyard t'other side o' Marlboro town to-night," he whispered hoarsely. "I seen her standin' by the side o' her grave as plain as I see Clem Marshall yonder."

"Bosh!" exclaimed that doubting individual scornfully. "You've been drinkin' agin, neighbor Jack — thot's what ails ye."

"Would to God it were the truth ye're speakin!" rejoined Jack fearfully; "but I'm sober enough — all on ye can see." Then in tones that sent cold chills through his hearers he went on: "She wur dressed in her shroud — the very same as she wore in her coffin!"

"If ye'd treated her decent when she wur alive," exclaimed Clem, "yer conscience wouldn't be conjurin' up her ghost now!" Then in compassion he led the terrified man to his own house, where he repeated his uncanny story to the shuddering women gathered there.

Among those who had heard the story at first was Mather Dunklee. He had been to the Adventists' camp that day, hoping to find Melissa there; for notwithstanding the unsatisfactory termination of their last interview, he was not without hope of yet gaining her consent to become his wife. "When she finds out that the camp-meeting folks have been deceiving her," he argued, "she may be glad enough to come back to me."

He remained near the tents until after dark, without catching a glimpse of Melissa among the white-robed Adventists, and then returned to Sodom, hoping to find her at her father's house. He found it closed, and not a sound was heard in answer to his repeated knockings. He was in the act of turning away, disappointed and perplexed, when old Jack came dashing up to the door with a clatter which brought all his neighbors to the spot. After listening to the old man's story, Mather hurried home to procure a lantern; then he started on foot for the cemetery. He was convinced that the story was in part true — that the old man had actually seen a ghostly figure, but that that figure was Melissa's. It flashed upon him now that, instead of resorting to the Adventists' camp, the girl had gone to await by her mother's grave the fulfilment of the prophecy to which she had given such unquestioning faith.

As he hastened along the murky road, his heart beat with hope. He felt that Melissa might yet be his; for the long-expected judgment day had passed, and the promises of the Adventists had proven false.

Suddenly a brilliant meteor flashed across the sky, illumining the hills around with a momentary splendor. Then all was darkness again. The young man halted, shocked and terrified. If an

angel of light had swept over the sky to herald the coming of Jehovah, he could not have been affected more. It was some moments before his courage returned sufficiently to enable him to go on. As he approached the cemetery, an indefinable dread crept over him. He had no fear of encountering the ghosts of the departed walking among the tombs; but he felt a vague intuition that something of an unusual and terrible nature had occurred. Entering among the mounds, he called in a subdued voice Melissa's name. There was no response. With a wildly beating heart he made his way toward the spot where he knew that a wooden cross marked the solitary grave. The stars shone down upon the little city of the dead; but their light was not sufficient to dispel the sombre shadows which encompassed him. Whenever his lantern gleamed upon a marble tablet, he started back affrighted; for its uncertain rays seemed to fall upon a ghost. Melissa's mother's grave lay in a remote part of the cemetery, and as Mather drew near it, he distinguished a white object lying across the mound. For an instant his heart stopped beating, and he almost fell. Then with trembling strides he reached the spot where it lay and, falling upon his knees, grasped it in his arms.

"Melissa, darling! Wake, Melissa! Wake!" But as the light of his lantern fell upon the girl's pale features, upon which death had fixed an expression of supremest triumph, he moaned in anguish: —

"My God! She is dead — she is dead!"

She had never faltered in her faith that the Messiah would come that day; and he had come — for her.

## INDECISION.

*By Charlotte Mellen Packard.*

THE barrier of a selfish doubt
Held these two lives apart;
The guile of an unspoken word
Consumed a patient heart.

Had but the waiting hands been joined,
The hovering secret told,
Perchance one had not died alone,
Nor one, alone, grown old.

# THE CIVIL WAR ENVELOPES.

*By J. Howe Adams.*

THE outbreak of the Civil War caused a great wave of patriotism to spread over the country which was expended in various ways; among the curious forms it produced was the creation of the famous "war envelopes," as they are generally termed.

Originally intended to give voice to the sentiments of the people, they served, like the caricatures of the English on Napoleon Bonaparte, to illustrate the history of the war as long as they were published. Unfortunately, however, this period was short, for, owing to various circumstances, their issue was confined to the early part of the war. When the war broke out probably no one fully realized the seriousness of the conflict; but as time passed away and the danger to the country grew more apparent, people in general took less interest in the envelopes, and their sale dwindled. After a time they were in demand only by collectors, who, realizing that in future years they would naturally become rare and valuable, were keeping copies of all editions issued. This fact was soon recognized by the shrewd publishers, who then began to publish the envelopes in small quantities, but in greater variety, simply expecting that they would be bought by the collectors. Any old cast-off cut of Washington, any cut of the American flag, or in fact anything emblematic of country or patriotism, was utilized by the publishers, until finally this fact dawned upon the collectors, and the last source of revenue from the sale of these envelopes was cut off and their publication finally ceased.

It has been the privilege of the writer of this article to examine three great collections of these envelopes, made by different gentlemen in different cities during the war, two of which fell afterward into his possession; and on scarcely no envelope can be found any reference to the later events of the war, even as early

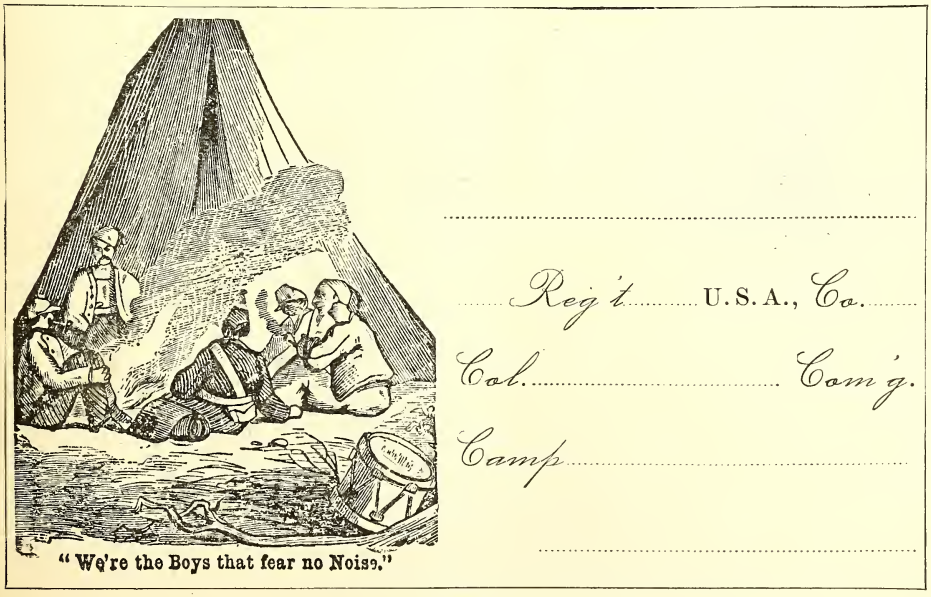



FIG. 1.

**Gen. Scott killing the Secession Hydra.**

S. C. Upham, 310 Chestnut St.

FIG. 2.

as the appearance of Grant, the issue of the Proclamation of Emancipation, or the Battle of Gettysburg.

Although the vast majority of these envelopes were published in the North, and were aimed against the horrors of secession and slavery, yet there were a few Confederate envelopes published in the South; but as this section had but few facilities for this class of work, and less money to spend upon it, their issue was as nothing compared to that of the North. As these Confederate envelopes are comparatively rare, they are more valuable to the collectors.

These envelopes are interesting not only as curiosities in themselves, but also as showing the feelings and thoughts that existed early in our greatest war. Let us look at a few of them with this object in view. There is doubt as to which set of envelopes were first published, some authorities claiming one set, another claiming the opposite. Probably, however, the envelopes of which a sample is shown in Fig. 1 were issued as early as any. These envelopes were among the most popular from first to last, as they were especially suited for use in writing to the soldiers and would amuse the camp-dwellers as well as express mutely the sentiments of the writers. As can be seen by examining them, they bore on their faces the space for the name of the soldier, his regiment and company, for the name of his commanding colonel and the name of the camp. At the left end was some engraving suitable to the occasion, as for example, in this instance, a drawing representing a camp-fire, around which are gathered soldiers and zouaves, with the inscription below, "We're the boys that fear no noise." Again, on such envelopes a very common illustration was the single figure of a soldier in full dress.

In the incidental history taught by these side lights on the time are seen and emphasized the trust and expectation felt by the North in the powers of General Winfield Scott, "Old Fuss and Feathers," as he was fondly nicknamed. General Scott was, at the outbreak of the war, in his seventy-fourth year, but right at the height of his glory as a soldier. His brilliant record in the Mexican war had led the people generally to look to him as the coming saviour of his country. We of a later generation scarcely realize the intensity of this feeling, which is but little emphasized now by war historians. His failure to live up to these expectations and his subsequent death are known better to the livers of the time than to the readers of to-day. It

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

is no exaggeration to say that probably one third of the early envelopes were emblematic of this trust and hope in General Scott. For example, General Scott is represented as standing in the "Union Ten-Pin Alley," holding a ball in his hand and, pointing to the figures representing pins, saying, "One good roll will knock all those secession pins down." Again he is represented as bursting secession soap bubbles with his sword, as choking Jefferson Davis to death, as killing hydra-headed monsters (Fig. 2) and performing other easy feats, all of which, unfortunately for himself and his country, he failed to do.

Another great favorite in these envelopes was the early war hero, Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, the "Warren of the Civil War," whose romantic death made a great impression. As the majority of the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE probably know, he was killed in 1861 at Alexandria, Virginia, while in the performance of his duty. His pictures can be found on many envelopes, frequently with such verses as this: —

> "Don't shed a tear for him!
> Better to go,
> Eager with victory,
> Facing the foe.
> For one life like this life
> A thousand shall pay,
> And the fury it kindles
> Shall carry the day."

Again his picture is embellished with some sentiment, as, for example, one of his last sentences, "He who noteth even the fall of the sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me."

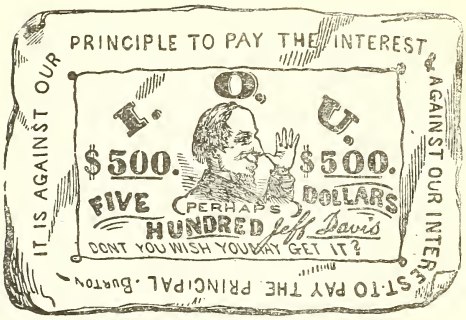
Such incidents as the fall of Fort Sumter are also portrayed, especially with the likeness of its heroic commander, Colonel Anderson. Probably one of the finest bits of sarcasm and invective ever written is copied on the envelopes showing Anderson's picture, and reads as follows: —

> The excitement of the brave Charlestonians on hearing the news of the surrender of Fort Sumter was immense. The whole population were mad with joy and clapped their hands and shouted, "Glory to the Charleston chivalry and the Lord of Hosts!" Horsemen galloped about the streets bellowing the tidings, and ladies — the pretty rebels — waved their pocket handkerchiefs out of every window. The Mills House was the chief centre of these demonstrations, and crowds thronged the front of it, congratulating themselves that eighteen batteries and from five to ten thousand men had silenced a single fort manned by seventy half-starved patriotic soldiers of the Republic of the United States.
>
> It was a brave achievement, and the good God will, no doubt, reward them for it in his own good time.

STAR OF THE NORTH, OR THE COMET OF 1861.

FIG. 5.

Parson Brownlow also came into




**Fac-Simile of the New Confederate Bond.**

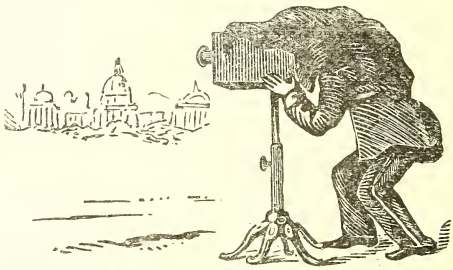
FIG. 6.

distinction on these envelopes, as the unique, fiery minister who, in an intensely secession district, not only maintained his loyalty to the government, but displayed it in a vigorous way. The parson had been asked by General Pillow to serve as chaplain in the Confederate army. He closed his reply by stating, "that when I decide to go to hell, I'll cut my throat and go direct and not travel around by the way of the Southern Confederacy."

There arose a difficulty in the early part of the war as to the runaway slaves who came into the northern armies in great swarms. They had not been declared free as yet by President Lincoln, and as they were still regarded as property, the question as to what should be done with them became a serious one. This Gordian knot was cut by General Benjamin F. Butler, who declared them "contrabands of war," that being the term applied to property belonging to the enemy seized by an army.

This made General Butler very popular, and his portrait is a common one in any collection of war envelopes. A common illustration of this decision shows the smiling face and figure of a "darky" dancing, with some such saying as "Dis chile's contraban'," or a better example is seen in Fig. 3, showing slaves running away from their master to Fortress Monroe, with the conversation as shown in the cut.

Abraham Lincoln bears but small part among the subjects seen on these envelopes. His part in the war was not estimated properly by the illustrators of that day, and excepting for a number of rather indefinite cartoons, such as "The star of the North, or the comet of 1861,"



**JEFF DAVIS 'taking' WASHINGTON**

FIG. 7.

Fig. 5, the recurrence of his name and face is not especially common in any collection.

The seals of the various states were common devices for these envelopes, as of course was George Washington, with quotations from his famous farewell address. Emblems representing the army and navy were also very popular, and witty, comic envelopes were quite common, many of them exhibiting considerable ingenuity and skill. Among these, one of the best is seen in Fig. 4, where a grouping of soldiers make the motto,

FIG. 8.

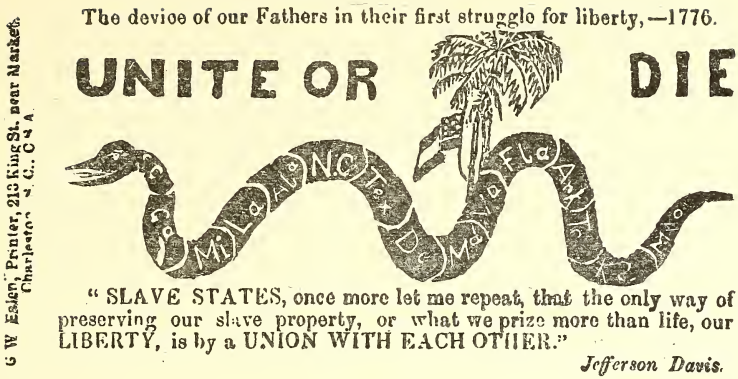



FIG. 9.

"Death to Traitors." This rises in artistic merit above the average of these envelopes.

The financial schemes proposed by the Southern Confederacy and the lack of value seen in their currency early led to caricatures on this subject. It was treated in a variety of ways. Probably the best one is seen in Fig. 6, representing a facsimile of a new Confederate bond.

Another subject very extensively and humorously treated was that of Jefferson Davis's declaration of his determination to capture Washington. In one illustration (Fig. 7) he is "taking" it with a camera; in another he is advancing on it apparently, but he is sitting on his horse with his head toward the tail, and of course he is going away from the capital. A common form of illustration is seen in Fig. 8, where the shadows on the wall are supposed to show coming events, according to the old adage. This grew to be one of the most popular of all the envelopes.

The Confederate envelopes are rare, and happy is the collector who has even one. They are similar in appearance and spirit to their brothers of the North, and were used for similar purposes. They are far cruder than their northern counterparts, the one shown in Fig. 9 being probably as good as any. Their production soon died a natural death.

---

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE United States government is at the present time setting an example of proper procedure in matters of public architecture which is most wholesome and gratifying and which it is to be devoutly hoped will be speedily imitated by the governments of our various states and cities. The system which has been in vogue heretofore as concerns the erection of government buildings is well known; and the products of the busiest "supervising architect" of recent years appear in the State Department building at Washington, in the Boston and New York post offices, and in multitudes of similar structures with which the country is dotted. What is now proposed is an Architectural Commission, consisting of three architects of high standing and two officers of the Engineer Corps, the latter men specially qualified by their professional training and experience to give advice upon the points of location and construction which are of so great moment in connection with many government buildings. This Commission, however, is not a commission charged with the functions of designing and building; it is simply a court of initiative and judgment. If a new custom house is to be built in Portland or a new post office in San Francisco, it decides who are the five architects best fitted for that particular work, and invites those five architects to submit their plans in competition, outlining clearly to them the terms of the problem, paying them all for their plans, and intrusting the commission to the architect whose plan is most satisfying, exercising always such advisory and restrictive powers as exigencies may demand.

Such is the rational, sensible system just now determined on at Washington for the management of the government's architectural matters. It presents a refreshing contrast to the practice common in most of our states and cities in the

erection of public buildings. The common practice is, where a new state house is to be built, or a new city hall, to appoint a committee of the city council or of the legislature to attend to it. This committee, to which in all likelihood no man belongs who has any considerable knowledge of architecture, announces its general requirements and invites free competition. To such competitions almost every architect of recognized standing in the country is opposed, and therefore it is seldom that other than young or second-rate men enter into the competitions. Too often political considerations and the most barefaced favoritism have influenced the awards. But where this is not the case — and we believe that the committees are usually conscientious, mean to do what is right, and act up to their light — what do we have? We have a commission of men without much light to act up to, charged with duties of the most delicate nature for which they were never trained, turning what light they have upon material from which all that is best has been ingeniously excluded. What is the result? The result is a waste and a cumulation of abortions which it is fearful to contemplate. Our country has been saddled in the past thirty years with a mass of pretentious public buildings which can hardly be matched for ugliness in the whole world. And it has all been unnecessary. Beauty would have been just as cheap — it would often have been vastly cheaper. And beauty could have been had; it was available — it was knocking at the door. We have been the victims of a vicious system.

***

THE country had an impressive object lesson in the true method of managing the matter of public architecture, in the buildings and grounds of the World's Fair at Chicago, two years ago. The directors of that great enterprise showed themselves in almost every respect men of singular breadth, sagacity and common sense. In every department of their stupendous task they asked at the outset who were the men in the country who were recognized as experts and authorities in that department, — knew most about it, — and they sought directly the advice and co-operation of those men. Who knew most about landscape gardening, about parks, and the wise and artistic laying out of public grounds? Frederic Law Olmstead. Mr. Olmstead then should be instantly invited to lay out the grounds for this exposition. Who are the best architects in the country? Why, Mr. Root and Mr. Burnham and Hunt and McKim and Peabody and Post and the others. Very well, then these shall constitute our Architectural Commission, shall lay their heads together, shall talk with Mr. Olmstead, and shall rear a group of buildings here which in themselves and in their relation to each other shall be a delight and an education for America and for the world. The thing straightway came to pass. It came to pass because it was gone about the right way. Give a good artist a commission, and nine times in ten you will get good art; give a poor artist a commission, and nine times in ten you will get poor art: that is the nature of things.

BOSTON has at this moment an impressive object lesson in the true method as concerns public architecture, in her new Public Library. Fortunately for the city, the dominant trustees of the Public Library at the time when the new building was decreed were men of culture, of taste, of a large way of looking at things, of ambition, and of resolution. They knew what Boston ought to have. They outlined the problem clearly, and called upon the best architects in the country, in their judgment, to solve it. The result is a building in Copley Square which is perhaps the noblest library building in the world, a glory to Boston, a joy to every lover of beauty, a building which will for centuries, or so long as it stands, be itself an education and an inspiration to every man and woman, every boy and girl of Boston, who goes within its gates. This result has been achieved because those charged with the great responsibility went to work in a wise and rational way.

***

ON the other hand, Boston and Massachusetts are having at this time a costly object lesson in how not to manage matters of public building such as it is to be hoped will not often be repeated in the future. The subject of the new Annex to the State House and the proposed change in the State House itself was referred to in these pages a year ago. The great new Annex has been brought into being, and now approaches completion, upon precisely those principles which we have detailed as sure to result in bad art. It would seem as if a proud and cultivated state like Massachusetts, confronted by an architectural problem of such magnitude as that of a new State House, would create for dealing with it an Architectural Commission representing the best architectural knowledge and experience in the state, and that this Commission would seek the advice and co-operation of the ablest architects in the country. The state is surely not without material for such a commission. In Peabody and Shepley and Cummings and Andrews and Walker and Ware and their compeers Boston has a group of architects and men conversant with what is best in architecture, competent, if need be, to supervise a World's Fair, able at least to save any community from egregious architectural blunders. To the simple and unsophisticated mind of the ordinary man it would seem that the Legislature of Massachusetts, setting about the building of a State House, should have taken such men into its confidence and availed itself of their wisdom. It would seem that the city of Boston should have done it when it built recently its new Court House. In neither case was this done; and in both cases we see what we see.

***

THE great new Annex is completed, a structure which, viewed simply as an office building, is commodious and apparently convenient, showing a thorough workmanship which reflects credit upon the architect, the builders and the commissioners, but whose exterior is utterly without beauty or impressiveness, crude and inartistic in all its outlines and proportions. This structure, filling the north slope of Beacon Hill, is now in process of

being united to the old State House, built by Bulfinch, which for a century has crowned the hill, that the two may constitute one pile. The relative importance of the old State House in the conglomerate becomes of course very slight; it is but the old tail of the new dog — and its ultimate fate is a question which now agitates the Massachusetts public. Its worn and crowded passages and homely chambers present a sharp contrast to the smart, spacious and elegant corridors of the new Annex, through which the legislators roam comfortably; and the feeling gaining ground among the legislators, re-enforced by most of those who have had most to do with the creation of the Annex, is that the old building should give place to a new of substantially the same size and form, constituting, as the old, if spared, will do when the union is effected, one end of the great whole. Whether the old building thus gives place to a new one essentially like it, or whether it remains, the architectural result is essentially the same. Instead of a State House fronting on the Common, as the State House certainly should do, Boston has a great State House side-saddling Beacon Hill, with its main front upon an unimportant street on the east, and with an unimportant dome upon one end. It is natural that the wits of the town should compare the extraordinary product to a railway train, with the little dome as its smokestack. This is the consummation which men of architectural taste are now, at a very late day, making an effort to avert. It is a consummation which goes equally against the grain of the man of historical and antiquarian sentiment. It would be a poor reverence to the old State House to let it stand an incongruous part of the new combination, dwarfed and lost beside the great extension; as it would have been poor reverence to the more historical Capitol at Washington, at the time when the great wings and dome were added by Walters forty years ago, if the antiquarians had held out for the preservation of the old Capitol just as it was, opposing the incorporation of the old building in the new, opposing the proposed dome and wings, and insisting upon the erection of a great new office building rearing its huge height behind the old Capitol, separate from it, or united to it by some "bridge of sighs." It cannot be denied that the historical scholar and the antiquarian find greater satisfaction walking to-day through the historic halls of the old Capitol, — the old Senate Chamber, now the Supreme Court room, which heard the eloquence of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and the old Representatives' Hall, — incorporated naturally in the present majestic structure in obedience to a clear practical need, than they could have done if the old Capitol had been preserved intact as a part of the awkward combination described, entirely overshadowed by its annex.

***

Acting upon this principle, a young Boston architect, Mr. A. W. Cobb, to whom the State House problem has long had an imperative fascination, has submitted to the Massachusetts Legislature a plan for the restoration and enlargement of the old State House, which is attracting unusual interest in Boston artistic circles, as offering a happier way out of the glaring difficulties on Beacon Hill than any plan hitherto proposed. It will not satisfy those who desire a magnificent new State House, covering the ground from Bowdoin Street to Joy, the thing which, if æsthetic considerations alone were to weigh, all would doubtless demand; it will not satisfy the mint and anise antiquarian who always holds out against any change. But the man of robust and free historical sentiment sees that that sentiment is most wisely met by something in the line of Mr. Cobb's suggestion, at the same time that the practical and æsthetic problems are solved by it with noteworthy success.

***

Proper regard for historical sentiment by no means always commands that a historic edifice shall not be enlarged or altered, but remain untouched. It is often interesting when a historic building can so remain, as in the case of the Old South Meeting-House. But Faneuil Hall surely is not less venerable because it is not the Faneuil Hall of the Revolution, but has been enlarged once and again in obedience to imperative practical demands, until it is to-day a building twice as large as that in which the Boston town meetings defied the British parliament. The very changes in historic structures, the marks and record of organic growth, are often themselves features of the highest historical interest and charm. The sacred piles to which we pilgrimage in Europe — Westminster Abbey, Canterbury Cathedral, Lincoln, and so many more — have been enlarged and changed again and again in obedience to the simple dictates of common sense. Canterbury Cathedral has well been called an epitome of the history of English architecture — it is, as it stands to-day, the work of so many hands in successive generations. We find these changes, this development and growth, matters themselves, we say, of the greatest antiquarian value and attraction. The same scrupulous and rigid antiquarian who protests with all his might against change in a single brick of the Boston State House finds most attraction in them, ferreting out every change, with the help of Murray, with the keenest appetite and zeal. He has his pleasure because those old builders were not such as he, not slavish idolaters, but free men and men of common sense, who knew that the prime function of a building is to serve a purpose. Such sensible and free men were those who decreed the extension of our Capitol at Washington; and the result is a thing of beauty and a building which serves its purpose, while at the same time, as we have said, it satisfies the historical sentiment of the sensible man in far nobler fashion than that could have been satisfied if protests against the changes had been regarded and the venerable old structure had been preserved intact, no stone unchanged, no great dome reared above it, the practical needs of Congress left to be met as they might by overshadowing annexes or in separate buildings. The men who expanded the Capitol were the men of real reverence and the real servants of beauty.

***

Mr. Cobb's plan is a simple one. It replaces

the plain old dome of Bulfinch, which rises directly from the pediment which surmounts the State House roof, — an entirely singular feature, confessedly the one unsatisfactory and inartistic feature of Bulfinch's work, one which no good architect would reproduce to-day in a pretentious structure, — with a dome of noble proportions and classic forms, following substantially the outlines of St. Paul's dome in London, which was so much admired by Bulfinch himself; and it extends the front of the building twenty feet at each end, decorating the ends, now entirely bare, with chaste and elegant Corinthian colonnades like the colonnade at the front. It saves all the historic and beautiful rooms of Bulfinch's building, the Representatives' Hall, the Senate Chamber, the Council Chamber, and the Governor's Room, sacred by its associations with Governor Andrew and the Civil War; and it does away with the clumsy half-stories of recent date, which have made the whole building so intricate and unpleasant, restoring the airy and commodious corridors which Bulfinch left.

The results attained by Mr. Cobb's plan are most important. It goes far to overcome the present terrible disproportion between the State House and the Annex, making it appear that the Annex is indeed an Annex and not the main structure, and that the Beacon Street front upon the Common is indeed the real front. It does this even if the Annex is united to the old State House, either by bridges or by solid walls; but it does it most successfully if the two buildings are kept separate, as every æsthetic consideration demands that they should be and as no important practical consideration forbids. It is a beautiful design, presenting what seem to us undeniable improvements upon Bulfinch's building; and these improvements are effected in what seem to us a notable reverence for Bulfinch, an unusual knowledge of Bulfinch's own architectural development, and a rare sympathy with the spirit of his work. An appeal to the spirit of any artist is an appeal which has, as we are well aware, no value with an unsympathetic and inhospitable audience, and the sharp repartee of irony is cheap and easy; but there are certain facts which cannot be ruled out of the court of clear, dry reason. We do know that Bulfinch himself wanted to make the State House longer, but could not do it, having to cut his garment according to the cloth of appropriation; we do know that in subsequent buildings, the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Augusta State House, and the Capitol at Washington, he provided his domes with a proper substructure; and we do know that the dome which he himself most admired is the dome which, entirely harmonious with his building, furnishes the outlines for the present design. Every one of these considerations should be set aside, would surely be set aside by Bulfinch himself, in plans for reconstruction, were there real necessity or ground for it; but there is no ground — and the author of the present plan surely has reason to be glad that his plan has this commendation of appeal to the original architect's own history.

One final consideration, one of moment, should not be forgotten. Should a further extension of the State House ever be desired — and it is not unlikely that it may be necessary at a by no means distant date — the design now submitted would lend itself to additions of the same essential character as the wings of the Capitol at Washington, without the demolition or disturbance of any part of the present improved building, the complete structure, with the Representatives' Hall in one wing and the Senate Chamber in the other, constituting a harmonious and noble whole, which it is surely not absurd to imagine might give the simple lover of beauty a century hence as much pleasure as even the entirely new State House which is what the architect actuated solely by æsthetic considerations now demands. This architect to-day has a double voice. With one side of his mouth he opposes every plan to alter and enlarge the Bulfinch building, by appeal to antiquarian feeling; with the other he opposes the improvements on the ground that they would postpone the demolition of the old building to make way for the new of his desire. He has got to give up one of these arguments, for one does not consist with the other; he has got to take one position or the other. To sanction the hitching of the old State House as it is to the great Annex as a permanent thing does not seem to us worthy of any good architect or any man of common sense. Were the old State House twice as beautiful and twice as historic as it is, no true reverence would consign it to such a fate; a gold ring in a sow's snout does not lend itself well to admiration.

***

MEANTIME the plan now submitted to the people is at least deserving of kind and candid consideration on its merits. It has not had that from the leading architects of Boston, the position of many of whom, it should be plainly said, has been pitiful and most curious. They have berated the poor architect for submitting a plan at all, on the ground that only the architect of the Annex has a right to touch the old State House, in face of the perfectly well known fact that his commission extended only to the Annex, and in face of the declaration of every one of themselves that that Annex is an abortion. They would sacrifice the public interest seemingly to a point of professional etiquette — and that point surely a mistaken one. One goes so far in the leading architectural journal of the town as to charge the young architect with simply aiming to "get his fingers into the treasury." All this we say is very pitiful. No artist and no man among us has any safeguard from the sorry charges of venality and selfishness except in the fact that other men are gentlemen. We think the architect took a poor and inefficient way to bring his plans before the public; but he might retort that the leading architects of the city had done nothing whatever positive and constructive in a situation which was daily becoming worse and worse. What the public is concerned with is the plan itself. That ought to be referred to a proper scientific tribunal. Massachusetts should not be behind the nation in her method of dealing with artistic questions. She should have an Architectural Commission; and the time to establish it is now.

THE MADONNA.

BY MARY L. MACOMBER.

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. APRIL, 1895. VOL. XII. NO. 2.

## LATER RELIGIOUS PAINTING IN AMERICA.

*By Clara Erskine Clement.*

(*All rights of reproduction of the illustrations accompanying this article are reserved by the artists.*)

THERE are three apparent methods in which painters have represented religious subjects. Those works which most deeply appeal to me and most vividly place before my imagination, as well as before my eyes, the scenes represented, have been the "outward and visible sign" of the "inward and spiritual grace" with which the artist had been endowed by a power higher than himself. They were the works of men who would not have thought of painting any other class of subjects — at least at the time when these great spiritual manifestations were made. Their souls were full of Christ, of his life, from his manger cradle in Bethlehem to his cross on Calvary.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

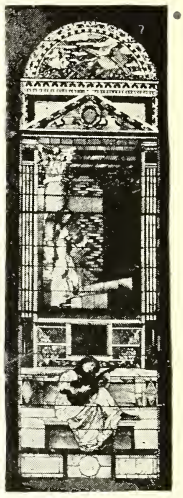
From this class of painters, Fra Angelico stands forth in full relief, and is a most notable example of the artist who paints from deep, religious, personal conviction. He has been called the "chief of the contemplatives;" but this title falls far short of expressing what he is to me. His intensity of spirituality is something far beyond contemplation; it is life in things not

seen, in things so devoutly hoped for that they become reality, — and his artist hand was skilled enough to make his thought, his faith and his hope speak to the world through his pictures.

STUDY FOR ST. PETER, IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

A second class of painters of religious subjects are men of such ideality and imagination that for the time their feeling is as strong — not as pure — as when it arises from conviction. They have the poetic and artistic temperament so highly developed that they can throw themselves into any atmosphere of any age, and for the time live and move and have their being in any nation and at any epoch of time that it suits them to represent. Such men do not require the peace of the convent cell, the habit of constant devotion, and the other influences of a purely religious life, in order to represent upon their canvases the most spiritual subjects. They can pass an evening in merry company, even in revelry, and next morning place upon the canvas a madonna or a saint so supersensual in spirit and bearing that as one gazes he feels as if an actual reproduction of a spiritual being were before him and he had been permitted to look upon one of God's glorified children. Such a painter was Raphael, a wonderful dramatic poet of the brush, and in his first estate a poet of great purity of feeling.



McKIM WINDOW IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

A third painter of religious pictures is he who chooses these motives because it is the thing to do under the circumstances in which he is placed, — sometimes, also, for purely commercial reasons. Alas! how many pictures by such painters exist in churches and galleries which the traveller visits. How repulsive they are to the religious and the irreligious alike! — for many of the latter class are extremists in their demand for honesty. There are pictures by such painters which we stay to observe because they are graceful, well drawn, finely colored; but they might as well be of any other subjects — they fail to awaken any emotion in us. I believe that only the religious man can paint the religious picture which will move other men to the depths of their being. In this connection I am glad to quote Sir Frederick Leighton: —

"Art is wholly independent of morality; there is, nevertheless, no error deeper or more deadly than to deny that the moral complexion, the *ethos*,

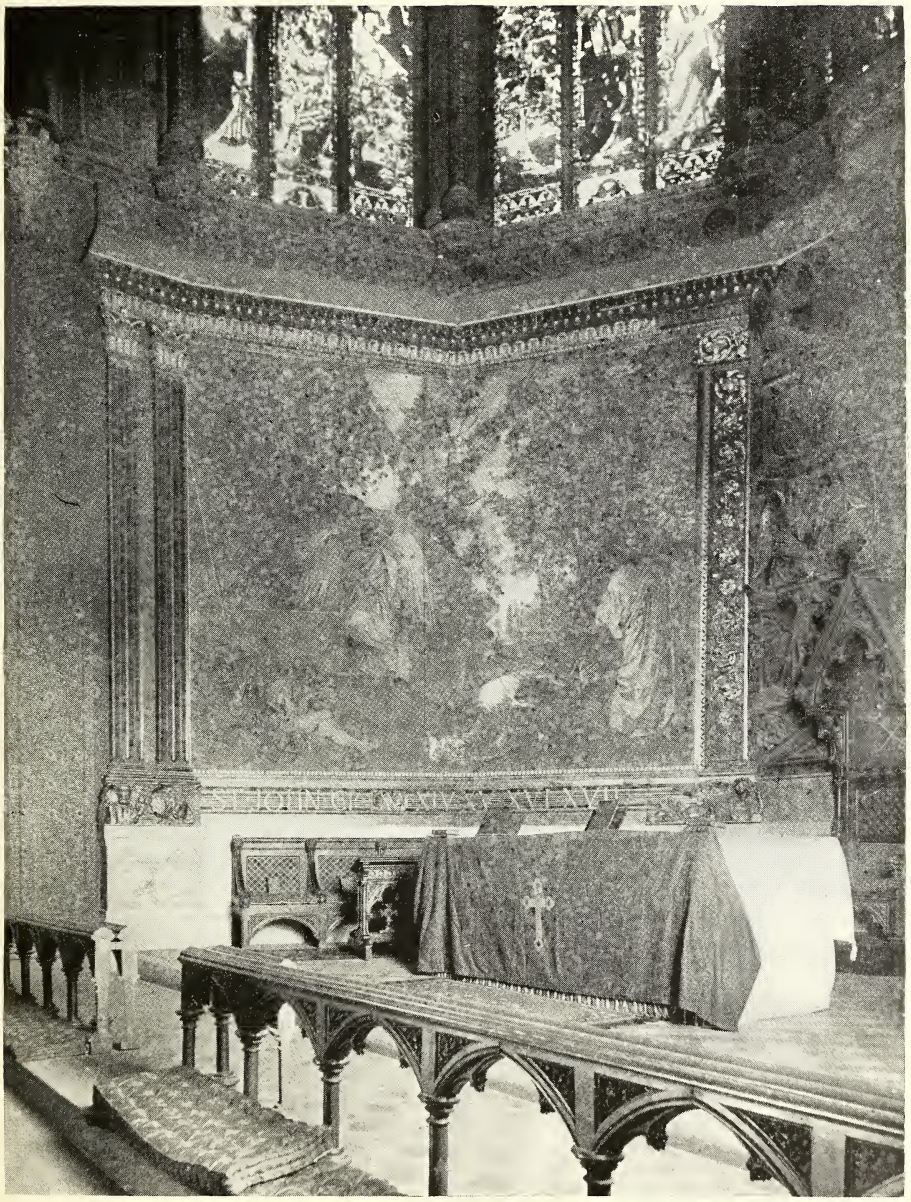
BY JOHN LA FARGE.

CARTOON OF LEFT SIDE OF PAINTING IN THE CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

CARTOON OF RIGHT SIDE OF PAINTING IN THE CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.




LEFT SIDE OF CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

DECORATION BY JOHN LA FARGE.

SAMSON.

BY ELIHU VEDDER.

of the artist does, in truth, tinge every work of his hand, and fashion — in silence, but with the certainty of fate — the course and current of his whole career. Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength, we have within us, will display and make strong the labors of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down; whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it. For as we are, so our work is; and what we sow in our lives, that beyond a doubt we shall reap, for good or for ill, in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot."

We know that in the early Christian Church there was a deep feeling against the representation of the Saviour except by certain symbols, such as the fish, the vine, the cross or the lamb. In the eighth century the Church indorsed the view of St. John of Damascus, who argued that since Jesus took upon him a form as of a man and chose to be observed of others in this form, he had himself given a warrant for his representation; and enumerating the chief occurrences in the life of Jesus, this venerable authority adds: "Paint all these things in colors as well as in speech, in pictures as well as in books." But it was not until the early Renaissance that men began freely to express on canvas and in marble, each one his highest conception of what Christ was like; and during the few centuries following that period the pictures that realize our ideals of religious painting were produced. During these centuries religious subjects were more numerous than any others; and every imaginable type of Saviour, Virgin Mother, Holy Infant, Angel, Saint and Satan was produced and reproduced *ad infinitum*.

In more recent years, while there have always been painters of occasional religious subjects in all countries, there has not existed a large number of artists who painted little or nothing else, as was the case in past centuries. The reasons for this are obvious to every thoughtful person who considers the differences between the life of the period of the Renaissance and the life of to-day, as well as the vast

DELILAH.

BY ELIHU VEDDER.

difference in the methods of the study of art then and now.

In the present century, the usual picture exhibitions have contained a small percentage of religious pictures; and when the comparatively small number of important American painters is compared with those of other countries, we shall find that in this regard we have to-day no reason to consider ourselves as wanting in importance as to numbers or in the quality of our achievements.

William Page, who died about ten years ago, might well be called a genius. His artistic nature was apparent very early in his life, and his talent for drawing had been clearly shown when, at seventeen, his religious nature was so awakened that, for the time, art was forgotten. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and went to Andover to study in the Divinity School; but Calvinistic theology soon lost its hold on him, and he resumed the study of painting. Later in life he found repose and inspiration in the doctrines of Swedenborg, and his interest in the mysteries of being, the various phases of religious faith and the speculations upon "foreknowledge, will and fate" was as sincere as his love for art. His pictures of "Moses and Aaron on Mount Horeb" and "Ruth and Naomi" were equally praised and censured, as in them he applied an original method for measuring the human form, which conveyed an impression of grandeur to some critics, while others found it simply grotesque. Of the "Moses" Paul Akers said: —

> "Viewed even in its mere external, it is as simple and majestic as the Hebrew language. The far sky, with its pallid moon, the deep, shadowy valley, with its ghostly warriors, the group on the near mountain, with its superb youth, its venerable age, and its manhood too strong and vital for the destructive years, — in the presence of such a creation there is time for a great silence."

No one of Page's religious pictures, however, aroused such interest as the "Head of Christ," painted for Theodore

Tilton in 1870. It was exhibited at the National Academy in New York and in other American cities. It was an unusual and mystical work and, like all human productions of which this is true, it made a deep impression upon one class of people and was utterly devoid of effect or meaning to many others. But that it was a work of genius, executed in a spirit of devotion, no one could doubt.

With the life and work of William Morris Hunt a new epoch dawned upon American painting. To create such an epoch it was necessary that men of original, creative genius, inspired by ideal aims and indifferent, in the best sense of the word, to the example of their predecessors and to the criticism of their contemporaries, should wield an influence. Such an one was Hunt. We cannot speak of him as a painter of religious subjects, although in exceptional cases he touched such subjects, — a reproduction of his "Prodigal Son" is given in the present paper; but a painter with religious sincerity, religious devotion to all that he could discern of truth and beauty in art, and a religious determination to be true to his loftiest ideals, he certainly was.

John La Farge, a pupil of Hunt, has shown that master's influence as well as his own incomparable originality, in a variety of ways, as a flower and landscape painter, as well as in portraits, until finally he well merits the name of a painter of religious subjects, and those of a high order. Before he knew Hunt, La Farge had been a student in various branches of archæology, and in Paris had been a pupil of Couture in painting, until that master perceived his pupil's talent, when, great artist that he was, he advised La Farge to study by himself and thus not incur the danger of lessening his individuality. A truly kind fortune directed his steps when they took him to Newport and to William Hunt. Here was a locality blessed with heavenly colors for one who, like La Farge, had a soul and an eye attuned to such seas and skies as those of Newport, — such verdant fields below, such blue heavens above, with waters of ever-changing and ever-entrancing hues, an Eden for a painter who believed that Nature should sit for her likeness as human beings do, and always painted her portraits in the open air.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

DECAPITATION OF SAINT JOHN.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

We may well believe that this custom had much to do with the breadth, the largeness of his style; for La Farge achieves his ends with little elaboration, with almost no detail: the spirit of the scene is prisoned in his work, while many of the petty things which may be reproduced are entirely ignored. So in his portraits the character of his subject is sure to be given; they are executed with great sincerity and a piercing insight into the personality of the sitter; but every detail not necessary to this end is omitted, or so slightly indicated that it is not noticeable. This method, together with a rich, low scheme of color, produces portraits of great excellence, and imparts a sense of the true spirit of the subject, which is the loftiest achievement in portraiture.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

The first important religious picture painted by La Farge, that is known to me, was a "St. Paul," executed in 1861. It is strong and simple, full of religious feeling, and while it shows a knowledge that is gained by a study of the works of the Renaissance, it is original in conception and in execution, and has in it the sentiment which results from a vital, fervid religious feeling.

In 1876 La Farge was called to undertake the decoration of Trinity Church, Boston; but unfortunately want of money and a lack of sufficient time prevented such a harmonious and finished decoration as was hoped for, and the only mural decorations by La Farge are some pictures, mostly of Biblical subjects, above the windows in the tower, and six figures of heroic size below the windows, representing SS. Peter and Paul, Isaiah and Jeremiah, David and Moses; while in the nave are "Jesus and the Woman of Samaria," on the north wall, and "Jesus and Nicodemus," on the south wall; also high up on the eastern wall of the north transept, under an arch, is a representation of St. James.

A year later, La Farge had a better opportunity for ecclesiastical decoration; and in St. Thomas's Church, New York, he executed frescoes on each side of the reredos in *alto relievo* which St. Gaudens made after his design. Here, much as I admire the works of La Farge, I find a certain lack of positive effect. If the frescoes are intelligently studied, the qualities of the artist are discerned. The conception is original, and there is vivacity and even gladness in the execution; but while the work is far from

MONASTIC LIFE.

BY FRANK V. DU MOND.

being weak, its power and virtue are not satisfying—it is a surface effect, brilliant, but not deep nor glowing.

For twenty years La Farge has given his attention largely to decorative glass, and has produced some fine church and memorial windows. The "Battle window" in Memorial Hall at Harvard University is a most stirring composition, and its symbolism is exquisite; the cloud effects are wonderfully fine. The so-called "Blue window" in Trinity Church, Boston, is greatly admired; it is in the western façade, over the choir gallery. Several other windows by La Farge are in the same church. The McKim window is a reproduction of a part of Titian's famous "Presentation of the Virgin Mary." The Lace window is in the south transept; and in the north transept is the memorial window to the Black family, the principal subject of which is the "New Jerusalem," illustrating the text: "And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." The figures of John in the lower part of the window, gazing up at the descending figure of an angelic bride, and of the bride herself, are very fine. In the chapel is La Farge's window representing "Purity," in the centre of which is a young girl holding a lamp, with a pot of lilies by her side.

The coloring of La Farge's glass is wonderfully fine and effective, entirely original and sometimes a little startling at first sight. He is the father of modern glass work, and he uses all the resources of the art with a skill which proves him a master indeed. He makes the soldering serve him as the outline for certain designs to which it lends itself; he adds to the depth and richness of his effects by using thick bits of glass, rough glass, figured glass, and glass inlaid with glass, modelling the edges according to his idea. Stones such as amethyst and metals inlaid in glass he makes to serve his ends; for no man is so surprisingly resourceful in the invention of new methods of ornamentation and unusual effects of color in glass work.

I know of no recent easel pictures by La Farge; indeed, decorative painting and glass work are quite sufficient to

THE BAPTISM. BY FRANK V. DU MOND.

require all his attention, and we may congratulate ourselves on having such a devotee to these arts who is essentially American in every sense of the word. He is doing a great work for the artistic education of the people. The young men who see the "Battle window" three times a day are unconsciously absorbing a standard of art that will aid them to judge of decorative art intelligently; and as they go to their distant and widely separated homes, perhaps travelling to other lands and seeing the works of the gods in art, they will owe a debt to John La Farge which many of them will recognize in later life.

No description of La Farge's works can so well characterize him as an artist as do the following extracts from one of his lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1893: —

"Art begins where language ceases; and the impressions that we receive and the manners through which we render them are, in themselves, so subtle that no one yet has been able to analyze more than a certain exterior part of the mechanism of sensation and representation. Do not let us talk of putting down — recording — what was there; there was there what we intended to see. The religious feeling of the religious painters of the past had no other means of expression than the faces of the people they saw about them. The women living then, whose faces are enshrined for us in the pictures of Christian sanctity — or even of Buddhist piety — were not different from those of to-day. They had the same lightness of mind, the same caring for fashion, the same meannesses, the same devotion, the same high pure-mindedness that they have to-day. From what they showed, the artist who cared for the higher things chose what he cared for. He who did not see as we see — that is to say, who did not mean — gave us dryness, hardness and meanness of character in the early portraits of those same periods when religious art flourished. . . . 'What constitutes a religious painting?' is a question put to Michael Angelo. 'A fish taken out of the market place and painted with a devout and attentive mind,' answered the man whose poetry in verse expresses an almost agonizing sense of another world to come. If we will only see that painting, in the words of Delacroix, another very

THE HOLY FAMILY.

BY FRANK V. DU MOND.

great artist, requires the whole man, '*veut son homme tout entier*,' this humble dedication of Michael Angelo's powers need not surprise us. As the creature represents in itself a record of the forces that have made it and made also the world, and as it is in so far an epitome of the universe, so the man who brings his mind to contemplate the creature is himself communicating with the entire world. He is acting in the spirit of poetry, which touches us by establishing over and over again this connection of ourselves with the universe through our seeing how, in the poet's mind, some single thought, sometimes some mere fancy, some mere word, has ties with all that we care for most, with the very foundations upon which we live."

A MAGDALENE.

BY MARY L. MACOMBER.

Another rare artist is Elihu Vedder. In no sense academic or conventional, his works can never be approved by those who demand such lighting, tone and grouping as are prescribed by the rules of any school. He is a visionary poet rather than a perceptive artist, and his poetry is frequently of the fantastic order. He is a nineteenth century mystic, who is willing to materialize his mysticism and give it to the world. Many of his pictures which are not distinctly religious are full of a spirit akin to devotion. They are strangely powerful, and I have yet to see a picture by Vedder which does not interest me. He is individual and dares to be himself, has the courage of his convictions; and his subjects almost invariably suggest a serious and deep meaning to a thoughtful mind, however weirdly and fancifully they are rendered. The genuineness in his pictures forbids their being grotesque, as the same subjects might become if treated by another man. The endless praise which has been showered upon Vedder's illustrations of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám is an inadequate return to an artist who has given to his day and generation such treasures as these. In the arabesques and decorative fragments of these illustrations the artist shows himself a master in symbol-painting, which has always largely entered into religious art. While the illustrations of this mystic Persian poem, as a whole, cannot be called religious, that of Eve, defiantly holding out her serpent-poisoned apple, is Biblical, and that which illustrates the forty-fourth quatrain is a rich promise of purely religious painting. The lines run: —

"Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,
And naked on the air of heaven ride,
Were't not a shame — were't not a shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?"

How triumphant is the phantasmal soul which rises from the dead body; what life, what activity it expresses, and how intensely dead, how depressingly material

is the "clay carcass" lying across the stone below!

Vedder is no copyist; he has patiently and intelligently studied the masterpieces of the world; but it is the lofty feeling and the strength of other painters which he has assimilated rather than their methods and mannerisms. His treatment of "The Crucifixion," "The Death of Abel" and "The Star of Bethlehem" has proved his ability to represent religious subjects with a sincerity and æsthetic instinct which, while it frees them from academic severity, holds them far above *genre*-like prettiness: they are reverent, intellectual and imaginative. Mr. Vedder has recently exhibited two important works in Boston, "Lazarus" and "The Enemy Sowing Tares." The first is a colossal head; and while I could wish that it were on a larger canvas, that the head-dress was not cut off, and that it had a feeling of atmosphere about it, still it is ungracious not to be content with a picture which gives so much. The Oriental head is strong, handsome and magnificently modelled; and the face, with its expression of half-realized pain and solemn, intent thought, has a spell in it which compels one to turn to it again and again, trying to discover if this is the true expression of a man who has passed into the hereafter and suddenly reawakens in the now.

"The Enemy Sowing Tares" is as Vedderesque as anything that the artist has done. It is so bold and even audacious a representation of the Scripture parable, that one reflects seriously as to its full meaning; for the old adage that makes "money the root of all evil" is by no means far-reaching enough to explain this tremendous picture. It is on Calvary and around the foot of the cross that the tares are sown, — an indication of the cross rising in the foreground, and the inscription "I.N.R.I." lying near it. A dim light from the rising moon reveals a huge figure stealing near to the sacred spot; in one hand he clutches a bowl full of gold coins, which with the other hand he sows as tares — coin after coin dropping through his fingers into that most sacred ground where has been dropped a seed more holy than was ever elsewhere sown. In form and drapery the evil one resembles a Hebrew patriarch; his malevolence and hatred of Him who here has died make his face hideous; and mingled with these expressions there is a suggestion of devilish glee in the work he is doing. Is it true that the power of money has been the curse of Christianity? Shakespeare tells of "saint-seducing gold," and Dante makes Virgil say: —

> "Now mayst thou see, my son! how brief, how vain,
> The goods committed into Fortune's hands,
> For which the human race keep such a coil!
> Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,
> Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
> Might purchase rest for one."

Charles Sprague Pearce, a much younger man than La Farge or Vedder, has painted several religious subjects, although he has meantime executed so many works of a different nature that he cannot be accurately called a religious painter. He has lived in France since 1873, and has been called a "Frenchman of Frenchmen, although born in Boston;" and to my mind, if his art were to be given a nationality, it would unavoidably be called French. Mr. Pearce has received most gratifying and important recognition as an artist. After having gained a medal from the Paris Salon, he was last year made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In Ghent he received the Grand Medal of Honor; in Munich and Antwerp he has received medals and other valuable recognition, and in Berlin the Grand Diploma of Honor, outranking all medals, was conferred upon him. His earliest religious subject known to me is the huge picture of the "Decapitation of Saint John." It was painted about twenty years ago, when he had studied and practised his art but a few years. It secured to the artist an honorable mention in the Salon of 1881, a degree which had been conferred on but four Americans in forty-one years, which shows the high estimation in which the picture was held in Paris. It is a realistic work, and the anatomy of the figures may be praised, especially in the executioner, who demands more attention in this picture than does the saint. In truth, I find little to praise in the conception and the sentiment of

LOT'S WIFE.

BY MARY L. MACOMBER.

this work, while the drawing, foreshortening and other technical qualities should be heartily commended. For these reasons it may well be honorably mentioned wherever seen; but I doubt if it can move any soul to its depths, or for a moment lead the spectator to forget that it is "only a picture."

"The Death of the First-Born" is a far more unusual and interesting work than the "Decapitation of Saint John;" but it is ultra-realistic. I mean that one at once perceives that Mr. Pearce has given infinite study to his models, that he has arranged the *mise-en-scène* of his picture with the greatest care, and has been dominated by the most sincere intention of representing with refined exactness the whole episode as he has conceived it. But I find no spiritual emotion nor spiritual sympathy in the work. At the same time it is most attractive and interesting for its subject, for its excellent technique, and for the pity which the spectator feels for the young father and mother sitting there, bowed down in their affliction, with the little mummy-case between them. For these reasons it is a picture that one will not forget, that one will always be glad to see, and that admirably displays the qualities of a conscientious, skilful, realistic, technical painter. I know of no other picture painted in our country which leads us to reflect on what a day that must have been when "there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead." There are most praiseworthy touches in the handling of the subject, such as the covering of the faces, the pretty decoration of the odd little burial-case, and the toy-like votive images scattered before the altar to which the father and mother have brought their baby. In short, as an achievement in good painting, for an artist so young as was Mr. Pearce when this was done, 1878, it may be unreservedly praised. "The Sacrifice of Abraham," 1879, seems to me to accentuate the estimate of Pearce as a religious painter which I have given above. "The Annunciation," 1892, I have not seen, nor has any reproduction nor any description of it come within my observation. I believe that a writer in the *Magazine of Art*, in April, 1893, speaks justly of Mr. Pearce when he says: —

"Mr. Pearce was born in Boston in 1851, but came to Europe in 1873, and placed himself under the tutelage of M. Léon Bonnat. His winters were spent in Nice, and voyages to Algiers and other parts of Africa naturally gave a distinct tone and direction to his artistic sensibilities. This development afforded a strong contrast to his youth, when his ambition was to paint great Biblical subjects, such as his 'Lamentation over the First-Born,' 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' and 'The Decapitation of Saint John.' The spirit of Barry and Haydon was strong within him; but, like Jan von Beers, he yielded to the pressure

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

BY MARY L. MACOMBER.

of the times, and became more modern in his ideas and his subjects. At the same time he sought to cultivate more and more his excellence of technique, and only transferred to it the enthusiasm he had misplaced in the 'grand style.'"

Frank Vincent Du Mond is one of our young artists, born in 1864, who painted a "Holy Family" after graduating at the Académie Julien, at Paris; it gained a medal at the Paris Salon, and has been much admired in this country. It represents the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph sitting on one side of a rude bench on which a frugal meal is spread; their heads are bowed and hands clasped, while the youthful Jesus, standing on the other side of the table, is "saying grace." The light from an opposite window brings out the profile of his face against the background of a broad aureole, with great distinctness. His head is bowed, and there is an air of purity and sanctity about him which impresses one intensely and pervades the otherwise bare and cheerless room. It recalls Miss Mulock's lines: —

"This, this is Thou! No idle painter's dream
Of aureoled, imaginary Christ,
Laden with attributes that make not God,
But Jesus, son of Mary, lowly, wise,
Obedient, subject unto parents, mild,
Meek — as the meek that shall inherit earth;
Pure — as the pure in heart that shall see God."

The figure of the madonna is totally unconventional; indeed, it is so far from being ecclesiastical, that the aureole and the pot of lilies by her side are absolutely necessary to emphasize her personality. There is a simplicity and directness about the picture that it is difficult to describe; its intangible qualities make its value, and these can only be worthily conveyed to the mind by sight.

Another picture by Du Mond is "The Baptism of Christ," a subject that has been so frequently treated by the old masters that it is interesting to see a modern American conception of it. The thought that Jesus is the principal figure is emphasized in this picture by his being placed sufficiently in front of the Baptist to render the latter secondary at the first glance; and yet this is done in a way that does not too much detract from the importance of the saint. A second noticeable method by which the superiority of the Christ is marked is in the difference in the expression of the two faces. Both have the eyes raised to heaven, and both are raising the right hand as if invoking a higher power; the face of the Christ has an expression as if gazing with perfect peace and trust into the very ocean of supreme power and love, and of being entranced and lost in that supreme, while the expression of the Baptist is complex: it combines a wonderful reverence and a sincere humility with an appeal to the Almighty Father on account of this being whom the Baptist had declared himself unworthy to baptize, but to whose command, "Suffer it to be so now," he had obediently yielded. It seems an almost incomprehensible thing that a young man not yet of the age at which our Lord was baptized, who has gone from our American life and passed through Julien's school, should paint a picture which in its spirit might have emanated from the cell of a devout monk, or been painted for an altar-piece with the purity and intensity of religious feeling which characterized the work of Fra Bartolommeo or Gion Bellini. In the background of the picture Du Mond's exquisite feeling for nature is discerned; and the groups of witnesses to the impressive scene are well worthy of study if one can turn his attention to these details — quite sufficient for a picture by themselves — with the two wonderful figures of the Christ and the saint before his eyes.

I have said nothing of the work of Mr. May or Mr. Moss or others of whose work I should like to speak. I have simply treated of half a dozen of our religious painters whose work is perhaps the most notable and representative. One does not fail to remember especially the beautiful work which has been done in these late years by Mrs. Henry Whitman of Boston.

To me the most remarkable American painter of religious subjects is Miss Mary L. Macomber, whose ancestors were all New England people. She was born in Fall River, and first studied there under a local "fruit painter." She next studied in the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and after leaving it had three

years of illness, not actually commencing her artistic career until the autumn of 1889. She painted a picture of "Ruth," which was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in New York. Attention was first fixed on Miss Macomber as a religious painter by an "Annunciation" exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago. It attracted and delighted all who saw it, and was approved by the general consent of artists as well as others. Of all religious subjects, the Annunciation is the most mystical and most attractive to me personally; and I have a deep sympathy with Miss Macomber in her early choice of this subject, which she has so exquisitely rendered, a subject so suitably appealing to a pure-souled young woman, whose experience has not dulled her conception of what that scene must have been which Dante pictures thus: —

"The Angel who to earth the news made known
Of peace that men had wept for many a year,
And heaven long barred and closed had open thrown,
Before us stood in sculptured form so clear,
In attitude that sweetest thought betrayed,
That he no speechless image did appear.
One could have sworn that he his *Ave* said,
For there too, in clear-imaged form, was she
Who turned the key that high love open laid,
And on her mien is written, one might see,
*Ecce Ancilla Dei*, full as plain
As figures that on wax imprinted be."

The reverent sincerity in Miss Macomber's work, the utter absence of any trick or artificial methods, her pure, fresh inspiration, are all in exquisite harmony with the delicate color which so graciously lends itself to her refined and devotional conception. To me the essential value of every representation of this subject, however beautiful and however decorative it may otherwise be, is in the expression on the face of the Virgin, which is here most satisfactory. She is scarcely troubled, certainly not afraid; but she is awed by the new-born consciousness, gradually becoming real to her, that she is to be called "Blessed" by all future generations; and one recalls Taine's exclamation before the "Annunciation" in the convent of San Marco: "Such immaculate modesty, such virginal candor! By her side Raphael's Virgins are merely vigorous peasant girls."

The most noteworthy feature of the exhibition at the Boston Art Museum last summer was undoubtedly Miss Macomber's "Madonna." Pyramidal in form, the madonna and child are in the upper portion of the picture, with an adoring female figure on each side. The seat or throne of the madonna is carved from white marble, on which, in panels ornamented with graceful borders, are scenes from the life of Jesus. The mother and child are clothed in white, but behind the mother hangs a drapery of a rich tint of green, bordered in purple and gold, which throws into full relief, not only her figure, but also her auburn hair and the golden halos which float above the heads of both the madonna and the child. The figure on the right kneels in profile and has her face buried in her hands, while the whole expression of the form is that of deep sorrow. Her dress is of a very faint rose color, almost white, and her hair of a light golden tinge. The figure on the left is seated at the feet of the madonna, and holds a crown of thorns. Her expression is pensive; her dress is a delicate greenish blue, and her hair brown. The face of the one figure and the forms of both are expressive of a lofty, solemn sadness, which, however, is not hopeless. The crown of thorns indicates that the future sufferings of Jesus are prophetically known to them and to the divine mother; but their faith is hopeful, and they believe without reserve that supreme love and pity are guiding everything for their ultimate happiness and that of the whole world.

Miss Macomber is able to attain the greatest end which the greatest master ever reached; for she moves the hearts of those who study her pictures, — and especially does she accomplish this by the face of the madonna. This art is not learned in any school; it can be imparted by no master; it is her own God-given nature which has enabled her to illumine the face of her madonna, sad though it be, with the unutterable, tender, passionate, unselfish and immortal maternal love. She recalls to one's mind those lines of Rossetti beginning, "All hath been told her touching her dear son, and all shall be accomplished."

# The Happiest Lot.

Warrior, o'er the tented field
Wave thy plumes of glory
Proudly is thy name revealed
On thy country's story
Fame is thine; but will not fame
Pale before the judgment flame?

Maiden, fairer than the pearls
Round thy brow thou wearest,
From the throng of bright-eyed girls
Beauty's palm thou bearest.
Beauty! what will beauty be
When the clods shall cover thee?

Busy man, with heaps of gold
Toilest thou with pleasure.
Rich thou art and think'st to hold
Long thy shining treasure.
Riches! save their chain be riven,
Hardly shalt thou enter heaven.

Humble saint, who mov'st in faith
Through thy sphere of duty,
Asking not, to cheer thy path,
Wealth, or fame, or beauty,
Happiest lot of all is thine;
God's own smile on thee doth shine!

Lucy Larcom.

This poem was written by Lucy Larcom early in the days of her teaching at Wheaton Seminary, at Norton. The school year was drawing to a close, and as the time approached when teacher and pupils were to separate, some not to return, the kindly relations were to be recognized by a parting gift to each of some book. One of the class, Miss Ruth A. Webber of Bedford, who was not only a pupil, but had certain official duties that brought her in more intimate association with her teacher, expressed a preference for a few words fresh from her pen, and she was gratified in receiving from Miss Larcom's hand at parting this little poem, which she has carefully treasured for more than forty years. Now that Miss Larcom's volume of life is closed, Miss Webber wishes to add her testimony to that of others to the inspiring influence of the teacher of her early days, and to share this keepsake with the large circle of pupils and friends of Lucy Larcom.

BEDFORD, March 1, 1895. ABRAM ENGLISH BROWN.

---

# THE PHYSICIANS OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

*By May Kelsey Champion.*

"NEW diseases are the fruits of new sins," warned Nathaniel Morton, in a year when one of those dark clouds which so often hid the Plymouth sky had drawn lower than usual. They were awakening dispensations which should cause all to examine whether they had not provoked the Lord with some general and unwonted evil-doing, he declared.

In this same spirit, it was always the settling of a preacher which was the first matter at hand after laying out a plantation, if, indeed, the pioneers, or separatists, or religious outcasts, or whatever manner of men and women they were who went out from Plymouth or the Bay, did not secure their minister first and build up their new town afterward.

To him who could heal souls the colonists confidently brought the ills of their bodies; and the preachers, closing the covers of their Bibles now and then to take up a "phissic book" or two, were held fully qualified to deal out mercurials and operate with lancets and blisters. Seldom in the first years of a settlement did the name of a regular physician appear upon the lists; and as late as 1746 a Massachusetts town set aside £5 for its minister in return for his serving the poor of the place with medicine.

Looking down the long perspective, we are led to hope that these men of two professions did not seek to administer their doctrines with their blisters and potions; else, under such caustic treatment, it must frequently have been a hard fight for the patient to recover. It is a significant fact that when, after a few years, the actual practitioners — chirurgeons, as they were commonly called — did arrive, they found an enthusiastic welcome.

Broad acres were seductively held forth by the settlers of every large town to secure a physician of their own; and once established, his services were generously shared with the surrounding smaller

settlements. A single exception to this rule comes to mind just here, — an amusing incident of an exclusive Connecticut town whose physician went too often abroad, giving more of his skill to the neighboring plantations than was pleasing. A remonstrance was made and sixty acres of land granted for his encouragement to stay at home and attend the sick of his own town rather than strangers. Usually, however, the doctor's circuit was no small journey. His salary was fixed by the courts, and some such careful entry as the following of the Connecticut Colony in 1652 went down upon the records: —

"Thomas Lord, hauing ingaged to this Courte to continue his aboade in Hartford for the next ensuing yeare, and to improue his best skill amongst the inhabitants of the Townes vppon the Riuer within this Jurissdiction, both for setting of bones and otherwise, as at all times occasions and necessityes may or shall require; This Courte doth graunt that hee shall bee paid by the Country the sum of fifteene pounds for the said ensuing yeare, and they doe declare that for euery visitt or journye that hee shall take or make, being sent for to any howse in Hartford, twelue pence is reasonable; to any howse in Wyndsor, fiue shillings; to any howse in Wethersfeild, three shillings; to any howse in Farmington, six shillings; to any howse in Mattabeseck, eight shillings; (hee hauing promised that hee will require no more)."

Physicians were freed from watching, warding and training, and, usually, from taxes also; though it would seem, from a piteous appeal of one Bryan Rosseter to the younger John Winthrop, that they were not always exempt from these last. In sore straits he begs him in a letter to use his influence in the matter. "I was never rated for my head whilest I lived at Connealicott," he writes. And again: "As for rates for my head and Horse I hope your Honor soe honors that antient phisitian Aesculapius &c. that my name being approved may be cancelled in the treasurer's list."

During King Philip's War the town of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, hired a surgeon for three months, he promising to be helpful to the town, and to "do his best endeavor, with the help of God," to cure any that might be wounded by the enemy. In return, the town agreed to give him a place in which to live, his diet, and twenty shillings a month, and to allow him, in addition, three pounds in money with which to purchase instruments and medicine.

Later, when the courts ceased to take charge of this matter of payment for services, and it became the custom among physicians to derive their profits mainly from the sale of their tinctures and applications, the temptation to deal them out profusely may easily be understood. Potent were the blisters and extravagant the bleedings when an "epidemicall" disease went round, or in the years when the "throat-ail" was "very mortal."

Not infrequently the chirurgeons added a trade to their profession, as the ministers at the first had added surgery to their theology; and a man might occupy himself with a last and lap-stone when his mortar and pestle were idle.

That the unskilful pretenders kept themselves abreast right prominently with the regular practitioners is confirmed by an act of the Massachusetts Colony in 1649. In this it is ordered that no persons whatsoever that are "implied" about the bodies of men, women or children, for preservation of life or health, shall "p^r^sume to exercise or put forth any act contrary to the knowne rules of art." This, the act goes on to state, "is not intended to discourage any from a lawfull use of their skill, but rather to incourage and direct them in the right use thereof, and to inhibit and restraine the presumptuous arrogance of such as, through prefidence of their owne skill or any other synister respects," venture to hazard the life or limbs of their patients.

As early as 1630 one Nich. Knopp was brought to justice in the same colony for taking upon himself to cure the scurvy by "a water of noe worth nor. value, which he solde att a very deare rate." The choice of a £5 fine or imprisonment was offered him, and apparently he preferred to pay the fine, since the court afterward remitted £3 of it.

Much reliance was placed upon faith as a curative agent. "Through faith and

the use of means he recovered," we read — whenever he got well at all, after the saltpetre, blisters, grated pepper and turpentine pills, and numberless bleedings that made up the "means."

Winthrop, in his journal, mentions an instance of healing, in which he says, "The power and mercy of the Lord did appear in extraordinary manner." A little child, the eight-year-old daughter of a deacon of the Boston church, had been playing with other children about a cart, when the "hinder end thereof" fell upon her head. The projecting iron made a deep wound, and according to Winthrop, who is rather uncomfortably precise in describing the accident, "drove a piece of the skull before it into the brain, so as the brains came out, and seven surgeons (some of the country, very experienced men, and others of the ships, which rode in the harbour) being called together for advice, etc., did all conclude that it was the brains, (being about half a spoonful at one time, and more at other times,) and that there was no hope of the child's life, except the piece of skull could be drawn out. This treatment, however, one of the ruling elders of the church did not approve, and though a surgeon himself, he would apply only plasters, while the church lifted up its voice in earnest prayers." In six weeks, Winthrop writes, the child had recovered perfectly, and adds, as collateral assurance of the efficacy of the treatment: "Nor did it lose the senses at any time."

Though doubtless inheriting much of the large faith of his father, the younger John Winthrop was inclined to give careful attention to the study of the "means" as well. He even turned his mind now and then to the iridescent superstitions of the East — an elixir of dew which would cure mania, or that precious stone taken from the head of a snake by which the poison could be drawn from a venomous wound and discharged in milk. Full directions for preparing the first illusive substance are given him by Sir Kenelme Digby in a letter from Paris in 1656: —

"I haue knowne one," he writes, "that cured all deliriums and frensies whatsoeuer, and att once taking, w$^{th}$ an Elixir made of dew, nothing but dew, purifyed and nipped vp in a glasse, and digested fifteen months, till all of it was become a grey pouder not one droppe of humidity remaining. This j knowe to be true; and that first it was as black as ink; then greene; then gray; and att twenty-two months end, it was as white and lustrous as any orientall perle. But it cured manias at fifteen months end. He dyed that wrought it, when he intended to ferment it w$^{th}$ ☉. Other Elixir j neuer saw; and they that know it, I beleeue are very cautious to hide it." In this same letter, and apparently in answer to some previous questions of Winthrop, he tells him that all vitriol is alike, and additions made to it are "but to make the thing the more mysterious."

"To make the thing mysterious" was a privilege which went with every doctor's saddle-bags. Always a conspicuous principle of the healing art, it had even greater encouragement, and, in consequence, greater allurement, in those days than in our own. American credulity may still cover a magnificent reach, but we give thanks that we have gotten past curing "agewes" by paring the sufferer's nails and hanging them in a linen bag about the neck of a live eel, — at the time declared a magnetical experiment attended by infallible results.

It is Sir Kenelme Digby who describes Peruvian bark to Winthrop, which he says he has made known as a cure for intermittent fevers, and which "wórketh no sensible effect but that you are cured." He also shows his respect for the other's knowledge of the science by an assurance that any medicines which Winthrop might send him in return would be received as singular favors.

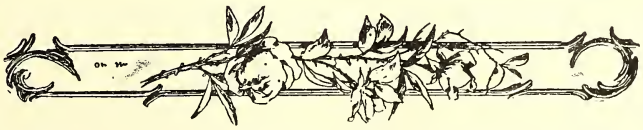
Neighbors and friends brought their complaints to Winthrop, sure of a hearing, and certain, too, that whatever remedies he knew would be freely offered. Now in a letter from the New Haven plantation John Davenport complains that his wife "hath bene, diverse times, and stil is, valetudinarious, faint, thirsty, of little appetite, and indisposed sundry times," or again, one as far away as Barbadoes is "trobled with a thin, sharp,

salt youmer" settling upon his "longes," and lays his discomfort before the kind-hearted governor, asking for a cure.

From the surrounding country the various healing herbs yielded their virtues to the settlers. Sassafras was exported in large quantities. Sumac berries pounded and mixed with honey constituted a remedy for certain disorders. Even that plant which grew under a perennial cloud of disrepute had its place. Of the agency of "that good creature, tobacco," in Captain Underhill's celebrated smoke conversion, much has been written. For inoculation against sin germs, it seems to have turned out rather a failure in the single experiment on record. But notwithstanding the fact that its remedial effect upon the captain's soul was very short-lived, the colonists seem to have kept faith with it for some physical ailments. Roger Williams took up a pen to praise its effects in his own family. His son Joseph being troubled by what is mysteriously described as "a spice of an epilepsie," "we used some remedies," he says, "but it hath pleased God, by his taking of tobacco, perfectly (as we hope) to cure him."

One may not dwell upon the medical practice of that time without a thought of the early good-wives; those able women who were ready at any hour of the day or night to answer a call of suffering — who thought nothing of mounting a horse and riding six or seven miles in darkness or cold or storm to bring comfort to the distressed. They were learned in the properties of the different local herbs, and were held in conspicuous respect in the plantations. To a seventh daughter was ascribed peculiar power, and superstitious homage was paid to her ability to stroke for the king's-evil, cure cancers, alleviate asthma and set broken bones. It did not go well with these worthy women, however, when they attempted to introduce new religious creeds with their brewing. That was a matter which the courts took up with a high hand, and the offender was likely to find herself driven from the plantation. One Jane Hawkins figured rather prominently before an early Massachusetts court for an offence of this kind, and was ordered between the time of her sentence and that of her departure "not to meddle in surgery, or phisick, plaisters, or oyles, nor to question matters of religion, except w^th^ the elders for satisfaction." Savage, referring to the matter, remarks that he supposes that her oil of Antinomianism was more dreaded than her oil of mandrakes.

Small-pox might rage; pestilential fevers might stalk abroad in the land; but Antinomianism and its kindred heresies were disorders for which the spiritual board of health of the Massachusetts Colony kept a sharp watch.



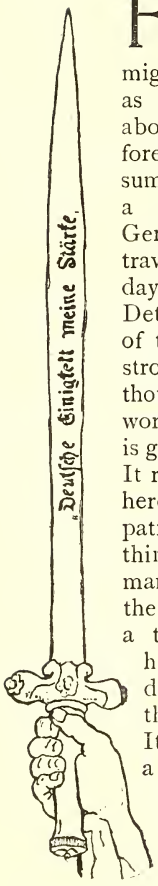
# HÄNDEL'S LARGO.

*By Philip Becker Goetz.*

HE trembled at the gate of peace and wrought
With human voice to tongue his frenzied mood:
He sang; and angels leaned to hear who caught
Their hymn and framed for man their proper thought.

# GERMANY'S TRIBUTE TO ARMINIUS.

*By Myron R. Sanford.*




FIFTY miles from Hanover, on a direct line toward Cologne, — one might say very appropriately, as the crow flies, for crows abound in the Teutoburgian forest, — there stands on the summit of the Grotenburg peak a monument to the early German hero, Arminius. The traveller lingering for a few days in the pleasant town of Detmold lying just at the foot of the mountain, goes his way strongly impressed with the thought that this memorial is worthy of more attention than is given it by the outside world. It recalls to him the story of a heroic chieftain and the fierce patriotism which first dared to think of the union of the German tribes, a story which "stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet." He may have heard it before in his school-days, but never as told under the shadow of these hills. It reminds him also that on a great fête day, twenty years ago, this monument, designed to keep in remembrance Arminius and the union which he welded, was happily chosen as a national symbol to mark the formation of the new Germany under Wilhelm I. No nation except the German has ever before stopped in its erection of monuments to the heroes of the day to build so colossal a monument to a chieftain of two thousand years gone by.

No nation ever had better cause to remember an early patriot. At the beginning of the Christian era, the Roman policy with regard to the German tribes had already taken definite shape, and the more intelligent leaders among the many clans living between the Rhine and the Elbe saw with fear that their tribute money was accounted by the questors as a steady source of revenue to the Roman treasury. Nor were they so rude and untaught in the principles of government that they did not see, even in its immaturity, the full design of Augustus. Their hunting-grounds were to be Roman, they but the forest-keepers; their fields were to be tithed to the distant owners, themselves the serfs of the strange chiefs who had intruded themselves among them and of the great *imperium* which those chiefs vaguely shadowed to them. It was the old story in the world's history, — old even then, — an organized despotism endeavoring to keep in subjection tribes whose weakness lay not in want of courage or prowess, but in lack of unity. The historian Tacitus, well knowing what would be the potentiality of a German union, says gravely a few years later, that "the gods have granted no greater gift to the Roman empire in the years of its failing strength than the strife of the middle Europe tribes. And," he continues, "as if in an amphitheatre, they have even granted us, as spectators, the sight of the contest in an arena before our eyes." The Romans, by gifts and power bestowed, won to themselves the aid of many chieftains whose patriotism was less dear to them than a guarantee of good living and personal protection. But a smothered hatred toward the legions whose eagles were ever flaunted in their faces lived in the heart of many an Arminius in the forests of Germany. Yet he alone seemed to have the influence to organize and the craft to lead in the successful struggle which followed.

This young soldier, son of Segimer, a chief of the Cherusci, but twenty-five years of age at this time, had recently returned from southern Germany, or northern Italy, where, with his brother Flavus, he had been serving in the Roman army.

DETMOLD, SHOWING THE MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

When we have sifted out the truth from the romantic tales and legends which make his name their centre, we find we have too little left that is certain. He could have been no common hireling, for he won both citizenship and knighthood from the Romans. He must have been the bravest and the strongest of characters, or he could never, in the face of the opposition of his own family and the disheartening fear of all the tribes, have struggled on to the great victories which he won. He must have been far beyond his rude companions in statesmanship to see clearly what might follow from a union of the clans; and, finally, we know that he was filled with the intensest patriotism. There was in him such a deep love for his native woods and for the primitive homes of his people, that we can believe it to have been with no feeling of self-sacrifice that he gave up the honors promised him by the Empire and turned back to the privations of the old life in the Teutoburgian forests. He knew he would be poor and destitute among his people, whereas comparative luxury would be afforded him if his influence and service were given to Rome — for the Romans were seeking through such as Arminius to gain a firmer hold upon the tribes; yet he was strong enough to despise all Roman allurements.

He seems to have left the Roman army and to have made his way back to his tribe some time in the year 8 A. D. Whether he had at this time a well-matured plan in his mind to free Germany we do not know. But the designs of Varus, unmistakable to the young knight, who had learned Roman craft within the camp, and the slow drawing of the net led him within the year to determine upon action. Word was sent by him from tribe to tribe, oaths of union were given, and the young Cheruscan, with other leaders, waited a favorable moment. It came when Varus started from what is now central Germany in September, A. D. 9, to quiet a rebellion which had broken out in one of the small nations of the southwest. The Roman, too conscious of his own strength, marched with little precaution into the Teutoburgian forest; the soldiers straggled through the thickets, some scarcely armed at all, many with armor carelessly borne and a hindrance rather than a help in case of attack. Probably they were thinking of anything rather than that already thousands of eyes were glaring at them from behind the pines and firs, or that many crouching enemies were concealed on the sides of the ravines just in their path.

The blow fell with awful violence. It was the despairing fierceness of men who

knew that failure in this attempt would be heavier bondage to their land and fate worse than death to themselves. Encouraged at the first onset by more success than they had dared to hope, for three days they drove the Romans pitilessly through the valleys and over the hills of the Teutoburger Wald. And after the head of Varus had been forwarded as a warning to a chief who had not lent his fealty, and those who were left of the three legions had been sent under the yoke, the people hailed Arminius king. Proof that the Romans regarded this victory of the barbarians as a great one is found in the record of the pathetic grief of the senile Augustus and the statement of Tacitus that "Arminius was, without doubt, the liberator of Germany; and not, as other kings and leaders, in the beginning of its strength, but in the height of its power, had he dared to attack the Empire. He was not always successful in single battles, yet unconquered in war."

So Arminius became Germany's first hero. How much was accomplished, and how history was diverted from what would have been, by this victory, are questions variously answered by those who have written upon these times. Though Arminius reigned but twelve years, with but the partial allegiance of the tribes, yet German freedom began at the battle with Varus. Arminius for a moment welded together the tribes whose descendants were to compose the German fatherland. He was occasionally memorialized by poets and historians; but until the present century no more thought was given him than by any busy people to one of their mythical heroes whose deeds are told the children round the fireside.

The more perfect revelation to the German people of a flesh-and-blood Arminius, as the first leader of the united tribes and the one who, after forming that imperfect state, led on the clans to victory, is due to the long and patient effort of Joseph Ernst von Bandel. This artist gave thirty-seven years of his life to an endeavor to erect the memorial which now crowns the Grotenburg peak. Two passions filled Von Bandel's life, — patriotism and art. To the conjoined force of these two the monument is due.

The times in which Bandel's boyhood fell had much to do in developing the strong love of country which was prominent in his after life. He saw the coming of the forces of the first Napoleon into Ansbach, his native town, and soon knew what hardships and disgrace war might bring to a conquered people. It is told of him that when news came of the defeat of the French forces in Russia, he bought a bust of Napoleon, put it in the open highway and, to the fright of his people, stoned it. Fortunately for him the power of the foreign rulers was already so far weakened that no punishment followed the act. As a boy he was disinclined to work, and through the indulgence of his father spent much of his time in roaming the woods and fields. Later he roused himself to effort and studied forestry; but when about to begin his service, happening to enter the studio of an artist and seeing the work in progress, he cried out: "I too must learn to make these;" and the modeller as quickly said: "If you are in earnest I will teach you." This instantaneous choice was final. Bandel was an artist from that moment.

The thought of an Arminius as an appropriate subject for a sculptor's chisel seems to have been with him from the beginning of his artist life as one among other conceptions; but presently the ardent patriotism of the man led him to regard this subject as the only one fit for his life work. For more than fifty years he woke and slept with but one ideal,— Arminius, a great Arminius, for the German people. It was many years before he could get promise of help sufficient to justify him in laying the foundations of the memorial; but in 1838 a company of friends advanced means to begin the substructure. This massive piece of work was successfully built and the last stone laid in 1846. Then came years of famine and poverty to Germany, and loyal as were Bandel's friends, they were unable to aid him. A Verein had been formed in Detmold, another later in Hanover; contributions had been solicited far and near; designs of the pro-

INSIDE THE LITTLE HÜNENRING.

posed figure had been sold for the benefit of the fund; but still the means were inadequate. To find two hundred and seventy thousand marks for a statue of this vaguely defined old hero Hermann — for so his name became in modern German — was not easy. The princes of Lippe occasionally lent their help; other royal contributions were made; and the Vereins furnished small sums; but all gifts combined were too small to be of practical service. The substructure on the now neglected peak seemed destined to stand a meaningless pile of sandstone. The tools and valuable pieces of metal were removed from the workshop on the mountain and stored away in Detmold. Members of the Vereins died, and men went their way and seemed to forget the artist and his hopes.

Bandel himself did not waver. To abandon the project never occurred to him. He hammered away on the copper plates which were to cover the iron framework of the figure and waited for the time when Germany should see in his design a worthy type of its unity and freedom. That time came after the war of 1870. In the joy over peace and the formation of a new Germany, no memorial of unity, victory and freedom could be more fitting than the Arminius statue. The long-delayed and partially completed monument suddenly found itself an object of popular regard; the Reichstag voted Bandel ten thousand thalers; the new emperor, who had previously sent him two thousand thalers, now provided nine thousand more, and allowed a relief of himself for one of the niches at the base to be made from a cannon recently captured at Gravelotte; Krupp, of Essen, sent the great steel sword for the statue; the multitudes crowded to the top of the Grotenburg and covered the base, which had stood figureless for twenty-four years, with wreaths and streamers of black, white and red; the winding road leading up the mountain suddenly became again a highway for struggling teams and work-

men; and again Bandel lived upon the Grotenburg. But with far different feelings must he now have hammered and planned; for he worked no longer in a deferred but a present hope. The nation itself had publicly declared its wish for the completion of the memorial. He had waited long for his reward, but it was abundant when at last it came. Though with nearly blinded eyes and the gray hairs of a man who had passed by five years the allotted gift of life, he stood on the day of dedication at the foot of his Arminius statue, near him the leader upon whom he looked as the second Hermann arisen to unite the German tribes, the emperor himself; and when he was led to the front, and the Kaiser, grasping his hand to thank him in the name of Germany, pointed him out to the great multitude as the patient workman to whose labor the memorial was due, all and more than all that he had ever dreamed was his, and his life was full. Never had so many thousands crowded upon the top of the Grotenburg as gathered to see this closing act in the building of the memorial and to mark the honor paid the builder — not even on any great day of battle for freedom eighteen centuries and more before. The inhabitants of Detmold even yet dwell with the greatest enthusiasm upon the scenes of that red-letter day in the history of the little city, when the revered emperor and his noble officers, other representatives from all Germany and the population of the surrounding villages crowded their streets and climbed their honored mountain to hail with heartiest good-will the beginning and the continuance of German union.

In the wide avenue cut through the trees just at the rear of the statue there still stands the little cottage where for many years Bandel spent the working hours of the day, superintending the labor of the masons and coppersmiths, himself one of the most diligent of workmen. On many stormy nights he slept there, being obliged, so he writes, to go out occasionally "to drive away the beasts that troubled him." These beasts must have been such small animals as wild hogs, deer and foxes. It is not an uncommon occurrence now to see, in the evening, a deer run across the open space in front of the monument. Bandel laughs at one time over the stealing of his dinner by the foxes.

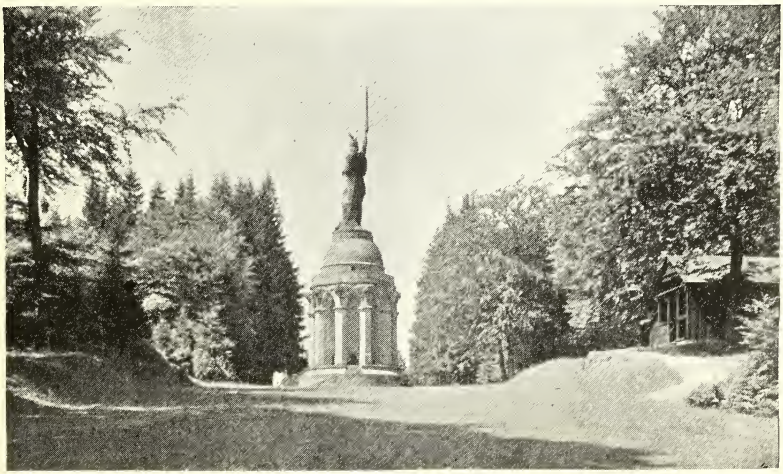
Since his death there has been cut on a stone in front of his cottage the inscription: "Here, before his hut, the place of his many years of thinking and toiling, stood Ernst von Bandel on the 16th of August, 1875, at the dedication of the monument to the German people." Just across the plateau is a stone marking the place where the Emperor William stood on the day of dedication.

The mountains of the Teutoburger Wald are insignificant. The Grotenburg, one of the highest, is but twelve hundred feet above the sea; nor is it particularly rugged. It can be ascended by a sturdy climber at any point on the east or north. On the west it might prove more troublesome. Here, also, some of the ravines between the ridges extending along the range are deep and must have been impassable before the days of modern German forestry. It is a popular belief that in one of these ravines, northeast of the Grotenburg, the worst slaughter of the Romans took place. The affable custodian of the keys, when asked the place of the battle, never fails to point down from the gallery of the monument to this particular hillside and ravine, as if doubt in the matter could never enter one's mind. And who ventures to doubt up here under the very feet of Arminius himself, looking down upon the labyrinth of mountain ridges and hollows running about in a confusion just suited to entrap the unthinking legions? Yet it is just to say that some who have tried, from the meagre accounts left us, to follow Varus through the Teutoburgian forest, have located the place of the battle far away from the Grotenburg, and some not even in this wood at all. But what bit of ancient history or tradition has been safe these many years?

Two years before the first stones were cut for the base of the memorial we find Bandel one autumn day roaming about the forest. He seems, as ever, to have been thinking of his Arminius. He writes: "It was early on a beautiful morning in

September, 1836, that I started to ascend the highest peak of the Teutoburgian forest, the Grotenburg. At the foot of the mountain I found by a little pond a twelve-year-old boy who agreed to take me to the top. He proved a talkative companion, and led me through thick and thin to the old stone wall. The higher I went the more surprised I was at the beauty of the mountain form. At last we came to the top of the peak, which was then entirely free from trees of any size, for only stunted pines showed themselves from the thick sweet-broom. The beeches and oaks just down the mountain were dead, partly from old age and partly from the beating of the storms. Only the lowest part of the peak was fresh and green with oaks and beeches. I knew this mountain peak, which lifted itself, cone-shaped, in the midst of the deepest valleys of the range (the poor Romans who were caught fast in these ravines even Jupiter himself could not rescue) as a fitting place for my memorial. From it one could look into all the valleys, and upon it a statue could be seen at the greatest distance. I found on the summit a pile of stones, and I said to my little conductor, 'Here, boy, will I build a monument.' Whereupon he looked at me as if he were astounded." Bandel never repented the choice of the Grotenburg for his memorial.

The walk from Detmold, the capital of the principality of Lippe-Detmold, three miles to the northeast, is a delightful one. The way, shaded by lindens, leads through pleasant streets, along a wide, clean walk by the canal, to the edge of the town, where, turning, it cuts through a small forest of beeches. Nor must the reader here imagine a canal whose water, like that of the Rhine at Cologne, needs itself to be washed; it is rather a clear running stream, now breaking over a small fall, now turning to hide under the bank, like the stream of our boyhood on the New England farm. The summer wanderer will look far before he finds a prettier halting place than Detmold. Beyond the limits of the little city, in the beech-wood, the way becomes more and more inviting. Winding about, with the sparkle of water through the trees on the left and a glimpse of a modern villa now and then on the right, we presently cross a highway and turn to the left up the mountain itself. Here the beeches disappear, and small firs, pines and oaks for the most part take their places. A firm, hard road leads by many turns to the top; or the foot traveller who does not mind the fatigue can by cross paths find a much nearer way to the summit.



FIRST VIEW OF THE MONUMENT, SHOWING BANDEL'S COTTAGE ON THE RIGHT.

A half mile or more up the ascent is seen the first Hünenring, or little Giant's Ring, an old fortification of earth and

OVER THE TREE-TOPS.

stones, built by some ancient tribe. The rampart is approximately an ellipse, with a distance along the minor axis of perhaps three hundred and fifty feet. The ditch outside is still quite deep in many places, making at these points the entire height of the earthen wall some twenty-five feet. The height of the embankment must have been much greater when first built; yet it is surprising, after all the centuries which have gone by, that so much of an original outline still remains. Trees have straggled into the enclosure and have even mounted the wall of the old battlement. Openings are cut through upon the east and west in order that visitors may more readily enter. Besides this wall of earth, strengthened occasionally by a moss-covered rock, there is nothing to suggest that the fiercest of struggles may have here taken place. But whether the rampart once withstood a Roman attack, whether the knight Arminius commanded the forces within and held, on some great battle day, the wall against Germanicus himself, or even whether the fort was ever stormed at all, no one will ever tell us. It is only in imagination that we can picture what may have here occurred. One has a feeling, however, on walking about the enclosure, that it must have been an urgent necessity which compelled the making of the Hünenring. Just up the steep side of the mountain, a quarter of a mile further on, are partially left the walls of the greater Hünenring. Here the embankments were higher, the ditches deeper. But in its present condition one does not have so quick a suggestion of fortification, conflict and bloodshed as at the smaller fort.

Immediately on leaving the greater Hünenring, at a turn in the wood there suddenly appears against the sky a rear view of the colossal Hermann, standing with shield and uplifted sword. The view from this point is, possibly, disappointing. The trees close by and the large diameter and massive character of the substructure rather dwarf the figure itself, though this impression disappears to some extent on nearer approach. Yet the statue is greater when seen above the tree-tops or from the valleys below than when one stands even in the gallery at the very base of the figure. And it was quite in Bandel's thought that it should be so. Had he desired to build an Arminius statue for the gratification of the hurriedly passing sight-seer, he would not have chosen the remote peak of the Grotenburg nor, having chosen it, would he have placed his giant hero with back toward Detmold and allowed him in any way to be dwarfed by his immediate surroundings. It was the Arminius who was to watch over the Teutoburgian forests, the valleys below and, in type, the whole fatherland from which he had once driven the invading enemy, upon which Bandel wrought. This must be remembered on climbing the steep path by the two Hünenrings and coming out suddenly upon a view of the statue; else its meaning is lost.

The substructure is unique. "My memorial," the artist wrote, "shall have

but one ornament, the figure itself." So he sought that form of a base which should nearest accord with its surroundings, or which should "rise from the mountain as naturally as the fir trees, so that upon it my Arminius may seem to stand free in the heaven." This effect he decided could be best produced by a foundation of cylindrical and dome-like form. But in his cylinder are cut ten niches flanked by huge triple-branching columns, in order that too great plainness might not result. He piled up to the height of one hundred feet, for this substructure, the gray blocks of sandstone cut from one of the adjoining hills, the only purely ornamental detail being the oak-leaved capitals of the columns.

Upon the dome-shaped top stands Arminius. He is perhaps calling to his followers in a moment of exultation after the battle. His sword is uplifted as high as the arm can reach, the left hand resting lightly on the shield, which he has just put off, while the Roman eagle and the fasces are trampled under the left foot. He wears the conventional dress of an early chief, a winged helmet, short-sleeved doublet, shoes of pelt, and a wide belt with sword chain. The figure, fifty-five feet in height, is most ingeniously constructed of more than two hundred copper plates riveted to a number of great iron cylinders. The cylinders are bolted to a socket plate on which the figure stands; this in turn is fastened by iron rods extending down through the stone work sixty feet before an anchorage is made. The size of the figure forbade the work in bronze. As now constructed its weight is but one hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds. On one side the sword has in golden letters the inscription: —

"German unity my strength,"

and on the other: —

"My strength Germany's might."

THE MONUMENT FROM THE WEST.

The tip of the sword is thirty feet above the winged helmet and one hundred and eighty-three and a half from the ground. The figure differs little from that shown in the early drawings of Bandel which

FROM THE VALLEY.

were sold many years before the statue was begun. He held consistently to his first and noble ideal of an Arminius; and one cannot look upon the gigantic form and say that it is not a worthy ideal of all that is strong and great in German unity and might.

From the gallery of the monument there is a panoramic view of many miles of the surrounding country. In the sunlight of a bright October day the russet and green oaks and firs which cover the mountain side, the wide extent of rolling hills and deep valleys, dainty Detmold itself, and the farmhouses here and there, all go to make a picture of great beauty. Then looking up at the figure above, one wonders whether, setting aside the fact that Arminius must watch over his old battle-ground, there can be in all Germany a more fitting peak for this memorial. From the densely wooded valleys and hills to the west and south, the figure lifting the great golden-lettered sword to the sky is, as one comes to some opening in the trees, almost spectral; and if it be in the afternoon, when the sunlight falls on the full-length statue, the effect is all that even Bandel could wish it to be. Unfortunately, not one in thousands gets the best view of the monument. The woods are not threaded by any travelled highway, and in places are hardly passable when reached. So while the beauty of the walk from Detmold appeals to every one, and the two Giant Rings never fail to excite wonder as to their origin and purpose, it is quite probable that the excursionist who has already been surfeited with the sight of too many piles of masonry and statues, and who has many more down on his book to be seen before the season passes, carries away quite an imperfect suggestion of the great thought which Bandel embodied in the memorial. He would never have given his whole life to the simple representation of a man, real as that man became to him after his long years of devotion to his ideal. The young Cheruscan lived before Bandel as vividly as though of his own generation; but he lost sight of Arminius years before he climbed to the top of the scaffold and saw his workmen fasten the great steel sword in the hand of the giant figure. It was German union and its safe keeping which Bandel placed upon the rounded top of the dome; and it was the German people of the distant hills and fields who were to see the flashing sword above the tops of the oaks and firs, rather than the chance visitor whose idle curiosity should lead him to climb the mountain for a nearer view.

A railroad will soon be continued from Detmold to Bergheim. When completed, the traveller riding over this cross line will be able for perhaps fifteen miles of

EFFECT FROM ONE HUNDRED FEET BELOW.

the way to catch frequent glimpses of the monument. But the impression given by such glimpses will hardly be equal to the views which are now afforded to those who, rumbling along the side hills on the top of the " post " or diligence, catch sight again and again of the great figure outlined against the sky on its lonely hill. It is not strange that one acquires for the moment, though fast bound by other ties of citizenship, an enthusiasm for the freedom and unity so well pictured in the sentinel statue which keeps its unceasing watch over the fatherland. Indeed the New Englander and American can never forget how direct and regular is the descent of the liberties he enjoys from the old Teutonic liberties for which Arminius and the Cheruscans so sturdily stood there in the forest nineteen centuries ago.

# THE SWEET BOY-SINGERS.

*By Minna Irving.*

THE organ pipes begin to roll
  Their sacred thunders on my ear;
  All thoughts of evil flee my soul,
  And hate is far and heaven is near.
Through jewel-panes of crimson glass
  The sunlight falls in flakes of fire;
And slowly two by two they pass,
  The sweet boy-singers of the choir.

From youths whose hearts begin to stir
  At locks of gold and lips of red
To one sweet baby chorister
  Of six years old, who walks ahead,
With silver tongues and modest eyes,
  Angelic in their white attire,
They tell the joys of Paradise,
  The sweet boy-singers of the choir.

Now very faint and very far,
  Their voices in the distance die,
As if they mounted, star by star,
  To meet the seraphs in the sky.
I sigh at last to hear them cease,
  Such tender fancies they inspire,
Such heavenly thoughts of love and peace,
  The sweet boy-singers of the choir.

# NEW ENGLAND BUTTERFLIES.

*By Margaret Wentworth Leighton.*

(*Illustrated from drawings by Charlotte A. Jones.*)

PLINY speaks of the bees, "mere shadows of an animal," as marvels beyond all comparison. He praises the ants for their ardor and intelligence, and adds, "There be insects with little horns proking out before their eyes, but weak and tender they be and good for nothing, as the butterflies."

The idle butterfly has always been compared, greatly to its disadvantage, with the busy bee and the thrifty ant; but regard its wonderful beauty and consider its mysterious transformations, and tell me if it is not a fascinating subject for study. Search carefully on the leaves of plants which grow near you for eggs. These will generally be hard for the unpractised eye to discover, as they are very small and often similar in color to the under surface of the leaves on which they are placed. Examine them under the microscope, when wonderful forms and colors will be revealed to you. Some are covered with a fine white lace-work, through the meshes of which pale green, pink or violet tints appear. The egg of a common little brown butterfly is cone-shaped, ornamented with ridges running each way, and the top covered with cells arranged about a central star.

Most butterflies can be raised easily from the egg with care and patience. Place the twig on which the eggs are found in water and watch them until they hatch. If you are present at this moment you will see a minute opening appearing in a circle about the top of the egg. The little caterpillar inside, who feels that the time has come for him to emerge, is biting the top off his prison. He crawls out and solemnly surveys the strange world in which he finds himself. Then, as hunger assails him, he turns about and devours the remainder of the shell. Before waiting for this indigestible meal to become assimilated, our little friend begins to consume the leaf on which he was born. If you supply him with fresh leaves and he lives and thrives, you will have the pleasure of seeing him appear one day in a new and perhaps entirely different dress. By this time he will be large enough for you to examine with ease. Beside his head, he has twelve

rings or segments and from ten to sixteen pairs of legs. The first three pairs of these are covered with hard, shining skin. They are jointed and end in a claw. These are to be the legs of the perfect insect, butterfly or moth, when it emerges from the chrysalis. The caterpillar's other legs are fleshy, without joints, and surrounded on the ends with a circle of fine hairs. As he walks along, especially on smooth surfaces, these elastic legs with their hairy feet enable him to grasp and cling to the objects he traverses.

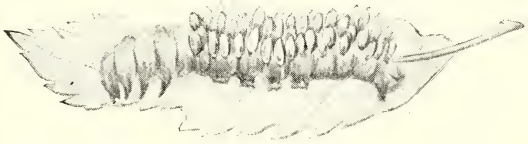
I have just been watching some caterpillars of the milkweed butterfly as they crept about the glass walls of their prison. They have spun a fine network of silk all over the glass, which renders it much easier for them to creep about. Within their bodies are tubes filled with a sticky fluid which flows from a spinneret in the lower lip. As the liquid comes in contact with the air it is hardened, turning to a silken thread.

On each of its sides the caterpillar has nine oval breathing pores. One kind, the larva of the swallow-tail, has a pair of queer little horns which it thrusts forth when it is disturbed. These are scent organs with which it defends itself, throwing out from them a powerful and disagreeable odor.

The distinctions between the various kinds of caterpillars are as marked as those between different breeds of dogs, some being smooth, some hairy, many gorgeously colored, while others are model Quakers in apparel. Many are ornamented with tufts, bristles, knobs and horns of brilliant hue. Some are gentle in disposition, while others are exceedingly cross and even pugnacious. Some are willing to accept a variety of plants as food, while others will starve rather than touch a leaf of any plant but that to which they are accustomed. Their odd little faces are not wholly devoid of expression. The face of the big green "potato worm," as it is commonly called, looks like a lamb's, having the same broad nose, flat mouth, small, pinkish eyes and innocent, helpless air.

Caterpillars pass through four or five moultings, coming out each time in a new robe of the same design as its predecessor. It is fascinating to watch them eat. I have three milkweed caterpillars in a glass box, and when I give them a fresh leaf of their favorite food they begin to eat at once voraciously, in a semicircle, beginning at the edge of the leaf. Their little heads glide round and round, and each time the circle grows larger. The caterpillar of the cabbage butterfly is a veritable cannibal, and if vegetable food is not at hand he does not hesitate to eat his own brothers and sisters. Some kinds feed in large companies and some singly. Often you will notice one or two leaves on a bush drawn together. On examination you will see they are held by silken threads, while secure in his little tent a caterpillar is peacefully feeding.

Mrs. Ballard, in her delightful book, "Among the Moths and Butterflies," tells of a curious house which a New Jersey caterpillar builds for himself. He weaves a bottle-shaped basket of his own silk, covering the outside with bits of hemlock, larch and arbor vitæ. When he journeys forth, his head and the first rings of his body are visible as he drags the house along, but when he is at rest he draws the basket up about the neck and retires within. The butterflies produced by the basket-worm are very curious, the male being black and the female white and without wings.



CATERPILLAR COVERED WITH PUPA CASES OF ICHNEUMON-FLIES.

We should scarcely expect to find the humble little worms beneath our feet so intelligent that we might profitably learn from them. Mr. L. Trouvelot saw one rainy day a caterpillar of the tiger swallow-tail in the hollow of a leaf it had drawn together with silk. This formed a gutter through which the water flowed, and he thought the occupant would soon be drowned. He says: "I found that there were more brains in the small head than I

DANAIS CATERPILLAR.

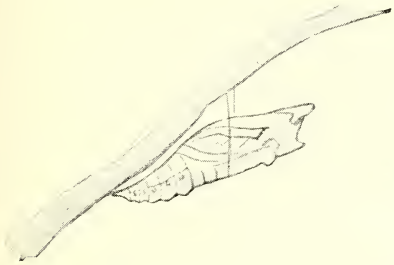
had supposed. The larva crept upward, it spun some silk from one edge of the leaf to the other, and by adding many fibres to make it strong, each new fibre shorter than the preceding, the leaf was soon made to curve more and more. . . . After about an hour the larva ceased to work, a real bridge was built over the torrent, and upon it lay motionless and out of danger the little larva, and I thought that sometimes small people might give lessons to larger ones."

One day, in my travels, I saw a very strange-looking caterpillar with alternate rings of light brown and corn color. He appeared to be covered with grains of rice standing on end. I considered him a great prize, as I never had seen one at all like him before. I took him home and began searching all the books I had to find out about him. I discovered that the little rice-like objects were the pupa cases of ichneumon-flies, the worst enemies of the caterpillar. The mother fly deposits her eggs in the body of the caterpillar, where they hatch. Then the larvæ crawl out and make their cocoons on the outside of the victim, who eventually dies. Since that time I have had many sad experiences with these terrible parasites. I found a cocoon of the gypsy moth on July 16, and put it under a tumbler. On the fifth day afterward I saw two small round holes in the cocoon, and the tumbler was alive with tiny flies. Each had six amber-colored legs and a shining, golden-green head. I put a few drops of chloroform on a sponge and thrust it under the glass. Soon all the flies had fallen asleep; and on counting them I found there were ninety. No wonder the poor gypsy never came out! These flies are of several different kinds. Some mature in the caterpillar, some in the chrysalis, while others leave the chrysalis as worms. Some *Danais* caterpillars which I kept had formed their beautiful chrysalids of pale green and gold, when on the third day one of them turned dark. This was a bad sign, as it betokened the presence of some parasite; and sure enough the next day two fat white worms appeared in the bottom of the box.

CHRYSALIS SWINGING FREE.

After the caterpillar has changed his dress four or five times he begins to prepare for the most wonderful stage of his existence, — the long sleep. First he leaves off eating, which in itself is strange, as he has spent the whole of his time heretofore looking for food and devouring it. Then he spins a little button of silk on a twig or fence, and from this suspends himself by the hindmost pair of his false feet. Then he begins very slowly to curl his head upward, which occupies several hours, finally forming his body into a letter J. He remains for a long time in this strange position, while all the juices within him are flowing downward and he is swelling out more and more below, and growing thinner and thinner at the hinder part of his body. Next the skin begins to split, and all at once the chrysalis swings from the little tuft of silk, perfect in form, but soft and frail; while all that remains of the caterpillar is his shrivelled skin and head-cov-

ering on the ground below. As the sun and wind absorb the moisture in it, the chrysalis hardens and assumes its natural color. Some caterpillars, instead of swinging their chrysalids free, support them by a silken thread which passes beneath the middle of the body and is fastened at each end, as shown by the illustration. Many of the chrysalids that



CHRYSALIS SUPPORTED BY A SILK THREAD.

hang free, especially those which remain through the winter, are covered with points or projections. This is a precaution which nature has taken for them, that in beating about in the wind they may hit only on the points and not be destroyed or badly jarred.

The moths generally draw leaves together and spin their cocoons within. Last winter I saw what appeared to be two dried leaves on a little ash tree near my door. I examined them and found that they were the outer coverings of cocoons. It required a deal of strength to detach them from the branch, so well had the caterpillars secured them with silk. I kept them on the mantelpiece above a fire. One morning in April I saw walking slowly along the edge of the mantel a magnificent dusky moth who was an entire stranger to me. I looked at the cocoons and saw that one was empty. The other was at that moment moving curiously. Fascinated, I watched the entrance into the world of a queer little bug-like creature. He began to unfold his wings, the upper ones first, then shake out his lovely feathered antennæ. How marvellously he was folded and packed in that tiny cocoon! I learned by consulting my Harris that he belonged to the *Attacus* family of moths, and his special name was *Promethea*. I already possessed a fine female, which is light brown and fawn color, and now placed her mate beside her.

BUTTERFLY AS IT COMES FROM CHRYSALIS.

The difference between the caterpillar and the chrysalis is far greater than between the chrysalis and imago, or perfect form, as one can trace out on the chrysalis all the forms, wings, body, eyes, antennæ, etc., of the butterfly or moth. Mr. Scudder, in speaking of the smooth belt just below the antennæ on the chrysalis, says: "This curved ribbon is smooth and thin, and it has been suggested that it is a window through which

CHRYSALIS OF MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.
*Danais archippus.*

the prisoner may look abroad." This belt also marks the position of the wonderful compound eyes in the imago.

Into a short period of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours all the most wonderful changes are crowded. In this time, while the caterpillar is turning to a chrysalis, a great transformation is going on in all the internal structures as well as the external. Some of the caterpillars, when ready for the change, go into the ground and form their chrysalids. The usual time for the inactive and apparently lifeless period to last is fourteen days; but in some species it lasts only six days, while many, on the other hand, sleep for six months and more.

When the time for emerging draws near, the little prisoner begins to wriggle and jerk about. Warm, damp weather softens the chrysalids so that they open more readily than in clear, dry weather. Some of the moths

that have very hard cocoons are provided by nature, the ever thoughtful mother, with a fluid which they throw out to soften the end of the cocoon. It is wonderful to think what a tiny opening suffices often for the exit of a large moth or butterfly.

CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

*Eudamus tityrus.*

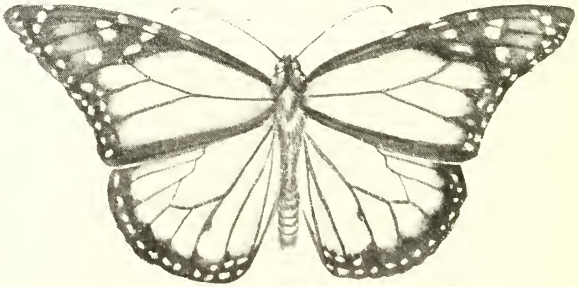
In the *Lepidoptera*, or scaly-winged insects, there are two great divisions, — the butterflies and the moths. As a general thing these may be readily distinguished from each other, the moths having feathered antennæ, while the butterflies have a tiny knob at the end of each threadlike antenna. The moths' bodies are rounder, plumper and more furry than the butterflies'. While at rest, the moth folds his upper pair of wings over the lower pair, both being flat, while the butterfly folds his together over his back in an upright position.

It is a curious fact that butterflies, the highest type of the *Lepidoptera*, fly during the day, moths at night, and the hawk-moths, which seem to connect the two, fly at twilight and early morning.

The structure of the butterfly's wing is very curious. There is a framework of veins which are hollow and filled with air. On this a membrane is stretched. The fore part of each fore wing is made more powerful and stronger than the other parts, as in birds and bats, because it is this part which must resist the air in flying. The membrane is covered with rows of scales which look to the naked eye like down. What exquisite taste was that which designed the combinations of colors in the wing of each moth and butterfly! The butterfly's antennæ are supposed to be organs of hearing, for in the knobs or tips there are tiny pits connecting with the nerves and showing that they are sense organs of some kind. The tongue is a long, hollow tube, through which the butterfly sips up nectar from the flowers. When not in use it is coiled like a watch spring between the palpi. These are little movable organs which protect it and may also answer some as yet undiscovered purpose.

Perhaps the most marvellous of all the butterfly's possessions are its eyes. The caterpillar had simple eyes, the chrysalis an ocellar ribband. The perfect insect has two compound eyes, each made up of hundreds of facets or small eyes. One of these compound eyes is often composed of as many as three thousand six hundred and fifty facets.

The male and female butterflies often differ very much from each other so that they might be taken for distinct species. Thus in the southern states the female of the yellow swallow-tail is black, and the females of some of the blue butterflies are brown. Many butterflies are gregarious, and seem to enjoy living in large companies. I once noticed a flock of white cabbage butterflies which contained over a hundred members joyously disporting themselves in the air. They often collect in great numbers about a pond or moist spot in the woods, as they love water. The common little sulphur butterfly is most sociable in disposition,



MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.

*Danais archippus.*

stopping and hovering round any of its kind which it meets as if it were having a friendly chat. I have often seen the brown wood butterfly sailing slowly from bush to bush in the deep woods. It is one of the few kinds which seem to prefer solitude and shade to company and sunshine.

A practised naturalist can distinguish the different species by their modes of flight, some darting swiftly from place to place, some sailing majestically with outspread wings, as the gulls glide over the waves, with scarcely a flutter.

The saying "A short life and a merry one" well applies to the butterfly's existence. After flitting from flower to flower, sipping the sweetened dew through its long, tubular tongue, unconsciously fertilizing many flowers by transferring the pollen from one plant to another on its legs and body, pairing with its mate, the female butterfly is ready to perform the last and most important act of its life,—laying the eggs from which its humble children are to emerge. What a wonderful instinct is that which guides the butterfly to lay its eggs upon a plant which will form suitable food for its children! Could it be possible that the butterfly retained in its tiny brain a memory of the food upon which it lived when in the larval state? This seems impossible when we remember that it has slept perhaps six months.

The eggs are sometimes laid in masses, sometimes singly, on the tip of a leaf. The spotted purple butterfly lays only a single egg on a tree at the very tip of the aspen leaf. The Camberwell beauty lays its eggs in a ring about a willow shoot. Some butterflies grow so fast, taking little time to make their changes, that two or three broods are produced in a single summer. I have found the Camberwell beauty flying over snow-drifts in March and late in November; but this is one of the butterflies which sometimes hibernate through the winter.

After the eggs are laid the mother butterfly soon dies, "because it would be so distasteful to her to be tending and leading about the disagreeable caterpillars," as a little girl remarked.

One of the largest and handsomest of our common butterflies is the yellow swallow-tail, *Papilio turnus*. It flies very swiftly and seems to delight in darting about among the tree-tops. Another magnificent swallow-tail is black, its hind wings powdered with star dust, glistening silvery blue.

YELLOW SWALLOW-TAIL.

*Papilio turnus.*

You will find on the milkweed in July a very pretty smooth caterpillar with four tiny black horns. These are placed two at each end of the body. Their owner constantly waves them about and shakes them in a menacing way. He is striped in narrow bands of black, white and pale yellow. His chrysalis is one of the most beautiful to be found. It is light green, studded with golden dots. The butterfly, when he emerges, is a rich reddish brown ornamented with black stripes and snowy dots.

A solitary little butterfly is *Grapta comma*, who loves to flutter over damp stones in forest brooks, always keeping his own distance from other butterflies. His wings are deeply notched on the edges, and the under ones have perfect little commas of silver upon them. The larva, too, leads preferably a solitary life and seems quite unsociable in its nature. The

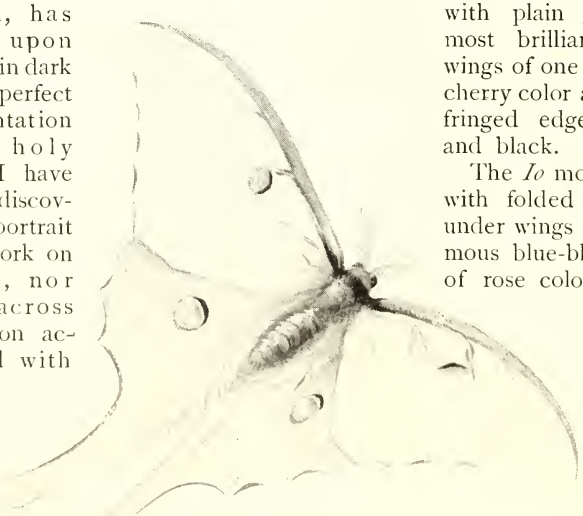
painted lady, red admiral and Camberwell beauty are common to our continent and Europe. The latter is an especially interesting butterfly from its fearlessness and the length of time it remains with us. It is extremely handsome, its wings being maroon color, with a broad lemon-colored border and a row of blue spots around the edge. One of these butterflies has often alighted on my dress as I worked in the garden or rambled through the woods and allowed me to pick him up in my hand. They often feed in companies late in the fall on sap running from some tree that has been cut down or slashed.

"CATHOLIC BUTTERFLY."

*Callimorpha interrupto — marginata.*

The modest little wood butterflies, with their dark brown wings and darker spots, form a great contrast to the gorgeous silver-wing which is often seen flying swiftly over fields of ripening grain, its under wings flashing back the sunbeams from their seventy silver spots.

I have in my collection a strange winged creature which was given me by a friend who is a devoted member of the Catholic Church. She said, "I give you a great treasure: it is a Catholic butterfly," — and indeed the little fellow, who is cream-colored, has marked upon his back in dark brown a perfect representation of the holy cross. I have not yet discovered his portrait in any work on insects, nor come across any person acquainted with him.



LUNA MOTH.

*Attacus luna.*

"On the summit of Mt. Washington a little band of Alpine butterflies has held its own," says Grant Allen, "for eighty thousand years that have elapsed since the termination of the great ice age." It never descends lower than the five thousand foot line, being a lover of intense cold, sleet and storms.

There is a little creature which is neither moth nor butterfly, but a sort of connecting link between the two. This queer fellow has long antennæ, with a hook instead of a knob at the end of each. He is a most erratic flyer, darting hither and thither without any apparent aim. He is brown, and on each fore wing there is a patch of translucent yellow. On each hind wing is a patch of silver white.

Many moths when at rest can scarcely be distinguished from the leaves about them. Their upper wings are often dull brown and gray, with markings of lighter and darker shades, causing them to resemble closely the surrounding dried leaves and grass, or the tree bark, on which they rest. But once disturb them and all the colors of the rainbow will flash before you. Two moths in my collection with plain gray fore wings have most brilliant hind ones. The wings of one are in broad bands of cherry color and black with a white fringed edge, the other's orange and black.

The *Io* moth is a pale corn color with folded wings, but when the under wings are exposed two enormous blue-black eyes and dashes of rose color appear. So nature takes pains to protect her children as far as possible. Night is the time for the moths to be abroad. The one cherished *Luna* of my collection was caught fluttering beneath an electric light. Of all our native moths this is the most fairy-like and dainty. It is called

*Luna* from the little transparent moons on its pale-green wings. It has long tails, and its fore wings are banded with rose color. The *Attacus* family, to which it belongs, contains two or more interesting members which are common in Massachusetts. The expanded wings of my largest *Attacus cecropia* measure six and a half inches from tip to tip. The other is *Attacus polyphemus*, called after the mythological giant on account of its great size. It is a dull ochre color, with a gray and light pink band round the wings. In the hind wings are great eyes, but as it possesses two and Polyphemus had but one, I think it might be more appropriately named. The caterpillars of these magnificent moths are green, but differ in shade, markings, etc. *Cecropia's* larva lives on apple, cherry and plum trees; *Luna's* larva on walnut and hickory trees; and *Polyphemus'* on oaks.

Mr. William H. Edwards, an eminent authority on butterflies, has made some very interesting experiments with them. He has found that they have a keen sense of color and delight to pasture on marigolds and brilliant zinnias. He observed one hovering for a long time about an amethyst in a lady's ring, at last alighting upon it, where it rested some seconds. "Doubtless there were puzzled perceptions on sounding that stony flower." He wished to raise some larvæ that he knew fed upon aspens and willows, so he planted aspens for that purpose. Immediately the butterflies abandoned the neighboring willows and flocked to feed on his aspen trees. He kept his caterpillars in a cold room and occasionally laid the chrysalids on ice, which he says gives them more vitality and strength to pass through their changes.

In the London Zoölogical Gardens there is a butterfly farm where everything is made home-like and attractive for the occupants. There are glass houses filled with portions of tree trunks and damp moss. Beautiful plants spring from these, among which the moths and butterflies delight to flutter.

---

# DAYS IN CONFEDERATE PRISONS.

*By William C. Bates.*

IT was very easy to be taken prisoner at Bull Run. It was mostly a matter of legs, and the more one thinks of it, after all the later experiences of grim-visaged war, the more likely it seems that had the battle of Bull Run occurred four years later, both armies would have been taken prisoners, — each would have captured the other. Monday morning, the morning after the battle, when, shortly after daylight, two young "three-months men," hunting for their regiment, reached Centreville, the Federal army had vanished, and Confederate scouts had the right of way as far as Fairfax Court House. We were prisoners of war in a jiffy, and were marched to a rendezvous at the edge of a piece of woods. Rain had set in, and a dreary day it was to a hundred Federal soldiers who were brought in during the day. My comrade, Childs, tried to bribe the guard to put him on the way to liberty and home, offering his fine gold watch as a temptation, but it was waved aside with high-toned Virginia chivalry. We saw no cases of theft or undue harshness at this time. Much plunder from the Federal army was brought in — muskets, blankets and army biscuit. We took care to keep a supply of the last, and each secured a blanket. At dark we were marched to Manassas Junction, where we remained two or three days. In spite of our surroundings, the uncertainty of our future, the contrast to the circumstances of our comrades who must already be homeward bound, and our anxiety for those at home who could not know our fate, as

a general thing we kept up our spirits and were plucky.

After these few days at Manassas Junction, we were sent on to Richmond, and stored in the tobacco factory, which became known as Prison No. 1. It was a three-story building, about seventy feet in length by thirty in width. The second and third stories were filled with private soldiers in as large numbers as could lie upon the floor. Great suffering at once followed the lack of any proper sanitary arrangements. Cooking was done in the rear by blacks and later by a detail from the prisoners. Breakfast was brought in about nine o'clock, consisting of bread, beef and water; supper was at four, of bread and soup; the soup was the water in which the beef had been boiled. When this supply was regular, it was wholesome, though meagre, but every few days the "Dutch sergeant" would say: "You d—d Yankees haf noting but bread and wasser till I find that d—d Blydenberg" — or some other name found absent at roll-call. The "Dutch sergeant," as he was then called, was the notorious Wirtz; and no prisoner who was under him at Richmond would have lifted a hand to save him later — the universal verdict would have been that he deserved a dozen deaths.

On our first arrival at Richmond we could send out into the city for any small articles within our means, and for a short time a prisoner was taken out to the market each morning by a guard, and returned with cakes, tomatoes and tarts to help out the rations; but this privilege was soon taken away. A few packs of cards, a set of chess-men and a few books had been introduced into the prison. We were naturally the subject of a good deal of comment by the newspapers — we occasionally procured a copy from a good-natured guard — and of curiosity on the part of the citizens. The *Examiner* held that the proper use to put us to would be to set us at work upon the fortifications or in the mines. Officials visited the prison occasionally. In front of the prison, especially on Sundays, citizens gazed at the windows from the opposite sidewalk; though at that distance but little could be seen of the Yankees.

I recall a little romance in this connection. A fellow in my mess had lived in Richmond a year or two, leaving shortly before the war began. He enlisted in the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, and was now a prisoner. He managed to notify the young woman to whom he had become engaged the winter before that, if she would be on the sidewalk on Sunday afternoon, he would be at the middle window of the third floor; and so they held their silent tryst for several weeks. All the world loves a lover; and the tenderness with which those rough men forbore their jests and left him alone at the window endeared them to me forever. In those early days of prison life, the general opinion, I think, both of prisoners and captors, was that we should be soon exchanged. For a few weeks, indeed as long as we remained at Richmond, the prospect of exchange was eagerly canvassed. Gradually there came to view some of the difficulties in the way of our release, so that the feeling gained that perhaps we might in reality be "in for the war," and the men settled down into a sort of daily routine of trifling occupations.

Religious services were held on several Sundays. Rev. Daniel Eddy, chaplain of the Second Connecticut Regiment, was a prisoner; and he obtained permission to go from room to room to hold services occasionally. He preached very acceptably.

The windows of the factory were usually opened for air. The guard was upon the street below and in the yard at the rear. It was forbidden to hang articles out of the window or to put hand or head out on penalty of being shot by the guard, who appeared to be quite willing to prove their vigilance. Occasionally a gun would be fired without any discoverable cause, and several times with fatal effect.

By the middle of September I suppose there were three thousand Union prisoners held in Richmond, in the tobacco factories which have since become known as Libby Prison. The care of these prisoners had become a heavy tax on the Richmond authorities. Much discussion had been held as to their disposal; and arrangements were made about this time

to distribute the prisoners in different states. It was determined that five hundred each should be sent to New Orleans, Charleston, Tuscaloosa and Macon.

The first batch of two hundred and fifty were despatched under Wirtz, for New Orleans, September 21. The men were taken from the third floor of the Mallory factory, Prison No. 1, and a similar lot followed a few days later. It was my fortune, with that of my immediate companions, to be sent in the first detachment. It was not a cheerful outlook, that of going fifteen hundred miles farther from the Union lines. The prospect of release receded as the square of the distance. But we were stoical and had a heart for any fate. A few of the sick preferred to take the risk of travel to being separated from their companions. Our young lover was one of these. Racked by fierce fever, he held by his men, and was helped along to the railway station where we were to embark. By some intuition his sweetheart was on the watch, a mute spectator of his suffering. Just as we boarded the box-cars in waiting, there was, by the connivance of the guard, a hurried clasp of hands, a smothered moan, — and the fainting girl fell back into the crowd. It was their last meeting on earth.

It was not a holiday excursion, this trip to New Orleans under Wirtz. It seemed for all the world like an old-time slave gang, as I had heard of such. Two or three men escaped on the way, but they were recaptured. On the steamer going down the Alabama River a plan was talked over of seizing the steamer when near Mobile, and running past the batteries to the blockading squadron; but nothing came of it. A troop of fresh soldiers was taken on before we reached Mobile, and had the plan been matured this would have defeated it. We were of course objects of great curiosity in the various towns through which we passed, and were well advertised, to fire the southern heart. I think it was at Atlanta that, at two o'clock in the morning, we found an enthusiastic crowd of men and women, whose derisive cheers beguiled the tedium of our journey. At Jackson, Miss., we experienced the only Christian sympathy which fell to us on the route; the sick were sought out and helped, and many words of cheer came from the crowd of citizens. Wirtz delivered us to the provost marshal of New Orleans, General Palfrey, about September 25, and he escorted us with a strong guard to the Parish Prison in Congo Square. General Palfrey was of the well-known Massachusetts family; and he and I had met at the same table in the summer of 1860. He was one of the city guests at the Fourth of July dinner given by the city of Boston in Faneuil Hall, and a good-natured councilman had given me a ticket to the same banquet. George Sumner, brother of Charles Sumner, had delivered the oration, and he had been quite plain-spoken regarding our southern brethren. In the after-dinner speaking, General Palfrey responded to a toast, and took occasion to repel some of Mr. Sumner's words. It occasioned quite a little breeze at the dinner, and was typical of the strained relations impending between the two sections. I reminded General Palfrey of the incident after some weeks had passed in the prison, and he seemed to enjoy the reminder. Some years later he was lost on the *Evening Star*, which foundered on the passage from New York to New Orleans.

One half of the Parish Prison was emptied of criminals and made to hold five hundred Union soldiers. The floor space of the cells was entirely covered by sleeping men. For about half of the twenty-four hours, we had the liberty of the yard, which had a tank of running water in one corner. The feeding of the men, we understood, was let out by contract to the sheriff. A criminal under life sentence had charge of the cook house; and other criminals had charge of the grated entrance door.

With the prospect of a long confinement, the prisoners of war settled down to make the best of it. The men were from nearly every loyal state, and had all the characteristics of every class of northern society. Mechanics, lumbermen, clerks, students, refined men and rough, were all there. The occupations of men whose time is their own are an interesting study. After the daily routine of sleep,

feeding, exercise and "clearing up" had been attended to, I suppose the most noticeable employment was the manufacture of articles from bone. Rings, toothpicks, charms, stilettos, crochet needles were the most salable to guards or visitors; and so they were the chief products, and great skill was developed. With a knife, a piece of brick and a home-made saw, a man would work away his heartache and have a little article for sale to relieve his scanty larder. We learned to value this occupation as a means of prolonging life, for the busy hand kept the throbbing brain the calmer.

A debating society was organized, with weekly meetings in cell No. 8. It was called the Union Lyceum. One of the features was a newspaper, read at each meeting. The articles were contributed by members, were written upon backs of old envelopes, half sheets of paper, and all sorts of scraps. Many of them have been preserved, and some are now before me. The subjects take a wide range; but those bearing upon prison life interest us most now. The news was meagre. The imprint varied with each editor. One of them is as follows: "The *Stars and Stripes*. Published by the Union Lyceum in Parish Prison, New Orleans. Price, attention." From the prospectus of the *Stars and Stripes* we read: —

"Shut out from the advantages of the press, the telegraph and the lyceum, we shall endeavor to create a little world of our own and to enjoy the benefits of a newspaper, the debate and the social gathering. We shall endeavor to secure the latest reports of battles, of our prospects of release, and of all items of interest. We are confident the uplifting of the good old flag in the midst of our enemies will be received with hearty welcome."

Of the "Union Lyceum" we read: "This has been accepted as the title of our new society, and we think very appropriately. As prisoners, the name Union means all that is dear to our hearts, and, separated from all the blessings of that union, we give to our association this name, which will insure its success. It is the intention of the association to hold weekly meetings, to have readings, declamations and debates, and the reading of our paper."

These were the officers of the Union Lyceum: President, Wm. C. Bates of Massachusetts; Vice-President, W. H. Scott of Ohio; Secretary, C. S. Chapman of Michigan; Editor, Geo. T. Childs of Massachusetts; Debate Committee, Leroy Warren, E. K. Smith of Ohio; Declamation Committee, H. O. Bixby, New Jersey, Alex Parker, Ohio.

One of the early debates was upon the subject, "Resolved, that the present war will be ended by the spring of 1862." Some of the articles in the paper are: "Hope of Release," "Why Was I Not Killed?" "A Word Upon Exchange," "The Revolution of '76 and the Rebellion of '61," "My First Week of Captivity." There is a grim humor in the "market reports": "Woollens, very abundant, in the form of rags;" "Bone sales small owing to change of guard;" "Bread readily taken in small quantities;" "Rice, none in market;" "Soup, considerable decrease in quality, owing to increase in quantity of water." The news is of course meagre: "There are four war vessels at the mouth of Mobile Bay;" "It is generally believed General McClellan has recommended a general exchange of prisoners;" "A report, seemingly reliable, reached us to-day that Columbus was attacked yesterday morning;" "It was the intention of the editor to have devoted one sheet to the special department of 'Guard Reports,' but they are altogether too numerous."

The literary quality of *The Stars and Stripes* was, I think, about that of the average college paper. There were twenty or thirty students of Oberlin College among the five hundred prisoners.

A specimen page of machine poetry having a local flavor seems to me worth preserving. The authorship is not noted, but probably the poem emanated from the editorial staff of the *Stars and Stripes*.

"On Saturday last
In the week just gone past,
We thought our fate cast
By the arrival of Lieutenant Todd.

"The general took him
Up the yard to look in
And witness the cookin'
Of Joe Mullaly.

"The lieutenant smiled
And thought Joe was wild
To give soup so mild
To prisoners of war.

"But his smile was much greater
When he saw the sliced 'tater
Which Bly passed *pro rata*,
One spoonful to each case of scurvy.

"And his smile waxed much broader
When the next thing in order
The rest of the fodder
Was handed out — raw cabbage.

"Then coming up higher,
The boys thought him a buyer,
And called us a liar
When we said 'twas old Todd.

"He was looking at rings
And other bone things,
When Jack Berry brings
A pair of his famous sleeve buttons.

"Having no more change,
He got out of range
Of noises so strange
Made by the bone-sellers.

"Being fresh from the city,
He thought it quite witty
To say 'twas a pity
That we were so shabby; but we didn't see it.

"We cannot complain
If the reason he came
Was simply to blame
Those who have charge of us that we don't get more to eat and a better place to sleep in.

"But the boys were all bent
That he came with the intent
Of having us sent
To the North immediately, via Norfolk and Fort Monroe, and would give us the clothes which every one knows had been sent to our foes by our government at Washington."

I have alluded to the manufacture of articles from bone which occupied the time of many of the men. This industry, noticed in the poem, has a place in other contributions to the *Stars and Stripes*. We find a rhymed "Essay on Bones, by one of the craft," which would surely interest any who were in that New Orleans prison; but the poetry is more startling even than the above, and I do not dare give it here. The last two stanzas are as follows: —

"We know that rings must buy bread,
But remember the dear ones at home,
And make up some good things ahead
To carry when the 'good time' shall come.

"The 'good time' is coming, my friends;
May it see none but joyful tears.
Grind bone till captivity ends
And away with your doubts and your fears."

There was trading not only with the guard and visitors, but among the prisoners. Three or four combined their capital and brought from the city a barrel of molasses, and retailed it at five cents a pint; but this was not a popular commodity, for the men could not afford the luxury of eating molasses on their bread, — it made the bread "go so fast." The bread was very good, but the ration per man was small, being a nominal eight-ounce roll, I believe. It was the main part of the ration, and just enough, I know, to keep the men always wanting more. A grain of coffee was supplied in the morning, and a small ration of beef and soup at dinner. I made a trade with a fellow prisoner, which helped out the rations of myself and chum, and in the sequel supplied my descendants with an interesting relic of prison life. Comrade Heywood of the Eleventh Massachusetts, I think, had the faculty of foraging even between the bare walls of the prison, and he could risk the loss of a portion of his bread and take the chance of extra soup or beef to make up for it; so we traded in this wise: I to give him my silver watch at once, and he to bring me half a loaf of bread (half his ration) each day so long as we remained in the Parish Prison. I am bound to say he carried out his part of the bargain faithfully while we stayed.

Heywood had a plan of getting out of prison by digging the bricks from the wall of his cell, and for a while I trembled for my extra half loaf; but he had only removed two bricks when we were moved to Salisbury, North Carolina, and the trade was "off." After our release we separated, and only met again after twenty years, when Heywood still had my watch. Two years later a transfer of portable property was effected, and the watch came back to me after so many years, and is now installed as the "Veteran" by the chimney corner, where it is reverenced as having once relieved the dire distress of the Union soldier.

The cells of the Parish Prison were in three tiers, and were generally ten by twelve feet in size, with larger cells at the ends about twelve by twenty feet. As many men as could lie upon the floor lived in each cell. During the day, or until four o'clock, the men, as I have said, had the use of the yard, and could go from one cell to another. Thus it happened that the Union Lyceum met weekly in one of the large cells. Prayer meetings were held two or three times a week, and a Bible class on Sunday, in one of the small cells. Several of the prisoners were divinity students, and they conducted these meetings. General Palfrey was asked to send in a minister for Sunday services, and he did so on several Sundays, but not continuously. On one occasion an Episcopal clergyman came to conduct the service. Those interested, to the number of a hundred perhaps, gathered in the yard, and the service proceeded. In due course came the prayer for the President and it was for the President of the Confederate States of America; whereupon the congregation rose from their knees with derisive groans and ran for the cells, and the minister was left alone before the throne of grace.

Christmas Day was celebrated by masquerade drills and marching and songs by one of the German glee clubs. The men were in the yard, the whole five hundred, I think. The grim walls rang with patriotic songs. Finally Childs of Charlestown stood on the balcony and sang the "Star-Spangled Banner." As his clear tenor voice rang out the refrain, he drew forth a small silk flag which some one had secreted, and waved it before those ragged, half-starved men; and they saw that every star and every stripe was still there, and they shouted till they cried for joy at sight of the tiny emblem. The memory of that moment thrills me yet. This celebration cost us some hours of open air, as the turnkeys appeared and we were sent to our cells with threats of close confinement for several days.

About the middle of January we received from the United States government a supply of clothing for every man; and I am bound to testify to the fair manner in which it was distributed by the Confederate authorities. After the prisoners received this clothing, there was considerable trading with the guards by the reckless or those suffering most from hunger; but the more thoughtful men did their utmost to strengthen public sentiment against helping to clothe our enemy at any price, and the sale of clothing was pretty well stopped as long as we remained in New Orleans. I remember a mass meeting was held in the yard, speeches were made and resolutions adopted, and a committee was appointed "to report to our government any cases of disposing of clothing to the enemy." This seems to have checked the evil, though we came upon a time later when no one could blame the prisoner of war for parting with anything that would give him bread.

The men confined in the Parish Prison felt greatly aggrieved that they should be put in a regular prison and under charge of criminals. Doorkeepers, cooks and turnkeys were criminals on their good behavior. A military guard came in at night, when the men were in their cells with open doors. The cells were closed for two hours daily, that the women prisoners confined on the other side of the prison might use the yard for exercise.

On the whole it must be said that the Parish Prison held the Federal soldiers as comfortably as they would have fared in barracks. There was plenty of water, and the yard for exercise during most of the day. They were comparatively free from annoyance from visitors. The winter climate of New Orleans is a favorable one for men scantily clad and only partially fed. The diet was very light, and some of the strongest men weakened under it and became an easy prey to chronic diarrhœa or fever.

We could hear very little of the outside world. We knew the government troops were at Ship Island, but we had little hope of release from that quarter.

Early in February, 1862, the provost marshal on one of his visits announced to the men that they had better get rid of their local currency (shin plasters, omnibus and car tickets), as they would soon be sent north. For a short time the thought of the men was that this meant exchange and release; but it was soon

realized that nothing had been promised but removal toward the north. By a curious irony of fate, the usual currency of these men closely confined within the four walls of the prison was car tickets, emblems of travel and freedom to go to and fro. On the sixth of February we were marched out of the Parish Prison and loaded upon a train bound northward, our destination quite unknown. That journey is a blank in my memory. A slight fever at starting ran its course, and I recall the arrival, February 14, at a cotton factory, which we soon found was to be a military prison, at Salisbury, North Carolina.

Many of the men had now been six months in confinement, and a dull apathy held many in deadly grasp. Hope of release was disappearing, and disease of one form or another was very prevalent. The men who had been confined at Tuscaloosa, Macon and Montgomery were brought to Salisbury, and the rations decreased in quality and quantity. The same men who were leaders and most helpful in New Orleans set themselves to devise means of entertaining and occupying the time of the men. Games were encouraged; cards, checkers, backgammon and chess were daily played. Boneworking, the favorite New Orleans occupation, ceased from lack of material. Finally a dozen men combined to get up theatrical entertainments, and in a short time, with the good-natured co-operation of the officers of the guard, a stage was set up at one end of the passageway. Some wall paper had been procured from outside, and a copy of Shakespeare. We had received a supply of candles two or three times a week. By economy with these and by sacrificing half a dozen tin plates for reflectors, very fair foot-lights were obtained. Our performances took a wide range. Scenes from Shakespeare, "Box and Cox," "Round the Corner," "Lend Me Five Shillings," recitations, negro minstrelsy and part songs all were included in the repertoire of this unique company. The Confederate officers always had front seats, and seemed to enjoy the performances heartily. I do not doubt many had never seen better, for we had some real talent, both musical and dramatic, in our company. I do not know that any record of these performances exists. I should say they occupied ten evenings out of the six or eight weeks in which they lasted.

By the middle of May, 1862, there were probably twenty-five hundred prisoners of war at Salisbury; and the authorities were hard pressed to supply rations. We heard rumors that the machinery of exchange was to be put in motion. It seemed too good news to be true; but this time there was real foundation for the rumor. On the twenty-second of May a parole was offered for signature, as follows: "We, the undersigned, prisoners of war to the Confederate States, swear that if released we will not take up arms during the existing war against the Confederate States, until we be regularly exchanged, and that we will not communicate in any manner anything that may injure the cause of the Confederate States, which may have come to our knowledge, or which we may have heard since our capture."

On the twenty-third of May two hundred of us were started, in alphabetical order, — and so I was in the first squad, as was my comrade, Childs. Ten months we had been prisoners. In due course we reached Tarboro', North Carolina, and were loaded upon a barge to be towed under flag of truce to the Federal gunboat at Little Washington above New Berne. It was Sunday, — my birthday, I remember. I will not attempt to picture that scene as we floated down the river, and toward the close of the day came in sight of the gunboat with the stars and stripes floating at the stern. Those men, I am sure, have never since been more moved by any experience. They will never forget the first sight of that little town, across the meadow, by the low shores of the winding river, and the rapturous thought that there, just before us, were liberty, home, friends, our flag, everything dear to us, everything for which we had waited and prayed so anxiously in those long weary months. The very trees seemed waving a welcome to us, while to imagination the shore was crowded with fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts, all with outstretched arms.

# MALHALLA'S REVENGE.

*By Joanna E. Wood.*

LONG lane bordered upon each side by gray weather-beaten rail fences leads from the stone road down to Kaspar Erb's house. It is a two-story white frame house, with one large room in front and two smaller ones at the back and four box-like bedrooms upstairs. It has green-painted shutters, and three drab-painted steps in front.

At the time of Malhalla's first seizure there stood upon one side of the steps a prickly pear cactus, planted in a shilling crock. Upon the other side were two tomato cans, one with a sickly geranium in it, the other with a fuchsia slip, which, instead of putting out a root, had expended all its sap in producing one tiny misshapen blossom. Poor little slip! — in two days it lay a brown shrivelled twig across the can, but it had fulfilled its destiny and matured one blossom.

The last time Mrs. Erb was in the village she had gotten the geranium and the fuchsia slips from the postmaster's wife. The next day, as usual, she rose at four o'clock to go through the dew-drenched fields to bring home the cows. She only got as far as the pasture bars, when she fell. Kaspar, after waiting long, went to seek her, and carried her back to the house. He set her down in the huge old chair facing the window, and from it she never rose. Rheumatism and sciatica had terminated in a paralysis all but complete; the active, wiry little woman sat stiff and rigid, able only to move her left arm, incapable of a change of facial expression, or more than to mumble words indistinctly betwixt shackled jaws.

She had never spared herself. The early and late walks through the long, damp grass, driving the cows to or from pasture; the excursions at dawn to the red raspberry swamps, where her wet skirts clung about her until the rising sun dried them; the standing for hours up to her knees in the shallow waters of the river's overflow, helping Kaspar secure the yearly spoil of logs and planks brought down in spring freshets from the lumber camp and regarded as lawful flotsam and jetsam by all the neighborhood; or the sudden change from the fiery furnace of the harvest field to the chill damp of the spring house where she churned and where a single plank, precariously balanced, lifted one above the two feet of icy water in which the creamery tins stood, — any of these unconscious hardships, or the combined effects of all, may have brought about the paralysis, but Kaspar, his neighbors, and indeed Malhalla herself bestowed no thought whatever upon causation. They were concerned only with the effect. And their most dominant feeling was that it was hard on Kaspar. Including Malhalla, they considered him an ill-used man. He had to hire a boy, and finally a man to do what his wife had done outdoors, and after trying from economic reasons to manage within the house alone, he told himself he must get a woman also. This was hard on Kaspar, but it was bitter to Malhalla, his wife.

Malhalla was, like Kaspar, of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and, like him, lived in one of the German settlements in Canada. She had been the best worker in the county, and Kaspar, who was well off but miserly to the extreme, had married her for that and not for her beauty. She was some years older than Kaspar, and he was then forty-three. Her thrift had increased his worldly goods. She had given unsparingly of her strength, and now, when her death seemed the only gift which would be acceptable to him, she longed inexpressibly for it. And her longing became a resolution to die.

The doctor had said that the warm coverlets must be closely drawn over the helpless limbs to shut out even a breath of chill, and that the poor drawn-up feet must rest on the little square cushion to keep them from the cold painted floor. Often half the night she worked by little twitchings of flesh and muscles to shake off the entwining coverlets and to get her helpless feet off the cushion. If she could but die, Kaspar would not have to spend money, she thought, her little black, bird-like eyes looking out of her pinched white face after the black-headed, stolid, heavy-built Dutchman. These efforts and her constant worry wore her body to a shadow, and now and then she felt an awesome premonition that time for her would soon cease.

Harvest was coming on, and at last Kaspar brought Lizzie Snyder to keep house for him and wait upon Malhalla. Lizzie was a tall, raw-boned woman with colorless hair, lips and cheeks. All the pigment in her cuticle seemed to have concentrated itself in two shining red circles round her eyes. Eyelashes she had none, and the two red rims formed an iris of blood for her light-blue eyes. She worked well and waited well on Malhalla; and Kaspar came and went in his dogged way.

The last of the harvesting was done, the threshing was past, the cider had grown "hard," the apple butter was all made and tied up securely in its brown crocks, itself a deep mahogany tint. The winter approached, the yearly washing was over. The winter deepened. The sap in the maple woods began to flow. The syrup was made, and Kaspar and Lizzie went at night, with the rest of the neighbors, to the "sugaring off." Malhalla, from her chair looking across the turnip field over the pasture and beyond the river, saw in the bush far off the twinkling of the fires which boiled the syrup down. And she longed to die, and felt that death was near.

Spring came fully in, and the freshets brought down their spoils. Kaspar and his man, not Lizzie, worked with might and main at the river's edge.

Summer passed, and one night in autumn when "the frost was on the pumpkin" and "the corn was in the shock" there thrilled through the house of Kaspar and through the heart of Malhalla, his wife, the cry of a new-born child. There had been coming and going through the night, but Malhalla's chair faced the window and she knew naught of it.

The night passed, and in the morning the coverlets were tightly over Malhalla's knees and the cushion beneath her feet. A neighbor's wife came from the kitchen and put Malhalla's food on the broad shelf-like arm of her chair. With her left hand she had ever been able to feed herself, and usually she but ate those morsels which nature imperatively demanded; but this morning slowly and laboriously she ate, crumb by crumb, all the food that had been brought her, and drank, sip by sip, painfully through the all but locked jaws, the cupful of weak tea. The woman came to take the things away, and said, looking at Malhalla curiously, "Lizzie got fine baby now." "Yes," mumbled Malhalla and said no more.

The days passed. Lizzie waited on Malhalla as of old. The cry of the child was often heard, and as winter came again Kaspar and Lizzie looked often at the attenuated form which still lived, and Malhalla from her chair returned their gaze, when her eyes met theirs, with one of impassivity. The winter was gone and the spring, then the summer; the child's first year was past; and Malhalla still lived.

In the eyes of Kaspar and Lizzie impatience lived, and in Malhalla's peace. The three had all belonged to the same church. Kaspar, to use the village expression, was "var' religious;" so was Lizzie. They were thus constrained to give Malhalla plenty of food. But they nightly now closed the green shutters on the window and thus blotted out from the woman's watching gaze the heavenly panorama of the stars. This was a blow aimed by Lizzie, for she had subtly become aware of the pleasure Malhalla took in watching the night through her long wakeful hours. But Malhalla did not murmur, and soon discovered, with a thrill of exultation, that she was granted

a greater pleasure; for one night, when the lamps were lit, she noticed that the shuttered window formed a mirror in which she could see all that passed in the room behind her; the supper of Kaspar and Lizzie and the child Susanna at the little square table, their gestures toward herself, their slow smiles at each other. What a joy this was, and what a tonic to stay her fainting will!

One night in the darkness, after she slept, a hand slyly took from her pocket the three horse-chestnuts grown in a single burr that Kaspar had brought her when she was first taken with rheumatics. She had had them in her pocket ever since; for, as every one knows, they have a peculiar virtue of their own against rheumatism and sciatica. Malhalla had a good deal of faith in them, but she said nothing, and still lived. Upon her finger was a lead rheumatism ring. Kaspar had paid a charm doctor fifty cents for it. It had grown too large for the claw-like finger, and was grotesquely fastened on the stiff right hand by a thread to her wrist. One night stealthy scissors cut the thread, and the ring slowly slipped down the outstretched finger and rolled away over the floor. She missed that, too, for such a ring is a sure cure for pains; but she said nothing, and still lived.

One morning when Kaspar and Lizzie came to look at her, as they did daily, her eyes were closed and no breath seemed to cross her lips. "She's dead," said Lizzie, with the terror of joy in her voice. Kaspar strode to the wall, took down the little square looking-glass and held it before her lips; it filmed over, her eyes unclosed, she looked at them, — the ghost of laughter in her eyes mocking the hate which slumbered in theirs.

It was winter again, a bitter winter indeed. Lizzie's amber beads, which she wore to cure her rheumy eyes, broke from the string as she came from the cow stable, and were, all but a few, lost in the deep snow. Of course Lizzie's eyes grew worse; the blue faded out of them, and the red rings grew redder. Susanna's eyes were red and rheumy, too. Kaspar was weary to the point of malignity; and still Malhalla lived on.

One night, in her window mirror, Malhalla saw Kaspar with the black cat on his knee. She thought nothing of this until at night when she felt three sharp pulls at her hair; then her heart sank. Kaspar was going to put a curse upon her. He took the three hairs from her head and the three hairs from the black cat's tail and folded them in the charm-written paper. Then he lit his lantern and tramped away through the snow. He reached the bush, sought and found a witch-hazel and cut a twig from it. Then he went to a tree he wot of, very much decayed and rotten to the core. He picked a little hole in the touchwood bark with the point of his knife, and put in it the folded paper; then he hammered in the twig of witch hazel. The tree was soft as punk and the sharpened twig penetrated it easily. This done he took his axe, cut the tree almost through, murmuring cabalistic words of ill omen. When the tree fell the one thus cursed would die. And the form he wished to crush was a feeble, rigid, attenuated frame, which prisoned a spirit strong to endure. His conscience permitted him to put this doom upon a helpless woman, a doom he believed in implicitly, but it would not allow him to stint her in food.

Kaspar returned home with skulking steps, for he felt the deed was evil.

The wind rose in little gusts, and he hurried forward. He dreaded hearing the crash of a falling tree. But the morrow's light dispelled the feeling, and he felt his heart lighter by the prospect of release. He went to the town and bought two amber necklaces, one for Lizzie and one for Susanna.

Now dread lay upon Malhalla's soul, but she fought it off and still lived. A week later the spring winds began to tear through the woods, and after each windy night Kaspar hurried to the bush. Through the window Malhalla saw him go, knew the reason of his going, read the import of his disappointed look when he returned, read also the paleness of fearful joy which sat upon his countenance one morning, and then she knew the tree was down.

But vengeance overcame even the inherited forcefulness of superstition, and

she still lived, — lived through springs and summers, autumns and winters, lived until Susanna went to school, until she left school,—lived on, week by week, month by month, until twenty years had passed since Susanna's first cry had inspired her with the thirst for vengeance. Then one night, her soul sated with vengeance, she laid down life, and slept with the calm of one who has enjoyed triumph until aweary of it.

And two days after her funeral there was a joining of hands — and Susanna had a name. But the lives of Kaspar and Lizzie never emerged from the shadow of that frail, rigid form.

---

# THE CHANGING CHARACTER OF COMMENCEMENT.

*By Arthur Reed Kimball.*

IN the changing character of commencement, since it first became an institution in New England about two hundred and fifty years ago, may be traced the changing status of a college education in American life. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries commencement was almost exclusively scholastic, being given up to syllogistic disputations and orations in ancient tongues. Perhaps it never enjoyed a greater prestige than during those two centuries. It was then an event, not for the college-bred alone, but for all the people; and that it has long since ceased to be.

With the passing of the older learning, the progress of interest in science, and the more general use of English in commencement exercises, the institution itself underwent further changes. Among the most important of these was the recognition of the graduate as such in the observance of the day. He did not indeed displace the young men about to graduate, the coming "bachelors," but through his presence in increasing numbers new features were added, in particular an oration by some man of eminence on a living question of the day. This was the status of commencement until a very recent date. But since his first advent the old graduate has been pushing the coming graduate more and more into the background. This tendency was accelerated by the inordinate length of the commencement programme proper. To hear the young men "speak their pieces" through both morning and afternoon sessions, allowing only a hurried interval for luncheon, miscalled "dinner," proved too much for modern endurance. The young men being thus cut off with a single session, it naturally came about that the afternoon was given up to the alumni dinner. This with its brilliant talk by witty graduates and eminent guests, professional after-dinner speakers being often included, came in turn to eclipse in importance the formal oration itself.

But the iconoclastic hand of innovation is not yet stayed. At Yale this year, for the first time in almost two hundred years, commencement is not simply to be omitted — as has before happened on occasion — but it is to be surrendered absolutely, never to be revived. The valedictorian and salutatorian and their fellow orators of various designations are no longer to be heard in the Old Center Church on New Haven's historic green. They are to be relegated to the land of half-forgotten memories called tradition. In place of their performances, the marvel of many generations of admiring families and friends, is to be substituted a ceremonial modelled on Commemoration Day at Oxford. Those who are about to receive graduating degrees in course in the various departments of the university, as well as those who are to receive honorary degrees, are to be presented by some sponsor, probably one of the professors, who will fittingly set forth

their qualifications and claims. The president will then confer the degrees, and probably deliver an address. With this ceremony over, the company can at once adjourn for the enjoyment of the alumni dinner, — the real feature of a modern commencement.

Where one great university of the conservatism and prestige of Yale leads, other universities and even colleges are almost certain, in time, to follow. For while this step was in a sense inevitable at Yale, the penalty of outgrowing the customs of a college in becoming a university, it was not made necessary for that reason alone. The change is really due to the pressure of modern tendencies, under which a new place is assigned to the young graduate in the scheme of life and a different value is put upon him, small account being made of the ambitious profundity of immaturity, and far greater delight taken in the sparkle and fence and natural eloquence of the clever after-dinner talker than in the more classic beauty of the set oration. The social side of college life is accentuated at the expense of the old conception of commencement, that of putting to public test the visible results of four years of college training.

In view of these tendencies and of their constant influence on college customs the great wonder is, not that the traditional commencement is being radically modified and may soon disappear, but that it has had the tenacity to preserve through centuries so close a resemblance to its original.

The decline in the popular interest in commencement, that is the general interest outside the immediate circle touched by college life, dates from somewhere near the middle of the present century. Nevertheless it was at that time still a great popular event. This decline preceded the development into universities of the leading colleges, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, by which it was no doubt accelerated. It was due mainly to the broadening out of national life, to the appreciation of the new range of activities which rob the three learned professions of their peculiar prestige. It did not mean that a college education was coming to be less highly valued than it had previously been — for, judging by the great prosperity of the older universities and the success of those still in their infancy, such a day is yet far distant. It meant simply that the mere fact of certain young men receiving certain degrees was not of the same importance that it once was to a world concerned about fewer and less diversified interests. Thus it resulted that commencement became less a general and more distinctively a college festival.

The general features of the change are graphically described by Edmund Quincy, who, writing about twenty years ago, contributed the chapter on Commencement Day to the "Harvard Book." After noting that "it seems at first a little strange that the general interest in our great academic festival should have become less as the university has grown greater," he continues: "From the earliest days of the colony till within the memory of men not yet old [that is about 1830], it was the great holiday of the province and of the state, and not of the state only, but largely of New England as well. There was no town so remote that did not look forward to it, and make it the subject of talk when it arrived. There was scarcely one that did not send up its minister or other chief inhabitant to assist at its solemnities and tell of its glories on their return."

The extent to which this was true is thus particularized by Mr. Quincy: "The whole population of Boston seemed to precipitate itself upon Cambridge. The road was covered with carriages and vehicles of every description, with horsemen and footmen going and returning. The common near the college, then unenclosed, was covered with booths in regular streets, which, for days before and after, were the scenes of riot and debauchery. The village, indeed, had the look of a fair with its shows and crowds and various devices for extracting money from the unwary. The wealthier students gave expensive entertainments to their friends. After the dinner, the president gave a reception, which was attended by the authorities of the state and college, by the

principal inhabitants of Boston and the strangers of distinction from abroad and from other states, who mustered formerly in much greater force than now. Commencement Day was a proscriptive holiday in Boston. The banks and custom house were closed, and very few shops remained open."

To this general description Mr. Quincy adds a touch of what the day was from the strictly "society" point of view: "It was the great gathering day of colonial rank and fashion, as well as of gravity and learning. The Old Meeting-House, which was admirably constructed to display an audience, must have had a gorgeous effect in the days of gold lace and embroidered waistcoats and peach-bloom coats, of silver-hilted rapiers, of brocades, of the 'wide circumference of hoops and the towering altitude of crape cushions.' I recollect a venerable lady telling me how she sat up all night in an elbow chair, the night before commencement in 1753, for fear of disturbing the arrangement of her hair which had to be dressed then or not at all, such was the demand for the services of the fashionable *coiffeur* of the time."

What is true of the popular recognition of Harvard's commencement in Massachusetts is equally true of Yale's commencement in Connecticut. Ordinary people used it as a date to reckon by, as we use the Fourth of July or Christmas. An amusing last-century story is told of a woman living on a farm not far from Litchfield, who complained that her hops were undersized. "But," explained a neighbor, "you pick them too soon. It isn't time to pick hops yet." "I always pick them on Commencement Day," she replied. "But," said the neighbor again, "they have changed commencement. It came earlier this year," — something which the woman could hardly believe possible, so sacredly immutable was the festival.

Perhaps the first recorded description of any commencement is that contained in the reference to Harvard's of 1685, made in the journal of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall. Though hardly more than a sentence, it outlines all essentials. He writes under date of July 1: "Besides Disputes, three or four Orations, one Latin by Mr. Dudley, and two Greek, one Hebrew by Nath. Mather; and the President [Increase Mather] after giving the degrees, made an Oration in praise of Academical Education of Degrees, Hebrew tongue."

Commencement continued to be almost exclusively an exercise in the dead languages during the succeeding and up to the beginning of the present century. It was in 1763 that the first oration in English was delivered at a Harvard commencement, while at Yale the date was later, about 1787. Eighty years (1765) after the Harvard commencement referred to by Chief Justice Sewall, President Clapp of Yale gives this description of one at New Haven, and it is of value as showing how slight had been the changes: "The President begins the solemnity with prayer; one of the candidates for the first degree makes a Salutatory Oration to the Governor and Council, the Officers of College, and the Whole Assembly; the others give specimen of their learning by disputing syllogistically on the Questions printed in their Theses, which are then distributed. The like is done in the afternoon, by the candidates for the degree of Master of Arts. Then the President, with the consent of the Fellows, gives them their degrees, three at a time. Then one of the masters makes a Valedictory Oration: and the President concludes the whole solemnity with a prayer."

Take in connection with the above the crowning glory of Yale's "splendid commencement" — the one of 1781, at the close of the Revolutionary War, for which great preparations had been made, as none had been held during the war — the distinction of an oration on the Oriental Learning delivered by President Stiles in Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic, and we have a graphic picture of what a typical commencement was a little more than a century ago. Imagine a modern audience enduring a threefold prodigy of scholarship such as President Stiles's three-tongued oration!

We are able to form some idea of the contemporaneous point of view of this species of commencement from the description of one at Yale in 1795 given by

a young Harvard man, afterward the Rev. Dr. John Pierce. At twenty-two, shortly after his own graduation at Cambridge, he was in New Haven, and gives these particulars. It will be noted that the critical spice which has always distinguished the rivalry of the two universities was not wanting in what he has to say. He writes: "President Dwight prayed. Next succeeded a funeral anthem by the students, which was followed by a funeral oration on Dr. Stiles, last President of the college, by Professor Meigs, a gentleman who had just before declared, in the hearing of a class, that the treaty which John Jay had just negotiated with Great Britain had been, instead of this, a declaration of perpetual hostility with our mother country.

"The exercises of the students, which succeeded, were performed to good acceptance. Two orations, one on Capital Punishment and the other on Commerce, were performed by Messrs. Cooley and Marchant, candidates for the second degree. The Meeting-House was not crowded. The greatest decorum was observed. There was no clapping. The students were handsomely dressed. They had more gestures than are common at Cambridge. Perhaps their compositions would have been more chaste had they enjoyed the criticism of Professor Pearson.

"A prayer by the President; and an anthem, 'I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude,' etc., by Jacob French, an illiterate day laborer, was performed in the most boisterous and tasteless manner imaginable. The President in giving the degrees was obviously embarrassed; and, as he had not perfectly committed the Latin form to memory, he made frequent blunders in reciting it. We dined with the College Faculty."

Now when we reach the first quarter of the present century we find noticeable evidence of the invading modern spirit. The exercises being principally in English, opportunity was given for a little variety, and some regard was paid to the possible interest of the audience in them. In addition to the orations there were debates and dialogues, these last coming very near to being plays, *mirabile dictu*, since the place where they were acted in New Haven was the venerable Center Church. Thus the Yale commencement programme of 1826 includes a "dialogue" written by one of the students and called "The Norman Conquest." It had six characters, including King Harold, his brother, his nephew and a couple of retainers. The subjects of orations and debates were, however, still pretty heavy, — as a dispute "On the Effects of Science in Diminishing the Empire of the Imagination," or a dissertation "On Preserving a Proper Balance Between the Active and the Receptive Faculties in the Cultivation of the Mind." Even such profound discourses as these must have been a relief from those equally deep and in an ancient tongue. They were at any rate in English, and the unlearned auditor could try to follow them if he cared to.

Although only a people characterized by plain living and high thinking could have observed a day thus dedicated to learning as a general holiday, we shall make a serious mistake if we suppose this dedication was the only feature of the occasion. Those earliest New Englanders, as well as their successors, appreciated creature comforts, and students then were as boisterous and exuberant as they are to-day. From the beginning, restrictions had to be placed on the too free use of intoxicants on this day. Scenes which would now be reported in every newspaper in the land and bring wide disgrace upon the institution permitting them, were then of quite common occurrence. The tendency to undue luxury had also to be suppressed.

As long ago as 1722 a law was passed at Harvard forbidding the graduating students "preparing or providing either plum cake or roasted, baked or boiled meats or pies of any kind," or furnishing at commencement "distilled liquors or any composition made therewith, upon pain of being fined 20 shillings and the forfeiture of the provisions and liquors, to be seized by the tutors," — lucky dogs!

But, as in the case of modern prohibition laws, it was found easier to forbid than to execute, and so in 1760 the wise authorities ordained that "it shall be no offence if the scholars, in a sober manner, entertain one another and

strangers with punch, which, as it is now usually made, is no intoxicating liquor." This view of the matter obtained at Harvard for one hundred and thirty-four years, or until 1894, when the serving of punch at commencement was finally and absolutely prohibited.

At Yale like causes led to similar disorders, and perhaps even stronger efforts were made to suppress them. In 1731 firing of cannon was prohibited, a precursor, perhaps, of the way in which celebrations of modern athletic victories have often made commencement night hideous. In 1735 the trustees appointed a committee to suppress disorders both at the meeting-house where the exercises were held and on the college grounds in the evening. In 1755 the penalty announced for firing cannon at commencement was the suppression of "the illumination of the college on the evening before." In 1761, 1762 and 1765 no commencement was held, this being an heroic measure to stop its riotous observance.

The regulation of dress, with the design of checking a growing tendency to extravagance, was also attempted. In 1754 a law was enacted at Harvard forbidding the scholars to wear gold or silver lace in the town of Cambridge. It was further ordered that "on Commencement Daye every candidate for his degree appear in black, or dark blue, or gray clothes; and that any candidate who shall appear dressed contrary to such regulations may not expect his degree." This attempt could hardly have had the desired success, for Mr. Quincy notes that "in 1790 a gentleman took his degree dressed in coat and breeches of pearl-colored satin, white silk waistcoat and stockings, buckles on his shoes, and his hair elaborately dressed and powdered."

Of course this is simply the picture of a class, the "gentleman" class, whose representatives then received a recognition, officially at least, denied to their successors. But such a picture does not tell half the story. The country boy was then the important element in undergraduate life in a sense no longer true of Harvard and Yale — more's the pity. Some extracts from a country boy's letter home, expressing anxiety about his appearance on the eventful day, throw an interesting side light on the point of view in many a New England household. The writer is Stephen Upson, whose home was near Waterbury, Connecticut, and who afterward became a lawyer of eminence. His letter was written to his father, and speaks with a quaint familiarity of homely details. It is dated at New Haven in 1803, and runs: —

"SIR:

"You talked of coming down very soon and seeing about getting me a coat. I would inform you that the tailors just before commencement are in general very full of work, and it is not probable that I could get a coat made at that time.

"I likewise have the supreme felicity to inform you that I have an opportunity to speak on the stage in the Brick Meeting House the night before commencement. And I hope that you have so much pride with respect to me that you would wish to have me appear decent upon the stage on such an occasion. I shall therefore want a new pair of pantaloons and a hat.

"Mamma and Amelia spoke about my having a new shirt for commencement. I would not wish to put you to any more cost than is necessary. If they will some of them take off the collar from my best shirt, and put on another collar about an inch and a half or two inches wider, it will do; and I wish some of them to cut one of my neck handkerchiefs in two before commencement."

The size of collars seems to have been as important a matter to the undergraduate of the beginning of the century as to his successor of to-day.

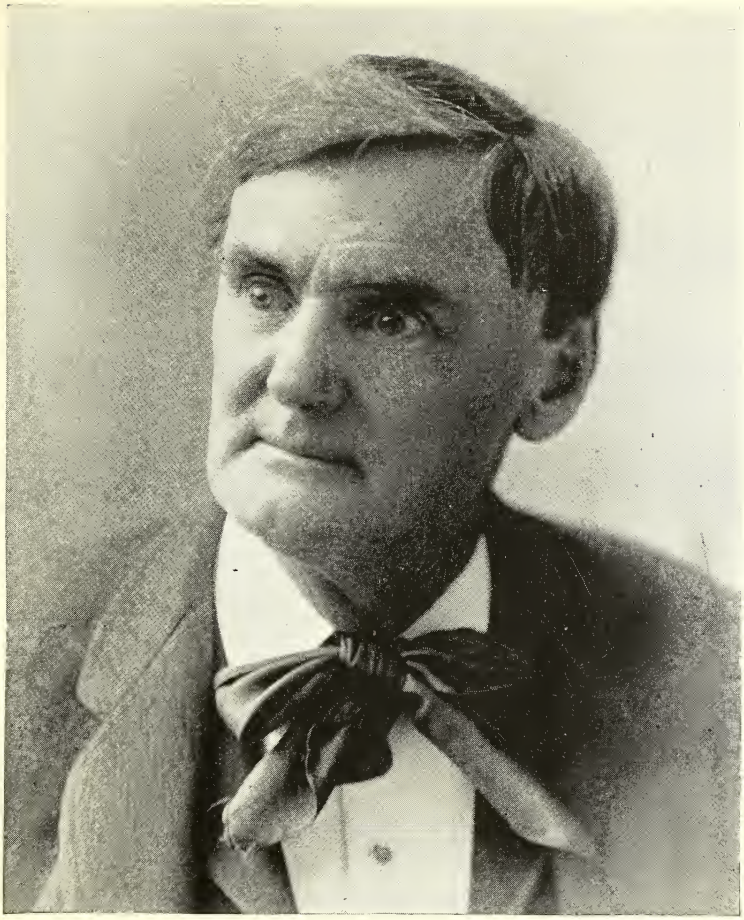
From this period on, as has been said, commencement rapidly developed into the institution of American life which has long been familiar. It was a time when oratory held full sway and college debating societies, such as Linonia and Brothers at Yale, were a power in the student world. Compared with them the rivalries of modern intercollegiate debating contests seem but poor attempts to galvanize a corpse. One would naturally expect to find commencement reflecting as it did the popular fondness for classic oratory in some marked way. As Barnard's "American Journal of Education" says in speaking of 1835: "In those days a college commencement was hardly complete without an oration from one of the Everetts. And once

given, these discourses became classical encyclicals to the whole sisterhood of colleges."

The part of the graduate too, destined in time to overshadow that of the young men about to graduate, was now receiving increasing recognition. Thus we reach the final step in the evolution of commencement. Process and result as we have traced them were discriminatingly sketched in a few words by President Woolsey in his address of 1850 on the occasion of Yale's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary: "The Commencement Day in the modern sense of the term — that is, a gathering of graduated members and of others drawn together by a common interest in the college and its young members who are leaving its walls — has no counterpart that I know of in the older institutions of Europe. It arose by degrees out of the former exercises upon this occasion, with the addition of such as had been usual before upon quarter days, or at the presentation in July. For at times several of the commencing orators appeared on the stage as they had done before. In process of time, when they had nearly ceased to exhibit, this anniversary began to assume a somewhat new feature the peculiarity of which consists in this: that the graduates have a literary festival more peculiarly their own in the shape of discourses delivered before their assembled body, or before some literary society."

To follow further the evolution of commencement would be simply to retell the story of modern life. The attitude of the world has changed toward the problem of education. The present demand is that it be practical rather than classical, that it train young men to be specialists rather than men of culture. This has had an incalculable effect in dwarfing the importance of the day. To the country at large it is now a mere survival of a largely discarded past. An age of specialism could not be an age of deference to the claims of young college graduates, however promising their immaturity. Specialism implies respect for long years of research and the conclusions of an experienced, expert judgment. But if preparation for his life work means many years more of apprenticeship to the educated man, this has its compensations, for it means also an indefinite extension of the period of activity. The young man is not called into prominence so soon, nor expected to assume responsibility so early, as when Hamilton at thirty-two was managing the Treasury Department, or Jefferson at thirty-three was writing the Declaration of Independence — to select conspicuous but not exceptional instances. On the other hand older men — there are no "old" men — are not expected to retire from the activities of life at any conventional age as they once were. Their retirement is regarded simply as a matter of individual preference and capacity for work. Added to this new view of youth and age is a popular indifference to learning and the "learned professions," which, with the growth of science, have grown so many as to require an effort to remember them all. This is a result of measuring everything by the standard of utility, and discourages any general respect for the claims of mere culture.

Thus it has come about that the young college graduate enters on active life to-day shorn of much of his former importance. It follows naturally that the traditional festival of his graduation is shorn also of much of its importance, so far as he and the world at large are concerned. Its influence is by far more circumscribed. But it is surely creating a new influence for itself, as it is growing to be more and more a social festival, a time for the reunion of graduates, for the revival of old friendships and pleasures, and for the exchange of bright and witty thoughts at alumni dinners. Even if, as at Yale this year, the young graduate is to lose his peculiar commencement altogether, has he not his great compensations? All too soon the years will bring him to his own triennial and decennial and all the other "ennials," which crowd so closely when once the first has been passed, while all too quickly there will come to him a personal share in the joys and honors and responsibilities too of the later, maturer college life which knows no graduation while life itself lasts.



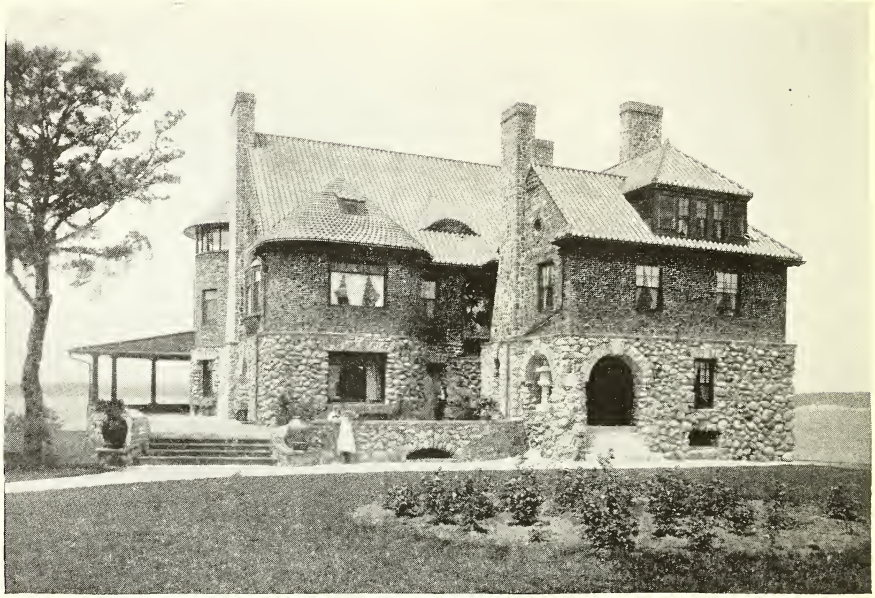
BY PERMISSION OF B. J. FALK, NEW YORK.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

# JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT HOME.

*By William E. Bryant.*

THE life of eminent actors, especially the home life, the life that is lived outside the theatres, is a sealed book to the majority of those who patronize the theatres; yet there are few topics which, without being of great import, are more interesting to thousands of people. Biographies and anecdotes of the "poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage," and perchance "makes us adore our errors," are read with avidity. In the imagination of most there is a sort of divinity that "doth hedge" about the life of the actor, especially if he be a player of romantic parts: even the walking gentleman, the general utility man, the light comedian, all come in for their share of adoration, not alone from silly maidens, but from studious men and women. The actors typify the characters in the dramas; they are, for more than the passing hour, the Hamlets, the



CROW'S NEST.

Romeos, the Claude Melnottes, the Orlandos, the Juliets, the Rosalinds, the Nance Oldfields, the Portias. It is difficult for time to eradicate the impressions made on young and susceptible natures by the great actors of the period when they were most impressionable. It is not unusual to meet men and women of mature judgment who assure us that they can never forget the hour when they chased the great actor about the streets, or watched for hours for the scant solace of even a glance into the faces of the people who had so charmed them.

But the home life of the actor, alas! is rarely worth mentioning nowadays, for the majority of the profession lead almost a nomadic life. Some, indeed, may say with Ford in "The Merry Wives," "I have good cheer at home;" but the larger part "live in their trunks," and home is where night overtakes them. This was not so general in the old stock company days, when men and women were at one theatre long enough to establish permanent abiding places and to form lasting friendships; now, few actors have real homes. The exceptions are so rare that we are very apt to make note of them. The most conspicuous example of the true home life of the actor in this country is furnished by Joseph Jefferson, the greatest comedian America has ever given to the world. Inheriting from his father and grandfather a taste for the stage, born in the very atmosphere of the theatre, the child grew up in it, and worked his way naturally and properly into the same grooves in which his ancestors had moved. With a bright, sunny, joyous temperament, sanguine and full of courage, he pushed his way upward in the face of obstacles; and soon after the death of his father he was the mainstay of his mother and sister. Those who have read Mr. Jefferson's modest autobiography were probably impressed with the actor's buoyant temperament. That temperament has scarcely been dulled by the passage of time, and that youthful heart still beats warm and hopeful in the breast of the man of sixty-five.

Mr. Jefferson's summer home is on Buzzard's Bay, a mile from the railway station of that name. Some eight years ago he built a beautiful house on a bluff about eighty feet above Buttermilk Bay, an estuary of Buzzard's Bay, spending his summers there, and a portion of each winter in his home in Louisiana.

In the spring of 1893 his Buzzard's Bay home was burned. Mrs. Jefferson, who was ill, was carried from the house by the servants, and one of the domestics perished in the flames. Mr. Jefferson was at the time on his way to the West to fill an engagement, and when he returned he found his home, his valuable pictures and bric-a-brac, the collection of years, in ashes. A neighboring house furnished shelter for the family for that summer, and Mr. Jefferson at once began to rebuild.

The new house is superior to the old one. It is one of the most substantial and interesting residences in the country. The architecture is largely the result of Mr. Jefferson's own suggestions. It does not follow the lines of any particular school; it is a composite, reminding one of an old English country seat. The first story is built of the rough pasture or rubble stone; the arches and porches are constructed of Cape Cod granite, presented to Mr. Jefferson by friends whose summer homes are near his own, and are all pleasant souvenirs of old acquaintance. The second story is built of the hard burned bricks taken from near the arches of the kiln, where they took on a deep, rich color — brick which the builders usually reject or put into out-of-the-way corners, but in which Mr. Jefferson's artistic eye discovered fine possibilities in decorative effects.

The interior of the house is homelike and beautiful. It is just such a home as an artist would be expected to build for himself. Every room, while elegantly furnished, is intended for use. There are no shut-away rooms reserved for grand occasions. They all invite to repose or study, to rest and comfort. Valuable paintings and bric-a-brac greet one at every turn. The pictures alone represent a handsome fortune. The outlook from every window is charming. The atmosphere of the place is calculated to inspire pure thoughts and lofty purpose, and one is reminded of Shakespeare's lines in "The Tempest": —

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it."

"How did you happen to christen your place Crow's Nest?" I asked him once.

"There is my answer," said the actor, pointing to a tall tree overhanging the bluff above Buttermilk Bay. On the uppermost branches were perched several crows, while others were flying in that direction. "There were lots of crows here when I came first, and they suggested the name. I have never permitted any one to shoot them. They are attractive to me. All birds are; but crows are more intelligent than most of the feathered tribe. They are very cute and observant. It matters little if they do forage about my place for food; there is enough for them and me. In the strawberry time I

A SNAP SHOT AT CROW'S NEST.

cover my beds with nets, so that the crows shall not get more than their share."

I asked him how he happened to select this spot for a summer home.

"Well, you see, I came down to Buzzard's Bay for a day's fishing some years ago with a friend, and we sailed around Buttermilk Bay. I was pleased with the place, and going ashore I climbed a tall tree. This whole place was a wilderness then, but from my lofty perch I saw the possibilities of a lovely home. I immediately wrote to my sons, who were then intending to locate in the Thousand Island region. They came here; we saw; we conquered. We built our houses, cleared up the grounds, and you see the result. Here we are, a happy little colony, just far enough apart for each

family to have a certain amount of exclusiveness, and yet near enough to see a good deal of each other."

Jefferson is a many-sided man; his skill as an actor is only one side. He is a thoughtful, scholarly man, a careful student of nature, an ardent admirer of trees and flowers, a clever landscape painter, and a philosopher withal. His simplicity of manner and taste is marked. He is a religious man, with faith in God and a firm belief in a future existence.

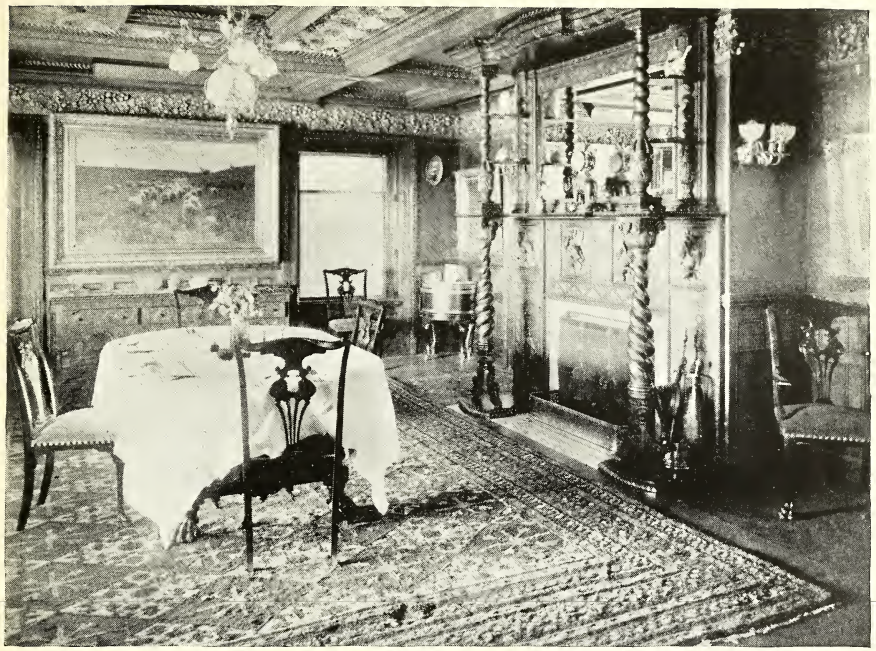
One pleasant summer's day, after enjoying a fishing excursion with him, while riding home to "Crow's Nest," jogging along through the forest path, I had occasion to remark, turning from some discussion of stage matters, that it sometimes seemed to me that life was not ordered as wisely as it might have been, that we had too little opportunity to exercise our mature judgment and utilize our experience. The first twenty years of life, I said, are spent in preparation, and the next twenty in experiments and blunders, and when we are old enough to appreciate life and its opportunities, when we are really well balanced mentally and physically, then decay begins, and before we know it we are ready to be shelved, if death does not cut us down before our powers have begun to decay. Mr. Jefferson listened quietly to my murmurings, putting out his hand occasionally to guard his face from the overhanging branches of the trees as we drove through the tangled wood-path, and then said with a quiet earnestness that was impressive: —

BY PERMISSION OF B. J. FALK, NEW YORK.

"My friend, you are not right. You would be right if this life ended all. It does not. I feel sure you are wrong. It seems to me that there must be a hereafter, where we shall continue to grow. I am convinced that this is merely the beginning of life. There is much in nature itself to enforce the idea of immortality. The caterpillar even teaches that. Would God have made that crawling, unpleasant grub, and transformed it into a beautiful butterfly, perpetuating its existence from one state to another, and leave man, the noblest of his creatures, to grope through this world and be annihilated? Oh, no, my friend, — there is surely a future for you and me not bounded by time. What it is I have no very clear idea; but it will be somewhere. It will be where we can grow and expand."

There is but little in Mr. Jefferson's manner off the stage to suggest the actor as most people picture the actor. If one who did not know him were to meet him away from the theatre, he would very likely guess that he was a professor in some institution of learning. A quiet dignity in his manner does not invite a hasty acquaintance. He is not severe or forbidding in his manner, but there is something about him that does not encourage the flippant advances of the trifler. His manner is courteous, his smile is geniality itself; but there is a certain sense of self-protection about him as if he were compelled to be politely on his guard. Acquaintances many, but friends few, I think would be his utterance, if questioned on this point.

Success in the accumulation of a fortune and his reputation as the foremost comedian in America have not dried up the springs of human love and kindness in Mr. Jefferson. Age has merely brought with it a becoming dignity and courtliness of manner. In his home he dispenses the hospitality of the gentleman of the old school. The house itself is suggestive of hospitality and good cheer. Its elegance does not freeze, but warms the guest; every nook and corner beckons to repose and



THE DINING-ROOM.

comfort. "Crow's Nest" reveals throughout the simple, generous, kindly spirit of its master. It is the home of the artist, the gentleman of leisure, and the scholar.

Mr. Jefferson has been twice married. Four children were the result of the first union — Charles, of the firm of Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger, theatrical managers; Thomas, the manager of his father's business tours; Mrs. Farjeron, wife of the English novelist; and Josie, the youngest, who is unmarried and since the death of her oldest brother's wife acts as his housekeeper. Mr. Jefferson's second wife was Miss Warren of Chicago, a niece of the late William Warren of Boston. She has three children. Joe, the eldest, is about twenty-five years of age, and is the father of a beautiful little son, the pride and joy of his grandfather. It is this little fellow who is perched on Mr. Jefferson's shoulder in the accompanying picture. Willie, the second son, is about eighteen years of age, and is a member of his father's company. The youngest child is a bright, interesting boy of about nine years. Charles, Thomas and Mrs. Farjeron have each four children, and Joe one, which makes Mr. Jefferson's family, including children and grandchildren, number twenty-two. Charles, Thomas and Joe own residences within a stone's throw of their father's home at Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. Jefferson owns a large plantation in Louisiana of about eighty thousand acres in extent, on Bayou Teche, which is known as Orange Island. Here he formerly spent a portion of each winter. It was a semi-tropical forest when he purchased it several years ago, but he has transformed it into a lovely estate and made it to blossom like the rose. The ground rises in an ellipse from the cypress swamps. Half-way up the rise a long hedgerow gracefully bounds the lawn. Above is a huge white one-story house, crowned with a white cupola, in the very centre of a profusion of giant oaks, from which hang long, sweeping trains of Spanish moss as delicate as a bride's veil. Bayou Teche is in the Acadian county of Louisiana, in the midst of the homes of the descendants of the exiled "Evangeline" people; and there,

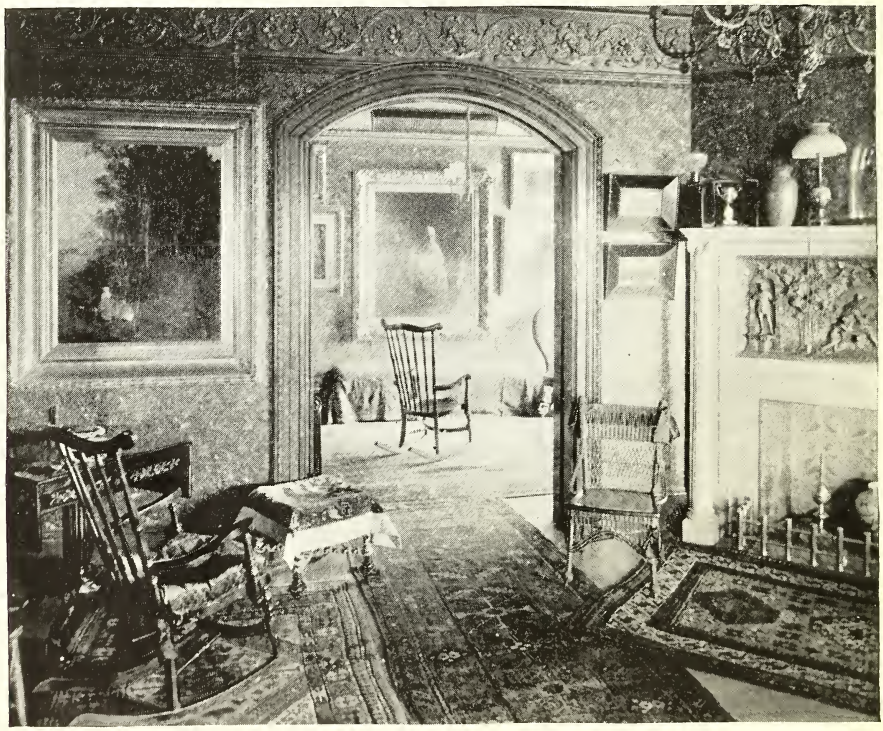
surrounded by simple-minded, hospitable folk in blouses and *sabots*, who still retain the *patois* of their fatherland, the famous actor found a delightful pastoral landscape and a never-ending supply of quaint models for his brush.

Mr. Jefferson at home throws off all unnecessary formality. He roams about his estate in a negligé costume, and would never be embarrassed if the finest lady in the land were to call and find him clad in a loose coat and an old hat which had seen service in the bayous of Louisiana, and tossing his youngest grandchild about with almost the ardor of youth. His kindly manner immediately places the visitor at ease.

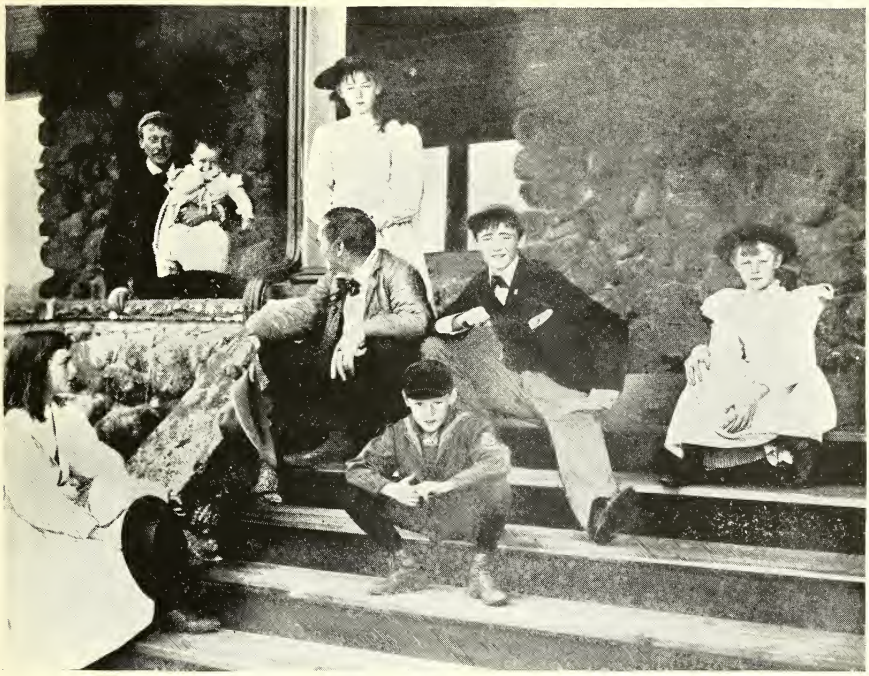
In his home, free from the cares of his profession, he is readier to converse upon some topic in moral philosophy than upon his profession itself. He has a fondness for abstruse and speculative subjects. He admires Pope among poets, and quotes him with evident pleasure.

Mr. Jefferson is very fond of children. The pleasure shown by little ones who cluster around him at "Crow's Nest" is great. He has no pleasure more satisfying than the hours spent with his kith and kin. His youngest grandson is the special pet of the actor, who is rarely so weary or so preoccupied that he cannot find time to frolic with this merry little two-year-old.

Mr. Jefferson's pastimes are painting and fishing. He is a clever painter in oils, his taste running to landscapes. His power of imagination, which is seen so clearly on the stage, shows itself also in his painting. His pictures are the children of his brain; not copied direct from nature, but nevertheless true to her. Specimens of his artistic skill adorn the homes of his friends, who value them highly, as Mr. Jefferson never sells his pictures. One of his convictions is that he, being an actor and earning money as an actor, should never sell his paintings. They are his friends, and he would as



THE PARLOR AT CROW'S NEST.



A FAMILY GROUP AT CROW'S NEST.

soon think of bartering the love of an old acquaintance as to sell the work of his brush. Neither will he accept money for his services as a lecturer. Lecturing is a new thing with him, taken up within two or three years, and he finds genuine pleasure in talking in an informal, familiar manner on his beloved art to an audience which is *en rapport* with him.

Jefferson is a true disciple of Izaak Walton. His genuine love of nature finds vent in frequent excursions to some of the ponds in the vicinity of Buzzard's Bay, or on the bay itself. He is an expert angler, patient and painstaking, and in the company of congenial spirits he passes many an hour in his boats. He is very abstemious in his habits. He enjoys a quiet glass of wine, but is not "fond of his cups." He eats lightly, and is sometimes lectured by his intimates for his carelessness in regard to his food.

Visiting Mr. Jefferson in his home, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, — for his three married sons all live not many rods distant from "Crow's Nest," and with their nine children form a little colony of Jeffersons on the hill overlooking Buttermilk Bay, — one is reminded of Goldsmith's familiar lines: —

> "How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
> A youth of labor with an age of ease!"

Mr. Jefferson is to-day, with about sixty years of stage life behind him, as fond as he ever was of a round of applause. Such a nature can never grow *blasé*. Enthusiasm for his art, as for his sports, still distinguisnes the comedian. He has played "Rip Van Winkle" for about thirty years, with the exception of a brief period in the eighties, when, in company with the late William J. Florence, he played a round of the old comedies. Notwithstanding this remarkable record he has not lost interest in the character into which Washington Irving breathed the breath of life. He has never permitted himself to grow indifferent. I say permitted advisedly; for it is only by care and watchfulness that such a condition could exist so long. Rip's speeches are delivered with the same

THE BUZZARDS' ROOST. FROM A MONOTYPE BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

effect to-day that they were thirty years ago. They possess the same power that they did then to sway the emotions. They touch the heartstrings now as they did then, causing merry laughter to bubble up, or the fountain of tears to pay its tribute to the magician's power. And this is the secret of Mr. Jefferson's prolonged success. No actor can long retain his hold on the public with one play unless he keeps himself keyed up to the proper pitch. When he speaks his lines in a parrot-like style, his audience will fail to respond, no matter what his previous record may have been; for there is a subtle magnetism extending from the stage to the auditorium in the case of all successful actors. The actor must feel his part, or successfully simulate that feeling, if he would retain his hold on the great public. Mr. Jefferson relates an anecdote of Macready, who for a long time played the rôle of Werner, in Byron's drama of that name. After playing the piece for an extended period successfully, Macready noticed that there was a falling off in interest and enthusiasm on the part of his audiences, and asked a friend for an explanation. The reply was to the point: —

"Mr. Macready, in the scene where your son accuses you of theft, you used to deny the accusation in such a spirit that your audience believed you were innocent, and always gave you a round of applause. Now, when you make the denial, the audience believes you are guilty."

Mr. Jefferson felt the force of this story when he heard it, and ever afterward applied it to himself, lest he too might be regarded by his audience as insincere.

Mr. Jefferson has reached the summit of his profession, where he can look back and survey with equanimity the thorny path he trod in early life. He has acquired a fortune, and plays now not merely for pecuniary ends, but as a matter of pleasure and professional pride. He can select his route with an utter disregard of conquences so far as pecuniary results are concerned; and he now makes his "season" simply as long as suits his personal convenience and comfort. It has for several years extended only over a period of about sixteen weeks, embracing those cities where he is sure of good hotel accommodations and a comfortable theatre. He is certain of full houses wherever he plays. But liberal as is the patronage of other cities, Boston eclipses all in its admiration for the great comedian, paying more to see him during his one week's stay than any other city in the country. For the past two years the receipts during the one week of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Boston Theatre were each season about $25,000. Last season Jefferson came to Boston in the opening week of Henry Irving's engagement, and there were great attractions at the other theatres, and "hard times" besides, but the great Boston Theatre was crowded at every performance.

Talking to Mr. Jefferson about his art, I have been impressed by his penetration, and especially by the thought which he has given to the character of Rip Van Winkle. "Trifles light as air" to the average actor receive from him a surprising amount of care and study. He was once asked why he did not yawn when he awoke from his twenty years of sleep on the mountain. This would seem to some actors a most natural thing to do. It would be realistic, true to life, they would argue. Not so with Mr. Jefferson. To his keener sensibilities this would not be artistic, even if it were realistic; the very fact that it might be realistic would indeed be an argument against it for this idyl of Irving's.

"If I were waking from an ordinary night's sleep," said Jefferson, "it might be well enough to yawn. But, don't you see, this whole story is like a fairy tale. It is a bit of poetry in prose. It is not to be taken literally. It is not an ordinary, every-day sort of affair, and it ought to be treated from the standpoint of the poet. Oh, no, I must not yawn when I begin to pull myself together on the mountain. Then," he continued, "some one has asked why I did not introduce my dog Snyder bodily upon the stage. For several reasons that would be unwise. Something, it seems to me, ought to be left for the imagination. Besides, if I were to introduce a dog on the stage, the consequences might and very likely would be

disastrous to the play. Think how awkward it would be if a boy in the gallery were to whistle to Snyder at the very moment when I was in the midst of a speech; or if Snyder were to wag his tail at the wrong time! I assure you the dog and the yawn have no place in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"I do not care much for stage realism," he said again. It has its place, of course. If the public demand it, why let them have it, — if your realism is wholesome and does not enforce an offensive thought. If Bob Acres is offered a glass of real wine, instead of the imitation article, it would make no difference; but if you introduce the aroma of coffee or of roast beef on the stage, then you destroy the poetry of the piece."

BY PERMISSION OF SARONY, NEW YORK.

"I WON'T COUNT THIS ONE."

Mr. Jefferson has an antipathy to statistics. He always avoids coming into contact with them when he can. He said to me: "I do not like statistics. Mr. ——— criticised my book because I did not adhere more strictly to dates. But what difference does that make? Nothing depended upon the date. I was describing incidents in my own career, or in the career of my family. Figures are very dry. They interest but few. When I send my young son to school, I tell the teachers not to cram him full of geography. What do I care about the height of the Alps or the Himalayas or the Rocky Mountains? The world is full of encyclopædias; they are made for just such purposes as this. When my son goes to the Alps, the Himalayas or the Rockies, he can then very easily ascertain their height. That will be time enough. There is too much time spent in the schools on useless studies. This life is too short to waste time on such matters."

Mr. Jefferson is a student not only of his art, but of nature. He is a careful observer. The flora of Cape Cod interests him, and he has considerable valuable knowledge on this subject. He likes to talk about the flowers, trees and shrubs, of whose habits he has been a student. Riding with him through the woods at Buzzard's Bay, he greatly interested me by his familiar conversation on the trees and their characteristics. Pointing out a white pine by the roadside, he remarked: —

"That tree is not all right. There is something in its surroundings which is not congenial. You see it is not doing well. Trees, like men, are sensitive as to their environments. The soil seems to be as nutritious where that tree is growing as it is anywhere in this neighborhood; but there is something that disagrees with it. It is not actually dying, but it is not thriving as its fellows are."

"The flora of Cape Cod," he said, "is more beautiful than the world would suppose. The arid, sandy soil, which seems so unpromising to the casual observer, does give birth to some beautiful flowers. Take, for instance, the marshmallow. It does not grow in the sand, to be sure, but down in the marshes. What a lovely blossom it has! Few flowers can equal it in the delicacy of its pink shading

and the graceful outlines of its opening petals. I have transplanted several roots on my estate, making the conditions as nearly like those of their natural bed as possible, and with good results."

Mr. Jefferson, as I have said, gets a great deal of pleasure from the discussion of themes which do not interest the average man. It was my pleasant fortune to be with him last winter in company with Henry Irving and Joseph Proctor. We were in a carriage, riding from the Tremont Theatre, where Mr. Irving had just given his last performance of "Henry VIII.," on our way to the Vendome Hotel. Mr. Jefferson's quick eye caught something on the street which set his mental machinery to work, and, breaking in upon the more general discussion, he entertained us during the whole drive with a shower of the most acute observations. At table at the hotel he referred to the idea that men could control their lives by the bent of their thoughts. He was a firm believer that one may control one's thoughts, and that right thinking made right living easy. The man who has governed his thoughts has achieved a victory over himself; he has mastered his passions, schooled his affections, and put his body under him. One might and should accustom himself to think of pleasant things, of pure and elevating subjects. His conduct would take on the complexion of his mind, and his face even would be the mirror of his soul.

I never shall forget that evening. Jefferson and Irving exchanged reminiscences and anecdotes, while Proctor, the eldest of the three, was referred to occasionally for the fixing of a date. Recollections of Kean, Macready, Booth and other eminent actors filled up the hours; and it was early morning when Mr. Irving escorted us to our carriages. Mr. Irving himself is one of the best of entertainers. Before dinner that evening, during a casual conversation, he quietly called attention to a landscape painting handsomely framed, which stood on an easel in his parlor. "That," said he, "was a gift to me to-day from a very dear friend." After we had admired the picture, which was really an excellent work of art, Mr. Irving turned to Jefferson and, bowing low, said: "Permit me to introduce the artist." Mr. Jefferson, referring to the incident a few months later, said: "That was really an extremely trying moment. You did not know whose work you were commenting on, and I stood there like a culprit, wondering if my head would be taken off." Speaking of Mr. Irving, he said: "He is a very remarkable man, aside from his art. He would have made, if he had turned his attention to political affairs, a very successful diplomat and a statesman. But he is much better liked as a great actor than he would have been as a great statesman."

BY PERMISSION OF SARONY, NEW YORK.

WAKING FROM THE TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.

Mr. Jefferson, like many another, has suffered at the hands of the press; and it must be owned that it was a Boston reporter who gave him the keenest anguish which he ever experienced in this line. When Edwin Booth's monument was dedicated at Mount Auburn a year ago, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, a life-long friend of the great actor, officiated and was the only speaker on the occasion Mr. Jefferson and a few other friends of the family were

present by invitation. The exercises occurred at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and early in the afternoon a Boston paper published, under a flaming heading, a description of the monument, winding up by stating that Joseph Jefferson made appropriate remarks, and actually putting five or six lines of platitudes into the comedian's mouth. A more flagrant breach of the proprieties could scarcely be imagined by Mr. Jefferson, whose simple nature cringed under this breach of decorum.

"But why should they do such a thing as that?" was his astonished exclamation. "I did not open my mouth on that occasion. It was the height of absurdity to suppose that I would say anything. I was there merely as a friend of the family. What will my friends say to this? What will the profession think of me — me, a comedian, a man whose business it is to make people laugh? How absurd it is to make me officiate at the grave of a friend! I don't understand it at all.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY B. J. FALK, NEW YORK.

JEFFERSON AND HIS GRANDSON IN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

"Would it not be equally just if I were to publish an absurd speech and say that that editor uttered it on a given occasion, without knowing whether he was there or not, as for him to permit such a false statement to appear about me? It is true, there probably was no malice prepense on the part of the reporter, but

BY PERMISSION OF FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO., NEW YORK.

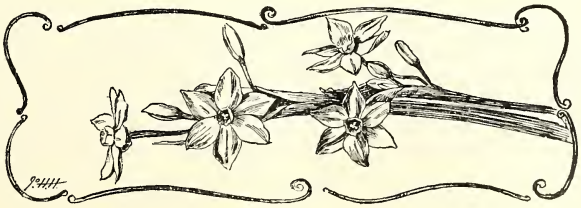
A LOUISIANA BAYOU.

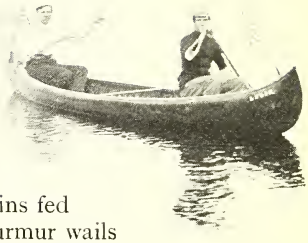
FROM AN ETCHING AFTER A MONOTYPE BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

in a matter of so much importance he ought to have verified that statement before publishing it and placing me in such an awkward light before the world. It is all very well for newspapers to be enterprising, but the rights of individuals ought never to be rudely disregarded in order that a paper may print something a few hours in advance of its rival. It weakens the hold of the press in general on the public, and in the end will react upon the offending paper."

Mr. Jefferson finds in his profession not only profit but recreation. It is not to him a task, but rather a pleasure, for occupation keeps his heart young and his faculties bright. Appreciation of his art is not confined to America. A few days ago an English actor of recognized position in London, a man of understanding and keen appreciation, said to me: "I regard Joseph Jefferson as the greatest artist on the stage to-day, either in England or in America. I do not underestimate the art and intellectual power of other eminent actors whom we both know, but in my candid opinion Mr. Jefferson as an artist has no equal on the stage to-day."

But while critics may differ if they will as to the merits of Mr. Jefferson's art as compared with that of others, it is undoubtedly true that Joseph Jefferson is first in the hearts of the American people, and thousands throughout the world will join in drinking his health and wishing that he "may live long and prosper."

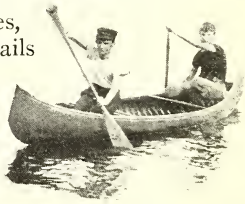




# PENOBSCOT.

*By Ch. Eadward Pratt.*

THY wayward stream, by forest fountains fed
With limpid waves, in ceaseless murmur wails
Among thy thousand isles, or with love tales,
Where centuried oaks their gnarlèd branches spread,
And elm-trees bend in whispers overhead,
Kisses the fresh cheeks of long intervales,
Or hastening widens for the whitening sails
Upon thy heaving bosom seaward sped.

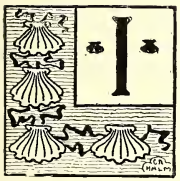


O sweet Penobscot! where my fond feet trod
Ere limpid youth to labored life had grown,
How like thy ever-murmuring monotone
Glides memory's current, from the tender sod
Of shaded innocence, until alone
Its broad wave seeks the limitless sea of God.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHAS. L. CLARK, BANGOR.

# AGATHA SAGE.

*By Mary G. L. Underwood.*



IT began with something like a coincidence. The club was never popular at this hour of the day, as Hunneman now recalled. He had strolled through the library and reading-rooms, and, finding nobody to his particular liking, was turning to go away, when Eastwin ran up the steps. The two men met at the door and shook hands, and from this drifted back to the foot of the staircase. As they stood there talking, other men passed them, going in and out. These greeted Eastwin with a marked friendliness which did not include his companion. No one, however, who was watching Hunneman's passive face, with its lips drooping almost into a sneer, would have made the mistake of considering him slighted. Even to the casual observer it must have been obvious that he held himself voluntarily aloof. He did this, to be sure, with an air of habit rather than of intention, that was nevertheless quite as effective in isolating him. Even had he been responsive, this isolation must still have remained partial. He had little in common with the occupied business men who for the most part forgathered here So far as congeniality of interests went, there was nothing to attract him to their club. In fact his membership had been in a measure compulsory, having come about because he shrank from seeming uncivil, and because the tact had failed him to decline insistently when an acquaintance proposed to him to join.

To-day he had been moved by a whim to come here. He was irritated and depressed, and, although attributing it to a late supper overnight, he had hoped that a sense of strangeness might divert him. With the other clubs to which he belonged the feeling was entirely different. He went to them as naturally as to his own home; they were a part of his inheritance.

Nevertheless he made no pretensions to being exceptionally sensitive. He did not go about like some of his friends saying that men of any other condition than his own jarred upon him. Without being in any vital way brought into contact with humanity at large, he was unaffectedly ignorant of either the necessity or the results of labor. The self-made man simply did not exist in his calculations. From the earliest association he had been reared among men who, he was told, by reason of their forefathers and the leisure opportunities of a large income, were gentlemen. He had never seen any reason to question either the justice or truth of this. At Harvard he had instinctively drawn away from men whom he would otherwise have been glad to know because they failed to have one or both of these qualifications for his friendship.

There was this difference between him and Eastwin from the first. Eastwin did not even recognize class distinctions. He liked a man for what he had in him.

He was, of course, born to a class, but the force of his nature and his education had carried him away from it in the best sense. His youth had been uneventful and almost solitary. A small but prosperous clothing establishment absorbed most of his father's attention. His mother had been the daughter of an ill-recompensed country clergyman. Both parents lived the fullest and happiest part of their lives during the period when their son was setting honors against his name at Harvard, and later, when he was admitted to the bar. As for him, he never consciously outgrew their advice, and after they died he cherished the memory of their love and humble example with the simplicity of a child.

Yet few credited him with this side of his nature. Outwardly and in practical affairs he was considered keen and unyielding. Men valued his opinion of themselves: he made short work of them in words. Even his silences came to be regarded as critical rather than indifferent. But in the courts there were those who knew that he could be eloquent. At such times his superb vitality often gave to his argument a physical force which was alone commanding of attention. Under stress of excitement his gray eyes would deepen, his lips would narrow down, his wiry, well-made body would sway from side to side, as if by the attraction of his personality he expected to draw his hearers toward his point of view.

It was in this public capacity that Hunneman first made his acquaintance. Later they dined at the same house — that of Hollis Sage. Hollis Sage, while in all respects irreproachable as a man of breeding and position, enjoyed a certain freedom in his associates. His laxness was easily set down to the excusable concession which an ambitious politician sometimes makes to convictions, whether social or otherwise. Eastwin's political influence was recognized as growing. Whatever he chose to write made a place for itself in the magazines and newspapers. Accordingly his intercourse with Hollis Sage had been on the latter's part, to some extent, the result of policy.

But with Hunneman there was no such self-interest at work. He made an effort to entertain Eastwin and to see something of him for very much the same reason that a child lingers about the door of a darkened room. Out of the fog of thirty-two years of idleness he was unable to comprehend what the other's conscientious, relentless energy meant.

After the first interest of meeting was over, Hunneman leaned back against the banisters listlessly. His eyes followed the servants as they crossed and recrossed the hall with an idle stare; and, although he replied to all of Eastwin's questions, it was with preoccupied abruptness. Then all at once his face brightened.

"See here," he said, "you are just the man I want. Come with me and pay a visit to Miss Sage — a farewell visit: they start for Florida to-morrow."

Eastwin glanced down at his boots, which had lost their first lustre, and hesitated.

"I knew they were going, but I had not heard the exact date."

"To-morrow. Come, you have been there pretty steadily; it is no more than civil."

The house stood half a dozen blocks north of the club. An intelligent-looking maid hesitated for an instant before admitting them. Presently, however, she came back with the message that Mrs. Sage was out, but Miss Sage would be down soon.

The room into which the young men were shown was already dismantled in preparation for closing. Covers of striped linen had been put on the furniture, and even the pictures were shrouded in white cloths. All the ornaments had been locked away in cabinets. The chill of absence seemed already to have settled on the place.

Hunneman seated himself on the sofa with characteristic appropriation of the point of conversational vantage. The elder man took a chair well to the back of the room and so nearly hidden by a screen that when Miss Sage entered she failed for the moment to see him.

"Oh," she exclaimed, extending her hand, "I had begun to fancy there was a mistake about the card and that you were not here." She seated herself

opposite Hunneman and continued: "Such an amusing thing happened lately. A man sent up his mother's card by mistake, and mamma was excused because of a headache, but she told Jane to say that she would come in and see about the baby slips for the Home in the morning. Fortunately for the man, Jane explained."

Both men laughed, but she shrugged her shoulders as if after all the incident had not been worth repeating.

Her face was of a type that is not altogether common among society women. Full of life, its quickly changing expressions were those of intelligence, with nothing of that mechanical vivacity which is so common to girls in their efforts to entertain men. Her poise and manner had indeed the ease and simplicity of a woman of the world. She possessed the faculty of wearing her gowns so that they became a part of herself. Her voice was low, having a husky note here and there, and she spoke with an impetuousness that had a certain musical charm for the ear. There was nothing discordant about her. Even her hands, with their slender, relaxed fingers, lay so composedly in her lap, that had her honesty not been obvious in other ways it might have appeared like careful posing. Her mind worked with ease. She carried the conversation along, touching casually on half a dozen topics and including both men. She apologized because there was no tea.

Eastwin, who had been in the habit of talking to her alone and very sensibly, began to find himself bewildered. He could not recall whether heretofore during his afternoon calls tea had been served or not. Oddly enough, until now he had never directly shared her attention with any one. Several times at dinners, and again at the theatre, it had happened to him to watch her from a distance, but whenever they were brought together he was in the habit, as he now realized, of monopolizing her. Finding this changed, he underwent a curious sensation that the girl herself was somehow not the same. All that indefinable familiarity which had existed between them was gone.

Gradually, as he made no effort to contribute his part, she and Hunneman settled down to an almost personal gossip about their mutual friends. If Eastwin had known any standard for behavior besides that which is dictated by kindliness, he might have consoled himself with the reflection that this was unlike Agatha because ill-bred. But his humility was perfect. If she set him aside, he accepted it as unquestionably merited.

Hitherto his emotions had all been of the simplest kind, — a natural grief on the death of his parents, satisfaction over the success of his work, nothing, in short, to help him in divining the subtle meanings in a woman's moods.

His discomfort took the form of a sort of blank embarrassment. He wondered nervously whether the signs of this, his awkwardness and rising color, were apparent to Agatha. But she appeared to be completely occupied with Hunneman, assuring him, as he rose to go, that she would bring him a trained alligator with a string of silver bells round his neck. Hunneman insisted in turn that he should count on the alligator's knowing the skirt dance, and warned her to expect cards to an afternoon tea at his rooms, during which the alligator would be given an opportunity to perform. More laughter followed these feeble witticisms, amid which the young men bowed themselves out.

Eastwin's first impulse was to get away by himself, but Hunneman's mood proved social.

"I will walk down with you," he said. "I need exercise."

The twilight was just beginning to close in, and a rasping wind had blown up a scattered flurry of snow. Broughams and traps rolled briskly up the street, the spirited hackneys and cobs heading eagerly toward their comfortable stables. Occasionally Hunneman raised his hat to the occupant of one of these carriages, but without comment. They had gone a couple of blocks, when he broke the silence.

"If she were always as charming as she was to-day," he exclaimed out of his meditation, "I shouldn't try to resist her."

Eastwin, who had been walking a little in advance, fell back, and gave him a sharp, startled look. The younger man,

awakening to what he had said, laughed half apologetically.

"Well, really I have thought of her a good deal," he went on, dropping his voice to a confidential key. "You are so positive about everything, I don't suppose you can sympathize with indecision in such a matter."

"What matter?" Eastwin inquired bluntly.

"Why, a matter of feeling. If you cared for a girl, your feelings would be very definite."

"Do you mean that you care for Miss Sage?"

"My dear fellow, how uncompromising you are! You remind me of the stern parent in the funny papers, who asks the young man his intentions. If I knew that I cared, would I hesitate? I will tell you, though, that I wanted you this afternoon to protect me. I felt capable of any folly."

"Folly!"

"Well, see here, Eastwin, marrying is a very important step, especially to a man of blood. I do not wish to say anything offensive, but that does make a difference. You cannot mix different kinds. All the women of our family have been of the best old stock; they are conservative — and exclusive. Miss Sage is just as well born, but somehow she isn't like them. To-day, as I said, she was conventional and charming; but sometimes you may have noticed she is not. She can be very self-assertive, and she has taken up with what I believe she considers a 'broad point of view.' Heaven knows I approve of patronizing charities and arts and all that; but when a woman as pretty as she is talks about finding her work in the world — you know yourself it isn't usual."

He paused, and Eastwin realized that he was expected to reply.

"Do you know what she means by her work?" he asked.

"Does she know herself? Anything, she says, so long as it amounts to something practical. She seems to have lost her head over people who do things. The other day, when my married sister was calling there, she met two queer women — women who earn their own living, designers, I believe. She said it was talked about quite freely, and Miss Sage seemed to think it was something to be envied. My sister said when she got home she sent flowers to all the hospitals, because they had made her feel so wickedly idle. Women are impressionable. Of course I don't mean to say that there is any particular discredit in work; but why not leave it to the women who are born to it? There must be gentlewomen, women who are beautiful and dainty and innocent, and who will make suitable wives. It seems to me that Miss Sage is lowering herself when she becomes interested in these common people."

"I am sure she does not agree with you."

"Oh, no, she doesn't. She says that they stimulate each other. The secret of it is, she must be doing something. She told me once that it made her very unhappy if she couldn't account to herself for her time as well spent."

Eastwin opened his lips as if to speak, and then closed them again.

"I don't think I am in a position to appreciate the fine distinctions you make," he said finally, "but so far as I can judge you wrong Miss Sage in one regard. It does not seem to me that she undervalues either the desirability or the advantages of being well born any more than you do, only with her it brings a certain responsibility. Because she has inherited instincts of refinement, because her surroundings have been superior, because so far everything has in a sense been done for her, she feels that she has never proved herself. I remember one day, in speaking to her of her playing, she replied that she was a 'dim composite of other people's accomplishments.' It doesn't seem strange to me that she should want to make her own individuality as strong as possible."

"I think myself she is simply restless. If she were safely married she would drop these notions."

"What notions?"

"Of wanting to be something."

"Oh, no, — she is something already; all she asks is a chance to prove it."

"I see that she has been talking to you in the same strain." Hunneman spoke irritably. "For my part I don't pretend to follow either of you. She is very popular, very gay; as I say, if she would only drop these notions she wouldn't be in any way different from other people."

"Bless her notions," said the elder man under his breath.

"I wish she would; I do indeed," Hunneman repeated, referring to his own remark. After an instant he added, "Do you think she is a woman to be easily managed by the man she loves?"

He glanced up inquiringly as he spoke, but in the gathering dusk Eastwin's face was inscrutable. Hunneman struck absently with his cane at a pile of unmelted snow which had been shovelled to one side of the walk. It occurred to him that he had been mistaken in his companion, who was not, it proved, either good form or more than second-rate in his knowledge of women. Eastwin was a long while in replying.

"If I am to take it for granted that Miss Sage cares for you," he said at length, — "and I think that is what you intend me to gather, — I can only say that I am very sorry we got into this discussion. I understood that the personal part of it was wholly on your side. And I must say too" — dropping his quiet tone — "that I consider it a low thing which we have done — bandying the name of a woman who ought to be sacred to you, at least."

Hunneman faced about with a quick gesture of anger, and then, checking himself, shrugged his shoulders.

"You are old-fashioned," he said. "Isn't 'bandying' a strong word to apply to a harmless little chat?"

A few steps further brought them to the end of the street. Hunneman halted and motioned to the driver of a passing cab.

"I had better take this fellow; I have an early dinner engagement," he said.

Eastwin barely nodded, and without further ceremony plunged across into the Public Garden. The events of the afternoon had been too upsetting to admit of his thinking clearly. His main idea was to reach his office and there, secure from interruption, to go over all that had been said. It was, therefore, to his great annoyance that he found the place already occupied by a belated clerk. The young man raised his eyes and bowed respectfully to Eastwin, who, scarcely appearing to notice him, passed on into his private room.

After turning up the light and getting rid of his overcoat, he seated himself in one of his habitual attitudes, with his forehead supported by the palms of his hands and his elbows resting on the edge of the desk. But his mind seemed somehow to have got away from his control. Everything distracted him. Never had his consciousness been so acute. He heard the newsboys calling the last editions in the streets below; he paused to listen as the bell on some church tolled out distantly; he fidgeted when the clerk began to whistle a popular air with cheerful shrillness. At length he rose and opened the door.

"Will you have the goodness to stop this infernal noise?" he said brusquely.

The clerk stammered an apology. It was not more than ten minutes, however, before Eastwin appeared to him again. This time he threw down a couple of theatre tickets.

"I shall not be able to get away to-night," he said. "If you can use these, let the references go until to-morrow."

He waited, standing, while the clerk made his preparations for departure, and when he had gone turned the key in the lock with a sigh of relief. Going back, he lighted his pipe and fell into his first position. During that hour he had possessed a wife, a home, children with eyes like hers, perhaps, — and lost them. His hand stretched out mechanically toward a bundle of memoranda lying near.

"After all," he said aloud, drawing a deep breath, "there is nothing for me but work."

Ten days later Eastwin sat at the same desk, turning over his morning's mail. His practised glance readily detected the official from the business and personal letters. An envelope bearing the Ponce de Leon stamp in one corner and

addressed in the familiar handwriting of Hollis Sage would in any case have been selected for immediate attention. It contained, as he had expected, instructions and inquiries about a suit then pending, but on the last page the writer continued in an untidy scrawl. "We are in great trouble about my daughter, who is seriously ill. The physicians give us little hope. Do not write to me unless necessary, as I am hardly fit to consider these details and prefer to rely on your judgment."

Eastwin's first thought, as he laid the letter down, was the necessity of letting Hunneman know. From dwelling on the subject he believed that he had accustomed himself to the fact that Hunneman and Miss Sage belonged to each other. It was only a question of waiting, before the final avowal of Hunneman would make this known to everybody. He called to some one to ring for a messenger, and, taking out a sheet of paper, wrote the date in hastily. So far he had acted on impulse.

Now, in the hesitation of wording his news, he leaned back pondering, and all at once what it meant and his first indignation against Hunneman came over him with a rush of feeling. His long evening's meditation was swept away by it, and he remembered only Hunneman's confidences. He argued to himself that any conscientious man would recoil from helping such a man as Hunneman to the love of such a woman. When the messenger came, he paid and discharged him. But as the day wore on and from time to time he caught opportunities in the pressure of work to consider what he had done, he grew more honest with himself. His self-interest became very plain to him. If he were out of the question, he recognized that it was not of Hunneman, but of comfort to the girl who might be dying, that he should think. He had not really admitted the possibility of her dying until that moment, and with the admission came a fresh fear.

Closing his desk, he caught up his coat and hat, and started out. At the foot of the stairs a newsboy offered him the evening papers. He bought a *Transcript* and, leaning against the doorway, unfolded it deliberately at the death notices. His hands shook a little as his eye ran down the column, and he saw that the thing he dreaded was not there. Crushing the paper into his pocket, he turned northward. It was his fixed purpose to find Hunneman without delay and tell him.

The day was bracing, and the streets were filled with people. Eastwin jostled through the crowds in the shopping district out on to the broader thoroughfares. He walked briskly, intent upon his errand. Oddly enough, he had never visited Hunneman in his rooms, although he knew the apartment house well by sight. It loomed up conspicuously in the distance, and as he approached it he was conscious of a sort of triumph at his own right-mindedness. In a few moments, he kept saying to himself, Hunneman would know. He had reached the steps. Mentally it seemed to him he had gone up them; actually, he realized with a sudden dismay, he had gone by. The recoil had been swifter than in the morning, and more certain. He had the perception to understand that it was useless to make a fight with himself. He could not force himself to turn and seek Hunneman; instead, he crossed into a side street and made his way back to the city.

The following morning he went into the western part of the state to try a case. He was gone five days. On the night of his return it had been drizzling for some hours, and the station within and without presented a scene of damp desolation. But although it was already late, he gave the cabman an order to drive as quickly as possible to Hunneman's apartment. The down-town theatres were already pouring out motley hurrying crowds as Eastwin drove past. He looked out on them with tired, indifferent eyes.

Hunneman's manservant admitted that his master was at home. He showed Eastwin into a small library, and took his card. Eastwin, worn out with work and worry, seated himself in one of the large leather chairs and stared absently at the walls lined with book-shelves reaching to the ceiling. From between the gaping door curtains a glimpse could be caught

beyond of a long table set with silver and cut glass. Bunches of Jacqueminot roses had been thrown on the gleaming linen at intervals, and slender green palms rose from the centre of the table. On the sideboard the decantered liquors caught the light like jewels. Pink shaded candles already lighted cast a rose glow over the whole. Eastwin became aware that these must be preparations for some festivity.

Hunneman entered. His manner showed neither constraint nor cordiality. After the first exchange of greetings his attention obviously wandered. Now and then he inclined his head with an air of expectancy toward the outer door. Eastwin could not help seeing that his presence was inopportune, and this spurred him directly to the point.

"I have been away," he began, "but that is no reason why I should not have written. I hope you will overlook it." If Hunneman had been paying close attention, the tenseness in the other's manner must have struck him. "I have had a letter from Mr. Hollis Sage," Eastwin went on, driving his words out with abrupt force. "It was written nine days ago, and his daughter was then dangerously ill at the Ponce de Leon. The physicians had given up hope. I have not heard since."

Hunneman stroked his blond mustache without replying at once.

"I ought to have let you know," Eastwin hastened to add. "I knew of course that you would want to go."

Hunneman glanced up with a swift expression of astonishment followed by one of comprehension. Instantly he had resumed his formal air.

"I am very sorry to hear of Miss Sage's illness," he said. His voice had the properly subdued but unsympathetic quality of one who speaks of another's trouble. "She is a very charming girl. I have always admired her, as you are aware."

A dull flush spread over Eastwin's face as he listened: he did not attempt to conceal his surprise.

"Admired her!" he repeated blankly. "Only admired her! And now that she is dying you do not even care to go to her?"

"Oh, I hope not so bad as that." Hunneman made a deprecatory gesture. "I think we may consider no news good news. I am sorry if you interpreted anything I said to you the other day to be either a wish or a warrant for my going. I suppose that under the influence of being with her I may have spoken rather indiscreetly; and then, my dear fellow, you take these things so deadly in earnest."

The two men had risen simultaneously, and stood facing each other. Eastwin now stretched out his hand and caught the younger man by the sleeve.

"How about her?" he asked with a catch in his voice.

"About her?" Hunneman frowned with a look of annoyance. "About her?"

"Oh, never mind," Eastwin interposed hurriedly. "I see now."

As he passed out, the arrival of guests blockaded the hallway. There were two or three women among them, and they discarded their wraps with a good deal of noisy laughter. The foremost of them, a large blonde with suspiciously brilliant copper-colored hair and fleshy shoulders, stared at Eastwin out of her prominent blue eyes. He recognized her as an actress who had recently figured on the bill-boards of a popular theatre.

"Isn't your friend going to stay?" she called pertly to Hunneman over his shoulder.

Eastwin described his journey to Florida afterward as a daze. He took no account of time; he could not have told offhand on his arrival whether he had been one day or seven on the way. Arrangements had seemed to make themselves. The first sensation he had of being actively alive was when he entered the office of the hotel and heard his own voice asking for Mr. Hollis Sage. The clerk awakened him even more thoroughly by replying that the Hollis Sages were no longer at the hotel. After a moment he added that he believed they had taken a cottage. Another man on being questioned was able to say which cottage and direct Eastwin there.

He had no difficulty in finding the place. The house was long and ram-

bling, having a width of piazza on three sides. Bamboo screens met the inquisitive gaze of the passers-by.

He did not dare to question himself. Having come so far without considering the consequences, he felt now that nothing remained but to go in and hear the worst. The hall door stood ajar, and beyond he could see a cosey confusion of bentwood and wicker furniture. There were fresh flowers in the vases, and magazines and papers lying about on the tables. Everything had an appearance of cheer and well-being. But Eastwin hesitated fearfully with his hand on the bell, and as he did so a low, surprised voice came to him from a distant corner of the piazza.

"Why, Mr. Eastwin!" it said. "Why, Mr. Eastwin!"

There was a moment when he could not speak. Then he went quietly forward to the steamer-chair where Agatha lay propped against gay crimson cushions. She was thinner, very much thinner, — he could see that; but as she sat up to welcome him the exertion caused a delicate convalescent's flush to rise in her pale cheeks.

"Are you taking a vacation?" she inquired.

"No."

He seated himself, but without changing his first wondering gaze. She explained this scrutiny in her own way.

"Am I so much changed?" she asked.

He replied that she was not changed at all.

"That is polite of you, only I know better," she said; then, as if recollecting herself, she added: "But you must want to see papa. I am so sorry, he has gone shooting with some friends, and that means he will not appear until dinner. If you will stay and make the best of mamma and myself until then, we shall be very glad."

Under the most propitious circumstances Eastwin was not skilled in turning pretty phrases. He now said, "Oh, thank you!" very simply.

"Isn't it delicious here?" she went on.

He replied without enthusiasm that it was delicious.

"Had you a pleasant journey?"

"I — I'm sure I don't remember," he answered honestly.

"I am sorry you should have missed papa," she said, finding him unresponsive.

There was a short silence. Words seemed to have failed him.

"Had you heard of my illness?" she asked at last.

"Yes, your father told me when he wrote — when you were first ill."

"But I am better now. I am going to be quite myself soon." Her voice held a palpable entreaty that he would not contradict her.

"I am sure of that," he answered convincingly.

She leaned forward and clasped her hands in an easy attitude around one knee. Her eyelids were lowered.

"I suppose," she said, "that I came very near dying. Would you think me a coward, Mr. Eastwin, if I said that I was afraid to die? I rebelled against dying. I remember that I used to complain to you about not accomplishing anything. While I was lying there, and they had given me up, I seemed to see all the things that I might have been. But," she added a little mournfully, "I suppose I shall be just as useless and restless again when I am quite well. I have thought that I was going to be better before."

As Eastwin did not respond, she changed her tone suddenly with an embarrassed laugh.

"You are a very serious person, Mr. Eastwin, and I seem to be making you a confession. You will pardon me. I know that you didn't come to St. Augustine for the confession of an invalid."

"Yes," asserted Eastwin suddenly and boldly, "I did."

Agatha raised her eyes, and then averted them again quickly. She did not blush, but he noticed that her hands trembled.

"Perhaps I ought to wait before saying it," he said, "but you don't know what I've suffered. For ten days I haven't known whether you were better or worse. I have been a fool. I thought that I had no right to know — that another man was the one that you would wish to see, that I wouldn't be welcome."

He paused, but something in her silence emboldened him to speak further.

"Agatha, am I welcome?" he asked.

When the trained nurse came to the door half an hour later, she found them still sitting together. He had hold of Agatha's hands, and her face was turned up to his with a tender radiance such as the trained nurse in all her life had never seen before. As she stood wavering, she heard him say: —

"After all what is there in the world but this, — to be together, — you and I?"

Then, being a wise and honorable woman, she turned and went away as softly as she had come.

# THREE CUPS OF TEA.

*By Dorothy Prescott.*

MRS. SAMUEL N. BRACKETT, at home Wednesday, December Tenth, from four to seven, 3929 Commonwealth Avenue."

"Miss Caldwell, Wednesdays, Mount Vernon Street. December 10th, 4.30–6.30."

100 CHARLESGATE, EAST.

DEAREST CARRIE:

I am obliged to give up the Bracketts'. Mother went and asked Dr. Thomas if I could go, and he said, of course not. I was so provoked, for if she hadn't spoken of it, he would never have dreamed of forbidding me to go out — he never does. Most likely he never imagines that anybody will go anywhere if they are not obliged to. Now that I am not going, mother won't go herself. She wants to go to Cousin Jane's little tea. She says they are so far apart she can't do both. So stupid in Cousin Jane to put hers the same day as the Bracketts' — but I dare say she will have a sufficient number of her own set to fill up. I doubt if she gets many of the girls. You are so soft-hearted that I dare say you will struggle for both. Do get through in time to drop in here any time after half past six. I am going to have a few girls to tea in my room to cheer me up and tell me all about the Bracketts'. They have asked every one they possibly can, and I dare say every one will go to see what it is like. I am sure I would if I could. Remember you must come.

Ever your

Tuesday P. M. GRACE G. D.

As Miss Caroline Foster, after lunch on the tenth of December, inspected the cards and notes which encircled her mirror in a triple row, she selected these three as calling for immediate attention. Of course she meant to go to all: when was she ever known to refuse an invitation? Though young and pretty, well-connected and well-dowered, and far from stupid, she occupied in society the position of a down-trodden pariah or overworked galley-slave, for the reason that she never could say no to any one. She had nothing — money, time, sympathy — that was not at the service of any one who chose to beg or borrow them. At parties she put up with the left-over partners, and often had none, — for even the young men had found out that she could always be had when wanted. Perhaps this was the reason why, with all her prettiness and property, she was not already appropriated in marriage. Of course she had hosts of friends, who all despised her; but one advantage she did enjoy, for which others might have been willing to barter admiration and respect; no one, man, woman or child, was ever heard to speak harshly to Caroline Foster, or to say anything against her. Malice itself must have blushed to say that she was too complying, and malice itself could think of nothing else.

This tenth of December marked an uncommon event in her experience, for on it she had, for the first time in her life, made up her mind to refuse an asked-for gift; and the consciousness of this piece of spirit, and of a beautiful new costume of dark blue velvet trimmed with otter fur,

which set off her fair hair and fresh face to perfection, gave her an air of unwonted stateliness as she stepped into a handsome coupé and drove off alone. She was by no means an independent or unguarded young woman; but her aunt, with whom she lived, had two committee meetings that afternoon, and told Caroline that she might just as well go to Miss Caldwell's little tea for ladies only, alone. They would meet at Mrs. Brackett's; and if they didn't they could tell every one they were trying to, — which would do just as well.

Miss Caldwell lived in an old house on Mount Vernon Street which gave the impression that people had forgotten to pull it down because it was so small; but within it looked spacious, as it sheltered only one lady and two maids. Everything about it had an air of being fresh and faded at once. The little library in front was warm, dull olive-green; and the dining-room at the back soft, deep gray-blue; and the drawing-room, up one flight of an unexpected staircase, was rich, dark brick-red, — all very soothing to the eye. They were full of family portraits and old brass and pewter and Japanese cabinets and books bound in dimly gilded calf-skin and India chintzes, all of which were Miss Caldwell's by inheritance. Even sunlight had a subdued effect in these rooms; and now they were lighted chiefly by candles, and none too brilliantly.

Miss Caldwell had been receiving her guests in the drawing-room; but there were not many, and being a lady accustomed to do as she pleased, she had followed them down to the dining-room, which was just comfortably full. Conversation was, as it were, forced to be general, and the whole room heard Mrs. Spofford remark that "Malcolm Johnson would be a very poor match for Caroline Foster."

"Caroline Foster and Malcolm Johnson, is that an engagement?" asked the stout, good-natured Mrs. Manson, who was tranquilly eating her way through the whole assortment of biscuits and bonbons on the table. "Well, Caroline is a dear, sweet girl, — just the kind to make a good wife for a widower."

"With five children to start with, and no means that I know of!" said Miss Caldwell scornfully. "I am sure I hope not!"

"I heard it on the best authority," said the first speaker.

"It will take better authority than that to make me believe it."

"If he proposes to her," said Mrs. Manson, "I should say she would take him. I never knew Caroline to say no to any one."

"Well," said Miss Caldwell, "I suppose it's natural for a woman to be a fool in such matters — for most women," she corrected herself; "but if Caroline marries Malcolm Johnson I shall think her *too* foolish, — and she has never seemed to me to be lacking in sense."

"Perhaps," said the pourer out of tea, a pretty damsel with large dark eyes a little faded to match the room, — "perhaps she wants a sphere."

"As if her aunt could not find her fifty spheres if she wanted them!"

"Too many, perhaps," said a tall lady with a sensible, school-teaching air. "I have sometimes thought that Mrs. Neal, with managing all her own children's families and her charities, had not much time or thought to spare for poor little Caroline. She is kind to her, but I doubt if she gives her much attention."

"A woman likes something of her own," said Mrs. Manson.

"Her own!" said Miss Caldwell. "How much good of her own is she likely to have if she marries Malcolm Johnson?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Spofford, "his motives would be plain enough; I dare say he's in love with her. Caroline is a lovely girl, but of course in such a case her money goes for something."

"But she has not so very much money," said Mildred, dropping a lump of sugar into a cup, — "plenty, I suppose, for herself, but it wouldn't support a large family like Mr. Johnson's."

"It would pay his taxes, my dear, and buy his coal," said Miss Caldwell, "and he has kept house long enough to appreciate the help *that* would be."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Manson, "coal is so terribly high this winter!"

"It would be a saving for him to marry anybody," said a thin lady with a sweet smile, slightly soiled gloves, and her bonnet rather on one side. "He tells me that his housekeepers are no end of trouble. He is always changing them, and his children are running wild with it all. He's a very old friend of mine," she added with a conscious air.

"They are very troublesome children," said Miss Caldwell. "I hear them crying a great deal."

"Poor little things! — they need training," said Mrs. Manson.

"Caroline would never train them; she is too amiable."

"They have so much illness," said Mrs. Eames, the "old friend." "Poor Malcolm told me he is afraid that little Willie has incipient spine complaint; he is in pain most of the time. The poor child was always delicate, and his mother watched him most carefully. She was a most painstaking mother, poor thing, though I don't imagine there was much congeniality between her and Malcolm. I wish I could do something for them, but I have *such* a family of my own."

"Some one ought to warn Caroline," said Miss Caldwell. "I wonder he has the audacity to ask her. If he wasn't a widower he wouldn't dare to."

"If he wasn't a widower," said Miss Mildred, "her loving him in spite of all his drawbacks would seem more natural."

"If he wasn't a widower," said Mrs. Manson, "he wouldn't have the drawbacks, you know."

"If he wasn't a widower," said Mrs. Eames, "he might not be so anxious to marry her. Good by, dear Miss Caldwell. Such a delightful tea! I may take some little cakes to the dear children?"

"Good by," said Mrs. Manson, swallowing her last macaroon. She turned back as she reached the doorway; and her ample figure, completely filling it up, gave opportunity for a young lady who had been standing in the shadow of the staircase to dart across the hall unseen. Miss Caroline Foster had sought her hostess in the drawing-room, but finding it empty, had come downstairs again, and had been obliged to listen to the conversation, which she had not the courage to interrupt; and she now threw on her wrap and rushed past the astonished maid out of the house before Mrs. Manson's slow progress could reach the cloak-room.

At half past five o'clock the Brackett tea was in full swing. The occupants of the carriages at the end of the long file were getting out and walking to the door, and some of the more prudent were handing in their cards and departing, judging from the crush that if their chance of getting in was but small, their chance of getting away was none at all. The Bracketts were at home; but of their home there was nothing to be seen for the crowd, except the blazing chandeliers overhead, the high-hung modern French pictures in heavy gilded frames, the intricate draperies of costly stuffs and laces at the tops of the tall windows, here and there the topmost spray of some pyramid or bank of flowers, and the upper part of the immense mirrors which reflected over and over what they could catch of the scene. The hostess was receiving in the middle drawing-room; but it was a work of time and pains to get so far as to obtain a view of the sparkling aigret in her hair. A meagre, carefully dressed woman had accomplished this duty, and might now fairly be getting off and leaving her place for some one else; yet she lingered near the door of the outer room, loath to depart, looking with an anxious eye for familiar faces, with an uneasy incipient smile waiting for the occasion to call out. Sometimes it grew more marked, and she made a tentative step forward; and if the person went by with scant greeting or none at all, she would draw back and patiently repair it for future use. For the one or two who stopped to speak to her she kept it carefully up to, but not beyond, a certain point, while still her restless eye strayed past them in search of better game. Just as she had exchanged a warmer greeting than her wont with a quiet lady-like woman who was forced on inward by the crowd, she was startled by a smart tap on her shoulder, and as she turned sharp round toward the wall, the rich brocade window curtains waved, and a low voice was heard from behind them.

"Come in here, won't you, Miss Snow?"

Miss Martha Snow, bewildered, drew aside the heavy folds, and found herself face to face with a richly arrayed, distinguished-looking, though *passée* woman, who had settled herself comfortably on the cushioned seat between the lace curtains without and the silk within.

"My dear Mrs. Freeman! how do you do? How you did frighten me!"

"I have been trying to get at you for an age," said Mrs. Thorndike Freeman, laughing. "I thought you would never have done falling into the arms of that horrid Hapgood woman."

"I could not help it. She would keep me. She is one of those people you can't shake off, you know."

"I! *I* don't know her."

"But why are you here, out of sight of every one? Are you waiting for a chance to get at Mrs. Brackett?" hurried on Miss Snow.

"I'm waiting for a chance to get away from her. I would not be seen speaking to her for any consideration whatever."

"I — I *was* surprised to meet you here!"

"I came because I wanted to see what it would be like, but I had no conception it would be so bad. Did you ever see such a set as she has collected?"

"It does seem mixed."

"Unmixed, I should call it. I have been waiting for half an hour to see a soul of my acquaintance. Sit down here, and let us have a nice talk."

A nice talk with Mrs. Thorndike Freeman foreboded a dead cut from her the next time you met her; for she never took any one up without as violently putting them down again, — and then there was no one now to see and envy. However, Miss Snow dared not refuse, and seating herself with a conciliatory, frightened air, somewhat like a little dog in the cage of a lioness, asked in timid tones: —

"Why do you stay? Is not your carriage here?"

"I want to get something to eat first," said Mrs. Freeman, "for I suppose their spread is something indescribable."

"Oh, quite! The whole middle of the table is a mass of American Beauty roses as large as — as cabbages, and around that a bank of mignonette like — like small cauliflowers, and all over beneath it is covered with hothouse maidenhair ferns, and —"

"And what's the grub?"

"I — did not eat much; I only wanted to see it; but I had a delicious little *paté* — chicken done in cream, somehow; and I saw aspic jelly with something in it handed round; and the ices — they are all in floral devices, water lilies floating on spun sugar, and roses in gold baskets, and cherries tied in bunches with ribbons, and grapes lying on tinted Bohemian glass leaves, — and —"

"It sounds appetizing. I'll wait till I see a man who doesn't know me, and he shall get me some. I don't want it known that I ever entered their doors."

"Shall I not go back to the dining-room and send a waiter to you?"

"No, indeed — he would be sure to know me, and I should get put on the list."

"The stationers who sent out the invitations will do that."

"Oh, well — I can only say I never came. But the waiter would swear to me, and very likely describe my dress. No, I shall wait a while longer. Stay here and keep me company."

"Oh, it will be delightful!" quavered Miss Snow, though worrying at the prospect of getting away late on foot, and ill able to afford cab hire."

"You've heard of the engagement, I suppose?"

"Which of them?" asked Miss Snow, skilfully hedging.

"Why, the only one, so far as I know. Why, haven't you heard? Ralph Underwood and Winnie Parke."

"Oh, yes! has that come out? I have been away from home for a few days, and had not heard. Very pleasant, I'm sure."

"Very — for her. It was her sister who did it, Mrs. Al Smith. She's a very clever young woman; fished for Al herself in the most barefaced way, and now she's caught Ralph for her sister; and she's not nearly so good-looking, either, Winnie Parke, though I should say she had a better temper than Margaret. You know Margaret Smith of course?"

"Not very well," said Miss Snow deprecatingly. "I thought when you spoke of an engagement you meant Malcolm Johnson and Caroline Foster."

"That never will be an engagement!" said Mrs. Freeman scornfully.

"Oh! I am very glad to hear you say so — only I have met him so much there lately, and it quite worried me; it would be such a bad thing for dear Caroline; she is a sweet girl."

"You need not worry about it any longer, for I know positively that she has refused him."

"I am very glad. I was so afraid that Caroline, — she is so amiable a girl, you know, and so apt to do what people tell her to, — I was afraid she might say yes for fear of hurting his feelings."

"She would never dream of his having feelings — her position is so different. Why, Caroline is a cousin of my own."

"Oh, yes, of course, — only he would doubtless be so much in love; and many people think him delightful, — he *was* very handsome."

"Before Caroline was born, may be. No, no, Caroline has plenty of sense, though she looks so gentle,— and then the family would never hear of it. His affairs are in a shocking condition. Why, you know what he lost in Atchison, — and I happen to know that his other investments are in a very shaky condition."

"He has that handsome house."

"Mortgaged, my dear, mortgaged up to its full value. No, he's badly off, — and then there are such discreditable rumors about him; Thorndike knows all about it."

"Dear me! I never heard anything against his character."

"I could tell you plenty," said Mrs. Freeman, with a little shrug. "And then he drinks, or at least he probably will end in drinking, — they always do when they are driven desperate. Oh, no, Caroline is a cousin of mine, and a most charming girl. Don't for heaven's sake hint at such a thing."

"Oh, I assure you I never have. I am always so careful."

"Yes, I never say a thing that I am not certain is true," said Mrs. Freeman, yawning. "Why, where do all these lovely youths come from? Ah! I see; past six o'clock; the shop is closed, and they have turned the clerks on duty here. Well, now, I can get something to eat, for I never buy anything of them. Tell that one over there to come to me, — the light-haired one, I mean; he looks strong and good-humored."

As Miss Snow rose to obey this order, a fair-haired girl in a dark blue velvet gown, who on entering had been pinned close against the wall within hearing by the crowd, made a frantic struggle for freedom, and succeeded in reaching the entrance hall, to the amazement of the other guests, who did not look for such a display of strength in so gentle-looking and painfully blushing a creature.

At half past six a select party was assembling in Miss Grace Deane's own room, — the prettiest room it was said, in Boston, in the handsomest of the new Charlesgate houses; a corner room, with a bright sunny outlook over the long extent of water-side gardens. The high wainscot, the chimney-piece, the bed on its alcoved and curtained *haut pas* were of cherry wood, the natural color, carved with elaborate and unwearied fancy; and its rich hue showed here and there round the Persian rugs on the floor. At the top of the wall was a painted frieze of cherry boughs in bloom, with now and then one loaded with fruit peeping through, and the same idea was imitated in the chintzes. The wall space left was papered in a shade of spring green so delicate and elusive that no one could decide whether it verged on gold or silver, almost hidden with close-hung water colors and autotypes; and the ceiling showed between cherry beams an even softer tint in daintily stained woods. The Minton tiles around the fireplace and lining the little adjoining bathroom were all in different designs of pale green and white sparingly dashed with coral pink. There were sofas and low chairs and bookcases and cabinets and a tiny piano and a writing-desk and a drawing-table and a work table and yet more tables, all covered with smaller objects. Useless and especially cheap bric-a-brac was Miss Deane's abomination, but everything she

used was exquisite. The bed and dressing-table were covered with finest linen drawn and fretted by the needle into filmy gossamer; and from the latter came a subdued glitter of a hundred silver trifles of the toilet beaten and chiselled like the fine foamy crest of the wave.

Miss Deane, the owner of this pretty room, for whom and by whom it had been devised and decked with abundant means held well in check by taste, was very seldom in it. The Deanes had two country houses, and they spent a great deal of time abroad, and in the winter they often went to California or Florida or Bermuda; and when they were at their town house they were usually out. But Miss Deane did sometimes sleep there, and when she had a cold and had to keep in she could not but look around it with gratification. It certainly was a pleasant room to give a little tea in. Its being her bedroom only made the effect more piquant. She believed the ladies of the last century used to have tea in their bedrooms; and this was quite in antique style, — yes, the tea-table and some of the chairs were real antiques. By the time she had arranged the flowers to her taste and sat down arrayed in a tea-gown of rose-colored China crape and white lace to make tea in a Dresden service with little rosebuds for handles, she felt quite well again, and ready to greet a dozen or so of her dearest friends, who ran upstairs unannounced and threw off their own wraps on the lace-covered bed.

Some of these young women were beautiful, and all looked pretty, their charms equalized by their clothes and manners. They had all been on the most intimate terms with each other from babyhood, and they had the eagerness to please any one and every one, characteristic of the American girl. Each talked to the other as if that other were a lover, and they had the sweetest smiles for the maid.

"So it was pleasant at the Bracketts'?" asked Grace, beginning to fill her cups.

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed the whole circle; "that is" — with modified energy — "it was crowded of course, and very hot, and it was hard to get at people, and there was no time to talk when you did; but everybody was there," they concluded with revived spirit.

"I was not there," sighed Mildred; "I had to make tea for Miss Caldwell, — mother said I must, — and some of the people stayed so late that it was no use thinking of the other place, though I put on this gown to be all ready. I thought it would do to pour out at such a little tea," — surveying her pale fawn cloth gown dashed with darker velvet worked in gold.

"Oh, perfectly! most appropriate!" said the others.

"Who else poured out?" said Grace.

"Why, she told me that Caroline Foster was coming, and I was so delighted; but when I got there I found Mrs. Neal had sent a note saying she could not allow Caroline to give up the Bracketts' altogether; and Miss Caldwell had invited that Miss Leggett, whom I hardly know — wasn't it unpleasant? And she wore regular full dress, pink India silk and chiffon, cut very low — the effect was dreadful!"

"Horrid!" murmured her sympathizing friends.

"Caroline was there, I suppose?" queried one.

"No — she never came at all."

"Probably she went to the Bracketts' first, and couldn't get away," said Grace. "I wonder she isn't here by this time. Who saw her there?" General silence was the sole answer, and she looked round her only to have it re-enforced by a more emphatic "I didn't."

"Why, she must have been there! She told me she should surely go. How odd —" but her words died away, and the group regarded each other with looks of awe, till one daring young woman broke the spell with, "Do you think — can it be possible — that she's really engaged?"

"To Mr. Johnson?" broke out the whole number. "Oh! I hope not! It would be shocking — dreadful — too bad!"

"We shouldn't see a thing of her; she would be so tied down," murmured Dorothy Chandler, almost in tears.

"Every one who marries is tied down, for that matter," cheerfully remarked a

blooming young matron, who had been the rounds of the teas. "I assure you," she went on, nibbling a chocolate peppermint with relish, "I am doing an awful thing myself in being here at this hour; aren't you, Anna?"—addressing a mate in like condition, who blushed, conscience-stricken, as she said, "Perhaps Caroline is in love with Mr. Johnson."

"I don't see how any one can fall in love with a widower," said Mildred.

"That depends on the widower," said the pretty Mrs. Blanchard. "I do think Mr. Johnson is rather too far gone."

"Oh, yes," said Mildred; "he looks so — so — I don't know how to express it."

"What you would call dowdy if he were a woman," said her more experienced friend. "He looks as if he wanted a wife; but I don't see why some one else would not do as well as Caroline, — some respectable maiden lady who could sew on his buttons and make his children stand round. I don't think Caroline would be of the least use to him."

"It would be almost impossible to keep her up," said Grace.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blanchard; "I'm very fond of Caroline, but I'm afraid I could never get Bertie up to the point of intimacy with Malcolm Johnson; he thinks him underbred — says his hats show it."

"Is your tea too strong, Harriet dear? There is no hot water left," said Grace, ringing her little silver bell with energy. But no one came. "I told Marguerite to keep in the sewing-room, in hearing," she went on, ringing it again.

"I thought I heard her at the door just now," said the outermost of the circle.

"*Would* you mind looking, dear? If she's not there I'll ring the other bell for some one from downstairs."

No Marguerite was at the door, the sounds laid to her charge having been caused by the precipitate retreat of a young lady who had come late and, running quickly upstairs unannounced, had paused at the room door to recover her breath, and had just time to do so and to fly downstairs again and out of the house without encountering any one.

Caroline — for it was she — hurried round the corner; for her home was so near that she had dismissed her carriage. The house was empty and dark. Mrs. Neal had gone to spend the evening with one of her married daughters and had not thought it necessary to provide any dinner at home. There was no neglect in this. There were plenty of cousins at whose houses Caroline could have dined and welcome; or if she did not choose to do so, there was abundance in the larder, and if her teas had left her any appetite she had but to give the order herself and sit down alone to her cold meat and bread and butter. As we know, her teas had been feasts of Tantalus; but she did not feel hungry — for food. She hastened up to her room without a word to the maid, lighted her gas, took a key from her watch chain, opened her writing-desk, and took out a letter which she read, not for the first time, with attention.

MOUNT VERNON STREET.

MY DEAR MISS FOSTER:

You will, I am afraid, be surprised at what I am going to say. Perhaps you will blame me for writing it, and perhaps you will blame me for saying it at all. I know it is an act of presumption in me to ask one so beautiful, so young and untrammelled by care to link her fortunes with mine; but I do it because I cannot help it. I love you so much that I am unable to turn my thoughts to my most pressing duties till I have at least tried my fate with you; and yet my hopes are so faint that I cannot venture to ask you in any way but this.

Don't think I love you less because I have so many other claimants for my affections; any more than I love them less because I love you. My poor children have no mother; I could never ask any woman to take that place to them unless we could both feel sure that ours was no mere match of convenience; but I could not love any one unless she had the tenderness of nature which belongs to a true mother. I never saw any girl in whom it showed so plainly as in you. Your angelic sweetness and gentleness are to me, who have seen something of the rough side of life, unspeakably beautiful. I know I am not worthy of you in any way; but it sometimes seems to me that appreciating you so thoroughly as I do must make me a little so.

Your family will very likely object to me on the score of want of means. I am fully aware that I cannot give you such advantages in that respect as you have a right to expect, even if I were much richer than I am ever likely to be; but I am not so poorly off as they may suppose. I own the house in which I live, free of encumbrance, and I should like to settle it upon you.

I do not know whether your property is secured to your separate use or not; but I should wish to have it so in any case. If my life and health are spared, I have no fears that I shall not be able to support my family in comfort. I know you will have to give up a great deal in the way of society; and I cannot promise that you shall have no cares, but I can and do promise you that you will make us all very happy.

I still fear my chances are but small; but do, I entreat you, take time to think over this. No matter what your answer may be, I am and ever shall be

Your faithful and devoted
MALCOLM JOHNSON.

December 8, 189—.

After Caroline had read this letter twice, she drew out another, spotless and freshly written, and breaking the seal, read: —

BEACON STREET.

MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON:

I was very sorry to receive your letter this morning. Pray don't think I blame you for writing — but indeed you think much too highly of me. I am not at all fitted to assume such serious duties as being at the head of your family would involve, and it would only be a disappointment to you if I did. I have had no experience, and I should feel it wrong to undertake it, even if I could return your generous affection as it deserves. Indeed, I don't value money, or any of those things; but I do not want to give up my friends and all my own ways of life, unless I loved you. I am so sorry I can't — but surely you will not blame me, for I never dreamed of this, or I would have tried to let you know my thoughts sooner.

I am sure my aunt would disapprove. Highly as she esteems you, she would think me too young, and not at all the right kind of wife for you. I shall not breathe a word to her or to any one, and I hope you will soon forget this, and find some one who will really be a good wife to you and a devoted mother to your children. No one will be more delighted at this than

Your sincere friend,
CAROLINE ALICE FOSTER.

December 9, 189—.

This letter, which Caroline had spent three hours in writing and copied six times, she now tore into small pieces and threw them into the fireplace. The fire was out, and the grate was black, so she lighted a match and watched till every scrap was consumed to atoms, when she sat down at her desk and, heedless of the chilly room, wrote with a flying pen: —

BEACON STREET.

MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON:

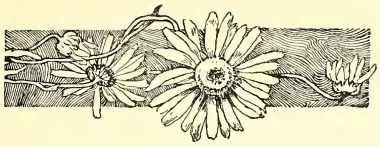
Pray forgive me that I have been so long in answering your letter. I could not decide such an important matter in haste. Indeed you think more highly of me than you ought; but if such a foolish, ignorant girl as I am can make you happy, and you are sure you are not mistaken, I will try to return your love as it deserves. I have not much experience with children; but I will do my best to make yours love me, and it will surely be better for the dear little things than to have no mother at all.

I dare say my aunt will think me very presumptuous to undertake so responsible a position; but she will not oppose me when she knows my heart is concerned, — and I am of age, and have a right to decide for myself. I shall be so glad of some real duties to make my idle, aimless life really useful to some one. I don't care for wealth, and as for society, I am heartily tired of it. The only fear I have is that you are over-rating me; but it is so pleasant to be loved so much that I will not blame you for it.

I am ever yours sincerely,
CAROLINE ALICE FOSTER.

December 10, 189—.

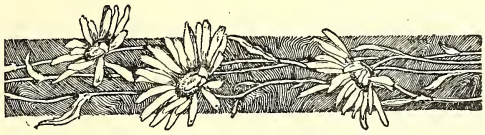
If Caroline, by writing this letter, constituted herself a lunatic in the judgment of all her friends, it must be allowed, as Miss Caldwell had said, that she was not quite lacking in sense. Unlike either a fool or the heroine of a novel, she rang the bell for no servant, sent for no messenger, but when she had sealed and stamped her letter she tripped downstairs with it and, having slipped back the latch as she opened the door, walked as far as the nearest post-box and dropped it in herself.



## A FANTASY.

*By Dorothea Lummis.*

THE first pale violet lifts its perfumed head;
From budding boughs a bird takes wing;
My heart aches for the dead, the unknowing dead,
Who nevermore may feel the spring.

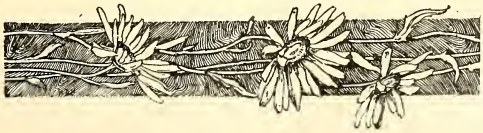


## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

*By Laura Spencer Portor.*

I TAKE the little common seed that falls,
And wrap it in the winter's ermine white;
Nurture it in my mountain palace halls,
Cradle it royally; and in the night
The wind, my old court minstrel, lulls its sleep,
While fair star courtiers watch above it keep.
Later, when grown more learned in palace lore,
Forgetful of the humble birth it bore,
The princess Spring with her own fair hand tips
My golden sunshine goblet to its lips,
Pledges it to a royal air and grace,
Sealed with a kiss of beauty on its face;
And that is why so courteously slow
It bends to meet your steps across the grass,
And stoops in courtly wise and boweth low
To kiss your garment's border as you pass.

Thus answered Nature, at my mild amaze
That common daisies have such royal ways.



# INDIAN EDUCATION AT CARLISLE.

*By O. B. Super.*

OW to treat the original American has been a problem to the American who is such only by immigration ever since the first settlement of the country by Europeans. As the wave of settlement rolled farther and farther westward from the seaboard, the red man either fled before it or stubbornly resisted its advance until it caught and overwhelmed him. The present condition of the Indian in the far West does not greatly differ from that of his forefathers two hundred and fifty years ago; but the fault lies with the white man rather than with the Indian. True, ever since the time of John Eliot, attempts have been made to improve his condition; but these have been spasmodic and individual, while the general policy has been to leave him as much as possible to his own devices and to treat him as a being having no rights that white men are bound to respect.

Since the time of William Penn, at least, our dealings with the Indians have been characterized by imbecility and cruelty as a nation, and by dishonesty as individuals. Our policy has alternated between pauperizing and extermination. The Indians have been encouraged in idleness by being freely supplied with food, clothing and money at the public expense; and when they have protested against encroachments on their domain, or against being ordered about from pillar to post, men, women and children have been ruthlessly slaughtered. Helen Hunt Jackson's eloquent "Century of Dishonor" is an arraignment which, severe as it is, is an inadequate presentation of the case.

The present reservation plan was inaugurated by President Jefferson, whose idea was to transfer all the Indians beyond the Mississippi River. He issued instructions to those controlling Indian affairs to put them there and let the great river be the dividing line between them and the whites, at the same time authorizing the employment of negotiation, persuasion or force in order to secure removal. Washington's plan, on the contrary, was one of association and civilization. He believed that commerce freely entered into between the white and the red man would bring about the civilization of the latter; but at no period of our history has Washington's plan been honestly tried. The policy of our government has always been removal, segregation, degradation, destruction.

The establishment of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle marks an epoch in the history of our treatment of the red man. To Captain R. H. Pratt, the superintendent of this school, is due the credit of conceiving and, so far as possible, of carrying out the idea that "the most effectual way of getting civilization into the Indian is to get the Indian into civilization." He believes that the same system which converts the dregs of European civilization into respectable, self-supporting American citizens will, if applied to the aborigines, produce the same results. He sees no reason why Indians should not be allowed an equal chance, at least, with the foreigners who annually flock to our shores by the hundred thousand.

Richard Henry Pratt was born in Allegany County, New York. When he was quite young his parents removed to Indiana. His early opportunities for education were only those offered by the village school. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was among the first to answer the call for troops, enlisting in April, 1861. He served during the entire war, taking an active part in all the engagements of the Army of the Cumberland from Shiloh to Nashville, and was mustered out in May, 1865, as captain

in the Eleventh Indiana Cavalry. In 1867 he accepted a commission in the Tenth United States Cavalry, and until 1875 was stationed on the frontier in Texas and the Indian Territory.

During the Indian war of 1874–75 he had charge of hundreds of Indian prisoners at Fort Sill. Seventy-four of the worst of these were selected and sent in care of Captain Pratt to the Spanish fort at St. Augustine, Florida. It may be said, too, that although these men were regarded as incorrigibles, and although Captain Pratt was their jailer and took them to Florida in chains, by his humane and reasonable treatment of them he won their affection, and the survivors even now regard him as their best friend. Some of them have children in the Carlisle school, where they permitted them to come because they knew that Captain Pratt would have charge of them. When he visits the Indian Territory they greet him with demonstrations of affection quite unlike the traditional stolidity of the red man, effectually refuting the charge that the Indian is by nature ungrateful and vindictive.

The Carlisle school had its origin in convictions that grew out of Captain Pratt's service against the Indians. He belonged to a regiment in which all the privates and non-commissioned officers were colored men. He found many of the men most capable. Williams, who subsequently wrote the history of the negro in America, and who occupied the post of Minister to Hayti, was a sergeant in one of the companies. Indian scouts often formed part of his command, and in various ways the black and the red man were brought into contact in such a way as to lead Captain Pratt to compare the two races. His conclusion was that if the negro, who originally occupied a lower plane in the scale of civilization than the Indian now does, could in two hundred and fifty years be educated up to such a point as to make us consider him our political equal, the red man might be equally transformed. It is at least not fair to denounce the Indian as an incorrigible savage until he has had the same privilege of associating with white men which the negro enjoys. If millions of black savages can become so transformed and assimilated as to become good citizens, and if annually hundreds of thousands of emigrants from all lands can become Americanized and assimilated through association, then we should at least try the same method with the Indian.

When Captain Pratt was directed to conduct the Indian prisoners of war to

CAPTAIN R. H. PRATT.

Florida and to remain there in charge of them, he tried to put his theory into practice. In accordance with conclusions previously arrived at, that the Indians had a right to all the education they were capable of acquiring, he established schools among them, and by letting them go out as laborers, which they willingly did, and by other means, brought them into contact with civilized life. These Indians remained in Florida three years, during which time wonderful

THE SCHOOL GROUNDS FROM THE NORTH.

changes were wrought in them. They even begged to have their wives and children sent to them and to be allowed to remain in the East. But those in charge of the agencies were unwilling that any should escape from their supervision, and not only refused to allow their women and children to come east, but even demanded that the released prisoners should be returned to their former degrading environment, although many of them had expressed a desire to be freed from its thraldom. Those in charge of the agencies, as well as those living near them, are accustomed to look upon the Indian merely as a convenient channel for conveying the public money into their own pockets, knowing well that whatever sum the government sends to these unsophisticated people will soon find its way into the hands of their white neighbors.

In the spring of 1878, when the prisoners were released, twenty-two of the young men asked to be allowed to remain in the East in order to go to school. During their stay in Florida they had excited the sympathy and interest of various benevolent persons, who offered to provide the means of securing for them the education which they so ardently desired. Accordingly seventeen of them were placed in the school at Hampton, which up to that time had been devoted exclusively to the education of the colored race, four near Utica, New York, and one at Tarrytown, New York. Thus was begun the eastward movement of the young Indians. The great work which the Hampton School has done in the cause of Indian education owes its beginning to Captain Pratt.

In the fall of 1878 Captain Pratt was sent to Dakota to collect students for the Hampton School, and he brought forty-nine from the various agencies. He was then detailed to stay at the school until the pupils were "accustomed to their new mode of life and interested in educational pursuits." After remaining at Hampton three months, he reported to the Secretary of War that these conditions had been fulfilled, and that he might now be returned to his regiment. Both the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Interior, however, desired him to continue in the work of Indian education; and in 1879, at their suggestion, a special clause was inserted in the Army Appropriation bill, authorizing the detail of an officer of the army, not above the rank of captain, for special duty with reference to Indian education. Captain Pratt was willing to devote himself to this work; but his experience at Hampton had convinced him that it was not advisable to entangle the fate of the young Indian seeking an education with that of the negro. Their conditions and wants were not at all similar. The negroes, numbering eight millions, already spoke English, while most of the two

hundred and fifty thousand Indians did not. The former had always lived among the whites and were familiar with their modes of life, while the latter could best learn the same things at first hand from the whites, and so his fewer numbers, unentangled with the negro, would more easily become absorbed in the body politic. In addition to this, there exists almost everywhere a certain race prejudice against the negro, from which the Indian suffers scarcely at all, and the alliance of the two problems could only result in begetting a like prejudice against the Indian and so become a clog to his progress. These considerations led Captain Pratt to propose the establishment of an industrial school especially for Indians, and suggested the old barracks at Carlisle as being a suitable place for such a school. Situated in the midst of an industrious and intelligent community, they would afford an excellent opportunity for trying what he believed to be the only true method of educating the Indian. The suggestion was made to the authorities at Washington, and a bill was promptly introduced in Congress and favorably received by both houses; but it was so far back on the calendar that it was not reached during the session of 1878–79, and did not in fact become a law until July 31, 1882. In the mean time, however, the favorable attitude of Congress led the Secretary of War to submit the project to General Sherman, commander of the army, and to General Hancock, commander of the Department of the Atlantic, in which the Carlisle barracks are situated. They both approved; and September 6, 1879, an order was issued turning over the barracks to the Department of the Interior for an Indian industria school, pending the action of Congress on the bill.

These Carlisle barracks have an interesting history aside from their connection with Indian education. In 1755, about the time that settlers in any considerable numbers began to come into this region, the Penns gave the site of the barracks to the "Province of Pennsylvania," free of rent. This donation was continued until 1801, when the place was purchased by the United States government. Prior to the Revolution almost the only building on the grounds was a block house, designed to serve as a protection against the Indians who, during the French and Indian War several times invaded the county. During the Revolutionary War the barracks, being remote from the scene of active operations, were used by the colonial government as a recruiting station and a place for the detention of prisoners of war. Thus, in the autumn of 1775, portions of two British regiments captured by General Montgomery at St. Johns, Canada, were first sent to Lancaster, and in the spring of 1776 a portion of them were removed to Carlisle. Among the latter were Lieutenants André and Despard. Despard, who was an Irishman,

A GROUP OF INDIANS ON ARRIVAL.

afterward became a colonel in the British service, and served under Nelson. He seems to have carried back with him from America some democratic ideas, and he was executed for treason in 1803. The unfortunate André was long remembered in Carlisle, and his trysting places with a certain "Annie" are still known to tradition. He is said to have "passed his days in reading, with his feet resting on the wainscot of the window, and his dogs lying by his side." Toward the close of the year these prisoners were exchanged, and André left Carlisle for New York November 28. The Hessians captured by Washington at Trenton December 25, 1776, were also sent to Carlisle. They were compelled to make themselves useful by erecting substantial buildings, one of which is still used as a guard-house. The little cemetery where those were buried who died during their captivity is still preserved intact. A kindly feeling was entertained toward these Hessians by the citizens, and they were regarded as victims of the avarice and selfishness of their rulers. After the war many returned and settled in the vicinity of Carlisle, and some of their descendants are still to be found in the county.

In 1836 some of the old buildings were torn down and rebuilt, and new ones added, which remained until the night of July 1, 1863, when the town was occupied by Confederate troops under General Fitzhugh Lee, and the barracks, being government property, were burned by his orders. But little other damage was done here, for the booming of the cannon at Gettysburg, twenty-five miles to the south, notified General Lee that his services were needed elsewhere, and he hastily withdrew his forces. The barracks were rebuilt in 1865–66, and occupied as a school for cavalry and a depot for United States stores until 1872, when the depot was transferred to St. Louis. The place remained unoccupied until 1879, when the Indian school was established. In September of that year Captain Pratt was ordered to proceed to Dakota and the Indian Territory, to procure pupils for the school. By the end of October one hundred and thirty-six had been collected. Hampton gave up eleven of the former Florida prisoners, and on November 1 the school opened with one hundred and forty-seven pupils. Since that time over two thousand five hundred different pupils, representing more than fifty tribes, have attended the school for periods varying from a few months to ten years, the largest number being about eight hundred, and the present number seven hundred and fifty.

THE GIRLS' QUARTERS.

The aim of the school has always been to make of the Indians thrifty, industrious, capable American citizens.

In order to accomplish this, the pupils are, first of all, taught to speak English, and then are given a primary education, in connection with a knowledge of some common and practical industry, so that each pupil may be furnished with some means of self-support among civilized people. To this end regular shops and two farms have been provided, where the principal mechanical arts, such as printing, blacksmithing, shoemaking, harness-making, tailoring, wagon-making, carpentering, painting and tinning are taught, and the boys also acquire a practical knowledge of farming and the care of stock. Not a few of these pupils have found employment and located in civilized communities. The girls are taught cooking, sewing, laundry and housework. After some preliminary training in the school, eight young women entered regular training-schools for nurses in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Six of these have completed the prescribed course, and are now doing the same work as white nurses, and receiving the same wages. Others occupy positions as teachers, seamstresses and housekeepers. Many of the young men have gone out from the school to occupy responsible posts, especially in the West and at or in the vicinity of the agencies. One who learned blacksmithing at the school is now employed by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company at a salary of $90 a month. Pupils from the Carlisle school have always been in demand in the Indian school service. A school recently established has among its employees five former Carlisle students.

ASSEMBLY HALL.

Half a day's work and half a day's study for each pupil daily has been the rule of the school from the beginning. All the schools and shops are organized with two sets of pupils alternating each half day. The key-note of the system is self-help, and its object is to make the pupils self-reliant and independent. With all this, moral training is never lost sight of. There is a religious service every Sunday in the school chapel, usually conducted by a clergyman from the town. A large number of the pupils are members of the churches and Sunday schools of the town, and are regular attendants on their services. There is a special service at the school for such as do not attend the town churches; and in many other ways moral and religious influences are brought to bear on the pupils. There are four circles of King's Daughters among the girls, and an efficient Young Men's Christian Association among the boys. These are incorporated into the state and national organizations, and send delegates to all their conventions. Moral teaching is made a part of the social life, and enters into all the activities of the school.

DR. CARLOS MONTEZUMA.
RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.

Neither is the social side of culture neglected. As a

THE ART ROOM.

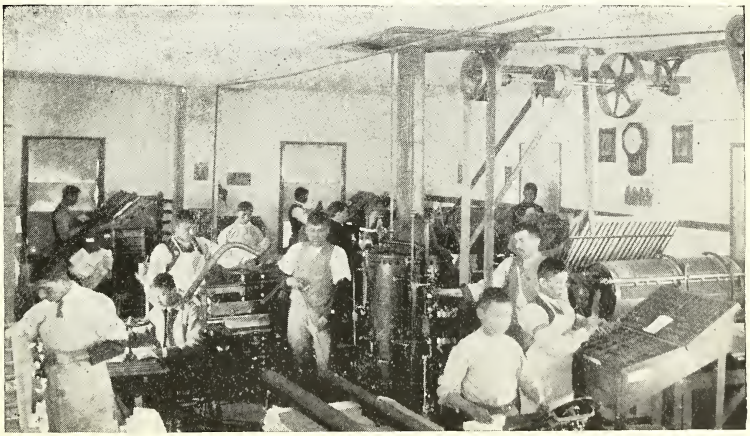
matter of course, an Indian school is vastly different from most others, because there is so much to be taught with regard to manners and conduct which with others comes naturally in the course of family life. One point receiving special attention is that of the proper association of the sexes. This is secured by sociables held once a month, when the students are present under the supervision of officers and teachers, and two hours are spent in conversation, games, or in any proper agreeable way. The students also have annual banquets, inviting the guests and showing great interest and ingenuity in providing for their entertainment. The several circles of the King's Daughters have their annual fair for the sale of articles manufactured and contributed for such benevolent objects as they may undertake. There are also four literary societies in the school, conducted entirely by the pupils. Here original essays are read and live questions debated, and the patience and diligence manifested in preparing for these exercises are worthy of the highest commendation. There is a circulating library in the school, and seventy-five or eighty books are taken out every week. In addition to this the school has its reading-rooms, one for the large boys, one for the small boys, and one for the girls. All these various agencies are effective as spurs to individual effort, and they make the routine of the school and the shop more endurable by breaking its monotony.

Nearly all the teachers in the Carlisle school have had previous experience in teaching white children; and their testimony is, that these "children of nature" do about as well on the average as the children who are the "heirs of all the ages" of culture and civilization. Allowance, of course, must be made for the fact that some of these pupils at the start knew absolutely no English; and since this is the only language permitted in the school, some time is necessarily spent in getting the young Indians up to the point where other children usually begin. This feature of the school is disappearing, since the number of Indian children who know no English is becoming smaller each year; but it is possible to see classes of new-comers struggling with the elements of the language and painfully trying to put together in sentences the words whose meaning they are beginning vaguely to comprehend. Some of these early attempts at English composition furnish entertaining reading.

A characteristic feature of the school is the printing-office, which has always been regarded as one of the most valuable departments of the school. Under the editorial supervision of a woman, the pupils publish two papers, *The Red Man*, an eight-page quarto, with a monthly circulation of about two thousand copies, and *The Indian Helper*, a small four-page weekly, with a circulation of over ten thousand copies. They also do a large amount of job printing for the school, which would cost hundreds of dollars if done outside. In no department of the school is mental growth more apparent than here. It is interesting to

watch the development of thought and ideas as the pupils gradually enter into the spirit of the work. Here especially they learn that quickness is necessary to success, and take pride in gaining speed and accuracy in their work. Although some of the pupils may not become practical printers, the mental growth here acquired will prove useful to them in any occupation to which they may afterward devote themselves.

The school department proper consists of twelve school-rooms, with nine grades. There are also two rooms known as the Normal Department, containing about fifty children belonging to the first and second grades. These are taught in turn by a number of pupil teachers, under the supervision of an experienced teacher. Here they not only get practice in teaching, but also receive special instruction in methods. The graduation limit for the school is fixed at the end of the grammar-school grade, because this point may be easily reached by the average pupil at the end of two terms of five years each. In making comparison between what is done here and in the ordinary public school in this length of time, it is necessary to bear in mind that these Indian children spend only half of their time in the school-room, the other half being devoted to manual training, so that most of the graduates have not only acquired a fair English education, but have also gained sufficient skill in some handicraft to enable them to earn a living by it.



IN THE PRESS-ROOM.

The distinctive feature of the school, however, is what is known as the "outing system." This means the placing of the pupils of the school among farmers and others during vacation, in order that they may not only earn money for themselves, but also learn practically those lessons of civilized life which can only be taught theoretically and imperfectly at the school. By this means, also, a considerable number may enjoy the privilege of attending public schools, and thus associate intimately with white children, which, as a matter of course, they cannot do at the school. During the first vacation (1880), places were thus found for six girls and eighteen boys; and this number has steadily increased, until last year it reached two hundred and forty-five girls and three hundred and seventy-six boys, while applications were received for six hundred and ninety-two boys and five hundred and ninety-one girls, showing that the demand was largely in excess of the supply, and incidentally, also, the eminently satisfactory character of the work done by these pupils. At the close of the vacation, if satisfactory conditions exist, students are encouraged to remain out through the winter and attend public schools. During the last winter about two hundred were thus out. Each pupil, when not attending school, receives pay, according to the nature of the work done, Indians always receiving the same wages which white laborers are accustomed to receive in the same locality. Their aggregate earnings during a single year have amounted to $20,109, of which the boys earned nearly $15,000. Their actual savings were over $8,400. Since the

establishment of the school the pupils have thus earned over $150,000.

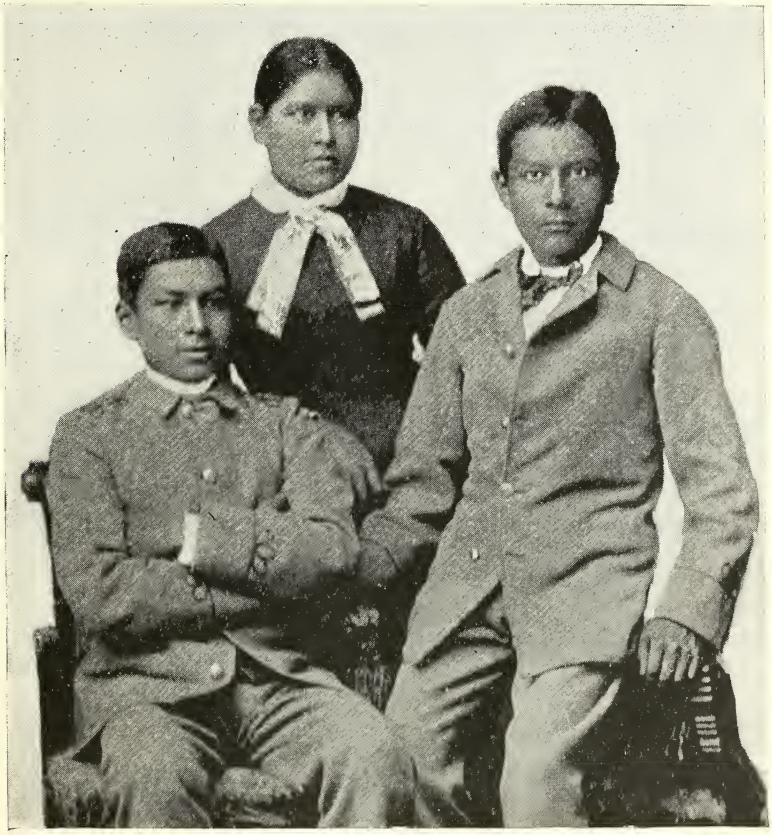
Economy is encouraged, and in order to promote it, as well as to instruct the pupils in business methods, a savings bank system is carried on. The pupils deposit their earnings and receive interest for them. At present the amount on deposit is about $15,000. Each depositor has a bank book, and is taught how to keep his account. Once a month those who have money in the bank are given an opportunity to purchase such articles as they may think necessary or advisable. These purchases are made under the supervision of the officers of the school. In order that they may be made wisely, each pupil is furnished with an application blank, on which he states how much money is wanted and for what purpose, as well as the amount to his credit in the bank, which he finds by balancing his account book. If the statement is found correct and the application is approved, the pupil takes the money and makes the purchase, and the articles purchased are submitted to the proper officers for inspection.

It is worthy of note that those tribes which are usually regarded as the least civilized, such as the Apaches, have contributed their full quota to this army of workers. The original American, according to popular estimation, is not a model of industry, and in his native condition he is perhaps neither better nor worse in this respect than any other savage. Doubtless the average "brave" on the western plains will lie in the sun and compel his squaw to do all the work. But he only acts thus because he has never been taught any better. The Carlisle school can furnish abundant evidence to

THE DAY OF ARRIVAL AT CARLISLE.

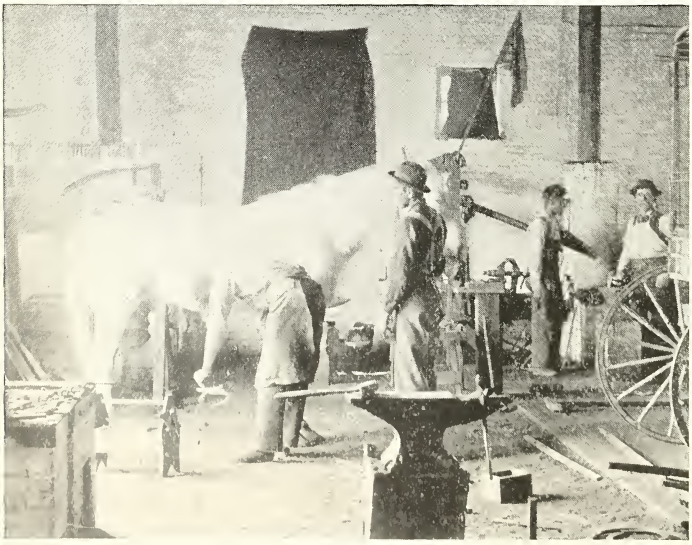
prove that when he has been shown "a more excellent way" he is not slow to adopt it. That these pupils give satisfaction as workers is further shown by the fact that of those annually sent out from the school not more than four in a hundred are returned as unsatisfactory, although any one who hires a pupil from the school does it with the distinct understanding that the pupil shall be at once returned if either party to the contract has any cause for dissatisfaction. Again, pupils are sent only on their own request, with a full knowledge of the purposes, hardships and benefits involved; and almost universally those who have been out in this manner one year desire to go out again the next year and so every year during their stay at the school. An important feature of the contract is that the pupil shall share the home life of the family in all its manifold relations.

Thanks to this outing system and the facilities which the Carlisle school possesses for applying it, those who have control of it confidently assert that not more than one in twenty of those who have been here three years or more is unable to succeed in civilized pursuits among civilized people. By this system they learn to compete with the white man on his own ground; and were it not for the tremendous pressure exerted to draw them back to the reservations, many more would remain in the East and take their places in civilized communities than do so now. One cause of the opposition to their living among the whites has already been stated as being the self-interest of those living on or near the reservations. Another cause is a religious one. The doctrine that



THREE YEARS LATER.

"ignorance is the mother of devotion" still has its advocates, at least among missionaries to the Indians, who well appreciate the fact that if these sheep are once permitted to get out of the fold it may not be so easy to get them back into it again. In spite of all opposition, however, the system as originated and developed by Captain Pratt has won its way; and on the twenty-sixth of December, 1894, the Secretary of the Interior approved a circular to agents and superintendents of Indian schools calling their attention to the "benefits accruing to the Indians of both sexes by placing them at service, although it may be only for a few months, in families of farmers, the girls and women sharing in all the domestic duties of the family life, cooking, sewing, dairying, etc., and the boys and men in farming, gardening, the care of stock, etc. While thus employed, they acquire the English language and become self-reliant, and through the wages which they receive learn the value of money and its proper use. . . . The day is not far distant when government support must be withdrawn from the Indians now receiving aid, and like their white brethren they will have to depend upon their own exertions for a living. It is therefore increasingly important that they should be learning how to support themselves by intelligent labor in civilized ways. . . . If practicable, arrangements should be made to have the boys and girls attend public schools during the winter months." These agents and superintendents are further directed to use all possible means for carrying out these suggestions. It is a matter of experience, however, that the system does not work well in schools that are not far removed from the homes of the Indians. The restraints of civilized life are, at first, likely to press somewhat heavily upon them, and some seek to escape from them where they have a convenient opportunity for so doing. If the Indian question had been thus intelligently dealt with during the last hundred years, we should now need a Commissioner of Indian Affairs just as little as we need one of Irish Affairs or Italian or Polish Affairs.



IN THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

The Indian capacity for culture cannot be better illustrated than by the history of Dr. Carlos Montezuma, the resident physician at the Carlisle school. He is a full-blooded Apache Indian, about twenty-nine years of age. When he was five years old he was carried off as a captive by a neighboring tribe. He never saw his father or mother afterward. A travelling artist named Gentile, who happened to be passing through that region, accidentally heard the boy's story, and purchased him from his captor for $30. Gentile took the boy to Chicago and sent him to school. He worked his way up step by step, paying his way by hard work, and at the age of twenty-three years was graduated honorably from the Chicago Medical College. Since that time he has held various positions in connection with Indian school and agency service, and

has always performed his duties in an eminently satisfactory manner. He has written valuable articles on the Indian question, and expresses the opinion that his case is exceptional only in so far as he received exceptional treatment.

HARNESS-MAKING.

During the whole period of its existence the Carlisle school has served as the "Department of Publicity" in Indian school work. It has done this by its admirable location, by its superior advantages, by its publications, and by the public presentation of its students in great national demonstrations, such as the Constitutional Centennial in New York in 1887 and at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1892 and 1893, as well as on many less conspicuous occasions, thus enlightening the people at large on the general question of the merits and results of Indian education. In fact, the authorities of this school have always invited the closest scrutiny into its methods and results, knowing that the opposition to it could only result from ignorance and prejudice. It has also fallen mainly to the school to represent the Indian Bureau at the various international exhibitions which have been held since its beginning, in New Orleans, Paris, Madrid and Chicago, with the result of a great interest in the cause. At New Orleans the school was awarded a diploma for the excellence of its exhibit, a medal and diploma at Paris, and a medal and diploma at Madrid, while at Chicago the following award was made: —

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

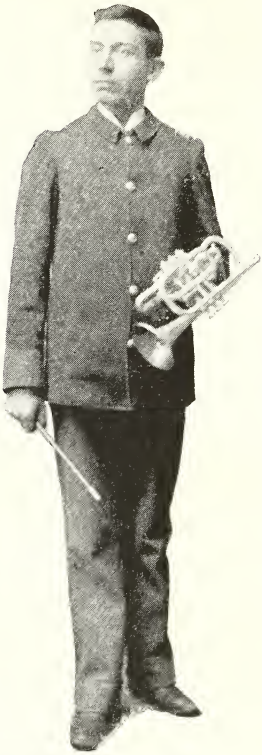
AWARD.

Excellence of methods, objects and results, as a part of the best plan for the industrial, intellectual, patriotic, social, moral and spiritual training of the Indian to take his place as a member of civilized society; seen, first, in his separation from savage surroundings; second, in wise and well-fitted plans and methods of theoretical and practical training of boys and girls in the several years of school life, during which they learn conditions of caring for health and are prepared for active affairs in common studies such as reading, writing, drawing, arithmetic, composition, geography, music, book-keeping and morals; and in industries for girls, such as household economy, needlework, cutting of garments and cooking; and for boys, farming, carpentering, blacksmithing, harness and wagon making, the making of tinware and shoes and printing; third, as seen in the outing system, by which the pupils are placed in good families, where both boys and girls for a year or more become familiar, by observation and practice, with all the customs and amenities of American home life, fixing what they have been learning in the theory and practice of the school; fourth, as seen in the results attained, and (*a*) in the outing system for 1892, which resulted in the earning by four hundred and four boys of $16,698.83, and by two hundred and ninety-eight girls of $5,170.15, or a total of $21,868.98, all of which was placed to their individual credit, and (*b*) in the useful and worthy lives of the great majority of all who have returned to their Indian homes.

The exhibit at Chicago, compared with the first exhibit of Indian education and industry made at Philadelphia in 1876, fairly set forth the progress and abilities of the race as students in literary and industrial matters, and may be properly said to prove that, if the Indian is a savage, he is not so by choice or through lack of capacity, but because of his lack of education and because, so far from endeavoring to free him from his savage environment, we have rather tried to keep him in his toils. The exhibit in the Liberal Arts Department was a point

of interest to many distinguished visitors, including the officials of many foreign countries, as well as prominent workers in the home and foreign mission fields.

Another feature of the school's connection with the Chicago Fair was the visit made in October of more than four hundred and fifty pupils, going in a special train of ten coaches, leaving Carlisle at midnight October 1 and returning at midnight October 7, after a most instructive stay of more than four days in Chicago. During this time the services of the band, a concert in Festival Hall by the band and choir, and a daily parade and drill of one hour by the school cadets, were accepted by the management in lieu of entrance fees for the whole number, and incidentally gave the Indian school work, and especially the Carlisle school, great publicity. The expenses of the trip, amounting to nearly $7,000, were paid by the students themselves from the earnings of their summer outings.



THE BAND-MASTER.

Not the least remarkable thing about these Indians is the talent they display for music when they have an opportunity to develop it. Quite a number of the pupils, mostly girls, show fair ability as pianists; and there is a choral society in the school having about forty members, which renders correctly and effectively the works of the best composers. The most noteworthy illustration of this talent, however, is the band, consisting of about thirty members, led by an Indian, Dennison Wheelock, educated in the school, who not only plays the cornet with rare skill, but also composes and arranges music for the band. This band has given concerts in most of the large eastern cities, and its performances have always attracted attention, not only on account of the unique character of the performers, but also on account of intrinsic excellence. No feature of the Columbian parade in New York attracted more attention than this Indian school band.

Frederick Douglass, after once hearing the band, said: "It is impossible to relegate to permanent barbarism a people endowed with the musical abilities shown by these young Indians."

As the opinion seems to prevail that anything else may be omitted from a young man's education rather than a knowledge of foot-ball and base-ball, it is not out of place to say that even in this department of the arts and sciences the young Indians hold their own. During the past season the teams from the In-

THE SCHOOL BAND.

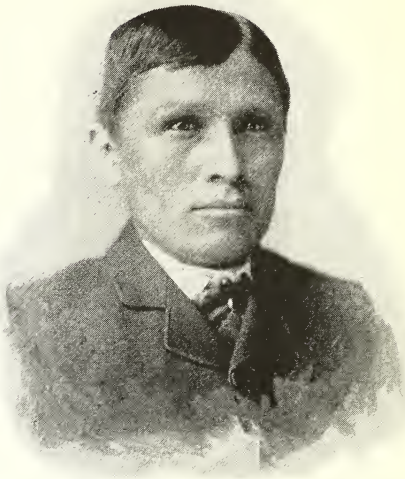
dian school met those of various colleges and athletic clubs, and always did themselves credit. Doubtless the average collegian would say that any Indian who can play foot-ball well can also learn enough Latin, Greek and mathematics to entitle him to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Marvellous changes have taken place in the condition of many of the western Indians since the Carlisle school was established. In 1881 there was not one member of the Pueblo tribe who could read or write in any language. Now hundreds of them read and write English, and letters are received from them at the school daily. This improved condition of things is due almost entirely to the pioneering of the Carlisle school, among whose pupils the Pueblos have always had a large representation, in some years numbering nearly one hundred and fifty children. Fifteen years ago there was great opposition, chiefly ecclesiastical, to educating these Indians; but the pressure has been so great that even the opponents have been obliged to fall in with the general sentiment on the subject or lose their influence. At that time, also, the practice of instructing the Indian in his own language was largely adhered to, and when the government demanded that only English should be taught in its schools vehement ecclesiastical protests were made; but here also the opposition has been compelled to yield, and the next generation will probably witness the extinction of the Indian dialects in the United States.

THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.

With regard to what becomes of the graduates of the school, the superintendent is always willing to give full information. A complete record of them is kept; and it may be said that only one of them has turned



TOM TORLINO, NAVAJO.

AT THE TIME HE ENTERED THE SCHOOL. THREE YEARS LATER.

out badly. Those who pretend to legislate on the Indian question could study this record with profit. A sensational story is occasionally found in a newspaper, holding up to public execration some "Carlisle graduate" on account of his crimes and misdoings, and these stories have even been repeated for partisan purposes in the halls of Congress; but they have in every case been manufactured out of whole cloth. Congressman Smith of Arizona has given utterance to the remarkable statement: "There is as much hope of educating the Apache as there is of educating the rattlesnake on which he feeds." No better answer can be given to such a statement than the record of a full-blooded Apache, Dr. Montezuma, the resident physician of Carlisle, to whom reference has already been made. It would be impossible to show that any of the graduates, and even any of those who have been at the school half the time required for graduation, are living in crime or hopeless degradation.

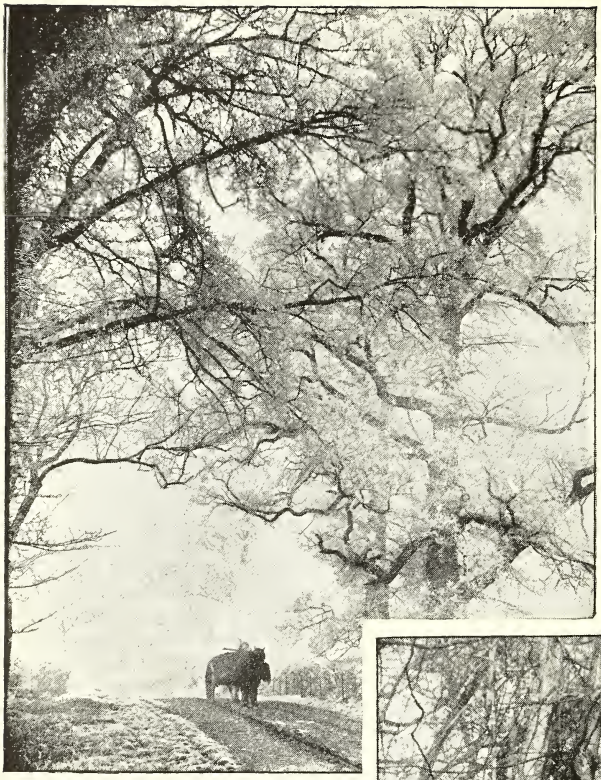
In a recent speech Captain Pratt said: "We should in the first place realize that the Indian is a man, created as we are, and that he is capable of doing the same work that we do. When I look at the Indians I see that they stand erect. When I talk with them they reason. They have the same body that I have. As I deal with them I realize that the only difference between us is a difference in opportunities. If young Indians can be placed where they will have opportunities and somebody to instruct them, they can make lace, or they can do anything else, and all this continual holding them back and letting them wait, as though they were cripples and incapable of development, is nonsense. If there is not morality it can be cultivated. If there are not skill and industry they can be acquired. There is no end to the possibilities. My boys have gone into the foot-ball craze lately and have even been so ambitious as to make arrangements to play with several prominent college teams, and I am sure they will give these teams hard contests. It does not make any difference what the line of effort is, whether it is holding the plough or learning to read and write, making lace or playing foot-ball, — whatever is to be done can be done and ought to be done now, and there should be no closed doors.

"My way of getting the Indians to work would be simply to follow the same methods we do with all others and give them work where the work is; not try

further to keep them together and continue thinking we are somehow going to accomplish great things by continuing the tribes. The system is not American. I do not believe it is Christian. I do not believe the Lord ever intended it that way. Let us get them into our industries. If I can take children from any tribe — and if there are any Indians in this country that I have not tried I will take hold of them — and send them in considerable numbers into our communities and they by good conduct and industry win a welcome, people want them and the Indians learn to want to be there and to enjoy their new life, why cannot it be done for all? We are dealing with two hundred and fifty thousand people, that is all. It is this hesitancy, this hanging back from doing the right and proper thing, that is in the way. We can put our Indians into all the lines of our life if we ourselves only conclude to do that."

"Indian education," says Captain Pratt in his last report, "has had its experimental and formative stages. It is now universally admitted that the Indian can be and should be educated, and that the government should do the work. There is, therefore, in the future the somewhat monotonous but necessary work of keeping on — keeping at it — until the work is done and until the need for schools exclusively Indian shall have passed away and the Indian through his intelligence and industry becomes a full and independent citizen to whom all the schools and occupations of the country are open and become available. In working to this end, Carlisle loses no opportunity of planting in the minds of those under her care the idea that the future is one nation, one people, one language, one way to comfortable living, open alike to the Indians and the white race, embodied in the ancient decree, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'"

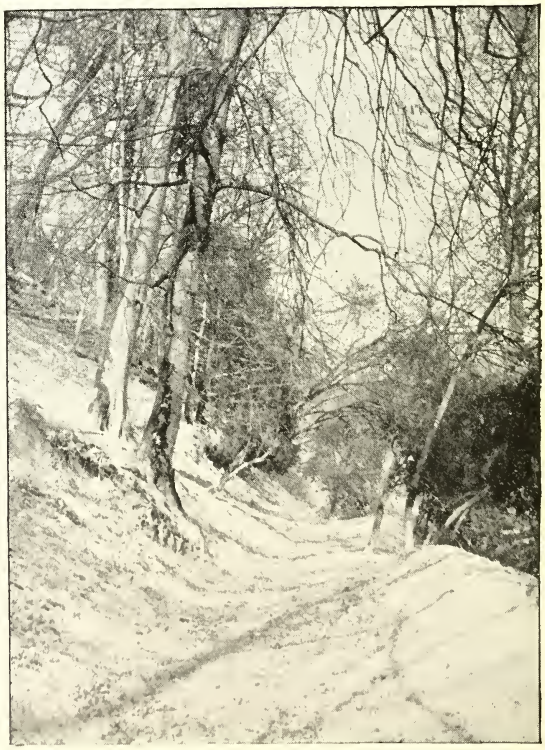
PHOTO. BY J. B. WELLINGTON.



# WINTER WOOD-LANDS.

*By Herbert Randall.*

'Tis nigh twelve months
as we count time
Since slept the wood-
lands thus.
And would you take
their rest away,
When each night
comes to us,



This same sweet miracle
of love,
To kiss our eyelids
down?
Hush! Softly step; let
beauty sleep
Beneath her snowy
gown.

PHOTOS. BY. A. R. DRESSER.

# NEW ENGLAND SECTIONALISM.

*By Corinne Bacon.*

IN the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century the cry in America was: "Each state for itself, and protection against the other states." The idea that what worked for the good of the nation as a whole must in the end work for the good of each state was as slow in dawning on the popular mind as is the modern idea that the nations are but parts of a larger confederation and that in their case, too, what is good for all is good for each. Then, as now, few were far-sighted enough to see how political selfishness must in the long run defeat its own ends.

From 1783 to 1789 there were so many outbreaks between the states that the Union seemed in danger of dissolution. New York passed tariff laws against Connecticut and New Jersey; Connecticut and New Jersey retaliated by establishing commercial non-intercourse against New York; New York was embroiled with New Hampshire over the Vermont territory; Connecticut and Pennsylvania were disputing about the Wyoming valley; in Massachusetts, Shays's Rebellion showed the feeling against the national government; riots broke out in Rhode Island, and the Southern States were talking of a separate confederacy.

Slowly, under the new constitution, the national spirit developed. We begin to hear, as the new century dawns, of the "Nation of New England." Sectionalism still, but a broader sectionalism. It is no longer to be state against state, but New England against the South. The southern interest was agricultural, the northern commercial. New England chafed under the power given the South by negro representation, for she feared lest southern votes should work the ruin of her commerce.

But to understand the part played by New England from 1800 to 1814 it is necessary to note, not only her jealousy of the South, but also her hatred of President Jefferson. New England looked upon Jefferson as antichrist, because of his sympathy with the French Revolution. He was regarded as a scourge sent upon the people. "If heaven in its wrath should send us another Virginia President," says the Boston *Centinel* of 1808. We read in a letter from a prominent New England Federalist: "Corruption is the object and instrument of the chief and the tendency of his administration for the purpose of maintaining himself in power and the accomplishment of his visionary and infidel schemes." A quotation from Jefferson will exemplify his feeling toward the New England clergy, who then played such a large part in the formation of public sentiment. "The *Palladium* is understood to be the clerical paper, and from the clergy I expect no mercy. They crucified their Saviour, who preached that their kingdom was not of this world, and all who practise on the precept must expect the extreme of their wrath. The laws of the present day withhold their hands from blood, but lies and slander still remain to them."

The majority of educated New Englanders were Federalists in 1800. They disagreed with Jefferson concerning the fitness of the common people to govern. Fiske aptly says that Jefferson's faith in the good sense and educability of the masses is well expressed in Lincoln's "You can fool some of the people all the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." The Federalists had not the same faith in democracy. Hamilton, at a New York dinner, remarked in response to some democratic sentiment: "Your people, sir, your people is a great beast." Cabot writes in 1804: "Even in New England, where there is among the body of the people more wisdom and

virtue than in any other part of the United States, we are full of errors which no reasoning could eradicate, if there were a Lycurgus in every village. We are democratic altogether, and I hold democracy in its natural operation to be the government of the worst." A Federalist paper of 1803 says: "A democracy is scarcely tolerable at any period of national history . . . It is on trial here, and the issue will be civil war, desolation and anarchy. No wise man but discerns its imperfections, no good man but shudders at its miseries, no honest man but proclaims its fraud, and no brave man but draws his sword against its force. The institution of a scheme of policy so radically contemptible and vicious is a memorable example of what the villany of some men can devise, the folly of others receive and both establish."

Jefferson's policy, as shown in the repeal of the Judiciary Act, the change in the manner of electing the President, the impeachment of Judges Pickering and Chase and the purchase of Louisiana, was attacked by the opposition as unconstitutional and despotic. The man who was responsible for the Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799 had ignored his former theory of a strict construction of the Constitution, and stretched that elastic document as far as any loose constructionist could have done. In short, Jefferson and the Democrats seemed to have changed places with the Federalists, who now became the strict constructionists. Things wear a different look to a party in power from that which they wore when it was in opposition. As the conductor once said to the man who would stand on the platform instead of entering the car: "A platform is only to get in on. It ain't to stand on after you are in."

The feeling against these acts of Jefferson's ran so high in New England that in 1804 a plot was entered into looking toward the dissolution of the Union. Of six Federalist senators from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, all but two thought disunion inevitable. One of these two was John Quincy Adams, a man who put his country before his party and, regardless of the hatred of politicians of both parties, followed his conscience wherever it led him. The principal originators of the plot seem to have been Griswold and Tracy of Connecticut, Plumer of New Hampshire, and Pickering of Massachusetts. Timothy Pickering was a grand fighter for what he considered the right, and he was one of those positive men who knew that Timothy Pickering's opinion and the right were always and of necessity identical. Like Ruskin, he "never opined, he knew," and knowing, rushed into action unshaken by a single doubt.

These men were to organize disunion movements in their states. The movement was to come through the legislatures from the states interested. The confederacy was to include the New England States, New York and possibly Pennsylvania. Pickering thought Canada might be induced to join. In Connecticut alone did the plot find any support, and there very slight. Hamilton had no sympathy with dismemberment. He said it would be a "sacrifice of great positive advantages, without any counterbalancing good; administering no relief to our real disease, which is democracy." "The Essex Junto," a body of men who held great political power in Massachusetts, were not all in favor of the scheme. Cabot the cautious thought it premature.

The knowledge of the plot seems to have been confined to a few individuals. In fact the letter of the New England Federalists of 1829 to John Quincy Adams denies emphatically "all knowledge of such a project and all remembrance of the mention of it or of any plan analogous to it at that or any subsequent period." Over against this declaration we have the testimony of one of the conspirators, Plumer, who afterward abandoned his early views. In 1828 he writes that when he was a member of the Senate in 1803–4, the New England senators and representatives complained that the slave-holding states had obtained too large a representation in the House, that too much of the revenue was raised in the Northern and expended in the Southern and Western States, that the

acquisition of Louisiana and the prospective addition of new states to the Union would soon annihilate the power of the New England States, and that they therefore thought it necessary to establish a separate government for the New England States. The weight of testimony is decidedly in favor of the existence of the plot.

A few extracts from letters of the time will serve to show what notions were in the air. January 29, 1804, Pickering writes to Cabot: "The principles of our revolution point to the remedy, — a separation. . . . Paper constitutions are become as clay in the hand of the potter. The people of the East cannot reconcile their habits, views and interests with those of the South and West. The latter are beginning to rule with a rod of iron. . . . Some Connecticut gentlemen (and they are all well informed and discreet) assure me that, if the leading Democrats in that state were to get the upper hand . . . they should not think themselves safe, either in person or property, and would therefore immediately quit the State. I do not believe in the practicability of a long-continued union."

In the same year Pickering writes to Lyman: "The Northern States have nothing to countervail the power and influence arising from negro representation, nor will they ever receive an equivalent. This alone is an adequate ground to demand a separation."

In another letter of 1804, from Griswold to Wolcott, we read: "I have no hesitation myself in saying that there can be no safety to the Northern States without a separation from the confederacy. The balance of power under the present government is decidedly in favor of the Southern States, nor can that balance be changed or destroyed. . . . Without considering, therefore, the dreadful system of Jacobinism which at this time governs our public counsels, can we hope for prosperity from the present Union and government? But if we add to those considerations the dangers that immediately threaten us, can there be room for doubt?"

The most shameful feature of the plot of 1804 was the way in which the Federalist leaders truckled to Burr. They were to help him to the governorship of New York, and they hoped that Burr would in return forward their plans, though they could not induce him to make definite promises. With Burr's failure to be elected governor the plot fell into the background, and the Boston meeting, the only definite step which had been proposed, never took place.

New England now passed through three years of comparative quiet, only to rouse herself once more when on December 21, 1807, Jefferson's Embargo Act was rushed through Congress, passing the Senate by a vote of twenty-two to six, and the House by a vote of eighty-four to forty-four. By this act our vessels were detained in port, a measure rendered necessary, in Jefferson's opinion, by the severe and unjust restrictive decrees issued against our commerce by both France and England.

The cry that French influence had determined Jefferson to lay the embargo was false. Jefferson was never on worse terms with France. Timothy Pickering, however, wrote to Governor Sullivan of Massachusetts a letter which he requested the governor to lay before the legislature. In this letter he asserted that Jefferson had bowed his neck to the French yoke. Governor Sullivan returned the communication unread, intimating that it should have been sent, if at all, directly to the legislature. The letter was then printed, and circulated throughout New England, where it worked against the administration. One southern gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Bullock, was so pleased with its contents that he named his newly arrived baby daughter "Timothy Pickering."

The immediate effects of the embargo, or, reversing the letters, the "O grab me" policy, as it was called, were felt more disastrously by New England than by the South; but as time wore on the New England manufactures were multiplied and strengthened, New England supplied the South with most of the manufactured articles she needed, and drained her dry of money. The embargo was the most effective protective tariff ever laid. This growth of manu-

factures was lost sight of in the immediate misery caused by the cessation of commerce. Ships rotted at their wharves, sailors were thrown out of work, even the coasting trade was laid under severe restrictions. Industry was momentarily paralyzed. The Boston *Centinel* of 1808 prints a poem entitled "No Embargo."

"When Federal men did stand at helm,
We shipped off many a cargo, —
Then Pork, and Rye, and Beef was high,
Because we'd no EMBARGO.

CHORUS:

"Then Yankee Doodle tripped it spry,
For all things was the dandy —
He'd silver buckles in his shoes,
And with the girls was handy.

"But now our ships they are unrigged —
Our sailors spin street-yarn, Sir,
Our Merchants fail — our Farmers sigh —
Their grain rots in the barn, Sir.

CHORUS:

"So Yankee Doodle hangs his head —
He can't get beer nor brandy —
His silver buckles too are pawned —
He can't no more be handy," etc.

Not very good poetry this, to be sure, but it voices the sentiment of the day.

Attempts were continually made to evade the embargo. In some places it became necessary to call out the militia for the suppression of the illegal traffic. To prevent the unlawful sale of flour, the governors of the states were required to issue flour certificates calling for the amounts needed in their respective states. Sullivan of Massachusetts issued certificates in such quantities that Jefferson feared lest, under cover of them, flour might be taken beyond the bounds of that state. He therefore instructed the governor to issue no more permits. Sullivan refused to obey, on the ground that by so doing he would probably incite Massachusetts to insurrection.

Additional acts were passed to enforce the embargo. Newspapers displayed the "Force Bill" in mourning, with the motto: "Resistance to arbitrary laws is duty to God."

Town meetings followed upon the passage of this act. At Newburyport it was voted: "That we will not aid or assist in the execution of the several embargo laws, especially the last, and that we consider all those who do as violators of the Constitution of the United States and of this Commonwealth." Boston voted: "All those who shall so assist in enforcing upon others the arbitrary and unconstitutional provisions of this act ought to be considered as enemies to the Constitution of the United States and of this state, and hostile to the liberties of this people." Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, in his address of 1809 to the legislature, said: "Whenever our national legislature is led to overleap the prescribed bounds of their constitutional power, on the state legislatures in great emergencies devolves the arduous task — it is their right, it becomes their duty — to interpose their protecting shield between the rights and liberties of the people and the assumed power of the general government." In 1798, when Virginia asserted the right of a state to "interpose," New England was on the other side of the fence. The answers of both Houses to the governor of Massachusetts, while disclaiming any idea of a dissolution of the Union, distinctly intimated that the embargo and its adjuncts were *not laws*. Toward the close of the year 1808 Otis proposed a New England convention, but his project did not mature.

The constitutionality of the embargo was questioned. The Massachusetts Legislature declared the Enforcement Act "unjust, oppressive, unconstitutional and not legally binding." This was taking states-rights ground, for Congress and the United States courts declared the embargo constitutional. The party which questioned the constitutionality of Jefferson's embargo had made no objection to the embargo of 1794.

There was at this time published in the Boston *Centinel* a series of articles on "The Separation of the States," signed "Falkland." But though the papers printed secession sentiments, and towns and legislatures by resolutions and actions opposed the general government, there seems to have been at this time no regular plan of secession. Deep in New England hearts was hid the possible necessity of seceding to secure their

commercial rights, provided they could not gain that for which they were making the most strenuous efforts — the repeal of the embargo.' The following quotation from a paper of 1812 expresses equally well the sentiment at this time. Strong, in the main, against disunion, it goes on to say: "The Union is dear, but commerce is still more dear. We will cleave to the Union to the last extremity. A settled policy to abandon commerce would be such an extremity. To expect the people of the Eastern States will renounce their commerce for the sake of the Union when in fact they agreed to the Union for the sake of their commerce, is irrational, and absurd."

A few more quotations from the papers may be amusing.

The withdrawal of our ships within our own ports is characterized in a contemporary song as the "Terrapin Policy."

"OUR FARMS ON THE OCEAN.

"Let the Terrapin Policy shrink to its shell,
And hiss at our claims, as a prejudiced notion;
Let the *Voice of the People* our government tell,
*New England* will never abandon the *Ocean*.
Let Demagogues bawl,
Let Terrapins crawl,
United we prosper, divided we fall.
Let theory tell of the Terrapin's art.
We live by the lessons the Beavers impart," etc.

The *Centinel* of 1808 prints a political article under the guise of a sermon, entitled "The Fates of Asses." A note appended to the article assures us that we shall find therein "much genuine wit and poignancy of political remark." The text is taken from Genesis xlix. 14, "Issachar is a strong ass, crouching beneath two burdens." Issachar, of course, is New England, while Judah represents Virginia. Judah's interest was agricultural, Issachar's commercial. What was Issachar's burden? "Perhaps a system of oppressive measures was adopted toward him, in which, under some colorable purpose of policy, or influenced by some temporary passion, he was induced to acquiesce, but which had for its ultimate and real object to drive his wealth from the ocean . . . to bring him into certain subjection to the inland tribes, with whom, in mere territorial weight, he could never hope to compete." The sermon goes on to tell us how Issachar's noble spirit sank under oppression, and "he became a servant unto tribute." "This came of not standing manfully up against oppression at the beginning. He ought not to have allowed a finger to have been laid upon him, except as the Constitution and the law of the land authorized." This is the constant cry of those days. The South means to destroy New England commerce; New England must resist.

The following anecdote illustrates well the conviction of the New England States that they were fitted and destined by the Almighty to lead in the government. It is called "The Allegorical Snake," and is headed by the picture of a snake stuck fast between two branches, one of which is labelled "Non-Importation" and the other "Embargo." The head of the snake stands for New England, the tail for the South. "Says the tail to the head, 'I am dissatisfied.' 'What's the difficulty?' said the head. 'Why, you have had the lead long enough,' replied the tail, 'and I am determined to follow no longer.' 'Well, what have I done,' observed the head, 'that is improper? It seems to be the design of nature herself that I should lead. I have eyes, you have none; I have ears, you none. But what alarms me is, we have in our movements gone forward; we shall now, of course, go *backwards*.' 'But,' replied the tail, 'you have tyrannized over me long enough: I believe we were born free and equal; Liberty and Equality is my motto.' 'Well,' said the head, 'experience is the best schoolmaster; and (to convince you that I never led from a disposition to tyrannize, but only because our wiser Maker fitted me for that purpose) take the lead, and go on.' The tail accordingly takes the lead, is caught between two sturdy branches, and sticks fast. Whereupon the head, after a few taunts, remarks: 'Well, I hope you are now satisfied of the truth of what I told you at first; and that you were never designed in wisdom to lead.' The tail, for his last reply, confessed his ignorance and folly and gave up the lead to the head; which at once removed

the difficulty, and the snake soon went off with its usual ease and sprightliness into the bushes, out of sight."

This analogy did not hold good. Although Congress was forced, in February, 1809, to repeal the embargo, and to substitute for it the Non-Intercourse Act, which allowed trade save with France and England, the national difficulty was not thereby removed, and after three years more of internal wrangling and diplomatic endeavor, Madison, June 18, 1812, declared war against England. Probably four fifths of the people of the United States thought and wished that war might be avoided. With the exception of Pennsylvania the entire representation of no northern state voted for the war; with the exception of Kentucky, every state south of the Potomac and Ohio voted in its favor.

New England was bitter in her opposition. She was willing to bear almost any insult from England, not because she loved England, but because she hated France, and because England seemed to her the last barrier against the power of Napoleon. Timothy Pickering gave as a toast at a New England dinner: "The world's last hope, Britain's fast-anchored isle," and to this the hearts of New Englanders said amen. No denunciation of Napoleon or of France could be too severe. The newspapers of to-day are mild and courteous compared with the press of eighty years ago. We are not therefore surprised to find the papers which called Washington the "Stepfather of his country," alluded to John Jay as "that damned arch-traitor," said that Alexander Hamilton "died the death of a fool, and deserved the burial of an ass," and referred to the readers of an opposition paper as those "base, cowardly, stupid readers of the *Aurora*,"—we are not surprised to hear them saying of Napoleon: "Some of the American Democrats—thank Heaven their number is small—affect to believe that Bonaparte is an angel of light, sent from heaven to ameliorate their condition and enfranchise humanity; whereas the Spaniards, who know him a little better, look upon him as a demon of darkness sent from hell to rivet on them and their posterity the most galling chains." The Boston *Gazette* asks: "Is there a Federalist, a patriot in America, who conceives it his duty to shed his blood for Bonaparte, for Madison, for Jefferson, for the host of ruffians in Congress who have set their faces against us for years, and spirited up the brutal part of the populace to destroy us?"

Nor was the pulpit far behind the press. Some ministers, such as Rev. Mr. Parish, pastor of the church in Byfield, preached vigorous political sermons. Parish says: "Blush, Algiers, blush, ye Neros of the world. Ye are outrivalled in the science of despotism . . . this is the government which cuts off all intercourse with the only nation that protects your property and lives—this is the government which harmonizes with *Devils*. . . . Satan, blushing, owns himself outdone in the work of deception." He alludes to the war as "a licentious outrage on all the principles of Christianity, an impious abandonment of divine protection. . . . The story of Herod destroying all the babes of Bethlehem will give place to this more enormous iniquity. . . . All the people who approve of this war, though they may be by their firesides, are murderers in their hearts. . . . How will the supporters of this antichristian warfare endure their sentence, endure their own reflections, endure the fire that forever burns, the worm which never dies, the hosannas of heaven, while the smoke of their torment ascends for ever and ever?" Again Parish says—and he is not speaking here of negro slavery, but of the subordination of New England to Virginia: "Send to the miserable people of Turkey, send to the banditti of Tunis and Algiers; invite the abject creatures of those nations to come and study the science of slavery in New England. They have never endured such wanton, capricious abuse, such useless, inconsistent vexations. Here you may teach them something new in the history of slaves."

The New England feeling against the interruption of commerce and payment of taxes made necessary by the war comes out wittily in this Scripture parallel, taken from the *Centinel* of 1814.

The Scriptures were given for our instruction.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Ex. i. 6–13; v. 1–3; 6–9; 15–19.

6. And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

7. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

8. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

9. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we:

10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

11. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. . . .

12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew, and they were grieved because of the children of Israel.

13. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor.

v. 1. And afterward Moses and Aaron went in, and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.

2. And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.

3. And they said . . . Let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God; lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword.

6. And Pharaoh commanded the same day the taskmasters of the people and their officers, saying,

7. Ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks, as heretofore. . . .

8. And the tale of the bricks they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof; for they be idle; therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice unto our God.

9. Let there more work be laid upon the men, that they may labor therein; and let them not regard vain words.

15. Then the officers of the children of Israel came down and cried unto Pharaoh, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?

16. There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick. . . .

17. But he said, Ye are idle, ye are idle; therefore ye say, Let us go and do sacrifice to the Lord.

18. Go therefore now, and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks.

19. And the officers of the children of Israel did see that they were in evil case, after it was said, Ye shall not minish aught from your bricks of your daily task.

MODERN HISTORY.

6. And Washington died, and the heroes of the revolution, and all that generation.

7. And the people of New England were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

8. Now there arose up a new president, which knew not Washington.

9. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of New England are more and mightier than we.

10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also with our enemies, and so separate the Union.

11. Therefore they did set over them collectors and tax-gatherers to afflict them with their burdens.

12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew, and they were grieved because of the people of New England.

13. And the Virginians made the people of New England serve with rigor.

v. 1. And afterward Caleb and Roger (Caleb Strong and Roger Sherman, Govs. of Mass. and Conn.) sent unto Madison, and said, Let our people go on the ocean, and pursue their fisheries and their commerce, the callings which God has pointed out to them.

2. And Madison said, Who is your God, that I should obey his voice to let the people of New England go? I know not your God, neither will I let the people of New England go.

3. And they said, Let our coasters go, we pray thee, between port and port, lest a famine come upon us and the people starve.

6. And Madison commanded the same day the collectors and custom-house officers, saying,

7. Ye shall no more give the people commerce to make money as heretofore.

8. Yet the taxes which they did pay heretofore ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not minish aught thereof; for they be rebels; therefore they cry, saying, Let us have commerce, and let us fish as we were wont.

9. Let there more taxes be laid upon them, that they may smart under them; and ye, regard ye not vain words.

15. Then the rulers of the people of New England came and cried unto Madison, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with us?

16. There is no commerce given unto us, and they say, Pay taxes.

17. But he said, Ye are rebels; ye are tories; therefore ye say, Let us go and fish, and enjoy the commerce which God hath given us.

18. Go therefore now, and work; for ye shall have no commerce, yet shall ye pay taxes.

19. And the rulers of the people of New England did see that they were in evil case, after it was said, Ye shall not minish aught from your burdens.

The Bible story is carried on further to the overthrow of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. The parallel column of supposed modern equivalent is left blank, with an intimation that it will be filled in later. The Federalists never had a chance to fill in that blank column agreeably to themselves.

Many letters of these years breathe disunion sentiments. January 17, 1810, Hanson writes: "For my part, I may say without reserve that the Union was long ago dissolved; and I never thought it criminal to compass a dismemberment of the states, although we have been educated with that belief. I think, if the question was barely stirred in New England, some states would drop off from the Union, like fruit rotten ripe."

Pickering writes to Pennington, July 12, 1812: "I would preserve the union of the states if possible. . . . But I would not be deluded by a word. To my ears there is no magic in the sound of union. If the great objects of union are utterly adandoned, — much more if they are wantonly, corruptly and treacherously sacrificed by the Southern and Western States, — let the Union be severed."

Pickering sometimes suggests that this separation will be but temporary — that the Union will be re-established upon a more durable basis.

The mass of New Englanders were hot with indignation against the national government. What action did New England take? She meant to fulfil her constitutional obligations, but she was to be the judge of what those obligations were. To a certain extent she did furnish men and money to carry on the war. If she was niggardly in her aid, so were other states. New York, Kentucky, Tennessee and perhaps Ohio excepted, no state gave to the war the full co-operation it needed. New England probably lent more money to England than she did to her own government at this time. England at first exempted her coasts from, but afterward included them in, the coast blockade proclaimed against the United States. A Massachusetts paper proposed that that state should, with the consent of Congress, conclude a separate peace with England.

Town meetings were held and memorials adopted. Newburyport put itself on record as follows: "We remember the resistance of our fathers to oppressions which dwindle into insignificance when compared with those we are called on to endure. The rights that we have received from God we will never yield to man. We call upon our state legislature to protect us in the enjoyment of those privileges to assert which our fathers died and to defend which we profess ourselves ready to resist unto blood. . . . We are ourselves ready to aid you . . . to the utmost of our power; peaceably if we can; forcibly if we must; and we pledge to you the sacrifice of our lives and property in support of whatever measures the dignity and liberties of this free, sovereign and independent state may seem to your wisdom to demand."

But the two leading acts of opposition to the general government during the war were the refusals of the governors of certain states to call out the militia and the holding of the Hartford convention.

The Constitution (Section 8 of Article I.) gives power to Congress "to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions;" also (Section 8 of Article I.) "to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the states respectively the appointment of the officers." Congress passed an act enabling the President to call out the militia. The governors of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island refused to obey. This refusal was approved in Rhode Island by the Council, in Connecticut by the Assembly, and in Massachusetts by the Supreme Court of the state. Governor Strong of Massachusetts gave two reasons for his refusal to obey: first, that though the President was empowered to call out the militia under certain circumstances, to the governors of the states, and not to the President, belonged the right to determine whether invasion, etc., existed. In Governor Strong's opinion a state of

invasion did not then exist. Moreover, the President was attempting to place the militia under United States officers, whereas the Constitution expressly states that to the states is reserved the appointment of the officers. The Massachusetts Supreme Court sustained Strong, deciding that to the governor belonged the right to determine whether or not an exigency existed which warranted a summons of the militia. This power had been practically settled to belong to the President in 1794, but did not come before the United States Supreme Court until 1827, when it was decided that the President was sole judge of such an emergency, and his decision binding over all other persons. There is more constitutional support for Strong's objection to having the militia placed under United States army officers.

The popular sentiment of this time is shown by the fact that in the elections of 1814 Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Connecticut returned all Federalist congressmen; Massachusetts returned eighteen Federalists out of twenty, and the elections in the other states were unsatisfactory to the administration.

The Massachusetts legislature now brought forward the hitherto abortive project of a New England convention. It was resolved to appoint twelve delegates to meet and confer with delegates from other states "upon the subject of their public grievances and concerns; and upon the best means of preserving our resources; and of defence against the enemy, and to devise and suggest for adoption by those respective states such measures as they may deem expedient." It was suggested that they might also take measures to secure a general convention for the amendment of the Constitution. The letter sent to the other states with these resolutions speaks of devising "means of security and defence . . . not repugnant to their obligations as members of the Union." Rhode Island responded by appointing four delegates to confer "upon the common dangers to which these states are exposed, upon the best means of co-operating for our mutual defence against the enemy, and upon the measures which it may be in the power of said states consistently with their obligation to adopt, to restore and to secure to the people thereof their rights and privileges under the Constitution of the United States." Connecticut appointed seven delegates to meet and recommend "such measures for the safety and welfare of these states as may consist with our obligations as members of the national Union." New Hampshire and Vermont took no action as states. Windham County, Vermont, however, and Grafton and Cheshire Counties, New Hampshire, each sent a delegate.

The twenty-six delegates met at Hartford, December 15, 1814. It is interesting to note that twenty-one of these men were members of the legal profession. The delegates represented the conservative wing of the malcontents. Leading men among them were James Hillhouse of Connecticut, Timothy Bigelow, Harrison Gray Otis and George Cabot of Massachusetts. It is said that Cabot, being asked, on the way to Hartford, what the convention meant to do, replied, "We are going to keep you young hot-heads from getting into mischief." Lowell writes to Pickering that if it is "thought expedient that nothing should be done, it is to be regretted that so respectable a convention was called," but "if effectual measures are in contemplation," it is "to be regretted that some few more active and resolute men were not elected."

George Cabot was chosen as president of the convention. The proceedings were secret, and nothing except the final "report" was made public for some years, when, tiring of the accusations brought against the members of the convention, Cabot permitted the publication of the journal of its proceedings. This is only a dull record of motions and votes. As no discussions are embodied in it, it does not solve the question as to whether treason was talked; and we are driven back to the original report for all information.

The report opens with the statement that it is a hard task to devise means of

defence and relief "without violating constitutional principles or disappointing the hopes of a suffering and injured people." To prescribe patience is irksome to those who wish for a shorter course, but under the circumstances "no summary means of relief can be applied without recourse to direct and open resistance." This is a dangerous precedent, even when justifiable. Some think the time at hand for a change in the Constitution, but we should not be hasty. "If the Union be destined to dissolution by reason of the multiplied abuses of bad administrations it should, if possible, be the work of peaceable times and deliberate consent. . . . Events may prove that the causes of our calamities are deep and permanent. They may be found to proceed, not merely from the blindness of prejudice, pride of opinion, violence of party spirit or the confusion of the times; but they may be traced to implacable combinations of individuals or of states to monopolize power and office and to trample without remorse upon the rights and interests of commercial sections of the Union. Whenever it shall appear that these causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint. . . . But a severance of the Union by one or two states against the will of the rest, especially in a time of war, can be justified only by absolute necessity." After this preamble, the report passes to the consideration of the immediately menacing dangers, which are two: first, the claims advanced and authority exercised over the militia by the general government. The powers over the militia not expressly granted to the general government are declared to be reserved to the states. The states are to be the final judges as to whether an emergency justifying the calling forth of the militia has arisen. The bills before Congress, authorizing the enlistment of minors, forcible conscription, etc., are declared to transcend the powers granted to Congress. Acts of Congress which violate the Constitution are to be considered void. The states must not openly resist every violation of the Constitution, but "in cases of deliberate, dangerous and palpable infractions of the Constitution, affecting the sovereignty of a state and liberties of the people, it is not only the right but the duty of a state to interpose its authority for their protection. . . . When emergencies occur which are either beyond the reach of the judicial tribunals or too pressing to admit of the delay incident to their forms, states which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions." The second immediate danger is the destitution of the means of defence of the Eastern States. It is complained that the United States troops are marched to Canada, leaving the coast without adequate defence, and that when the states send out militia for its protection the national government refuses to pay them because they are not placed under United States officers. The states are declared to be unable to pay taxes to the government and to pay their militia. The report says: "When a great and brave people shall feel themselves deserted by their government and reduced to the necessity either of submission to a foreign enemy or of appropriating to their own use those means of self-defence which are indispensable to self-preservation, they cannot consent to wait, passive spectators of approaching ruin which it is in their power to avert, and to resign the last remnant of their industrious earnings to be dissipated in support of measures destructive of the best interests of the nation. This convention will not trust themselves to express their conviction of the catastrophe to which such a state of things inevitably leads."

This accusation of neglect was hardly a fair one to bring against the general government, considering how the Eastern States had factiously refused the aid of their militia.

The report next considers some more distant dangers, to be met by amendments to the Constitution, and closes with the following resolutions: —

It is recommended to the state legislatures: —

1. To adopt measures to protect citizens from United States acts subjecting militia or other citizens to "forcible drafts, conscriptions or impressments not authorized by the Constitution of the United States."

2. To apply to Congress for the privileges of taking a portion of the taxes and using them for their own defence.
3. To authorize the governors to detach militia or form voluntary corps, and to aid other states.

It was further resolved that seven amendments to the Constitution be recommended to the states, proposed by them to their legislatures "and in such cases as may be deemed expedient by a convention chosen by the people of each state."

1. Representatives and direct taxes to be apportioned according to the number of *freemen*.
2. No new state to be admitted without the consent of two thirds of both Houses.
3. Congress to lay no embargo of more than sixty days' duration.
4. Congress to have no power to interdict commercial intercourse without the consent of two thirds of both Houses.
5. The power of Congress to declare war to be similarly restricted, with the exception of defensive war in case of invasion.
6. Naturalized foreigners to be incapable of holding United States offices.
7. No second term to be possible, and no two successive Presidents to be elected from the same state.

It was also resolved that in case the appeal of the states should be unsuccessful, peace not concluded, and the defence of these states neglected, it would be expedient for the legislatures to appoint delegates to another convention to meet at Boston "next June;" and that Cabot, Goodrich and Lyman (or any two of them) might call *this* convention together again before that time, if urgently required.

The Hartford convention was vigorously attacked and as vigorously defended. Was it a violation of the Constitution? Authorities differ. Its chief defender is Theodore Dwight, the secretary of the convention, who published a history of its proceedings and of the events which led up to them, while the most eloquent arraignment of its men and measures is to be found in Quincy Adams's "Appeal to the Citizens of the United States." The Constitution says (Section 10 of Article I.) "No state shall, without the consent of Congress . . . enter into any agreement or compact with another state or with a foreign power." Upon the interpretation of these words "agreement or compact" depends the right of the Hartford delegates to assemble in convention. If the Massachusetts delegates, in meeting delegates from Connecticut, were entering into an "agreement" with that state, their action was unconstitutional. If they were not, it was constitutional. Each must decide the question for himself.

But whether or not the delegates had the right so to assemble and petition the general government, that was certainly not the way for them to take to amend the Constitution. The Constitution itself had plainly provided for such an emergency in Article V., which says: "The Congress, whenever two thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of two thirds of the legislatures of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments."

Did the Hartford convention propose to dissolve the Union? Otis says that its object was the preservation of the Union; Quincy Adams that its object was the dissolution of the Union. Each was partly right. The convention was an attempt of the conservative Federalists to hold in check the more turbulent spirits of their party. They preferred to obtain from the national government concessions which would make the Eastern States content to remain in the Union; but if this could not be done it was pretty plainly intimated that the Union might have to be dissolved. Witness the preamble of the report: "If the Union be destined to dissolution, it should, if possible, be the work of peaceful times and deliberate consent." "A severance of the Union by one or more states against the will of the rest, and especially in time of war, can be justified only by absolute necessity." It is declared that whenever it shall appear that the causes of our calamities are "radical and permanent" a separation will be preferable to an "alliance by constraint." These sentences certainly look toward disunion.

The demand of the states that they be allowed to retain a portion of the taxes struck a blow at the national government by attempting to wrest from it that very power of direct taxation which was one of

the main objects for which the confederation was abandoned and the Constitution adopted. It was an unconstitutional demand.

Soon after the convention dissolved, Congress passed a bill which had been for some time under discussion, authorizing the President to receive into the national service state troops not to exceed forty thousand. This seemed to concede one demand of the convention, "that the states be allowed to assume their own defence."

The whole matter came to a sudden end upon news of the Treaty of Ghent, which made peace between England and America. The commissioners sent to Washington to lay before Congress the grievances of New England returned quietly home.

The report of the convention must be regarded as voicing the sentiments, not of a few individuals, but of the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut as it was adopted by their legislatures.

We have now traced the course of New England from the plot of 1804, through the agitation consequent on the embargo and the war with England, to the Hartford convention of 1814, that "Star in the East" of Gouverneur Morris, which proved no star, but a swiftly passing meteor. During this period, New England's hatred of France and of the administration, her jealousy of the South, and her fears for her commerce led her to factious opposition to the general government; but the removal of the chief cause of her grievances leaves it an open question whether she would have taken the final leap.

It is interesting to see how far the attitude of New England at this time corresponded to the attitude of the South in 1860.

If slavery was the "corner stone" of the southern Confederacy, commerce was the corner stone of the "Nation of New England." New Englanders believed that the South hated and meant to destroy their commerce, as in 1860 the South believed New England was bent upon the destruction of the "divine institution" of slavery.

New England claimed that the southern leaders had violated the Constitution by various legislative acts — notably the unconstitutional admission of new states to disturb the balance of power and injure the commercial states. The South claimed that the North had broken the Constitution by refusing to allow slave-owners to carry their slaves into free states, by the passage of "Personal Liberty Bills" and by the refusal to render up fugitive slaves. Both New England in 1814 and the South in 1860 regarded the Constitution as a compact which, broken by one of the parties to it, was no longer binding upon the other. Their theory of government was this: The states had entered into a compact with one another. Under this compact they retained their sovereignty, but delegated to the general government certain powers. The states themselves were to be the final judges of the constitutionality of the acts of the general government.

Listen to this newspaper extract. Our duty to the general government is "founded on express compact and treaty. . . . The individual states are free, sovereign and independent nations. To our respective state governments our allegiance is natural, inalienable and founded on the will of God, as collected from expediency. But each state has entered into a solemn compact with all the other states, by which, to a certain extent, and for certain purposes, a portion of state sovereignty is ceded to a general government formed by their union. To that extent and those purposes we owe obedience to the general government; to them our allegiance is secondary, qualified and conditional; to our state sovereignties it is primary, universal and absolute. So long as the general government adhere to the provisions and powers contained in the original compact, our qualified allegiance to them, under the sanction of our state governments, continues; if they violate the terms of the compact, its validity is annihilated and the parties to it are released from their obligations. But who shall decide whether the general government have violated the compact and exceeded their powers? The state sovereignties, the original parties to the compact, must

decide that question. . . . The sovereign states . . . must of necessity, like all other nations, when parties to a league or treaty, have an inherent right to determine whether the terms of such compact have been violated."

Would you not think, those of you who can remember the days of 1860, that this had been taken from a southern paper of that time? It is a quotation from an address to the Hartford delegates, taken from the *Columbian Centinel* of December 28, 1814. Compare with it this declaration of the South Carolina convention. In defence of secession they say: "We maintain that in every compact between two or more parties the obligation is mutual; that the failure of one of the contracting parties to perform a material part of the agreement entirely releases the obligation of the other; and that when no arbiter is provided, each party is remitted to his own judgment to determine the fact of failure, with all its consequences."

New England is proven guilty toward the general government. Had she any excuse?

Guilt is relative. The blame we visit upon an action is, or should be, proportioned to the circumstances and enlightenment of the person who commits the deed. The "compact" theory of government, the secession spirit, were in the air. We did not spring into national existence full-grown, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Our national feeling is a growth. Alexander Stephens, in his "War Between the States," says: "It has been stated by high authority that the right of secession is not a plant of southern origin; it first sprung up in the North. A more accurate statement would be that it was not sectional but continental. It was generally recognized in all parts of the Union during the early days of the Republic." Stephens's statement seems too sweeping. We may say that the disunion sentiment was "continental" in this sense, that it existed in all the states; but it was by no means universal. Had it been so, we could not have continued to exist as a nation. Von Holst more guardedly and truly states the case thus: "Until the first part of the nineteenth century the dissolution of the Union was a standing element in political speculation; and both previous to and after that period it was repeatedly considered and even probable in moments of excitement, by either party, that it would be necessary to resort to this radical remedy."

The sectional spirit just prior to and after the adoption of the Constitution was alluded to in the opening paragraphs of this paper. That spirit died hard.

In 1790 Hamilton urged that if the bill for the assumption of the state debts were not passed there was great danger that the members of the creditor states would secede and the Union be dissolved.

Virginia, after the passage of this Assumption Act, sent a memorial to Congress asking that the Funding Act be reconsidered and the law for the assumption of the state debts repealed, and threatening a change in the government on the ground that the Assumption Act had been declared unconstitutional.

In 1791 Pennsylvania resisted the execution of the excise law, and talked secession. Corresponding committees were established to communicate with the malcontents in other states.

In 1796 the *Connecticut Courant* preached secession if Jefferson should come into power.

Taylor of Virginia, in 1798, suggested a separate union of the Carolinas, from which Jefferson, on the ground of expediency, dissuaded him.

Jefferson himself looked upon the Union as an experiment, for he wrote: "As we should never think of separation except for repeated and enormous violations, so these, when they occur, will be cause enough of themselves."

The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, drawn forth by the unconstitutional Alien and Sedition Acts, declare the right of a state to oppose the national government. The Virginia resolutions, adopted in 1798 by the General Assembly, promised to support the United States government in all measures warranted by the Constitution, but declared the powers of the Federal government to be "no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in the compact; and

. . . the states who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the powers of the evil and for maintaining within their respective limits and authorities rights and liberties appertaining to them."

The Kentucky resolutions of 1798 declared "that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers, but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress."

In 1799 Kentucky spoke more boldly still, and declared her belief in the right of the sovereign states to nullify "all unauthorized acts done under color of the Constitution."

Prior to Jefferson's election, Wolcott declared that if Jefferson were made President, which could only be possible through French intrigue, the Northern and Southern States would separate, and never again unite, unless for military purposes.

When the tie occurred between Jefferson and Burr for the presidency, the Federalists wished to prevent the election of either. The Republicans threatened, if they did not cease their factiousness, to arm, and then to call a convention.

Randolph declared in the House, in 1817, that the armory at Richmond was built to enable Virginia to resist by force unconstitutional encroachments on her rights.

Georgia carried on a war of conquest in East Florida in face of the prohibition of the Constitution which says that no state shall, without the consent of Congress, "engage in war, unless actually invaded."

Josiah Quincy, in his famous speech of 1811 against the admission of Louisiana as a state, made what is said to have been the first declaration on the floor of Congress of the right to secede.

In 1811 the Pennsylvania legislature confirmed the Virginia and Kentucky doctrine of 1798.

During Jackson's administration Georgia refused obedience to decisions of the Supreme Court concerning the Indian lands.

Ohio, apropos of some difficulty with the United States Bank, proclaimed her belief in state rights and nullification.

Massachusetts in 1830, and Maine in 1831–32, adopted the doctrine of nullification. A decision had been rendered by William, King of the Netherlands, on the disputed northeastern boundary, that would deprive both these states of large tracts of land. The states concerned notified the general government that it would be better not to accept this decision, as it would be null, void and not binding upon the states.

In 1832 this spirit broke out again in South Carolina. South Carolina, regarding the tariffs of 1828 and 1832 as unconstitutional and oppressive, asserted her right to declare the law unconstitutional and to resist its execution. The question of the supremacy of the national government was not then settled. True, Jackson's decisive action cowed South Carolina. The Force Bill was passed, but the tariff was altered. South Carolina believed that concessions had been made to her. Secessionists and Unionists alike retained their beliefs unaltered.

In 1860 there were northerners as well as southerners who were of Hosea Biglow's opinion: —

> "We should go to work an' part, —
> They take one way, we take t'other.

But there were also thousands of another mind, and to them was the victory — a victory for the national spirit. True, all is not accomplished yet; but the national spirit grows. And its gain is more rapid in these days of easy and quick intercommunication. Our railroads and our wars have been the great unifying influences. The idea of a national existence dawned upon us in the war of the Revolution; the war of 1812 proved to foreign powers that we were a nation; but it remained for the Civil War to prove that fact to our own satisfaction, and to knit so firmly the bonds of national union that we no longer dream of their severance.

# OMNIBUS.

## Three Views of Friends.

### A Triad.

### I.

#### BACHELOR TO BACHELOR.

Old man, if a friend I have, 'tis you;
  You know how small and how great I may be,
And you alone will tell me true
  The fault and conceit you're unwilling to see.
You daily show me as only you can
None equals the friend who is called "Old Man."

At my failings you safely can aim your blow,
  My secret loves you can ever probe,
And I bear your jibes, for I see below
  Your sympathy clad in its jester's robe.
No mock or blame can one's anger fan
That comes from the friend who is called "Old Man."

It is you I yacht with, — that test of friends,
  When hour is like hour, each day like the other;
With you I sit when the party ends
  And discuss the world, the flesh and — another.
My views on politics none can scan
With self-restraint like yours, Old Man.

You're the friend I never attempt to amuse,
  Of whose wit or wisdom I never think;
I can sparkle with you or be dull when I choose,
  And talk at my will or in silence blink.
Our friendship all absence and time can span,
No letters between us are needed, Old Man.

'Tis you I turn to for help and cheer
  In hours when trouble seems hard to bear;
You smoke my pipe and you drink my beer,
  And you alone my secrets share;
They are safe and sacred and under the ban
When placed in the charge of the true "Old Man."

So in trouble, in love, in work, in cheer,
  You wear the longest and wear the best;
Day in and day out and year by year
  You alone are stanch above the rest;
And hence I end as I first began:
None equals the friend who is called "Old Man."

### II.

#### BACHELOR TO BENEDICT.

It has come at last, dear old fellow, good by,
  "Good by" — it is hard to say.
We've been comrades together, old man, you and I,
  For years, but — we part to-day.
The past is over, and now I must try
  To accept it and go my way.

I hear you reply, "'Twill be always the same."
  Yourself you're deceiving, not me.
You forget that another will bear your name,
  That her wish supreme will be.
No, — old man, 'tis good by. You are not to blame,
  But 'twill ne'er be the same, you will see.

In the days gone by you had no thought
  That was not shared with me;
No plan was formed, no action wrought
  Till you and I could agree.
Together we waited, worked and fought
  For the fame that we hoped might be.

We had our trials: they bound us fast,
  And made for themselves amends.
We had our quarrels: they soon were past,
  And they left us firmer friends.
Now the blow which a quarrel could never cast
  At our friendship, a girl's word sends.

A young girl's word has brought you joy
  That I cannot feel with you.
Yet the joys we've shared no word can destroy,
  And their memory naught can undo.
Then we lived our lives as one, dear boy,
  We must live them now as two.

From the Then to Now you have made your choice,
  But its meaning you still must learn;
In your plans you will hear alone her voice,
  For her praise alone you will burn,
In her pleasure alone you will now rejoice,
  To her counsel alone will you turn.

But if ever, old man, you are lonely some night,
  And yearn for the times that were,
If you need the help of a man in some fight,
  When aid cannot come from her,
Then recall there's a fellow who longs for your sight,
  Whose allegiance no trouble can stir.

And if ever you feel the old feeling once more,
  And you want the old hour with your friends,
Remember your chair's by the fire as of yore;
  But now, for the present, all ends,
And "Good by," dear old man, as I said before,
  Is the message your letter sends.

### III.

#### BACHELOR SOLUS.

Of all good things true friends are best,
Yet three alone stand every test.
Friendship of man will not last alway,
Friendship of woman may last a day.
A quarrel, a word mistaken, a lie,
A look, a marriage, ambition high, —
So friendships come and friendships go,
So hearts are rent with the ebb and flow;
But always consoling and true and free,
Stanchest and firmest of friends are three —
A pipe, a dog, and the salty sea.

Then give me a pipe that is black and charred,
That is sweet and ripe and old and scarred,
Bringing back from the years gone by
Sometimes a joy and often a sigh,
Glimpses in smoke of walks and sights,
Dinners and comrades, talks and nights —
And sharing each and always with me,
My pipe, my dog, and the salty sea.

And give me my dog with his trustful eye,
His shaggy hide and his sympathy.
Oft has he sat against my knee
As I planned and dreamt of what might be,
Dreaming of fame that has never been won,
Planning deeds that have never been done —
Failures for which my only plea
Is my pipe, my dog, and the salty sea.

Maidens may charm, but the tie is frail;
Men are strong, but on trial may fail.
Then give me the sea with its might and charm,
Sullen or joyous, wild or calm,
Talking with me in its roar and strife,
Cheering, imparting the zest of life.
Give me but this, life, free and true,
Life that sparkles in open view,
Life with my friends though they be but three,
A pipe, a dog, and the salty sea,
And I care not what may happen to me.

*Charles Warren.*

***

THE BABBLING BROOK.

'TWAS in the month o' Maying that a man and maid went straying
Blooming fields and meadows green a-through.
But what the man was saying, or the pretty maid betraying,
Why, the simple smiling meadows never knew!

Down woodland ways enchanted and through flower-brake bird-haunted
Where the leaves in gossip whispered low,
The man and maid went faring, but the vows the two were swearing,
Why, the green and silly leaflets did not know!

And still the hour of gloaming found the happy pair a-roaming
By the water-ways in valleys sweet,
Where a brooklet wise and wily wound about their pathway slyly,
With a song of murmured music at their feet.

And aye that brooklet listened and its waters glanced and glistened
Till it laughed aloud in gurgling glee,
As it hurried over highways, through the hedges and the by-ways
On its way to tell a secret to the sea!

Deem not a word of warning meet for man or maiden's scorning,
Who from morn to eve a-Maying go;
For brooklets can discover all the words and ways of lover,
And will babble every secret that they know!

*Zitella Cocke.*

***

QUATRAIN.

THERE'S none so low or high, I trow,
But worships at some fair one's shrine;
Now up, now down, through king, through clown,
Runs Love's sweet isothermal line.

*Sanda Enos.*

***

SEVEN, THEY BOTH LOVE.

THE dewy odor of budding boughs,
And the hum of the drowsy bee,
The radiant grace of a girlish face
At the foot of a sweet-bough tree;

The roguish gleam of a saucy eye,
And the apple seeds, that fall
To tell my fate, as I breathless wait
Till the maiden has counted all.

"With one, he loves; with two, she loves,"
And still the voice is gay;
"A three, and I wait; a four, and I hate;
And a *five I cast away.*"

A murmuring sigh of the leaves o'erhead,
A tremor of mild dissent,
The tender flush of a rising blush,
And eyes that are downward bent;

A moment longer, in deep suspense,
A penitent look, and then: —
"That isn't true. I've swallowed two!
Let's count them over again."

A quiet joy in the rustling leaves,
In the smiling blue of heaven;
The rapturous bliss of a startled kiss, —
For a *five* and a *two* are *seven!*

*Edwin G. Baldwin.*

***

THE MILKY-WAY.

I THINK the milky-way must be
A broad high-road of heaven with gold
And silver paved. I seem to see
Its glittering dust as throngs untold
Go by along the shining street
To visit here and there a star,
Or gossip, as some cronies meet,
Of what the king's intentions are.
Or am I wrong to think so great
A thing must be this milky-way?
Were it not juster estimate
To call it but a simple spray
Of golden-rod, where fire-flies be,
That blooms for but a single day
In lapses of eternity? —
But one stray flower quite hid away
In fields of wide infinity?

*Martin Sylvester.*

PRESS OF SKINNER, BARTLETT & CO., 7 FEDERAL COURT, BOSTON, MASS.

BATES HALL.

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. MAY, 1895. VOL. XII. No. 3.

## THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

*By C. Howard Walker.*

Illustrated from photographs by N. W. Elwell.

SIR HARRY VANE.
BY FRED'K MACMONNIES.
IN THE BARTON LIBRARY ROOM.

A MEDIÆVAL scribe with a weighty volume in his hand was asked why he seemed unconscious of its weight and walked with such pride; he answered as he glanced at his burden: "Because I am serving so excellent a master."

Boston, with equal pride, serving the same master, Literature, has erected a building to receive its Public Library worthy of the treasures it contains. The inscription upon its frieze, "Built by the people and dedicated to the advancement of learning," voices the public spirit which has seen fit to provide for its library the only palace in a city of nearly half a million population. It should be characteristic of a sovereign people that what is for the good of the entire community should express the best of which the community is capable, and should have great dignity and beauty; but this seldom occurs, especially in America, and the few instances where the achievement has been worthy of the effort are so unusual and so notable that they deserve careful attention. Of these unusual and successful results of the action of public spirit and pride, the Boston Public Library is one of the best examples.

The original competition for designs for the new library not being thoroughly satisfactory in its results, the trustees, after careful consideration, selected Messrs. McKim, Mead and White as architects. They had a difficult problem before them from the first. Piles had already been driven for the foundations of a building of very different plan, and with a tower, and these had to be supplemented. The soil in which the foundation was to be laid was treacherous, and after these difficulties were overcome, the problem of choice of architectural style had next to be decided. There has been for some years amongst American artists a steady tendency toward a preference for buildings in classic styles, that is to say, in the styles which employ the classic orders of architecture, and which have for their prototypes the buildings of Greece and Rome and of the Renaissance inspired by the earlier Roman architecture. Among the chief characteristics of these

"THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, BUILT BY THE PEOPLE AND DEDICATED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING."

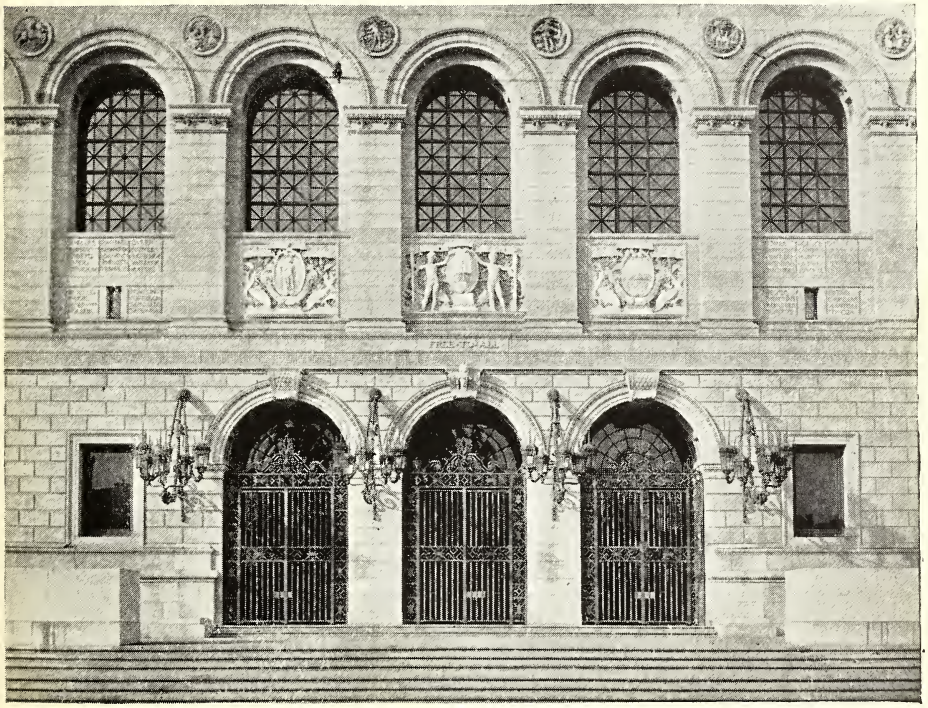
styles is that of simplicity rather than picturesqueness of mass, the use of light-colored materials, and the accenting of the horizontal rather than of the perpendicular lines of composition. The architects of the new library elected to design the building in conformity with these precedents, rather than to be influenced by the proximity of the Museum of Fine Arts, Trinity Church and the Old South Church, all picturesque buildings and comparatively dark in color. While this course isolated the library and made it of totally different architectural character from its neighbors, it permitted the employment of a monumental style and secured consequent impressiveness of effect. There are so few monumental buildings in America, so few undisturbed simple roofs and repeated single motives across façades, that such a design, in the process of its construction, was little understood, and the amount of unintelligent criticism upon the library which was gratuitously proffered while its façade was unfinished was enough to have permanently condemned an inferior building. It is interesting to find that this criticism has grown less as the building approached completion.

One fact is especially worthy of notice: that is, that the great simplicity of the front, consisting merely of a strongly marked first story carrying an arcaded second story, which in its turn was crowned by a rich cornice, the whole unbroken for two hundred and twenty-five feet, prevented the size of the building from being appreciated. The individual parts were upon such a scale that, until detail appeared, there was nothing by which to gauge relative size. The same uncertainty which is felt in the interior of St. Peter's was characteristic of the library façade in its early stages, but as the details over the entrances, the lettering in the tablets and frieze, and the printer's marks in the medallions were cut, the building grew in apparent size. In any work of architecture or of painting, the actual size of the object is made apparent by some detail with which one is familiar and which varies but little in its own relative size to man — and especially in classic architecture size can be gauged by the sculpture, which in most cases is based upon the so-called heroic proportions, that is of figures eight or ten feet in height. For this reason the two figures over the entrance door have done more to give scale to the Public Library than has any other detail; and when the groups are in place upon the pedestals in front of the entrance, the full dignity of proportion of the façade will be felt.

The first conception of the front was suggested by the design of the Bibliothèque Ste. Genevieve in Paris; but the two build-

ings have only this in common, that the chief motive in each is that of a noble arcade in the second story, and that tablets containing the names of writers, painters, architects and others appear in corresponding positions in each. The library in Paris has one façade only, while the Boston library has arcaded ends. It is in these ends that the difficulty of treating a modern building with the simplicity of classic motive becomes apparent. For, while the thirteen windows in the front all open into the great reading-room, at the ends the rooms are smaller, two stories instead of one occur, and the space under the arches being much too large to light inferior rooms, they are filled with black Levantine marble, in which windows are cut where needed. The dark spaces thus obtained are covered with grilles, similar to those in the reading-room windows. The effect of large openings at the ends is thus gained, but the method seems unsatisfactory as evading the problem rather than solving it. Above the arcade, the frieze is not a frieze proper, but a long panel containing the inscription mentioned.

The cornice is a distinct departure from any of the established classic models. The great simplicity of the front, coupled with the item of expense, would prevent the use of the heavily modillioned cornice of the Corinthian order, while the Tuscan cornice would be too severe. The architects therefore conceived the idea of enriching a plain cornice by fluting the fascia, and giving scale by exaggerating the size and width of the dentils. The result is excellent.



DETAIL OF THE FACADE.

The entire building is raised upon a broad platform six steps in height. Above the entrances at the bases of the three central windows are carved cartouches with the seals of the state, the city and the library.

Ascending two more steps and entering beneath the three arches which open into the outer vestibule, the key-

stone of the centre arch having the head of Athena carved upon it, we find ourselves, after passing the wrought-iron gates, in an open vestibule with Tennessee marble walls and arched ceiling.

The three doors opening into the inner vestibule or hall are to be of bronze and are to be the work of Daniel Chester French. The marble architraves of these doors are designed from those of the Erectheion at Athens. Upon entering the first story hall, the grand stairway is seen leading directly to a broad landing half way up, then dividing into two flights right and left and turning toward the front.

The hall between the entrance and the stairway has a barrel vaulted ceiling supported by stone piers, from the caps of which spring lateral arches penetrating the sides of the barrel vault and opening into side aisles which also have vaulted ceilings. These ceilings are covered with marble mosaics of white and delicate brown tesseræ. The designs are of

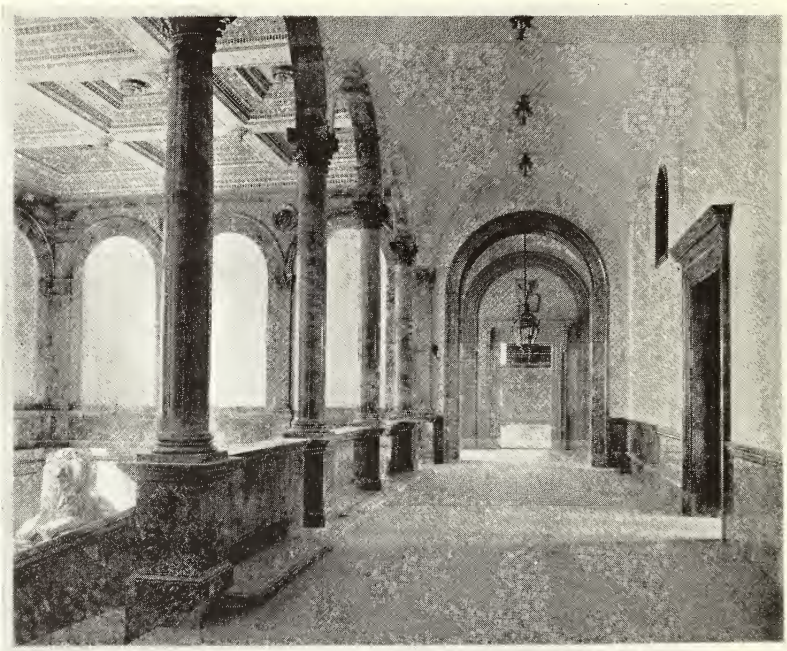
THE INNER VESTIBULE.

GRAND STAIRWAY.

Renaissance scrolls surrounding cartouches or tablets with the names of prominent Americans, Emerson, Adams, and others. The main vault is decorated with an interwoven vine upon a trellis.

The floor is paved with marble, with bronze intagsia representing the signs of the zodiac. Over the staircase the vaulted ceiling becomes a triumphal arch of Siena marble, richly caissoned, and from this point the staircase, excepting the steps, is built of the most richly colored and figured Siena marble in large sheets. On either side of the stairs at the landing are two massive pedestals supporting couchant marble lions facing each other, by Louis St. Gaudens, and dedicated respectively to the officers and men of the Second and Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry who fell in the Rebellion. Upon the front of the pedestals are the names of the battles in which they were engaged. These lions are not sufficiently monumental for their surroundings. They are over-detailed, and their poses are not especially dignified. It is not an easy matter to model any figure so that it will take its place as a part of a whole and not be isolated from the portion of the building it ornaments by reason of its realism. Sculptors have repeatedly found that conventional statement of a few facts of anatomy, a few simple planes of form, produce a better ensemble than careful realistic detail, and for that very reason, the Egyptian Sphinx and the Etruscan lions in the museum of the Vatican have much more dignity than these lions of St. Gaudens. It may be a realistic truth that lions have thin sharp chins, and manes falling in strings rather than masses; but these details detract from the apparent power or dignity of the sculptured lion, which belongs to an ideal race, not an actual one.

At the landing are double oak doors leading upon a balcony overlooking the



UPPER GALLERY.

interior court, while above are arched windows amply lighting the staircase hall. Upon the sides of the staircases ascending from the broad landing are eight high arched panels, four upon either side of the staircase hall, which are to receive decorative paintings by Puvis de Chavannes — some of which were exhibited in the Salon of the Champ de Mars in April. There has been regret expressed that a foreign artist should have been given this commission while there are able Americans, but the fact remains that very few, if any, American painters have been trained, or had the opportunity to be trained, in decorative work of this character, and while the last decade has shown that there are men amongst their ranks who have strong decorative sense and would be capable of much excellent mural work, the importance of these panels warranted the trustees in selecting an artist who it is acknowledged is one of the greatest decorative painters of the century. In addition to this, local or even national pride, while praiseworthy, is the last thing to be considered in the choice of works of art. Certainly if America or Patagonia had produced an abler man than Puvis de Chavannes, that man would have been chosen. It remains to be seen, however, whether the scheme of color will be in harmony with the very warm and rich setting it will receive. Puvis de Chavannes' work is usually in delicate tones, with a predominance of blues and grays, which would not tone with the Siena walls of the staircase hall. It is true that the latest of his smaller pieces of decoration are more robust in drawing and warmer in color than has been his previous work; but whether he will appreciate in Paris the conditions under which his work will appear in Boston gives occasion for an anxiety which it is to be hoped will be allayed by the result. The ceiling of the staircase hall is richly caissoned and tinted in pale blue and ivory.

The staircase leads to a broad gallery with plain vaulted ceiling, separated from the staircase hall by an arcade of four graceful arches, supported by Corinthian columns of Siena marble. At either end the gallery is continued into so-called lobbies, that on the right leading

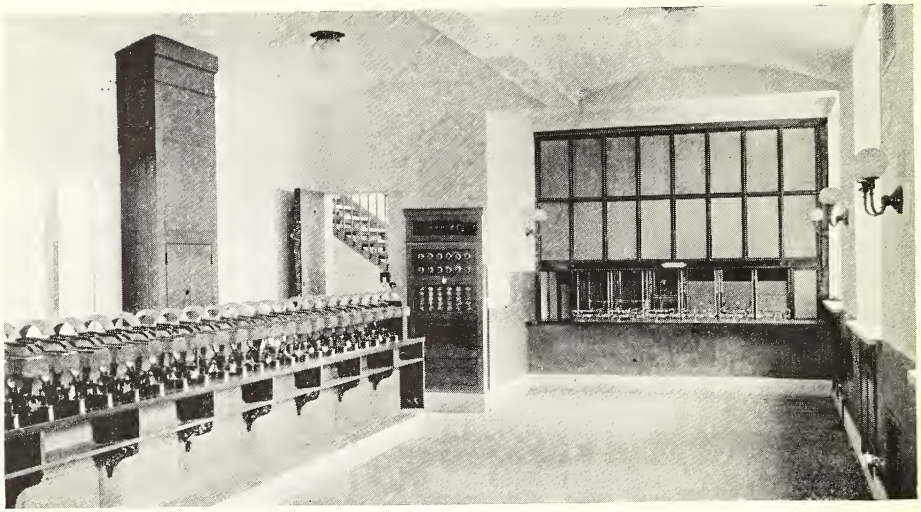
to the Waiting Room; that on the left to the Room for Relics. The waiting room lobby, the staircase hall and Bates Hall ceilings have been decorated by Mr. Garnsey. The decoration is in Pompeian style, but in lower tones than is usually found in this work, rich and warm and very delicately drawn. The corresponding lobby at the other end of the gallery is decorated by Mr. Joseph Linden Smith in stronger key of color and with more use of rich blues and greens and gold in a Renaissance style.

The gallery opens directly into the great public reading-room or Bates Hall, which extends across the entire front of the building upon the second story. This room is one of the most important rooms architecturally in the world. It is two hundred and eighteen feet long, forty-two and one half feet wide, and fifty feet high. The ends of the hall are semicircular in plan, with semi-domed ceilings with broad ribs, guilloched, and with rich caissons. The great length of the central mass, which, if its elliptically arched ceiling had been uninterrupted, would have appeared monotonous, is divided into three bays by heavy arches carried on wall piers of great projection. These bays in the ceiling are again subdivided by guilloched ribs corresponding to those in the end domes, and there is a double row of very richly decorated caissons between these ribs. The ceiling is therefore a very rich and impressive one in light and shade.

The wall piers supporting the three principal arches, and the pilasters with Renaissance arabesques supporting the intermediate ribs, are of Ohio sandstone, as are the wall arches over the thirteen large windows on the east side and over the corresponding spaces upon the west wall, and as are also the frieze and cornice, upon the former of which are the names of classic authors. The thirteen large windows, which are those forming the principal feature of the façade, begin at the height of ten feet from the floor. They are filled with wooden grilles (the intention was to have these grilles of bronze) of the conventional Roman type, which can best be described perhaps as a pattern of squares subdivided by diagonals and by horizontal and perpendicular lines, as is the English Union Jack by the St. George's and St. Andrew's crosses. These grilles, while excellent from the exterior, are out of scale with the interior, and from their very austerity and monotony injure the effect of the rooms. The adoption of a grille somewhat of the character of the Spanish reja, with a rich upper portion, could be made to have scale with both exterior and interior.

SOUTH LOBBY.

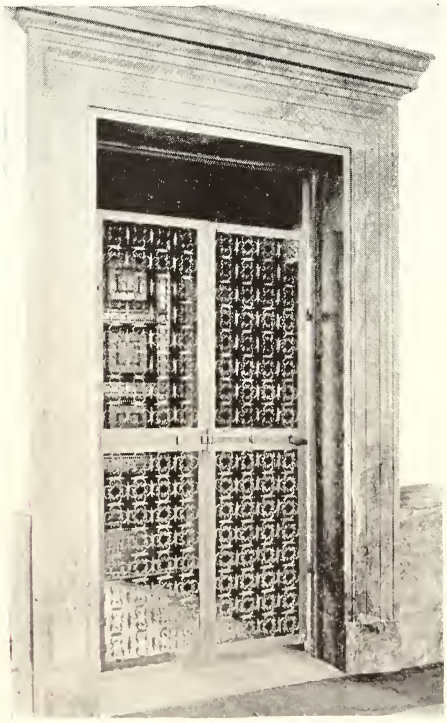
The southern semicircular end has four windows corresponding with those on the front. In the northern end two of these



DELIVERY ROOM.

windows are omitted, and the wall space thus obtained is to be decorated by James McNeil Whistler.

The ends are to be separated from the centre of the hall by two richly sculptured screens fourteen feet high, the spaces thus reserved to be used respectively as Writing Room and Card Catalogue Room.



OLD ITALIAN GATES.

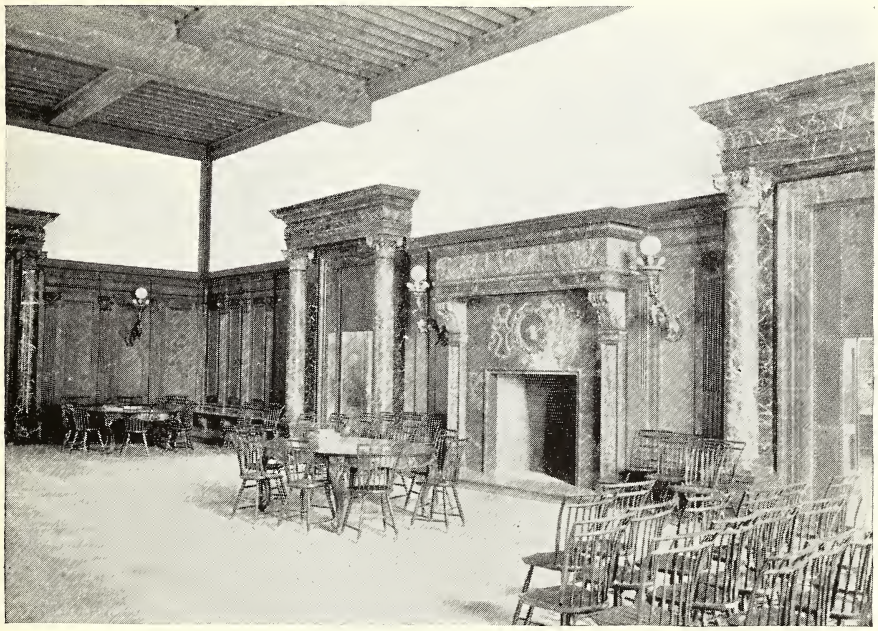
The pavement of the hall is of terrazzo mosaic, alternating with large marble slabs. The base is of Verona marble, above which to the height of eight feet are dark English oak bookcases to hold books of reference, catalogues, encyclopædias, etc. Several thousands of these volumes will be accessible to all comers without the necessity of using cards. The main entrance from the gallery has above it a very beautiful balustraded balcony opening from the landing half way up the stairs to the third story. The centre spaces of the end bays are occupied by marble mantels of corresponding design, and the end spaces are occupied by the doors to the Waiting Room and the Relic Room. These doors have on either side heavy Corinthian columns of green serpentine, with bronze caps carrying an entablature of Belgian black marble. These monumental architraves are quite out of key of color with the entire hall.

While it is not the intention of this article to make carping criticism upon so thoroughly satisfactory and noble a piece of work as is the Boston Public Library, and while the writer realizes how very easy it is to suggest changes in a completed façade or room, the Bates Hall

is so exceptional a success that any disappointment in regard to minor details is aggravated by the desire to have the result perfect.

The hall is cool in color, gray, and without rich contrast, with the single exception of these two doorways, which in consequence seem imported and not indigenous or a part of the design excepting in form. Perhaps this was intentional. The ceiling, noble as it is, would gain much by richer color and by gold, — and with the wall panels filled with decorative painting such color of the ceiling will be very necessary. The furniture of the room is not sufficiently dignified. The tables are massive enough, but the chairs are too slight and have too much the character of the country house piazza type. Apart from all this the Bates Hall is a very noble, dignified room, worthy of its purpose, and, so far as we know, the one interior in America that has adequately expressed the civic pride of a great city.

The Waiting Room has a wooden beamed ceiling of oak, with a high fourteen-foot wainscot of large perpendicular panels divided by fluted pilasters with Corinthian capitals, with a rich entablature with eggs and darts and dentils. At one side is an Italian deep-red porphyry mantel, and the door columns and entablatures, similiar to those upon the other side of the door openings in Bates Hall, are in thorough harmony with the rich color of the room. Above the wainscot the wall is to be crowned with Edwin Abbey's frieze of the "Legend of the Holy Grail." Judging by the portion of the work which was exhibited at the Chicago Exposition, this frieze promises to be the most notable wall decoration ever painted by an American artist, and to be equal to any piece of modern work. The beauty of its composition and of its color, its perfect adequacy of expression, and the ability shown to weave many figures into a harmonious whole and not to leave them in isolated disconnected groups, — an ability that few artists possess, and which was hardly to be expected of the follower of any modern school of art; the adequacy of idea, likewise lacking in most recent work, and the delicacy



WAITING ROOM.

ORDERING ROOM.

poses to model certain portions of his work in relief. It is to be hoped this is not the case. Sculpture and painting can be associated, but scarcely fused with success; and while the colored sculpture of the Greeks can be understood and enjoyed, the very position of decorative wall painting requires that it shall be kept flat. It is the province of the architect to provide salient points of relief by architectural forms, or the disposing of ornament and sculpture. The surface between these accented points should partake of the character of the space in which they are placed. One has only to enter the Panthéon in Paris to discriminate between the wall decoration of the Ste. Genevieve of Puvis de Chavannes and the staccato flagrant contrasts of Rochegrosse and Jean Paul Laurens, able as those painters are; and when relief is added to startling chiaroscuro, the result is to be awaited with uncertain feelings.

of drawing and deliberate distrust of sensational technique, — all mark it as a very unusual and excellent example of mural decoration. When this frieze is in place, Boston will possess a room which can be compared favorably with many of the rooms abroad which form Meccas for the student of art.

The room to be used as a museum for historical relics is at present undecorated.

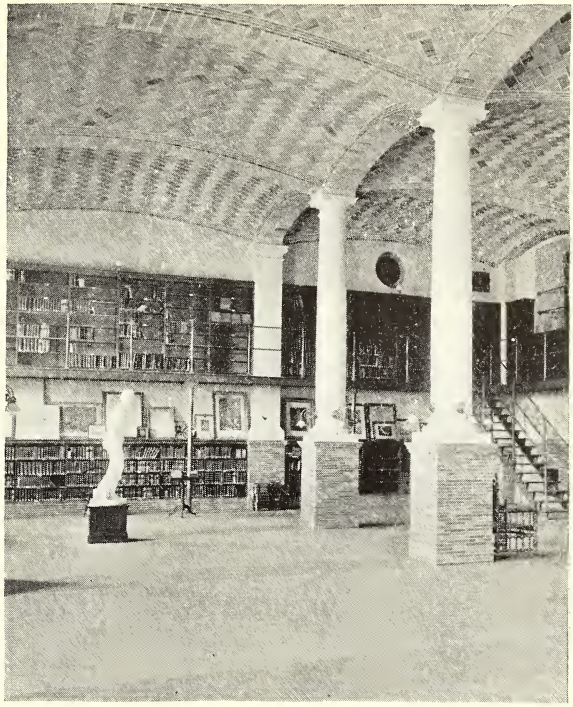
From the northern lobby an enclosed staircase of sandstone leads in two long straight runs, with an intermediate landing opening upon the balcony in Bates Hall, to the third or special library floor. The long hall corresponding to the second floor gallery below is to have its walls decorated by John Sargent, the subject being the History of Religions. It is reported that Mr. Sargent, finding his almost fatal facility of brush inadequate to express the power of his conception, pro-

Over the staircase hall is the Brown Musical Library, with recessed windows opening upon the interior court, a very simple, beautiful room, with vaulted ceiling, the arches alone coffered. The Barton Library over the Periodical Room is lined with books from floor to ceiling, as are the Bowditch Astronomical and the Shakespeare Libraries. In the centre of the Barton Library is MacMonnies' Sir Harry Vane, which partakes somewhat too much of a flippant character for the serious nature of the man it represents. It is the work evidently of an able man, but in pose, in excessive restlessness of

surfaces, and in general apparent haste of execution it is more an able sketch than a studious piece of work.

Around the central court on this floor is a long gallery with windows opening into the court and with alcoves on the outside walls containing stacks. In this gallery are tables and chairs. The ceiling is groined, and in future times this can be made as famous by its decorations as is the loggia of Raphael, and will recall similar galleries in Italian palaces.

There remain the Trustees' Room, with a very beautiful ceiling and doors from a French palace, and with an Italian mantel of marble, and the walls covered with stuffs; and the Periodical and Catalogue Rooms on the first story, with vaulted Guastavino tiled ceilings supported upon columns, and the working portion of the library.



PERIODICAL ROOM.

The building is around a large central court, across which no short cut could be taken. The public portion of the building is in front of this court; the stacks, six stories in height, are around its three sides. None of these stack stories is on a level with the delivery-room floor. Manifestly the books could not be carried by boys to and from these stacks, and in their place a magnified cash carrier system has been adopted.

The card catalogue is in Bates Hall, with two or three assistants in charge. To the delivery room is but a step. Behind the delivery desk is a room where assistants receive and distribute books or return them to the stacks. An indicator of books out is constantly kept, and any applications for these are at once returned. If the book is in, the slip is put into a pneumatic tube and sent to the part of the stack where the book is shelved. Each floor has its staff of messengers who receive the slips, get the books called for and put them in a carrying basket. These baskets are then, by cable operated by electric dynamos, sent to the distributing room. The baskets are returned as easily as sent. In

CATALOGUE ROOM.

TRUSTEES' ROOM.

this way a library capable of accommodating two million volumes is to be operated. Thus far the results have been satisfactory.

The central court, which is to be open to the public, is one of the most beautiful features of the library. It has an arcade similar to that in the Palazzo Cancellaria in Rome by Bramante around three of its sides, and in the centre is a lawn surrounding a fountain. The proportions of the Bramante arcade have always been recognized as very subtle and beautiful, and though used in a very different manner than in the original at Rome, the charm of carefully studied architecture is still inherent in these columns and arches. The walls above are in a mottled brick of warm brown; and the windows upon three sides, which light the special library gallery, have deep reveals and are very simple and dignified. Here, as elsewhere throughout the building, the restraint of noble architectural motive is apparent. In the warmth of summer this cloister, with exotic plants in great vases between its columns, will be in shady seclusion, and, with a fountain playing within a few feet, will form an attractive open-air reading-room.

As a whole the Boston Public Library is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful buildings in America. The noble dignity of its main façade is in instructive contrast to the bedecked and bedizened architecture with which we have so long been familiar. The disregard for surrounding buildings can be readily understood when the fact is taken into consideration that no two of these buildings are in harmony with each other; and when Copley Square is made into a balustraded park, each side of the square will then be separated from the other sides, and can be considered upon its own merits.

As years pass by and associations cluster around the new centre of learning, it will be appreciated more and more that the library is worthy of its purpose. America is one of the richest countries in the world, but she is long in learning how best to expend her riches. There remains yet the petty thrift which was a virtue and a necessity with our forefathers, but which is no longer a necessity and has consequently ceased to be a virtue with us. Few of our cities have awakened to the sense that they are larger in population and richer in purse than cities abroad which have erected

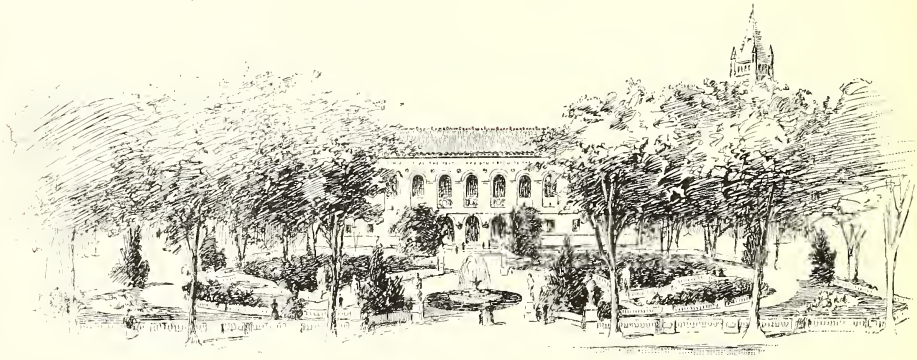
CENTRAL COURT.

COLONNADE OF COURT.

buildings the fame of which is world-wide. Forty years ago Fergusson's "History of Architecture" frankly stated there was no architecture worth study in America, and even the latest editions of this work devote but a small portion of the volume to American work. The reason for this is very evident and can be summed up in a few words. With the exception of our business buildings and private houses, the architecture of this country has been obtained by two methods: first, the parsimonious employment of inefficient architects on the score of economy; second, the equally parsimonious institution of government and municipal architects' offices in close relation with politics. The beauty of the Boston Public Library is due to neither of these methods, but rather to a recognition of the importance of necessary expenditure in order to obtain work of exceptional character.

As has been said, the library is worthy of its purpose. It is as great an object lesson in dignified monumental architecture as were the finest buildings at the

World's Fair, and it is a permanent object lesson. It is one of the few examples in this country which as years go by will prove to the people that to obtain the best at some great expenditure is worth the cost, and it is to be hoped that it is the first of a number of equally notable buildings.



COPLEY SQUARE AS IT IS TO BE.

---

# A BIT OF UNWRITTEN NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

*By Emily C. Cord.*

IN these days, when the iron horse has annihilated time and space, is there any *country* with simple, credulous, kind-hearted people left? My childhood was passed in the "truly" country, but a quarter of a century has brought great change to the manners and customs of the people, and it seems little like what I remember it; but when I try to picture it as it was over seventy-five years ago, when my grandfather brought his young wife there, I realize forcibly that greater change had taken place before I can remember than has taken place since.

It is a small town in Maine of which I write, six miles from the nearest railroad, and little known by the busy world outside; but an artist might find occupation for many a long summer's day in this little place, and true lovers of natural scenery gladly linger here,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

There is nothing very grand, majestic or terrible in nature's various aspects here, but in all directions there are far-reaching views of hills wooded to their tops, and according to the season showing the delicate, misty green of spring, the full, deep color of summer, or glowing with the rich autumnal hues. Glimpses of lake and stream are caught here and there, satisfying the want always felt where the otherwise loveliest scene lacks the presence of water, and against the northern horizon stand out, sharp and bold, Mount Blue, Saddle Back and Mount Abraham, while, on a clear day, back of these the outline of New Hampshire's White Mountains are plainly discernible.

Seventy-five years ago there may have been a few less houses than at the present day, but the large families which filled them would more than make up the difference and show that there is a falling off in the population now. At that date there was not a railroad in New England or the United States; travel was mostly on horseback or on foot.

At a short distance from my grandfather's was a house which, if standing now, would surely be thought worthy of being perpetuated on canvas. It was a

low, rambling building, large on the ground, and looking as though it had been put together a bit at a time, with unpainted, weather-beaten, darkened walls, while patches of moss grew on the roof. It stood at the end of a broad lane, where the grass first grew green in spring and the dandelions came earliest. The lane was shaded by fine old elm trees, and one—a "weeping" elm—almost touched the ground with its branches, being a remarkably large and handsome tree.

This house possessed a strong interest for the children in the neighborhood, because of a prevailing belief among us that hundreds of cats were sheltered there, cherished and made much of by the kind-hearted old lady who was mistress of this abode. It was said that she could never turn away a cat; and mischievous urchins often took advantage of this reputation to leave cats and kittens in boxes, bags or baskets on the doorsteps at night, to be discovered by her in the morning.

But apart from the feline attraction, this old house was fascinating to me from having been the shelter in by-gone days of at least two leaders of that eccentric religious sect known as "Jumpers," which I think must have been indigenous to New England soil, — though my only evidence for this is the fact that I can find no record of them elsewhere. The first apostle of this new denomination appeared in this neighborhood about seventy-five years ago. He was known as "Father Wells." He came suddenly, a startling apparition, riding a large, raw-boned white horse. He was a man of medium size, always wore drab-colored clothes, a white overcoat, and a battered tall white hat. His heavy white beard reached nearly to his waist, and his snowy hair swept his shoulders, — for he held that a man's hair and beard should be suffered to grow undisturbed. It was rumored that he came from Connecticut, but no one really knew, and his appearance was as mysterious as it was sudden. He found a home under the same hospitable roof which afterward — and perhaps even then — sheltered so many cats.

What Father Wells taught by way of doctrine I do not know, nor whether his creed was orthodox or heterodox; but the manner in which he executed some of his devotional exercises was truly original, and to hear of his performances in that line was the delight of my youthful mind. The most striking manifestation of his religion was that which caused outsiders to call these people "Jumpers;" whether they gave themselves any distinguishing name or not, I never heard. Believing it a duty to "mortify the body by the deeds thereof," he would spring to his feet whenever "the spirit moved," no matter where he might be or in whatever occupation engaged, and burst into singing a song or hymn, the first words of which were: —

"I will arise and go and meet Him."

Then he would, if in a house, run from one corner of the room to the opposite corner, all the time singing and giving frequent leaps nearly to the ceiling. This dance, if so it could be called, lasted till "the spirit" was satisfied or the man exhausted.

However little this practice might commend itself to general acceptance, and however much people might wonder that any satisfaction could be derived from it, no one questioned the sincerity of the man who engaged in it. Many a time in the silent watches of the night he was heard performing his devotional dance in the loneliness of his room; and in all his words and actions there was no trace of hypocrisy or pretence, whatever one might think of the soundness of his mind; and apart from his religion Father Wells was regarded as a man of good sense and correct judgment.

He did not believe in church organization, and Christian charity toward those who believed differently from himself formed no part of his teachings. In conversation with such as differed from him, his language was remarkably forcible, and the real malignity of his feelings toward them ill befitted one who, whatever his peculiarities of doctrine, at least professed himself a follower of the loving Saviour.

He appeared to take great pleasure in mounting his old white horse on Sunday morning, riding to the nearest village, six miles distant, and, while the one church bell summoned the worshippers, he would ride back and forth, shouting: —

"Ding! dong! bell!
You'll all go to hell!"

Whether any "sour grapes" mingled with his scorn of churches it would be hard to say, but certainly history furnishes no record, so far as I can discover, of any congregation of "Jumpers" large or wealthy enough to build a church of their own.

But Father Wells was by no means without followers. Many people, some of them people of intelligence and hard common sense, not only went to his meetings, but vied with his first host in granting him hospitality, and listened to his expoundings with grave attention and with at least some measure of conviction. Several respectable young men became so infatuated as to follow wherever he went, one especially being so devoted to his leader as to obtain the title of "aid-de-camp."

It was the custom of Father Wells to hold his meetings in the various country schoolhouses; and upon his first appearance in this particular neighborhood it was announced that he would be present on a certain evening at the yellow schoolhouse. The congregation assembled and sat waiting, gazing around upon one another by the feeble illumination of flaring tallow candles and the more cheerful light of the blazing logs piled high in the huge fireplace. Still the expected leader did not make his appearance. At last, when the patience of everybody was nearly exhausted, a singular noise was heard in the entry, the door was flung violently open, and in came, not Father Wells, but his almost as famous white hat. It was soon followed, however, by the reverend gentleman, hopping along in a froglike manner upon his hands and feet.

During another meeting in the same schoolhouse, on a cold winter night, he was in the midst of a most animated service, singing at the top of his voice, which is said to have been powerful and magnificent,

"Christ died for the poor and rich as one;
Glory, Oh, Hallelujah!" —

at which instant a man came in and left the door open behind him, letting in a freezing blast. Without a moment's pause Father Wells continued his hymn with the following interpolation: —

"Shut to the door, you son of a gun!
Glory, Oh, Hallelujah!"

For some years he continued his work in this part of the country, going from place to place, asking only food and shelter for himself and horse. How he managed to procure new clothing when one suit became worn out is a problem, yet one not so difficult of solution then perhaps as it would be now, for the farmers' wives wove the cloth in which their husbands and sons were clad, and also spun the yarn and knit the stockings. It is not improbable that some of Father Wells's flock kept him from cold as they did from hunger.

He believed that he was doing as the apostles were told to do, and that to receive a regular salary for preaching the gospel would be a sin, — and perhaps it would, as he preached it.

At length, as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come, he departed. No one knew from whence he came, and no one could tell whither he went. After his departure, whether his disciples continued strong in their faith, or whether their zeal languished, is more than I know; but they were left to their own guidance for ten or twelve years, at the end of which period Father Richards made his *début.*

Father Richards dressed like his predecessor, and like him wore long hair and beard, only in his case the contrast between the raven black locks of his head, falling from under the old white hat to touch his shoulders, and his long, flowing white beard was startling.

Unlike Father Wells, he came on foot, leaning on a large staff, but, like him, he found a home with the same kindly souls who were the first to shelter the former leader of the "Jumpers."

In the early days of Father Richards's presence, my uncle happened one day to be a fellow guest at the table of his hospitable entertainer. Suddenly in the midst of dinner, crash went the knife and fork of Father Richards upon the table, and, springing up from his chair,

he gave a leap which brought his head into close proximity to the low ceiling, and began to peal forth in the powerful voice which he, like Father Wells, possessed: —

"I will arise and go and meet Him."

And then came the mystic dance. Starting from one corner of the room, he ran swiftly to the opposite corner, gaining in speed each round, and every time he passed the chair of his host that benevolent gentleman would receive a resounding thump upon his head. This continued till "the spirit" ordered a halt, the flesh was sufficiently mortified, or the body too tired to proceed. Meantime the others sat in decorous silence; the hostess, filled with awe, clasped her hands and cast down her eyes, which, however, from time to time she solemnly rolled upon her husband and my uncle, to see if they were behaving properly.

His devotions over, Father Richards calmly seated himself at the table once more, presumably with renewed appetite, and the meal proceeded to its close without further interruption.

For several years this ardent worker labored among the people, and although he made no attempt at any form of organization, he had a meeting-house built for him in the same village where the one church bell used to excite Father Wells's ire to such a degree. This building was a barn-like structure, erected by a wealthy man who had become a convert to Father Richards's teachings. It was wholly without ornament within or without, and had no bell. It was large enough to contain a great many people; but if the builder supposed it would ever be filled by a congregation of believers, he must have possessed a very sanguine spirit.

Father Richards did not live many years to enjoy the grandeur that had befallen him, but passed from earth at one of the numerous houses where he had a temporary home in a town not far distant.

Next came Elder Samuel. He was a young man, and rather more refined than his predecessors. He did not engage in the characteristic dance, and for some reason was called "Elder" instead of "Father;" though after time had familiarized people with the pugnacity of his spirit and the sort of work he delighted in, he was called by the unregenerate "the breaking-up plough."

He taught that marriage was wrong, that young men and maidens should give themselves to good works and not be thinking of the carnal things of this world. He made many converts. Among them was a young woman who was engaged to marry a worthy man, but becoming so impressed by the preaching of Elder Samuel, broke the engagement. Her feelings can be imagined when, after the lapse of several years, during which her teacher had been absent from the place, he returned, bringing with him a wife. She remained unmarried through a long life.

During the early part of the Elder's reign, on his return from a brief absence, he brought with him a new light which altogether eclipsed the other luminaries that had been seen thus far. He was young, handsome as the hero of a fairy tale, and, greatest wonder of all, educated. He had visions and prophesied, on which account, and partly also on account of his first name, he was called "the Prophet Jeremiah." He was not, however, a gracious and accommodating prophet. Many a time a meeting was appointed, the people gathered, filled with a trembling awe, and sat patiently waiting to see the tall form arise and hear the voice for which they listened pour forth the flood of eloquence which came from his lips when the spirit moved him to speak; but as often as not his devout followers were compelled by the lateness of the hour to depart sadly, leaving the quiet still unbroken, and leaving their dumb oracle behind, — for there he would sit after all others had gone, while the candles flickered and burned themselves out and the great logs were reduced to ashes gloomy and motionless. He waited for the spirit to move; but whether it did move eventually, or whether he sat on in the dark and cold till bodily discomfort drove him forth, no one knew.

Upon one occasion the schoolhouse was filled with an expectant audience. For a long time silence had reigned

supreme, and the people began to fear they would have to separate without the chance to take with them the words of burning eloquence they longed to hear. At last their prophet rose and without preface declared that there was a person present who had had a dream, a very singular dream, which troubled the mind of the person greatly. That dream was meant for a special and solemn warning, and let the one who received it take heed lest by refusing to obey the leading of that vision everlasting damnation should come upon the soul of the dreamer. Then he sat down. In the midst of the intense and breathless stillness which ensued, who should painfully struggle to his feet and stand there, trembling and shaking as though with palsy, hardly able to keep erect, but the same kind old man who had so often and freely welcomed to his home in turn each of the leaders of this sect. In youth he had been a sailor, but never, on the wildest night, when sent aloft to shorten sail, had he trembled as he did now; indeed, if he had, straight overboard he would have gone. It was a work of time for him to find his voice, and when he did it hardly seemed to belong to him, so little was it under his control; but he did finally succeed in stammering forth that what had been told them was all true. He was the man who had had the dream, and it was a very strange dream, one which had troubled him greatly, and he had gone about with the burden of it on his mind, but he had kept it to himself and told no living person; hence the agitation which he felt at discovering that it must have been revealed by the spirit to Brother Jeremiah.

When the true believers heard their leader's revelation confirmed in this manner, they manifested their joy and triumph by shouting and clapping their hands. Naturally every one present partook in some degree of the excitement, and perhaps none was cool enough to be curious then; but I am sure that to many it must have been a source of grief the next morning to reflect that they remained in total ignorance as to what the dream was all about.

After this at least one true convert more was secured, for the dreamer could hesitate no longer, but cast in his lot with those whose prophet had such supernatural powers; and many who had attended the meetings from curiosity, or because there were no other religious services in the place, began to feel that there "must be something in it."

Among the latter class was my dear grandmother, whose charity toward all, even those whose ideas differed widely from hers, disposed her the more easily toward credulity. Consequently when one morning shortly after this she received a call from Elder Samuel and his fellow laborer, she regarded it as something momentous, and this feeling grew and gathered force. Upon entering, Elder Samuel pronounced, "Peace be upon this house;" but his companion deigned no salutation but a groan, and during the entire call an occasional groan was his only contribution to the conversation. Poor grandmother felt almost certain that the Prophet Jeremiah had had some unpleasant revelation regarding her or hers, and had come to deliver it. Even his going away without giving utterance to any message did not entirely allay her fears, and for days she waited with an anxious mind for "something dreadful to happen."

But it did not. If any catastrophe had occurred in the family within a year, or even a longer time, I expect that my grandmother would have become another proselyte to the sect and a firm believer in the supernatural powers of the young and handsome prophet.

All this happened more than fifty years ago, and the great majority of those who took part in the scenes recorded are now dust and ashes. To those who still survive, how strange it must be to look back, as they compare the past and present, and think of these things!

# THE EVOLUTION OF A PARLOR ORGAN.

*By Anne Richardson Talbot.*

"THERE'S some good folks that's powerful sinners — that's my testimony — don't know what you think about it."

Miss Naomi Tripp gave forth the above paradox to a steady accompaniment of small domestic explosions, such as the crashing of tins, the rattling of knives and forks, the vigorous slamming of cupboard doors, while she swiftly "cleared up" after the noonday meal. At the open window of the farmhouse kitchen her audience of one sat diligently stitching.

Nancy Fletcher, the village sempstress, was not of the preconceived type at all. She was small and, in a faded sort of a way, meekly pretty. Her light-brown hair was not very thick, but so smoothly brushed that the deficiency was not noticeable. Her forehead was high, her eyes pale blue, her skin delicate and colorless except in moments of nervous excitement, not unknown to her, when her cheeks grew feverishly pink. Her voice was soft and hesitating. If she had opinions of her own, she seldom asserted them, and she had no taste for gossip at all. But Miss Fletcher was undeniably a good listener. She bent her head over her work, apparently absorbed in it, until an impatient sniff made her aware that some reply was expected.

"Must be real aggravatin', Miss Tripp," she ventured shyly.

"Aggravatin'! Land! is that what you call aggravatin'? Ef that's all you know about it, Nancy Fletcher, I wish to goodness you'd kep' house for 'Lias Tripp these twenty years."

The little dressmaker gave an odd start, and the color rushed over her faded face. She turned hurriedly to the window, but she need not have feared; her companion was "slattin'" round too vigorously to notice her.

Miss Naomi slammed the last closet door, made a final onslaught upon one luckless fly, then, seating herself, seized upon the sewing which awaited her, as if glad of an object upon which safely to vent her agitation. For a long time no sound was heard save that made by her needle as it flew in and out of the thick calico with the little click peculiar to "smart" women possessed of quick tempers. Miss Fletcher looked up furtively now and then, but her companion's thin blue lips were tightly closed, while a bright red spot burned on each high cheek-bone. The little dressmaker read these signs in the light of experience; she offered no remark. Agree she could not, and she dared not differ. In spite of herself her tired eyes would wander away from the dull blue dress she was making to the spring green of the meadows. The meadows were very green. The farm buildings were many and good. The young wheat vied with the grass. The cattle were so sleek and kind, she began to wonder vaguely at the discontent of "some folks," and had almost settled upon these particular folks when the sharp voice recalled her to herself.

Miss Naomi broke her thread, and knotted it in a breath. Then she stabbed her emery pitilessly with her needle.

"It's 'nough," she said, "to make anybody commit suicide — or matrimony."

"Which, Naomi? which?" queried a laughing voice. The voice was like the man who followed it into the room, large, hearty, thoroughly good-natured, yet it seemed to have an indescribably irritating effect upon its owner's sister. She watched the new-comer indignantly as he seated himself with great deliberation and with a great rough hand on either arm tipped peacefully up on the back legs of his chair.

"Either," Miss Tripp said. "It don't make much diff'rence whether it's dyin'

or marryin' s' long's I git red of your tradin' and dickerin'. It ain't jest soothin' to lay down nights when you ain't sure there'll be a ruff over your head in the mornin'. Not to speak of that air colt Hiram Baines took off an hour ago."

'Lias smiled indulgently.

"Now, now, Naomi, it ain't quite so bad as you make out. This house has got a ruff, 'n' a good ruff. I ain't ever swapped houses. I don't calk'late to either s' long as you or some one else makes this one comfortable."

Miss Naomi threw back her head. "Well," she sniffed, "ef Enoch Butters hes his way it'll hev to *be* somebody else, 'n' I wish 'em joy of it. I told you years ago, 'Lias Tripp, 'nless you give up dickerin' 'n' allers comin' out the small end of the horn, it wouldn't take more'n a straw to turn me."

'Lias leaned back and laughed heartily, then he brought his chair down upon its four legs and his face assumed a preternaturally solemn expression.

"Naomi," he said, "I'd orter tell ye — bear up — might be fatal ef it come sudden. I swapped the Jersey heifer for Jim Towle's Holsteen not two hours back; 'n' see here — Naomi — *I give him somethin' to boot.*"

Little Miss Nancy gasped, and her work fell from her hands, which shook as if stricken with palsy.

She looked from one to the other in consternation. But 'Lias resumed his comfortable attitude and benignant smile. For a few moments Miss Tripp did not speak, but the storm was gathering. When words came, wrath had clothed them with a certain calmness.

"'Lias Tripp, I've ben from bad to wuss. I've hed my pertater patch swapped from under my very feet. I've driv' my own horse not knowin' it b'longed to Job White. There's other things I ain't goin' to mention 'fore Nancy, — I ain't one to make talk, — but that heifer calf that I brought up by hand like my own child — that heifer calf is the last straw."

Miss Fletcher resumed her work with a little fluttering breath. When Naomi spoke again it was seemingly upon quite another topic.

"Ef you was to see Enoch Butters to the post office you better tell him to call in." And with this last shot she disappeared "up chamber," a certain swish of her garments betokening the futility of argument.

As the door closed Nancy Fletcher felt herself growing hysterical. To her the last few moments had been fraught with almost tragic import. She looked at her companion, her eyes dim with sympathetic tears.

"Don't you fret, Nancy," 'Lias advised, sauntering barnwards. "Women folks know when they're well off."

Overhead she could hear Naomi's decided tread. She thought she knew one woman at least who did not know what was best for her. A big drop fell from beneath the spectacles which hid her pretty blue eyes. It dropped upon Miss Tripp's new alpaca.

Just then 'Lias returned. He wanted a button sewed upon his waistband, but it was some moments before the dressmaker could attend to it. She was bending low over the stuff in her lap and rubbing it vigorously with her handkerchief.

"I was thinkin'," said she, "what a mussy 'tis this goods don't smut;" and when she sewed that button on she took a long thread and it caught, and her fingers were not as skilful as usual.

"You work too stiddy, Nancy," said 'Lias kindly as he again took himself to the barn and the renewed enjoyment of his "Holsteen."

Indeed 'Lias Tripp had no possession which it had not at some time seemed desirable to "swap." For many a year Naomi had threatened while her brother laughed, "dickerin'" none the less. Naomi still ruled his house. In the main she ruled it comfortably; and he dearly loved comfort, though in what it consisted he would have been quite unable to say. He liked good food, a cheerful fire, a clean house; he had them all, had always had them; he saw no reason to expect a change. But a day of reckoning was near. Enoch Butters "stepped in" to some purpose, and Miss Tripp was withheld from the contemplation of suicide.

If 'Lias was dismayed at the announcement of his sister's marriage he did not betray himself, and his calm and sunny demeanor in no way smoothed Naomi's journey to the altar.

"It's an ill wind," he remarked, "which blows nobody good;" and he watched Miss Fletcher fashion the few but serviceable garments of the trousseau with a suavity which was worthy, if it was acting, of a first-class comedian.

The wedding day came, and after the ceremony, in itself as scant as the trousseau, 'Lias tucked the fair bride of fifty summers into the farm wagon by the side of her new lord.

"Naomi," he laughed, "ain't you 'most afraid to leave me to do for myself?"

"I've left you to Providence," answered his sister. "*I* wash my hands of you."

And for a time it is probable that the care of Providence was an improvement to 'Lias. But he was eminently a social being; and though his bodily welfare was to a certain extent assured, he began, after the novelty of absolute freedom wore off, to somehow miss the companionship of a lifetime, even to pine, if half unconsciously, for the spicy epigrams in which his sister excelled. His farmer's life was monotonous, his relaxations few. His pipe was no longer the solace it had been when it was smoked under the ban of stern disapproval. Literature other than the country paper and the almanac had no charm, and his spare hours grew heavy on his hands. It was not strange then that his inveterate habit reasserted itself and took stronger hold of him than ever. As luck would have it, just at this time the necessity for foreclosure on a mortgage brought into his possession "a house 'n' barn, three acres of land 'n' a heater-piece," and so began the somewhat retrogressive evolution of a parlor organ.

'Lias Tripp accepted his acquisition with delight. He even made a call upon Mrs. Enoch Butters for the purpose of informing her that he "calk'lated to hold on to it for quite a spell," the land being "as pretty a little medder" as there was in Barberry Centre. However, true to the prophecy expressed in the shake of Mrs. Butters's head, it took but a few short weeks for that same "medder" to assume its true character, which he gently described as a "leetle mite *too* swampy," and thereupon he began to consider the various opportunities of exchange which the neighborhood afforded. It may be that the land was a "little mite too swampy" for the community at large. For a bitter period it remained uncoveted, and 'Lias was at last fain to content himself with so tangible an exchange as an "improved" mowing machine and other minor matters too numerous to mention, but which augmented his goodly collection of articles gained by trading.

That mowing machine 'Lias felt was something he had long craved. He now realized how dissatisfied he had been with his old one, and he foresaw for this a great future of usefulness to the whole country-side, as well as of revenue to himself.

Alas for the plans of mice and men! In this particular instance it was only the latter which did "gang agley;" for truth to tell the plans of the mice could have been but little interfered with.

That mowing machine proved itself not only of a worthless but of a distinctly vicious disposition. Never were the things which should have been done more utterly neglected. Never were those which should have been left undone more faithfully performed. Before its triumphant progress the grass bent to the very earth as before a conquering hero, and according to the nature of the conquered the obeisance was in appearance only; not a blade of that grass relaxed its hold upon its native heath, and the shining knife refused *in toto* to cut anything of less importance than its owner's ankle.

This last act of insubordination sealed the doom of the "improved." 'Lias was too honest to sing its praises; indeed it was with some not unnatural rancor that he cited its defects; but another sanguine man still lived, the machine passed into the next county and it is to be hoped a harmless old age, where it could slowly rust out after the manner of the New England farmer and his tools.

After this episode Mr. Tripp's attention was again turned to the loneliness of his

home. True he did not yet acknowledge it to be lonely, but he by degrees accepted tacitly the superiority of "women folks" in the matter of "fixin's." Such superiority, however, he deemed entirely an acquired trait, and he set himself to acquire it valiantly.

"Naomi took consid'able many things," he mused; "it's jest things thet's wanted;" and so through several transitions the malicious mowing machine became a red plush "parlor suit," which he fondly hoped would restore the departed glories of the best room, and from that splendor he was determined to extract his longed-for comfort.

But the furniture was disappointing. Its gorgeousness was repellent. It was compellant as well. It compelled a coat and a Sunday coat at that, and it stared the other things in the room shamefully out of countenance, and as they had the prior right he resented it for them. He had never heard of "a keynote," but in decoration, in spite of such ignorance, he felt his new furniture dwarfed its surroundings. He liked the old familiar things, and he wouldn't have them treated so.

"What on airth," queried he, "doos a single man like me want with a red plush sofy 'n' chairs?"

It was Sunday noon. The obligations of the day had forced him into a siesta in the sacred apartment, and the red plush had forced him into a coat. He resented the liberty. In his own house he would do as he saw fit in spite of a set of furniture which had failed to keep its agreement. He jerked his coat off with some vehemence, and seated himself in his shirt sleeves, resolved to solve all problems in regard to it then and there.

"I vow!" he ejaculated at last. "Job Gaines is gittin' married for the second time next week. Like as not he'll hev somethin' to swap off for it."

'Lias was so sure of the result of his intended negotiation that Monday morning saw him under way with the offending sofa and all its family relations discreetly disposed in his wagon under an artistically careless arrangement of horse blankets and buffalo robes, the coverings an acknowledgment of the current opinion that the women folks of Barberry Centre were "dretful curious."

In spite of his precaution, however, the news soon reached Nancy Fletcher in her home over the village store that "Naomi's marryin' hadn't done much good. 'Lias was at it again." When her informer had left her she gathered up her work and drew nearer to the window in apparent quest of light, but her cheeks were flushed and her eyes looked more anxious than the nature of her ostensible talk warranted. What 'Lias might be "swappin'" she did not know, but she thought regretfully of the vanishing glories of that paradise where one woman at least had failed to know herself "well off."

It was late when the recalcitrant Mr. Tripp drove by on his homeward way. He drew in his horse a little and looked up expectantly, but Miss Nancy shrank behind the closed half of her blind. After he had gone she was sorry. She wished that she had had courage to tell him what a poor exchange he had made. She felt it must be so, whatever he had exchanged, for she well knew the rigidity of that uncompromising horse-hair couch, to say naught of the slipperiness of the accompanying chairs which, together with a considerable quantity of what Naomi would have called "truck," reposed beneath the drapery of rusty buffaloes.

From its likeness to that which had reigned in the "best room" for many years, 'Lias felt his new venture possessed of all the virtues of that which departing with Naomi had carried so much of his domestic comfort with it, and when surprised that that comfort had not returned, directed his attention to the minor objects in the room, indeed in the whole house, and these he swapped with a determination worthy of the cause, but chaotic in its results.

Another Sunday came when 'Lias again took survey of his belongings, and everything seemed to him "dead sea fruit."

"Queer," he mused, "how things doos pan out. I'd hev swore them rockers was mahog'ny, 'n' darned ef they ain't stain, 'n' don't set well neither. I declar' ef I had any folks I'd sell off the lot 'n' git new."

Perhaps his own words, perhaps the unhomely look of the whole house, perhaps the homelike sounds of the summer life without filled 'Lias's cup to overflowing with a sense of solitude.

"I guess," he said, "I'll go down to meetin' this evenin' 'n' see ef I don't see Naomi."

He went, but Naomi was not there. More disappointed than he would have admitted, he started on his way home, when suddenly he became aware of a slight figure slipping into the darkness before him. Somehow the knowledge that it was Nancy seemed pleasant to him, and one or two strides brought him to her side. She looked up at him, affecting a certain surprise. 'Lias stooped and shook her hand. It trembled a little, and he wondered why it was cold even through her glove. When they reached the store, not conventionality but shyness prevented the little woman from asking her companion to enter. But he needed no such invitation.

"Ef you don't mind," he said, "I'll come in 'n' set for a spell."

Miss Nancy was sadly fluttered, but after a while she grew more quiet, and began to enjoy her guest. She sat bolt upright in a cane-seated chair at one side of the table, while at the other he filled the big rocking-chair to repletion, and sighed contentedly. They talked little and in commonplaces at first, the greater part of the dressmaker's attention seeming to be given to rolling up and carefully pinning her bonnet strings. Yet 'Lias wondered vaguely what caused his sensation of content, and she why the hands of the clock raced after such an unusual fashion.

"You're real snug," Mr. Tripp ventured at last with a sigh, taking a silent inventory of such articles in his surroundings as might, if duplicated in his own home, give it that vague something which he had hitherto sought in vain.

The room was large but very low, and the floor sloped a good deal. There was a rag carpet woven "hit or miss," a round centre-table with a black and red cloth, a lamp bearing a green glass shade, a work-basket and some piles of fashion plates. The lamp stood upon a mat knit in purple pansies, and there were a few books of bindings less lugubrious than their contents. The walls were papered with what the owners of the room would have called a "neat" stripe, but as those same walls were not quite true, the red and green stripes careered over them in a tipsy fashion, though this unseemly behavior was partly hidden by numerous scenes in crayon, with the high lights picked out in white chalk, which had been executed by Miss Nancy's mother in her youth.

None of these things were unaccustomed to 'Lias. They were such as still remained to him in the less sacred parts of his own house, yet they gave it no such air of peace and comfort as reigned here. He was unable to account for it all until suddenly his eyes fixed themselves upon the parlor organ, which occupied a third of the space the little room contained. He viewed it with admiration not unmixed with love. It must be such an acquisition would solve his problem.

He looked at the organ and then at Miss Nancy.

"S'pose you set some store by that air instrument. Can't you give us a tune on it — 'Coronation' or somethin' kinder stirrin'?"

Miss Fletcher jumped to do his bidding. She was not a great performer, but the organ had not been her sole companion during those dreary evenings when her "eyes plagued her" for nothing.

'Lias listened as to the music of the spheres. He poked his head forward and watched the stiff and awkward motions of Nancy's thin, pricked fingers intently, keeping time with his foot. When the clock struck with discordant note the hour of nine, he rose to go.

"You're dretful snug," he sighed as he bade his hostess good night. "Dretful snug, Nancy. Hope you know when you're well off." But he didn't see the tears in the faded eyes as the dressmaker closed the organ and looked about the room, which seemed empty to her in spite of its presence.

'Lias's efforts to be "snug" himself still continued fruitless. He put the thought of the organ out of his mind as too rank an extravagance.

"It's women's fixin's," he said. "That's what it is. I'm sorry I swapped off them feather flowers for them new-fangled rake teeth. I ain't never seen the time I really wanted to set down 'side of that air centre-table like I did Nancy's. P'rhaps it's the mats. Like 'nough she'd make me some, too."

"You're clever with your fingers, Nancy," he said next day. "Can't you rig me up some of them posy mats of yours? I'm kinder tryin' to git fixed up to our place. Men folks don't know women folks' ways."

Nancy set about her task sadly. She felt she could read only too easily the signs of the times. The "men folks" at the Tripp farm would not long be alone. But dismal as was her mood she did not let it spoil her work. On the contrary, through a mist of tears yellow woollen blooms took form as more appropriate to the exigencies of the occasion.

So Mr. Tripp carried his mats home carefully done up "on the bias" in a bit of much-creased brown paper and pinned with a large white pin. He lighted his solitary lamp, set it upon the purple and gold pansies, but even sitting in plain sight of them he was fully aware that he still lacked his heartsease. At last he threw his paper to the floor.

"It's that air organ," he ejaculated with conviction. "I'll sleep on it, 'n' ef I'm of the same mind to-morrer I'll offer her Aunt Matildy's cashemire shawl 'n' gold hoop earrin's 'n' what she says to boot. I don't s'pose, though, it'll look so well without Nancy playin' on it. I'll ask her up sometimes to kinder tune it up."

When 'Lias broached the subject to Miss Nancy, her poor unsteady little heart sank in her bosom. Her suspicions seemed now quite confirmed. She could not answer very clearly, but he knew her words contained acceptance of his offer though he little knew what it cost her.

When 'Lias came for his purchase, "It's ben comp'ny," she sighed. "But p'rhaps your folks'll use it more'n what I do." She bent to pin the faded horse blankets lovingly about her treasure. "I hope she can play on it some."

As Mr. Tripp drove slowly home he pondered mightily on Miss Fletcher's last words. They savored of mystery and he didn't like mystery, but after a while the pleasure of placing his acquisition in its new abode drove all else from his mind, even the little teary woman whose face had somehow given him a strangely uncomfortable pang of pity.

'Lias placed the organ between the two front windows of the best room, regardless of the fact that it almost obscured the light from both, which would hardly have impressed him, however, light being the last thing he had been taught by experience to associate with "best rooms." At first he was sure that he had now the very thing he needed, but by degrees it was borne in upon him that this too somewhat dwarfed its surroundings.

"I declar'," he said, "ef I hed some folks I'd git more new stuff right out. I declar' I wish — I *hed* some folks."

He sat down to read, but the organ loomed out of the dimness beyond the circle of lamp-light and made attention impossible. After a while he rose and, seating himself before it, pressed some of the keys timidly, bringing forth weirdly dismal notes.

"Strange what a powerful diff'rence it makes who's workin' of it," he marvelled. "Nancy made it speak, no mistake."

Then he thought of her rendering of his favorite hymns. A vague sort of longing crept upon him. He closed the organ, put out his lamp and returned to his more accustomed place by the kitchen stove. He felt less lonely here, yet his thoughts would wander back to the sad little woman who had said, "Hope she'll be able to play on it." "Ain't no she thet's likely to do it," he mused. "P'rhaps she meant Naomi. Must hev thought I was simple, gittin' an organ for Naomi."

After he had closed the house for the night he lighted his bedroom candle and took a final peep at his instrument.

"'Tisn't any more use to me 'n' to Naomi," he soliloquized. "What call hev men folks to orgins? I'm agoin' to trade it off 'fore sundown — I guess I'm goin' to."

But the morrow was a busy day. It was after dark before 'Lias found time to visit the village, and the organ was still

his. As he turned to leave the post office he saw among the crowd of farmers, half-grown boys and giggling girls, a small, meek figure. The light from the office window fell across Nancy's face. 'Lias was forty. He had in all those years given few thoughts to "women folks," yet now he wondered that he had not thought more often of Nancy Fletcher. He joined her and, looking down into her face, realized that he was very glad to see it. How pink her cheeks were, and her blue eyes were pretty without their disfiguring glasses.

"I'm in some hurry, Mr. Tripp," she said primly, trying to outwalk him. "But I hope she'll make out to play on it."

"Naomi?" 'Lias queried helplessly.

There was the faintest note of acidity in the gentle voice.

"No, I don't know's I meant Naomi." Her face was turned suddenly away from her companion, but not before he saw a great tear roll down her cheek.

"I do declar'!" That was all he said until they reached the store. Overhead in the window a solitary lamp stood. It reminded 'Lias of his own.

"Nancy," he said suddenly, "I've 'bout concluded to trade off that air orgin. I thought I'd oughter give you first chance."

Nancy caught her breath in the darkness.

"It's real clever of you, 'Lias. Ef you ain't any use for it I— Ef she can't make out to play on it—"

'Lias smiled to himself and drew nearer to the little figure.

"I don' know's I should be satisfied ef she didn't play same as you, Nancy."

Again she caught her breath. The conversation was very trying.

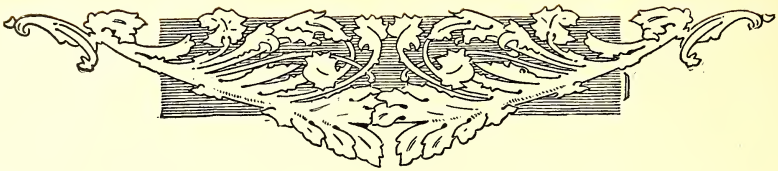
"I don' s'pose I've got anythin' you'll want, 'Lias."

"Yes, you hev, somethin' I've just found out is wanted up to our place, 'n' it'll save movin' the orgin, 'n' I want 'em both dretful, Nancy. It's you."

And Nancy leaned up against him simply because she couldn't stand.

"O 'Lias," said she. "You 'n' the orgin 'n' thet good home!"

But Naomi remarked, "It'll be a mussy ef he don't trade off Nancy."



# REMEMBERED.

A MEMORIAL DAY POEM.

*By Theron Brown.*

HOW fares the memory of the dead
When their last friend
And mourner falls? What hands their bed
In love shall tend
When grief is past and time's long yesterday
Has hid their names away?

Will Honor, counting less and less
Her legions brave,
At last none living find to dress
A hero's grave?
Will Freedom slight her slain when their retreat
Is trod by strangers' feet?

O, not for them whose country's life
By theirs was won
Oblivion waits. Their fields of strife
In the sweet sun
Make annual harvest, as the seasons come,
Out of their martyrdom;

And, writ on living monuments
Through breadth and length
Of a saved land, their old defence
Is still the strength
Of patriots and the theme of hymns that rise
O'er their red sacrifice.

Nor call the chieftains of their host
The great alone;
But more their sum of greatness boast
Who served unknown
And left our age their triumph with the trust
Of their untitled dust.

The islets of the tropic seas
Are finished lives,
Millions of wingless ocean-bees
Dead in their hives.
The mangrove clusters and the cocoa blooms
Above unnumbered tombs.

Each polyp lies in white repose
  Without its fame;
The watery world its nation knows,
  But not its name;
And endless summer crowns the race whose graves
Are pillars in the waves.

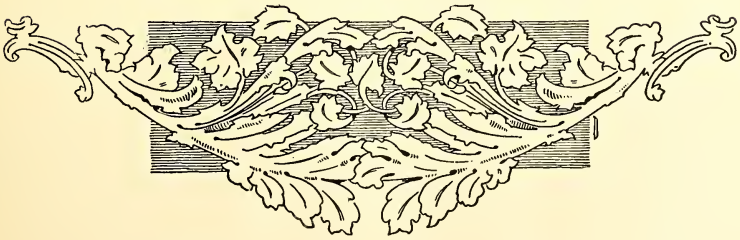
So strong those little builders wrought
  Their task of time,
Their forms endure, creation's thought
  In stone sublime;
The homes they toiled for to green dwellings grew
For tribes they never knew.

And on our history's myriad slain
  Even so to-day
We rest, and in the common gain
  Their loss repay.
Their fates are footholds of all future men
Between the Now and Then.

Within our empire's walls are set
  Their honored bones;
Our house of peace cannot forget
  Its corner-stones;
Their blended worth outlasts all single crowns
Or glare of lone renowns.

Remembered! If the thanks of years
  Be truer meed
Than tribute of immediate tears,
  The brave shall need
No kindred's sorrow-sign their fame to tell,
Who died so nobly well.

Remembered! Centuries of sleep
  Were but a night
To the long love and pride that keep
  Their deeds in sight;
And Liberty's last vital beam will shed
Its glory o'er her dead.



# IN THE MIDDLE TOWN OF WHITEFIELD.

*By Helen Marshall North.*

## I. The Church.

THERE have been periods in the history of the "middle town" of Whitefield when it would have been impossible to use the definite article concerning the pleasant little white-spired church on the green which crowns the Meeting-house Hill, for there were once many Baptists here and a good church to shelter them; and there were Methodists many, and for them, likewise, a goodly church. But the Baptist church long ago went bodily over the hill to the next town, — at least its outward sign and building so disappeared; and something in history or theology caused the closing of the Methodist doors; so that to-day the little Congregational church stands at the brow of the hill with its slender spire pointing in the direction of its best hope, and nearly all the townspeople, forgetting minor differences of creed, unite in one service under one pastor. In recent years the old Methodist church, denuded of its spire and otherwise secularized by the addition of a small stage and a drop curtain, has come down near to its Congregational sister and been diverted to purely worldly uses.

The church, the only church in the middle town of Whitefield, stands, then, alone, with the hall to its north, facing the common, and with the ancient horse-sheds and the old burial ground on the east. Its most ardent admirer could not classify its architecture as other than plain, yet every one loves the old building and finds it full of interest. It is white, of course, with a nice gabled front and a spire set somewhat too suddenly upon the belfry. Tradition says that the builder inadvertently omitted one section of the elevation and hence the meagreness of the height. But if this be true, the builders of other churches in the town committed a similar error. Looking at the church from the west, the spire seems to fit snugly into the mountain foliage just beyond, while from the south it is so amply backed by sky and fine cloud that one's fancy is easily carried upward to the thought of the better life.

Below the sharp gable one large green-blinded window is flanked on either side by a generous door; while steps broad and old, of heavy stone, easiest of ascent near the middle, rise very steep at the sides. The old resident never makes the mistake of coming up these steps at the side.

Perhaps the little church is more interesting or at least more unique in its history than in its present condition; for it is much like other churches on these hills, cosily pleasant within, well filled on a Sunday morning with intelligent people, not of the traditional but of the real New England type. You may listen carefully to their ordinary conversation for a half day at a time; listen to them as they discuss the commonest affairs of their daily living or discuss politics or religion in the public meeting, and you shall hear no vulgar, illiterate speech, no careless elision of vowels, and only an occasional nasal tone, by no means a peculiarity of any section of the country. They speak as did their fathers and grandfathers before them, this people of Whitefield, with ease and correctness, and if you would hear the dialect which the popular story-writer puts into the mouths of his characteristic New Englanders, seek it not here. These people read, and, what is better for the country, they find time to think over and talk about what they read. It is quite possible that some of them may have a more intelligent comprehension of the important affairs of the day than the flippant visitor who makes game of their costume because it does not include the latest fancy of fashion.

When Sunday morning comes the old church door is open at nine, and all over and through these hills and valleys there

rings out the peal of its pleasant bell, a warning and an invitation. In every farmhouse on the hillside there is some one to glance at the family clock and see that it is telling the hours correctly, and if not, to set it right with the church bell; for the nine o'clock Sunday morning bell is always supposed to be exactly with the sun. The youthful janitor is a handsome fellow, destined to be a man of influence some day if he fulfils the promise of his youth. He easily grasps the bell rope, which makes no secret of its connection, but is conveniently coiled and attached to a hook in the vestibule of the church.

Now sitting on the old stone steps outside, on a bright, pleasant summer morning, in the light of the hospitable sun, by virtue of his position one almost hears the gentle hum of preparation going on in all the pleasant homes on the hillsides to the north, south, east and west. Mothers and daughters are hastening through the homely morning household tasks and dressing with suitable respect for the day, the house and the worshippers. Fathers and sons are no less busily providing for the wants of the lowlier animals dependent on their care, and making themselves trim and presentable for the Sabbath-day gathering. Across the common one womanly form and another comes in home attire, bringing the choicest flowers of the garden to beautify the place of the sanctuary, until the desk and tables are bright and fragrant with sweet peas and geraniums, lilies and asters, ferns and pansies, of which flowers there is excellent store in the middle town of Whitefield gardens. At ten the church doors are again thrown wide open. No Sunday newspapers beguile unwilling worshippers to stay at home. Over the hill from the west comes the first team, its two seats filled with a fresh, healthy family group. You may wonder to see the babies, but they soon cease to be a surprise, for they are coming hither of all ages and sizes. The mothers sit conveniently near the door, and no one minds — certainly no one unless he be a stranger — a gentle coo or a tiny shriek of pleasure or even a positive cry from the lips of one of these little ones. The minister welcomes them; every one welcomes them; and after service there is always an alabaster box of praise and incense to be broken at the shrine of each of these tender worshippers; always some one to assure the mother of a restless child that no one was disturbed by the little cries; always some one to see the baby for the first time and dilate on its beauty and winsomeness and trace family resemblances in the tiny face.

With a brisk clatter over the stony roadway and a special flourish, the stout, well-kept farm horse brings up before the broad stone platform at the farther end of the steps. He needs no intimation that this is the place where the family are to alight. They have been coming here every Sabbath for ten, fifteen, twenty years, and he could come as well alone. The farmer hands out his family, and the horse steps briskly around to his well-known stall in the shed, where he expects a comfortable morning's rest in the near society of his kinsfolk and acquaintance from all the hills around. The family, the feminine portion of it, with a few preparatory adjustments of toilet, take their places in the church, which has a hushed, pleasantly expectant atmosphere. The fathers and sons, more secular-minded, placard themselves against the church on the outside steps, and gaze and gossip as the teams come up, one by one, and deposit their burdens.

One of the advantages of attending church at the middle town of Whitefield, to a resident of course, is that here one meets all his family connections and enjoys a sort of general thanksgiving. Here come a quite elderly couple, the red of the wintergreen berry in their old cheeks, their shoulders bowed with years of toil, may be, but their eyes as bright and their minds as strong to absorb the doctrine measured out by the minister, as in the days of their youth. Aside from their sincere delight in the spiritual uplifting which they always expect in this church where they have come as children, young man and maid, middle-aged, and now as elderly couple, there is an eager pleasure in the heart of the old mother as she slips into her comfortable, old-fashioned pocket a red-cheeked

apple for Rosa's boy, or a clipping of poetry which she has enjoyed and longs to share with her comely, matronly daughter; while Rosa, in her turn, dresses the children with becoming pride to do honor to the grandfather and grandmother to whom they are dear. And Rosa becomes a child again when brother Tom and sister Lucy, each the head of a goodly family, exchange greetings and promises of future visits, in the church porch. Shy Bessie, Rosa's oldest daughter, with blushing cheeks, is conscious of the presence of young John from a farm over south, and in the true fashion of innocent girlhood notes all his movements from the corner of her eye, in a way that would astonish an oculist.

The excellent quartet choir of young farmers came over the hills to a rehearsal last night, and despite a day of toil in the fields, conscientiously practised the anthems and hymns until a late hour. The quartet stands near the minister's desk, facing the gallery where the older inhabitants remember that the long choir, composed of almost all the young people in town, used to stand to be led by an enthusiastic but venerable gentleman, whose violin had a peculiarly Sabbatical twang as he drew out from its strings the solemn notes of "China" or "Mear," or the more frivolous strains of "Lischer" or "Lenox."

Those were the days when the congregation turned about in their seats to face the choir during the singing, leaving the minister to his own devices. Each singer then was supplied with two books, one a long book of tunes in which was meagrely printed a single verse to each tune, of which there were two or three on a page, and several rollicking anthems near the end; the other a small, fat hymn-book a "Watts and Select," of course giving the words only. The eyes of the youngest members of the congregation gazed with enchanted delight and admiration at the ease with which these favored individuals guided their voices and rolled their eyes from hymn to tune book, from the long thin book to the short thick one, and never made a mistake in words or notes. The highest happiness of one little girl was found in imitating these marvellously graceful spectacular movements in the retirement of the playhouse.

But the quartet choir of to-day in Whitefield church devotes itself to good, substantial work in hymns and anthems which are designed, not for the particular display of its vocal accomplishments, but really and sincerely for the glory of God and as a direct aid to worship.

The atmosphere of the little church is quiet and reverent. With the exception of the baby's coo and an occasional stamp from a restive steed in the sheds near by, no sound is heard except the voice of the minister. There is no passing down the hill, for the town, with few exceptions, is in church. No shriek of cars or rattle over hard pavements disturbs the worshippers, and the people listen with the intentness which marked their fathers and grandfathers before them, worshipping under the same roof. They believe in giving "diligent heed," and the rows of children, at least, find more in the sermon that comes within their comprehension than did the children who once occupied these same seats.

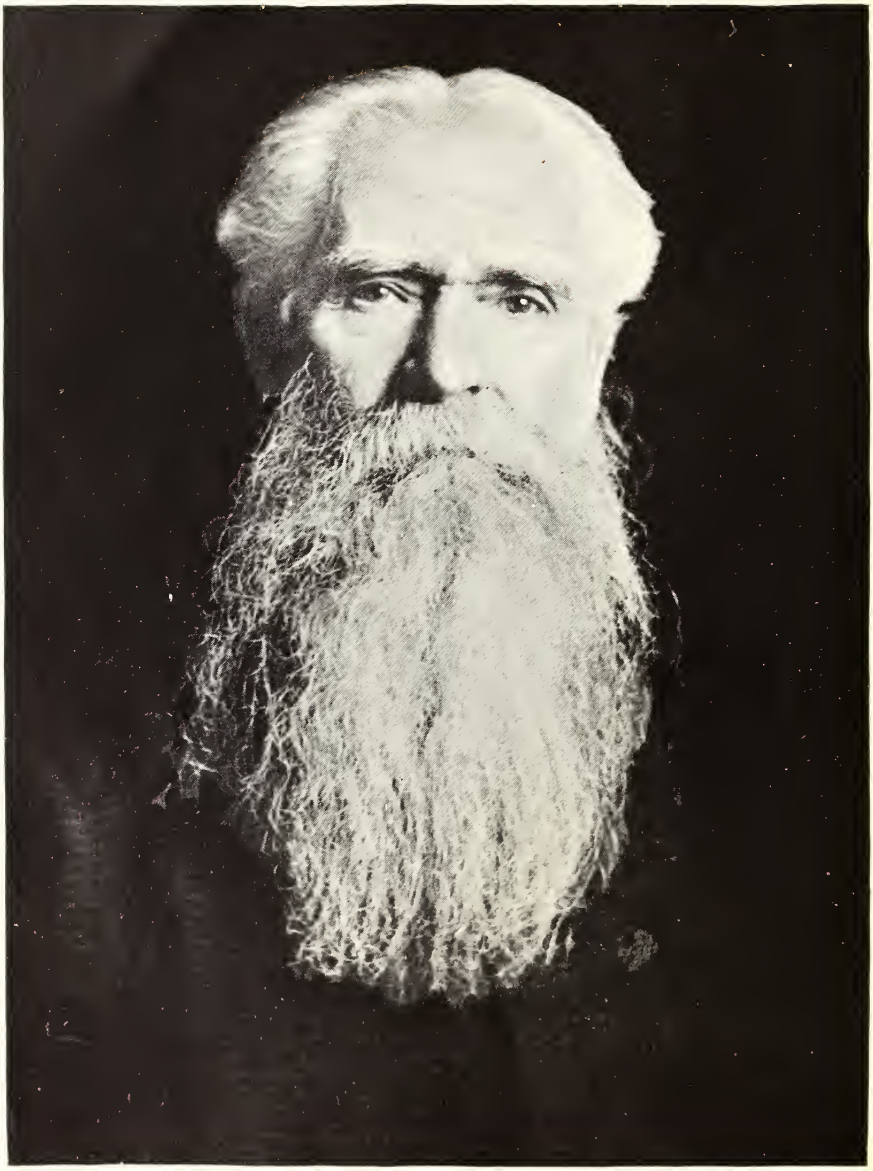
Sunday school follows the morning service, and fathers and mothers, as well as children and young people, study the Bible together. This custom may be somewhat a matter of necessity, since if the children from the distant farms remain, the fathers and mothers find it convenient to do the same; but that the adults appreciate and thoroughly enjoy this opportunity for the study of God's word there is no doubt, and when one hears, in the cities, that Christianity is declining in the hill towns of New England, let him make a journey to Whitefield and towns of its sort, and judge for himself of the truth of the statement. Having fewer administrative interests to consider in connection with the church than his city brother, the New England farmer has far larger space for the spiritual, and sees no incongruity in a week-day discussion of theological or religious subjects. And in the matter of Bible study it may be found that the man of the farm has a more thorough and ready knowledge of Bible history and a better acquaintance with proof texts than some of his critics.

In the old days an "intermission" followed the morning service, and this was cosily spent by the mothers in walking about in the burying-ground among the graves, visiting the while, in decorous fashion, with sisters, cousins and friends, and daintily nibbling the frugal lunch of crackers and scalloped seed-cakes. Or the mother and little girl walked over to the doctor's house under the maples and slept cosily through it all with her head resting on her mother's lap, and the green-gloved hand, not so much bigger than the little girl's, folded protectingly about her; while the mischievous brother looked with envy on the happy season of rest granted to her tender years. The waking was blissful, because one had such a fine appetite for the dinner coming at the end of the pleasant drive

into the clean, wide room, where a healthy stream of water from an abundant spring on the mountain side was pouring out its wealth with a merry sound suggestive of great good cheer, and always connected in the mind of the little girl with Sunday and seed-cookies and gentle gossip and the reading of gravestones. And in those days the second service with its unflinching sermon, to which the elders may have listened with unction, was a period of happy oblivion to her, for she down Meeting-house Hill, over the bridge, and so to the familiar roof-tree.

But to-day we go quietly home after the morning service, and attend a prayer-meeting in the late afternoon, and by five o'clock in the afternoon the little white church is closed for a six-days' rest. It sits quietly in the common in the midst of the gentle stir of life that goes on around it, but its very presence is a sweet benediction and memory to all who pass that way.

(*To be continued.*)



Thomas Bull

1894

# THOMAS BALL.

*By William Ordway Partridge.*

THE sculptor who has added one more to the half dozen really great equestrian statues which the world possesses has done something worth while, and his name will surely be remembered. He has lived to some purpose.

In this short review of the work of Thomas Ball I ask the reader to consider the life as well as the works of this eminent sculptor and what such a life means to the world and to the man who lives it. This age, in its search for truth, feels a just interest in the life of a man who produces true things. It goes behind the art creation to the artist who creates it, and it is but right that the world should do so, for in understanding the purpose and import of a man's life we arrive at a more sympathetic appreciation and understanding of his work.

It will be necessary to glance briefly at the famous equestrian statues of the world, to show our reasons for claiming that we have produced at least one sculptor in America who, in executing the Washington equestrian statue in the Boston Public Garden, has placed American art on a parallel here with the art of the Old World.

First of all in importance is undoubtedly the Colleoni statue by Verrochio, in the Piazza of San Giovanni and San Paul in Venice. This is universally conceded to be the finest work in its entirety extant; Ruskin has declared it to be the finest equestrian statue in the world. But in perfect justice to the present, we must say that the horse and rider, considered independently of the pedestal and picturesque surroundings, would not be admitted to any well-ordered exhibition of sculpture in the world to-day. The reader may say, so much the worse for the well-ordered sculpture of the present. But not so. This age of magnificent scientific achievement demands of the sculptor as well as of the artist in other lines of work a due regard for truth; and the Colleoni horse, while decorative in outline and monumental in mass, cannot be said to be true to nature. The action is impossible, the horse's weight resting upon two legs on the same side of the body, and not upon the diagonal legs, as the horse actually does in nature when walking, as this horse is evidently doing. To make this action correct, the horse ought to be pacing. You will notice that in Fremiet's statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which is perhaps the second of importance in the world, while the action is much the same as in Colleoni's statue, the statue is true to nature in this respect, while the Colleoni is not. The reader then must appreciate that the artist of to-day and of thirty years ago, when Mr. Ball set up his statue, has certain problems to solve which Verrochio either disregarded or was ignorant of. The action of the Ball statue is correct; and after all criticism has been made upon it, it stands there for all time as a complete embodiment of the idea, nobly conceived and firmly executed. The horse is not executed with the technical cleverness which the great French sculptor Fremiet brings to his work; but it may be doubted if the latter could produce a work as monumental. Is it not better to sacrifice the almost fatal cleverness of perfect technical execution rather than the essential, all-important quality which makes a work monumental?

In our review of the great equestrian statues, we must of course mention the statue of Marcus Aurelius, on the Capitoline hill at Rome, which, while correct in action, may be criticised in point of artistic rendering and fidelity to detail in nature. Returning to the Verrochio statue for a moment, it would seem as if Verrochio must have been familiar with the statue of Marcus Aurelius, because

WASHINGTON. IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON.

the decorative outline and arrangement of the masses are much the same. The well-known statue of Frederick the Great in Berlin is a dignified and monumental work, and certainly deserves a place in even this restricted category of famous equestrian statues. Boehm's statue of the Duke of Wellington in London is criticised by the English sculptors because Boehm, in wishing to be literally true to history and nature, reproduced the great Duke's own thoroughbred, which belittles in its delicacy of outline and finesse of modelling the figure of the Duke, and seems thin and insufficient. We may justly mention the statue of Washington in Union Square in New York by our own Brown. This is essentially monumental and decorative.

Ball has certainly fulfilled the eminent French sculptor Chapu's definition of a monumental work when he said, "It must be a piece of architecture constructed on scientific as well as æsthetic lines and treated as architecture rather than as familiar portrait sculpture."

There are men who can do very clever busts, but who cannot produce an ideal head or a full-length figure; they fail utterly when put to the test. Then again,

there are sculptors who go so far as to make a successful statue, mediæval or modern, and place it upon a pedestal; but most of these have shown themselves incapable of placing a man upon a horse and giving organic artistic life to the whole production. Therefore, although I shall make some mention of other interesting work, and some of more or less artistic merit, coming from the hand of Thomas Ball, I shall dwell especially upon the fact that he produced, while still a young man, his noble and great equestrian statue of Washington, and that he modelled this statue with almost no study abroad and while inspired by American ideas.

Mr. Ball has lived to write an autobiography at the age of three score years and ten given to conscientious, industrious work. It recalls the times of Titian and Michael Angelo, when men lived into the eighties and nineties, producing fine work until the very end of life and growing in strength and beauty till its close.

Thomas Ball drew his inspiration, like most of the men of his day, from the antique; but he had the artistic taste and discernment to fill himself with the spirit of Greek art without falling into a servile imitation of its forms, which so many of his contemporaries did. His works show a strong classical bent. Indeed, it may be said that one of his shortcomings lies in this very fine quality. While there is more of modern feeling in Mr. Ball's work than in that of almost any of his contemporaries, there is not enough of it to enable us to class him with men like St. Gaudens, French and Warner, who are, for better or for worse, essentially of the present. Some one has accounted for this fact by the accident of his having lived for so many years in a foreign land under foreign influences and in a city like Florence, which, while it is the most delightful place in the world, belongs so largely to the dead past, with whatever mighty inspirations, and to the dilettante atmosphere of cities where many tourists and amateurs make their winter homes.

It is a great thing to walk about those narrow streets of Florence; to stop before the narrow, rough-built house in a street still mediæval and read upon the door, "Here was born Dante, the divine poet;" to pass on into another street and stop before the house where lived the mightiest man in modern art, Michael Angelo. Indeed, one cannot pass through the streets of Florence without treading out history at every step. But when we consider what made those men great in their time and generation, we shall find that it was not in contemplating for any length of time the works of the men who had preceded them or in passing away their lives in other countries. They were men devoted heart and soul to the time in which they lived. They were martyred for those times in the best sense,— driven into exile and put into prison because they insisted upon being heard and in taking an active part in the problems which related to the government and to their fellow men.

But we are not to discuss this philosophical question in this brief essay. One thing is sure, that Mr. Ball produced his greatest work of art after he had given less than two years to serious study abroad and at a time, it is right to say, when he was largely, if not wholly, self-taught. A great philosopher has well said that schools are made for those who need schooling. To learn the truth in the word helps save an artist and a man from the pedantry which paralyzes. The wisest men learn from the world about them. One of the greatest sculptors of Greece was almost entirely self-taught; and who indeed shall guide one so wisely and so well as the genius within him?

Mr. Ball gives a most interesting account in his autobiography of his early life and struggles in and about Boston. There is something heroic in the way in which our early artists grappled with the unhappy or, let us say, undeveloped taste of our people, and attempted to bring something beautiful out of the bare, dry, sapless New England existence. It is well for us who come after to review occasionally this past, and give proper regard and due reverence to the pioneers who have made the way possible, if not easy, for the present and the future. They were men; and I may mention with that of Thomas Ball the names of Powers, Greenough, Crawford (the father of our Marion Crawford), Palmer, John

Rogers, Randolph Rogers, and many others, — men of heroic mould, men whose tools many of the young upstarts of to-day, fresh from the claque and clamor of the Parisian schools, carry as Sancho Panza might wield the sword of Bayard.

DAVID.

One thing which all men of true culture must admire in Thomas Ball is his largeness of spirit, his courage and his reaching out constantly for the greater things, no matter how far they lie beyond him. It takes a great man to see forever the illimitable kingdoms before him, which are his own if his character warrant the exchange.

In glancing at the life of Thomas Ball, the first thing which impresses us, and the last, is his sterling honesty. It is a pure, consistent, brave life from beginning to end. At first we meet him, a delicate, sensitive child, born in Charlestown on the third of June, 1819. He had the good fortune to be born of gentle folk, which the Greek was not far wrong in holding to be the chief good. I use gentle in its essential meaning. His memories of his father are those of a generous, honest and temperate man, never unkind. There is something touching about his having stopped one day on the Cambridge bridge with the little Tom, saying to the boy in a sad, half-dreamy way: "My boy, do you think you could ever learn to paint those waves?" — which were tinged then with the golden splendor of the setting sun. The boy of six never forgot that saying of his father. It helped to make an artist of him. Had that father come into our New England life one generation later, he would no doubt have been as great an artist as the son. There is something inexpressibly sad about these men who, like Masaccio, painted and worked that those who came after might from their humble efforts produce some worthy and enduring art for America and the world.

"He came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls that shone
For Raphael and for Angelo
With secrets deeper than his own;
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or when.

"'And is this,' mused I, 'all ye earned,
High vaulted brain and cunning hand, —
That ye to greater men could teach
The skill yourselves could never reach?

"'Thoughts that great hearts once broke for we
Breathe cheaply in the common air.'"

In any case, the older Ball did what he could to encourge a love of art in

his sensitive child. It was rather odd that he should have taken the boy to the State House to see Chantrey's statue of Washington. Little did the boy dream that he should some day produce a statue far superior to it. Though the young Ball had a certain gift for color, which gift or instinct was no doubt brought out by seeing his father execute the simple decorative work he was called upon to do for his daily bread, he had the nature essentially of a sculptor. If one studies the history of sculpture, one finds as a rule that the men who have pursued it successfully — by which I mean have produced great work — have been men simple in their tastes, of a religious nature, thoroughly honest and without wasting passions and desires which the color gift often inspires. Thomas Ball was all this and something more, — much more than one can tell in a brief sketch like the present. In his autobiography he lays his heart bare to us with childlike naiveté. He says: "All that I have written would seem to indicate a life frittered away without any serious thought, — which emboldens me to confess that my inner life has been earnest, conscientious and prayerful. Imbued with a strong faith in 'a Divinity that shapes our ends,' my prayers have been constant, but simple. I have never prayed for wealth, I have never prayed for fame; but fervently have I prayed to be guided in all my ways, to be kept from temptation, to be delivered from evil, to be blessed with strength, courage and patience to labor and wait." There are few men to-day who would have the frankness and courage to reveal so much of their inner life, if they had such an inner life to reveal. It sounds almost like the words of Michael Angelo, as Longfellow gives them: —

"Who knows? Who knows?
There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls; and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.

"In happy hours, when the imagination
Waits like a wind at midnight, and the soul
Trembles at all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward."

I spoke of Mr. Ball's capacity for doing good work in color. He himself states that the three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, are among his earliest recollections,— the first, in the tall plume belonging to the uniform of the Charlestown Light Infantry, of which his father was a member; the second, in the cellar door of the gunhouse on the training field, near the spot where he was born,

THE CHICKERING MONUMENT, MOUNT AUBURN.

and down which he used to slide with the neighboring boys; and the third the color of the frock which he wore about that time. In one sense trivial, this is still interesting as pointing out the boy's

artistic nature and his power of selection.

To these pleasant, childish hours and associations must be added the tragic days of grief, hunger and poverty which followed fast upon them. Yet in his happy, calm sanity, Mr. Ball looks back upon this season of distress and anguish and the time when hunger stared the household in the face and death visited it, as a time in which the benignity of God stood behind the shadow. He believes that he escaped the temptations and perils which surround boyhood because of these privations and the fervid prayers of his mother.

Up to the age of fifteen or sixteen he does not remember showing any especial artistic gift; yet in the same breath he tells us that he was musical, — and he developed not a little mechanical ingenuity. He made all his own playthings, and in the boats which he carved we may trace the beginnings of his Washington statue. He recalls going down to the wharves and studying the graceful lines and proportions of the ships, then hurrying home to work some small model while the impression was fresh on his memory. He would make these journeys, often going three times a day, until he had formed a clear conception of an entire ship and reproduced it in miniature, with its spars, ropes and masts. This was a most happy order of study for the young artist, although he little appreciated it as such at that time. He could hardly have worked in a better school of art or life. Indeed, most of us make a great mistake in forever looking for precedent by which to guide our future. Shall we never learn that every life is as essentially different from another as one face is from another? — that no one has a right to say to this child, Make your life like that of Washington, Cæsar or Lincoln? — that no one has the right to attempt to force a new life into old moulds? — and that in such an attempt we hurt both the old and the new? If we continue our education on this basis, trying to make the new children like the old ones, we shall produce — thinking now of the field of art — a host of drawing masters and modellers, but no artists and sculptors. It behooves us in our schools and lives to study every child that is placed before us with as much care as we study a rare flower found on the far mountain side or in the deepest glen. There is something in that child which has never been done before in the world and will never be done again — something which, as a great sculptor once said to me, is sacred, and which no school or faculty should dare tamper with or tie down.

It is interesting to hear what Ball says of his intellectual and psychological life. It seems that in his childhood he was assailed by horrible dreams; and we remark his strength of character even at this early age by the way in which he wrestled with these nightmares and finally dominated all the chimeras, so that when his evil genius appeared to him in slumber, he would say to himself, "It is only a dream," — and whether ghost or devil, it would at once vanish or the child would awake. This hardiness of intellect and sturdiness of will is remarkable in one so young. This firmness of purpose he carried with him through life. There is no faltering or trembling with clay or pencil. Study the Washington statue, and you will see that it is rendered with a vigor which is characteristic of a man of decision.

Of his school days he speaks with little pleasure. He had the usual New England master, wearing his spectacles and cowhide, and believing that he needed them both to be able to teach properly. Schools have imprisoned and broken the heart of many a genius. Of his schoolmates he remembers particularly Davenport, one of the greatest tragedians America has produced, and whose declamations as a school-boy had a remarkable effect on young Ball.

His school days came practically to a close at the death of his father, when the boy was but twelve years old. There is one incident which occurred at this time so touchingly beautiful that we must mention it here. His mother, very fond of flowers, had made a small collection during the late summer, which were all destroyed by an untimely frost, with the exception of one hardy chrysanthemum.

At the same time with the loss of the flowers, the mother found herself with little or no food in the house to sustain her little ones, and nothing which she could spare to be sold with which to obtain bread, — when the boy suddenly remembered a flower-shop on Washington Street, where he believed he might sell the one beautiful chrysanthemum which had survived the frost. He begged his mother to let him take it to the shop and offer it for sale. The mother put the flower into his hands, kissed him, and bade him go. He sold it for ten cents and bought with the money a large loaf of bread.

ST. JOHN. FOREST HILLS CEMETERY.

He now found a place in a grocery shop, where he received but one dollar a week for his services. There was a bar in one corner of the grocery, and the boy saw many incidents enacted there which shocked his sensitive nature. This grocery was much the same as the country grocery store is to-day. Men dropped in in the evening to discuss religion, politics and what not, and young Ball got a motley, if not a valuable, idea of human life from these varied discussions.

Music has been a consolation and a solace to many an artist. We seldom think of Doré without his violin. Music has been so wrought into the life of Thomas Ball that we can hardly think of him without the musical instruments which he fashioned with his own hands, and the music which he produced to assist him to gain the means to study the profession of sculpture to which he dedicated himself. He could doubtless have been proficient in many arts. After his long life, Michael Angelo said that had he another existence to pass on this earth, he would dedicate it entirely to sculpture. And yet we could ill spare the Sistine Chapel and the sublime sonnets.

CINCINNATUS.

I knew of a great sculptor in Rome, who one day tossed his flute out of the window, saying, "Enough of you and more of sculpture!" It is a mooted question, which must be solved by more intelligent educators than we have yet produced, as to how much a man loses in one art by having some idea of the sister arts. One great artist has put himself on record as having said that "an artist should know a little of everything;" and Thomas Ball himself writes that he is not sure but that he would have produced better sculpture if he had been a better musician.

It was a kind fate which led the boy one day down Court Street to the door post of the old New England Museum, on which post was displayed on that particular day a sign indicating that a boy was wanted upstairs. Our futures turn upon very small pivots; and the career of Thomas Ball hung largely on that bit of paper displayed in front of the old museum. He applied, was accepted for the position of boy to do all the chores about the place, such as sweeping the floors, dusting the pictures, keeping clean the glass cases, and displaying the treasures of the museum to the visitors. He soon made himself so useful to the manager, by means of his mechanical ingenuity, that he became indispensable to him. It was here that for the first time young Ball saw Dr. Holmes, who was pointed out to him as the celebrated surgeon and funny poet. Here the boy met all kinds of human beings, — artists, lawyers, ministers and the jolly proprietor of the place, who persuaded him to keep a journal. It was a bizarre school for the young artist, very much the same as the young Shakespeare found when he came up to London from Stratford, not such a one as the average boy is trained in, but forever the greatest and best school, — the world, — the only school in which genius seems to have any chance to develop.

In the old museum he made his first drawings; and here occurred a romantic incident which we ought not to omit. He met for the first time Hiram Powers, who had played the same *rôle* — a boy of all work — in a Cincinnati museum, and who a few years after, in the far distant city of Florence, first took Thomas Ball by the hand and welcomed him as a brother sculptor. It was now that he formed a distinct idea of becoming an artist; and telling his mother of the purpose, she insisted on his consulting the superintendent of the museum, a certain portrait painter. The painter's reply was, that he would rather see him become a bricklayer than an artist. The poor man spoke from the bitterness of his experience. There are few artists, alas! who wish their sons to become artists. It it a hard road to travel, even to-day; and then it was as difficult as the mountain path which Pilgrim climbed, with the added discouragement and deterring advice of family and friend.

To the credit of this same adviser and portrait painter we must say, however, that when he found young Ball steadily opposed to bricklaying, he decided to assist him as far as he could in his desire to become an artist. After some experience with the painter friend, and knocking about with the quasi-artists he met in and about Boston, young Ball took a small studio in an attic and started out for himself; and putting his name on a small tin sign at the door, he gave the world to understand that he was a portrait painter. Providence sent some great-hearted people to that small studio, some who left him twice the modest price he asked for his artistic efforts. He had as a companion in those days George Fuller, who was destined to work out that beautiful technique which is as subtle and poetical as that of Breton, the master of twilight.

We find young Ball pursuing his profession of portrait painting with all ardor and beginning to dream of a possible trip to Italy — actually laying by every spare dollar he could earn with the trip in view. His good mother had lived only long enough to guide the boy over the dangerous quicksands of the last days of youth. His four sisters had been married; and he felt free to start out upon the journey alone.

We now approach a crisis in the life of the artist, second only to that of the auspicious day when he entered the old Boston museum as a boy of all work. An event occurred which led him to turn his thoughts from painting to the more difficult art of sculpture. When we ask him what made him change, he replies quite frankly that it was love; and strangely enough it was a fit of despair at a refusal of an offer of marriage which led him, after a week of moodiness when his canvases were turned to the wall, to go to a friend's studio, borrow a few pounds of clay, hurry back to his own workshop, and set to work to try to forget his anxieties under the calm and absorbing interests of modelling. He became absorbed in the work, and his hard luck and anguish were soon forgotten. A cure was effected, and he decided to adopt sculpture for a profession.

His first successful bust was that of Jenny Lind. Her rendering of "Auld Robin Gray," the pathos and sweetness of her expression, and the exquisite rendering of the words made a deep impression upon Ball. The morning after hearing her, he collected all the photographs he could find, and made a small sketch, which was pronounced by all judges a

BLACKSTONE, THE FIRST WHITE INHABITANT OF BOSTON.

remarkable likeness. He could not produce copies of this bust fast enough to supply the demand, but was soon relieved of that necessity by an Italian image vender in New York, who reproduced and flooded the market at prices much below his own. His small busts became so popular that his time was fully taken up in filling orders.

He now essayed a bust of Daniel Webster, with whose face he had been familiar for a long time and for whose genius he had the greatest reverence. While he was working at the bust from whatever photographs he could obtain, Webster made that last visit to Boston on his way to Marshfield, and Ball stood on Tremont Street as he passed and studied his face for the last time.

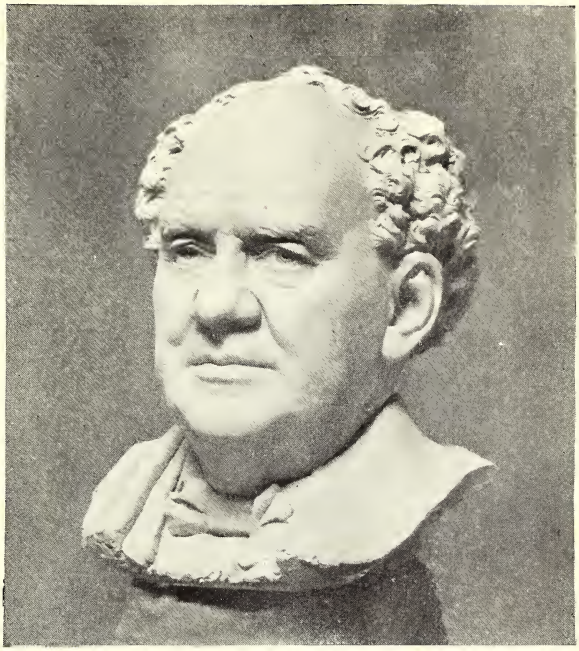
ABBÉ LISZT.

We may now consider Mr. Ball as firmly launched on his career as a sculptor, his painting and music taken up only as a diversion. Ball found he could model busts of life size as easily as the smaller ones, and this gave him greater freedom in work. He now began to earn sufficient money to consider with all seriousness a trip to Italy and further study there. He was married to a lady whose miniature he had painted when she was quite a child, and set sail for Europe in 1854.

In Florence he at once made the acquaintance of Joel T. Hart, the sculptor, who found him a home and a studio; and thus began his stay in Italy. Little did he dream that the larger part of his life would be passed there. One can hardly imagine a more delightful circle of acquaintances than was to be found at Florence at that time. There was Hiram Powers and his interesting family, the Brownings, Landor, I believe, Hart, and many others now famous in literature and art.

It was during this stay of two years in Florence that Ball heard or read in an American paper that a project was on foot to erect an equestrian statue of Washington in Boston. He at once began to study the anatomy of the horse, intending on his return to make a model and enter as a competitor for the statue. The fact is that the committee had decided to engage Thomas Crawford to make the statue. On the death of Crawford, however, in 1857, the matter of the statue was given up by its original projectors. Ball still believed that the matter would come up again, and went to work courageously upon a model of half life size. When this was finished, it was shown to a number of artists in Boston, and the opinion of its merits was so favorable that resolutions were unanimously adopted by the artists to the effect that a statue of Washington should be erected in some suitable

public place in Boston, that the statue should be the work of a resident artist and should be executed and cast in Massachusetts, and that the model for an equestrian statue of Washington by Thomas Ball, carried out on a colossal scale, would be an enduring honor to the city.



"The Greatest Show on Earth" thrown in
T. Ball

Orders now flowed in upon the sculptor. He was called to Philadelphia to model from life a bust of the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest. At the same time he was having a studio built on the premises of Chickering and Sons, the piano manufacturers, on Tremont Street, in which to model his great Washington. He gives a most interesting description of "this big barn of a studio," — a rough wooden shell, sixty feet by forty feet and thirty feet high, built directly over the ground, with a turn-table at the far end, such as is used on railroads for turning locomotives, and a derrick strong enough to lift the man on and off the horse when it was necessary. A few barrels of plaster, a chair or two and some clay completed his studio equipment. In fact, this is about the equipment of any sculptor's studio: throw in a modelling stand or two, a few casts from the antique and life, and you may form a fair idea of the average sculptor's studio and its simple furniture. The art has changed very little in four thousand years; there are intaglios cut into the sides of tombs in ancient Egypt, showing a sculptor at work, and as far as we can judge from the attitude of the model, the tool in the sculptor's hand, and the material before him, the art was pretty much the same as it is now.

Is was in this studio that Ball received as a pupil the boy Martin Milmoré, the future sculptor of the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common, to whose memory Daniel French has lately executed his beautiful bas-relief, "Death and the Sculptor."

Mr. Ball entered upon his work with rare courage. His experience in sculpture was not large. I do not know that he had ever seen an equestrian statue in process of execution. But he had the good sense and foresight to model this statue in plaster instead of clay, thereby saving himself untold miseries and mishaps. It would have been almost impossible to heat this great ark of a studio, and the result would have been that on the first cold night of winter his clay statue would have frozen, cracked and fallen to the ground. No one who has not worked upon an equestrian statue can understand the difficulties and dangers of the work. You are working with a mass that is at best but slenderly supported, of great weight, perhaps five or six tons, and which, in spite of your best efforts, is likely, from a jar or the breaking away of some internal part of the construction, to fall with little or no warning to the ground and perhaps crush or kill the sculptor and his assistants.

To the public, who know little of the construction of equestrian statues, it will be interesting to hear Ball's own description of the way in which he constructed the framework destined to support the huge weight of plaster from which the horse and man were to be modelled.

"Screwed firmly to my platform was an iron post," he writes, "about ten feet high, and four or five inches square. A horizontal timber about the length of the body of the horse rested on the top of the iron post which entered and passed through the middle of it, the two forming a T, the timber intended to lie along just under the lowest part of the back and together with the iron post support the entire weight. I then formed of plaster a series of rough slabs, ten inches wide, three inches thick, and in the form of a half circle of the diameter of the body of the horse. As soon as they were hard I simply hung them up to the timber, a dozen on each side, their lower ends coming together under the belly, supporting each other until I could join them with plaster. Thus I had a hollow cylinder, the ends of which I closed in the same manner, forming a foundation upon which to build the 'barrel' of my horse. I next drew on the floor the outlines of the legs in their right proportions and positions, bending a strong iron to lay in the middle of each leg. I raised them about an inch from the floor with a bit of plaster under each end, then filled in the outlines with plaster, covering the irons over and under. These irons should be long enough to project six or eight inches under the hoof and over the top to enter the plinth below and the 'barrel' of the horse above. In this way I had the legs solidly roughed out with an iron exactly in the middle of each, and ready to be placed under the horse. Of course my small model told me where to place the hoofs. After this, the building up of the neck and head of the horse was a simple matter."

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

The sculptor goes on to say that the whole colossal group, and at least one third more plaster wasted, passed through a two-quart bowl, and he asks the reader to form an idea of how that bowl and spoon had to work. He kept his barrel of plaster at one end of the long room and the statue fifty feet away at the other. Every bowlful was mixed with one eye on the statue; and while the plaster was setting in the bowl, he had just a moment to study where that bowlful could be put on with best effect. The day after, he would go to work with rasps and scrapers and work down and carve the plaster he had thus applied to the mass.

At the end of his long studio was a great folding door which he could open, and go far into the grounds and view his group at sufficient distance to judge properly of the effect of his work.

The figure of the man he modelled in the same way of plaster, twisting hay about, building his soft plaster about this

hay, thereby keeping the mass down in weight, and making the arms, torso and head hollow. By means of his derrick he could lift the head or torso off at will, and bring it down to study it at closer range. When the statue was about completed, an accident happened, which nearly brought it to the ground. It seems that the well-known firm of Cheney Brothers had built on the ground adjoining the studio a temporary structure for proving the strength of the rifle barrels they were manufacturing. They would lay out a battery of these barrels, two or three hundred at a time, loaded to the muzzle, and fire them off at the same instant, making a terrific explosion. At the first trial of this battery, the great studio was shaken as if by an earthquake, and every leg of the horse resting on the ground was cracked to the middle.

WHISPERING ZEPHYR.

For three years he worked away alone at his statue; and when it was finished he threw open the doors and invited the public to come in and see his work. Many people in Boston had never seen an equestrian statue, and not more than fifty at the most had ever been in a studio where such a statue was being modelled. The children of the public schools visited the studio; and every one seemed delighted with the work.

There are few people to-day who appreciate the size of the statue. The extreme length of the group is sixteen feet, height sixteen feet, the height of the figure of Washington twelve feet. The pedestal of Quincy granite was designed by Hammet Billings and is fifteen feet in height and eighteen feet in length. The total cost of the work was $42,000. It was cast by Silas Mosman of the Ames Manufacturing Company at Chicopée. The reader may form some idea of its size when he knows that a tall man may stand under the barrel of the horse. To see it to advantage, one ought to be at least one hundred feet away from the statue.

The statue was unveiled January 29, 1869. After the completion of the Washington, in the eventful year 1865, Mr. Ball again sailed for Europe, taking with him a number of works to execute in marble. This time he found a dwelling on the third floor of the Casa Guidi, where the Brownings passed so many delightful years, and where Mrs. Browning died. Mr. Ball and his wife had met the two great poets on their first visit to Florence, and he missed sadly their genial welcome on his return there. He began, in one of the spare rooms of his apartment, a half life size model of the "Emancipation" group, which stands in Park Square in Boston, and which, while it has been severely criticised, is a group which is not badly composed and has much dignity and many things to recommend it to the public, even if it is not a great work of art.

It was Hiram Powers who, leading Thomas Ball to walk one morning with him up the Poggio Imperiale to look at a house in process of construction on the site of a vineyard close to an old monastery, asked him what he thought of the city from that elevated position. "What do you think of this spot," said Powers,

"for an old man to end his days in?" Mr. Ball replied that he thought it a delightful situation. Powers then informed him that a lot adjoining this could be bought on good terms. It was here then that Mr. Ball decided to build the pleasant villa and studio where he now lives and where he entertains with simple, gracious courtesy the many visitors who seek him out in passing through Florence. The most striking work which the writer saw in that studio when he last visited it, six years ago, was a bust of Liszt. Liszt visited Ball in his studio and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the work, while he was in the studio sitting down and playing for the sculptor.

WASHINGTON.

TO BE ERECTED IN METHUEN MASS.

Not long after this Mr. Ball modelled his most beautiful ideal figure, his statue of St. John the Evangelist. Powers considered this his masterpiece. A reproduction of this statue is given in these pages. The statue itself can be seen in Forest Hills Cemetery, near Boston. Mr. Ball has produced various ideal heads and reliefs, but there is no other one which I can think of to be compared to the works mentioned above.

Mr. Ball has represented American art abroad with a dignity which one cannot overlook even in this brief article. Courteous to the Italians, as well as to Americans and Englishmen, he is beloved of all, and the writer has never heard an artist or a layman speak unkindly of the man.

Every artist does good and bad work. Some of the works even of Michael Angelo are crudely executed and badly conceived, and would not be admitted, without his name attached, to the Royal Academy in London, the Salon in Paris, or any respectable exhibition. No man doing as much work as Mr. Ball can sustain an even greatness. But let us judge him by his best work rather than by that which critics have called mediocre. He has produced a number of fine portrait busts, one or more ideal figures of remarkable beauty, at least one standing figure of great dignity, and finally a consummate achievement in his equestrian statue of Washington. We should be content with this achievement, letting much of the work be set aside as we set aside large portions of the poetry of Wordsworth and Browning, still leaving so great a body of true art.

# CHARLESTOWN'S FIRST SETTLER.

*By B. F. DeCosta.*

ONE day, early in the seventeenth century, an English refugee landed with his wife on the left bank of the Charles River, opposite Shawmut. The site selected as his future home was situated on a peninsula crowned by the commanding eminence now called Bunker Hill.

Of this man's previous history nothing appears to be known, not even from what part of the mother country he came, nor what wild instinct led him into the primeval wilderness. What ship brought him over, the chronicles, too, fail to declare. But it is evident that this wanderer, Thomas Walford, must have found the peninsula of Mishawum covered with splendid forests where many a red man pitched his wigwam within the woodland's dusky shade.

The red man, however, was not his only neighbor. Another Englishman, a person of singular but gentle manners, the Rev. William Blackstone, some time a student of Emanuel, Cambridge, had built the cabin of a recluse on Shawmut; while a little later Samuel Maverick established himself in a miniature fortress on Noddle's Island, the present East Boston. Thus before the formal founding of the Tri-Mount City, three Englishmen were domiciled on the three peninsulas that command the mouth of the Charles. Whether or not these three strategic positions were taken in accordance with some definite plan entertained in England, one cannot perhaps say; yet these early inhabitants were all of the same religious and political faith, and, in time, all three found themselves in opposition to the majority of the Winthrop company who followed them into the wilderness in 1630.

Exactly how early Thomas Walford reached Mishawum it is impossible to say, though it was some time after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. This was probably the first English family to settle on the Charles, though no more than the men of Plymouth was he the first to establish a home on the coast north of Virginia. This honor used to be accorded to the Pilgrims, but later research exhibited the fact that the persecuted Huguenot, Jean Vigne, from France, established himself with his wife, Adrienne, and three daughters, on the Hudson at Manhattan, where he lived nearly ten years before the West India Company began to colonize the region, and where, six years before the landing of the Pilgrims, his son, Jean, was born.

What the special environment of Walford in his old English home had been, one can hardly conjecture; but, taking into consideration his trade, it may readily be concluded that his circumstances could have been none of the best. The condition of the laboring class in England at the time was deplorable. As early as 1582 we find an old writer who was profoundly interested in the colonization of America describing the distress of the people and the need of an outlet for their industrial activity. Among other things he says: "If wee woulde beholde with the eye of pitie how all our prisons are pestered and filled up with able men to serve the Countrie, which for small robberies are dayly hanged up in great numbers, even twentie at a clappe out of one iayle, (as was seen at the last Assises at Rochester) wee woulde hasten and further every man to his power the deducting of Some Colonies of our superfluous people into those temperate and fertile parts of America." Ultimately this was done, but with the colonists they "deducted" the old social and industrial systems which at Rochester sent twenty good and able men to the gallows "at a clappe;" systems, too, which too often give the idle and undeserving the increment that honest industry produces, and increase with fearful rapidity the number of the criminal classes.

Doubtless, while other reasons might have served to send Thomas Walford out into the New World, the industrial condition of England did its part, although some may be puzzled to understand how a blacksmith, if he proposed to ply his craft, could hope to better his circumstances in the wilderness. It is evident, however, that smiths were in demand. A contemporaneous narrative, still unpublished, in the archives of one of the old English families, refers to two men who had escaped to America "in the disguise of Smiths." The quaint writer already quoted, in his plans of colonization, which evidently, in 1582, contemplated the Hudson region, makes a distinct call for smiths. After saying that they would need "Spade-makers, that may out of the woods there make spades like those of Devonshire, and of other sorts, and shovels from time to time of common use," he adds, that there must be "Smiths to forge the grooves of the shovels and spades, and to make those black bills and other weapons" and finally "to mend many things." It is obvious, therefore, that in a new country the blacksmith would be likely to find "fresh fields and pastures new," making himself useful not only to the white man but to the Indian as well, who would covet the products of his forge as he learned that the age of iron had superseded that of stone. Very likely, however, the blacksmith of Mishawum, like Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, had an eye for the beautiful, and had caught suggestions from reading the works of Captain John Smith, who, in his book on New England published in 1616, describes the region under the name of "Massachusetts." On Smith's map he found the river of Mishawum laid down bearing its present name, given in honor of the young Charles, Prince of Wales, though the map represents the stream as still unexplored beyond a couple of leagues. The Mystic River is not shown at all. This map, which exists in more than a dozen states, is of romantic as well as scientific interest, and exhibits some of the ambitious hopes of men in authority, who seem to have directed the young prince in his selection of names that, perhaps unfortunately, displaced the original ones which Smith styles "barbarous." The original names, if they had not been meddled with, might have served a better purpose than those selected. Among others we notice Falmouth, after the famous English town and port, the point of departure of many important expeditions. It is placed hopefully a little to the northward but not far from the site of Lynn; the great city of London is located near Nantasket, and the University city of Oxford half way between it and Plymouth; the Blue Hills of Milton are the Cheviot Hills, beloved by Mary, Queen of Scots, the young prince's grandmother; the peninsula of Shawmut gains no notice, and Boston is ignominiously banished to the coast of Maine. In one place Smith complained of those at home who, by charter, created cities and institutions before there were any white inhabitants in the new lands, but in his map, by the aid of his royal patron, he reproduced recklessly and without charter important municipalities throughout Massachusetts where the feet of Englishmen had seldom, if ever, trod.

Thomas Walford, though he must have been familiar with Smith's map, may not have been misled or dazzled by these chartographic predictions; he doubtless understood the character of the country to which he was going and recognized the immediate possibilities of the region, especially in the neighborhood of the Charles (which Smith had named "Massachusetts River"), as one offering commercial advantages of no mean order. It must, however, gradually have dawned upon his mind that in the future prosperity of the colony he would have no share, and that the work of the pioneer would not be rewarded.

It is probable that during his sojourn he found small opportunity for practising his craft. There was, as yet, no village with children coming from school, loitering,

> "to see the flaming forge
> And hear the bellows roar,
> And catch the burning sparks that fly
> Like chaff from a threshing-floor;"

though we may feel quite sure that his pious neighbors, the members of the

Winthrop party, who soon came, took care that he went "on Sunday to the church." Indeed it was largely the church business that created the difficulty with the authorities and led him to clash with "ye constabell," who was evidently a Dogberry of the choicest sort.

It appears from the oldest records of Charlestown, written in the faded and almost undecipherable hand of the worthy clerk, John Green, that "in the summer of anno 1628" three brothers named Sprague travelled from Salem through the "woods above twelve miles to the westward and lighted upon a place situate and lying on the north side of Charles River, full of Indians called Aberginians." This spot was known as Mishawum or "the landing place," the natives being ruled by an old chief, John Sagamore. But the most interesting thing that John Green tells us is that the Sprague brothers found at Mishawum "an English palisadoed and thatched house wherein lived Thomas Walford, a Smith, situate on the south end of the Westernmost hill of the East Field, a little way from Charles River Side." This little domestic fortress, probably the first structure of the kind built on the bank of the Charles by white men, stood on the slope of the historic hill now crowned by the monument marking the glorious struggle of 1775. Like Blackstone and Maverick, Walford doubtless had a purpose in view, and but for the advent of the Winthrop Colony, the "Paradise of all these parts," as John Smith phrased it, would soon have assumed the religious and political character of an old English county, and thus, perhaps, have given us an entirely different New England.

Nevertheless, even before Winthrop arrived, Walford's plans were disturbed, for in 1629 the Sprague brothers, attended by Thomas Graves, an engineer, came from Salem to Mishawum, where, regardless of the blacksmith's presence, they proceeded to lay out a town. The next year Roger Clap, one of the Dorchester family, visited Mishawum, reporting "some Wigwams and one house, and in the house was a Man which had a boiled Bass, but no bread that we see." This was Walford's house, with its palisades, and here, like the savage "Aberginians," he subsisted for the most part on Spartan fare, though Captain John Smith complained that at the period of 1622, in Virginia, the "adventurers" made the managers in London "thinke all the world was Oatmeale there," while the climate of New England was gravely described by Morton of Merry Mount as a place where they had "no coughs or colds."

Subsequently, but during the same year, we are told that Mishawum was "brought into the denominations of an English towne." Walford, however, was not dispossessed, since his name appears in the list of inhabitants, being described as "Tho. Walford, Smith y^t lived here alone before." Yet his loneliness was not like that of Blackstone, the recluse of Shawmut, who, it is thought, became tired of the world at an early age and, strong in his good will toward the red man, settled down in his little cottage without bolts or bars, keeping neither watch nor ward, his "canonicall coat," which critics say he affected in the wilderness, as well as his gentle manners, proclaiming him a man of peace. A very different man was Walford, having also a companion in his solitude. Like Maverick, who sheltered himself behind the guns of his parapet at East Boston, Walford kept his powder dry, fully comprehending the danger that might be concealed in the then practically boundless wilderness at his door. Walford, nevertheless, lived in entire harmony with the Indians, who long before had been taught to respect gentlemen by the French, that people, under the encouragement of Stephen Bellinger of Rouen, for nearly two generations, having made Boston harbor the centre of their fur trade.

But Engineer Graves, with rod and compass, was followed in 1630 by Winthrop and his people. Then the man who had lived in peace with savages began to disagree with the white men, and soon his cup of bitterness was full. Winthrop landed at Mishawum, but, on account of the poor water, accepted Blackstone's suggestion to come over to Shawmut, the simple-minded parson little dreaming that he thereby made a

bid for his own banishment. The newcomers settled down on Tri-Mount and found Massachusetts a "Paradise," though it did not long remain an Eden, for in Cromwell's time it was gravely proposed to abandon the situation and emigrate in a body to Ireland. Later, Ireland has acknowledged the compliment and kindly come to Boston.

The members of Winthrop's party, however, were not agreed, and the Episcopalian minister, Bright, like Jonah, took ship, paying "the fare thereof," and got back to England. His sympathizers went to Pascatoway, Winthrop meanwhile formally abandoning the Church of England, which left Puritanism the law of Shawmut. Nevertheless Blackstone was admitted a Freeman October 19, while in the May following it was decreed that only those should be Freemen who "joined the Church." Still Blackstone, who was of a gentle disposition, managed to get on in peace for some time, though eventually he found it expedient to leave Boston, where a street now bears his name, and take his way through the forests to Rhode Island. There he helped in laying the foundations of society.

Walford, like Maverick, was not inclined to submit, but the history of the times is very reticent with regard to his trouble; and suddenly we stumble on an order of the General Court, bearing date of May 3, 1631, as follows: "Tho. Walford of Charlton is ffyned XL*s* and is enjoyned hee and his wife to depte out of the lymits of this pattent before the 20$^{cy}$ day of October nexte, under paine of confiscasion of his goods, for his contempt of authoritie and confronting Officers &c." Walford, being the oldest inhabitant, who had long lived on the ground a "law unto himself," could ill brook the stupidity of Mishawum's Dogberry, and probably set him down in Shakespearian terms, resenting which the latter accordingly classed Walford, the iron smith, in the category with Alexander, the coppersmith, believing him to be a dangerous person likely to do much harm. Subsequently it also appears that Walford was an Episcopalian, and, like Bright, favored an ecclesiastical establishment after the model of the Church of England, and so fell out with the men of the Bay, taking upon himself to be unwisely unmindful of the strong power of the "Great and General Court." One may, perhaps, therefore imagine in what the "contempt" consisted, while the long time given to take himself away shows that he was not considered a very dangerous character after all. Besides, he left without paying the "fynne," nor did he suffer the "confiscasion of his goods." The court probably discovered that the action was precipitate, and was glad to get out of the imbroglio as easily as possible. Frothingham freely admits that Walford was shabbily treated.

Finally Walford went to Pascatoway, the present Portsmouth, where his coreligionists had established themselves. Yet he was not forgotten, and his case dragged on for some time, all the while the court failing to collect the "XL*s*" set down as the "fynne." The court, however, was determined to uphold its dignity, and finally succeeded in discovering that the blacksmith had rendered the community an important service, which entitled him to both consideration and respect. Accordingly the subject of the fine was again formally brought up, and after seven years the court solemnly agreed that "hee p$^{d}$ it by Killing a wolfe." And so Walford and the high and mighty court balanced their books and parted with fair words.

As regards fines, however, it might be observed in passing, that in Massachusetts at that period they were inconvenient rather than discreditable, as indicated by the action of the court, taken the same session which dealt with the case of Walford, in remitting altogether a fine that had been levied upon Sir Richard Saltonstall.

Thomas Walford found congenial friends at Pascatoway. Mason's company had now come over, and he was in his element. Near the end of 1631, or at the beginning of the year following, the church was founded, which possessed a parsonage and a glebe of fifty acres. In 1631 Walford was in the list of landholders, while in 1640 he figures as senior warden of the parish, holding the appointment in the full English sense and being a town

officer. It would appear, however, that he had served long before this actual mention, and it is therefore probable that he was both the first blacksmith and the first church warden in New England at least.

Of the three Englishmen who fixed their abode at the mouth of the Charles, least has always been said about Walford. Blackstone, after refusing to "join the church," sold out his land claims, and took his way with his cattle to Rhode Island, where he continued his quiet life and became a beautiful and memorable figure in history. Maverick, though obliged to leave Boston, finally triumphed and lived to return a royal commissioner. At New Amsterdam he also received the surrender of the Dutch in 1664 and proclaimed by the king's authority that religious liberty which personally he had been denied, to all the people of the land, dying peacefully at the end of a stormy career, in his house on Broadway.

Walford likewise rose in the estimation of the people with whom he had associated himself. Through the kind interposition of that "wolfe" his reconciliation with Massachusetts was accomplished, and in New Hampshire he won a permanent name. His trouble at Mishawum probably sprang out of the bigotry and stubbornness that prevailed on both sides, and under the circumstances the conflict was perhaps inevitable. Let us hope, however, that both sides eventually saw the case in a philosophical light and that the mighty court was at last able, in a kindly spirit, to say to the blacksmith of Mishawum: —

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

---

# AN OLD-TIME AMPUTATION.

*By John Albee.*

NO one could have had a happier boyhood than I. The family discipline was indulgent. I took my share in certain domestic industries, but even from these slight duties I was often excused. There was plenty of freedom, of which I made the best use in the world, — I played. There was perhaps half the year in school. But I went to school to play, and for that it offered superior advantages to my father's farm and my mother's house, the resources of which I early exhausted. At home my playthings were inanimate; at school they were boys and girls, who at this distance seem but little different from the objects that amused me when alone; they were still playthings which having used and outgrown one throws away and forgets. Not quite. The joy of those days, the high spirits that must manifest themselves in shouting at nothing; the exuberance that wastes itself in running, leaping and every sort of free gymnastics, remain more firmly fixed in the memory than the serious occupations and carefully planned pleasures of maturity; and together with them are associated the distinct and somewhat idealized images of certain little boys and girls. I know not in what world they may be living now; they are long lost to me and I to them; yet not lost the pure joy of the days when we met for play, or to do our little stints of work together, to drop corn and potatoes, to pick berries and grapes; and the days when we were not together were of all subsequent experiences of *ennui* the most vapid and tedious.

Shall I ever see them again? Shall we in some of the pleasant pastures and perpetual summers of eternity once more be reunited and resume our earliest joys and woes and continue the game from which we were called away by a voice that said "Thou art now too old"? Happier so than to continue the affairs with which our hands are full when at

length they are laid across the breast. For my part I do not wish to continue anything that has happened since my twentieth year. A single one of those unalloyed pleasures, those unaccomplished longings, is dearer to my soul than the activities of the longest life. There is science enough. Enough has been done. I am well satisfied with the art and literature that have already been produced. Let us rest from our labors; let us remember; let us recall the best things in life. Let us recover the innocence of childhood and draw a sponge on this side the twentieth year. But from the twentieth to the fortieth years we forget the earlier period and wish to forget it. Too late we long to recover it in detail. A cruel Nemesis has accomplished our wish; the picture is blurred. Life is like a beautiful poem in two volumes, the first of which is lost.

I could now make good use of my first twenty years were it possible to bring back all that happened in them. Ah, the irresponsible years, the first school, the first love, the first ambitions, uncertainties, vagabondage, renunciations, despair, — how fine and how extraordinary they were! Had I foreseen that I was to be a writer I should have treasured everything. If authorship is to be a man's vocation it should be revealed to him at fourteen. But I have a wish, long harbored, to depict a certain event which remains vivid in my memory since my seventh or eighth year. At the time it did not consciously impress me so deeply. A certain terror was connected with it, which, however, did not prevent me from counting the affair a holiday, which meant, in the time of my childhood, the meeting with other boys for play. Two real holidays only were known to me, Fast Day, which came in April, and the Fourth of July. On the former we pretended to hunt or we played ball, and our Fourth was given up to Sunday-school picnics, with too little lemonade and cake and too much headache.

Why then, when my interest in the affair only concerned the sport I anticipated with my playmates, should I remember the amputation of a man's leg? It was, I think, because that which is extraordinary is somehow worked into the subconsciousness of the child, and although he neither notice nor reflect, abides with him until its significance becomes clear. It is thus only that I account for the power which even yet brings back the scene of the amputation and the incidents connected with it.

For a long time it had been rumored about that our neighbor, Amos Partridge, would have to lose his leg. He had what was called a "white swelling" on his knee. It grew steadily in size and more and more troublesome, and the doctors decided that amputation would be the only relief. Every remedy then known to New England therapeutics had been tried, including all the nostrums of the neighborhood, plasters, poultices, washes and prayers; for Amos was much beloved by his neighbors, mostly Methodists, to which persuasion he himself belonged. He was about thirty-five years old, tall and large-framed, light-haired, full-bearded, and with blue eyes, a clear Saxon type of man. His forehead was high and narrow, and much hard work and suffering had already ploughed untimely furrows upon it. His house stood close by the roadside in a field between two pieces of woodland. It was small, one-storied, the only unusual thing about it being that it was painted white, as was also the neat fence which enclosed a tiny space in front almost touching the road. This enclosure was in summer a tangle of cinnamon roses, lilacs, Sweet William, Bouncing Bess and other common flowers which propagate themselves and grow without care. A narrow gravelled walk, upon which the flowers constantly encroached, led to the front door — a useless door generally, as no one ever thought of entering it. There were two rooms on either side this door; one the family sitting-room, the other the sacred country parlor, with the usual haircloth-covered furniture and home-made rugs in bright colors and quaint patterns. There was a gilt mirror, too, the upper third of which was opaque, and upon it was painted a one-masted vessel with impossible sails set straight from stem to stern, which helps me to recall the room and much of the interior of the house. I had never seen so fine a picture; nor had I ever seen a

vessel of any kind, nor, indeed, a sail or the sea. It was wonderful. I never tired of looking at it, and I had seen it many times as the room was opened for prayer meetings, which my mother attended regularly, taking me with her. How well I recall those meetings, which sobered me for life. Not that any spoken words impressed me, for I understood nothing of what was said or sung. But there was a sadness, a suppression in the air as of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The stillness, too, that intense hush which often occurred between the remarks and prayers of the brethren and sisters, filled me with a nameless, shrinking fear. Had I been old enough, conversion would have been easy as the only means of escape from those terrible silences. My usual relief was in clinging to my mother's hand, which gave me a sense of protection from I knew not what; or in looking at the vessel in the mirror and sailing away to other worlds. Under that sail I visited all the neighboring inland towns whose names and nothing more I knew, — Milford, Medway, Mendon and Hopkinton, the utmost bound of my little world — beyond Hopkinton, nothing! Besides his house, Amos Partridge had a large barn and a shop, where in winter he bottomed boots. Before the business began to be concentrated, these shops were common throughout New England. They were also popular places of resort in winter days, and in them I have heard the great questions of life, the topics of the time, religion, politics, temperance, slavery, all propounded, argued and settled. The bottomer of boots sat on a low bench and did most of his work on his lap and knee. It was thought that the primary cause of Amos Partridge's trouble arose from some slight blow upon his knee as he sat at his work, increased by subsequent constant pressure upon the spot by the strap which held the boot in place.

He worked as long as he was able, and for some time after he was obliged to use a crutch in passing from his house to his shop. At length there came a day when he could work no longer; the pain in his knee became too excruciating to be endured. The surgeon was summoned, and a date determined for the amputation. The neighborhood was informed, and nothing else was talked or thought of. The chances of Amos's surviving the operation were discussed; for it was before the days of anæsthetics, and the science of surgery had not then made the removal of a limb the least of its triumphs. Most of the neighbors, especially the women, took a hopeless view of the result. Preparations were made much resembling those for a funeral. I understood that my mother was going to the amputation, and as my mother never left me at home when she went abroad, I knew I should go too. But this did not oppress me — not nearly so much as the thought of a prayer meeting. I knew that other boys were going, and I was full of the expectation of a great time. A dim sensation of something extraordinary about to happen filled me with excitement. Yet on the whole it was an emotion of joy. The world might end — as I often heard in those Millerite days it was about to do — it did not concern me. The chief believer in the approaching end of the world lived not far from my mother's house, and I watched for the disappearance of his buildings, never for a moment supposing the millennium would come near us. I then implicitly believed everything I heard, and was much confused that our neighbor's house and great barn continued to remain in their places.

I am not sorry now to have spent my boyhood at a period and in a place which were profoundly agitated by the temperance movement, the Millerite alarm and the Dorr war. It is something to have lived in nightly terror of an armed invasion, to have seen the militiamen of one's own town under arms and everybody casting bullets from melted pewter dishes.

The momentous day of the amputation arrived. I could hardly restrain my impatience. It was a calm, soft afternoon in the early part of spring when my mother and I set out for the house of Amos Partridge, not, however, before my mother had been to her chamber and on her knees, I standing beside her the

while, offered a silent prayer. We walked by a woodland road bordered with immense oaks far apart, but filling all the spaces with shade. Here when passing alone I expected every moment wild beasts and Indians to appear. The child knows no such thing as experience, and I continued for years to be afraid in that forest of bears, Indians and even tigers and lions, especially of "the lion in the way" which I had often heard spoken of at home and at religious meetings, and in my innocence understood literally.

My mother appeared very serious and silent all the way. Could she be ignorant of the pleasure I was anticipating? I danced along by her side; I did not feel the earth beneath my feet; I was already at the scene of expected festivity.

I noticed that my mother carried a fan. It was not a hot day, and I wondered much what the fan was for. We arrived at the house, where there was already a considerable assemblage of the neighbors and friends from a distance. Horses were fastened all about the premises, to trees, fences and the sides of the barn, just as on Sunday at the meeting-house, or at the annual town meeting. The small boy was there in numbers, but only a few girls. Alas for the small boy! he was not permitted to play near the house, nor to make the least noise. Instead of a holiday for him, it turned out a more serious affair than the usual Puritan Sabbath. Bitter was my disappointment. My mother, as she left me to go into the house, warned me to keep very still and be a good boy. Accordingly, I remained under the window of the room in which the operation was to be performed. All the windows were wide open, and I could see and hear all that was said and done. I had a view of my mother and two other women standing by the bedside of Amos, fanning him. I could see the face of the sufferer, pale, emaciated and troubled. Presently I heard the voice of the minister, and looking toward the foot of the bed I saw open before him the great family Bible, from which he was reading. From the frequent recurrence of the words "boils" and "afflictions" I think it must have been some chapter in Job that he had selected as suitable for the occasion. After the Scriptures the minister made a long prayer.

Then the dreadful preparations began. I saw the bed-clothing pulled back and the diseased limb exposed. It was twice its natural size. The surgeon was the once famous Dr. M—— of F——, reputed the seventh son of a seventh son,—some extraordinary gift in surgery and healing being credited to such a descent. In his day he performed all the surgical operations in his quarter of Massachusetts, which was that bordering on Rhode Island. Spread out on a small table at his right hand was his display of instruments, whose names I did not know, but which interested me immensely. What would I not have given for one of those dainty polished saws or keen knives with handsome handles! The room was partly filled with the neighbors, mostly women, ready to lend their aid to the surgeon and to comfort the patient, whose own family were weeping in an adjoining room. Amos's eyes were now closed and his mouth set firm. As the tourniquet was twisted tighter and tighter, the lines in his brow grew deeper; he breathed hard, and a moan, the only one, escaped him as the knife went through the outer skin. It was not long before the sound of the saw came through the open windows. The operation was over; and the leg had taken its last step with its fellow. It was carried away into the barn for dissection; and we heard that Amos felt a faint sensation of pain when the knives and probes were searching for the hidden disease, as if the limb still remembered its possessor.

Subsequently the remains of the leg were buried in Amos's garden; which gave rise to some questioning in this pious and scrupulous community as to whether it ought not rather to have been placed in the graveyard. But Amos said that he did not own a lot yet, and when he did he should not need the old leg to aid him to get into his grave.

The operation proved successful. In a short time Amos was up, with the empty pantaloon fastened back and the stump of the leg encased in a thick leather protector. And as he had used crutches for some time before the amputation, he soon

learned to accommodate himself to their new use. He was now more cheerful and pious than ever. And as he could not now walk long distances, the weekly prayer meetings were generally appointed at his house. He became what is called among Methodists a class leader; he took the leading part in all the private religious gatherings, and never failed in his opening prayer to thank the Lord for bringing him safely through his peril. "It was Thy hand that held the knife" he would exclaim.

In such manner and with such importance was the amputation of a limb attended in former times in the New England country towns.

There was in the little community of which Amos Partridge was the central and pathetic figure a sincere belief in the nearness and activity of Heaven in all their affairs. It rendered them serious, careful and slightly superstitious. It was, however, also true that these tendencies sometimes seemed to create antagonism and a rebellious spirit in the young men. We children, from the same causes, were too timid, afraid of the dark, afraid of everything; or, it may be, these very nameless terrors of the night, of wild beasts and the forest, were the best stimulants and protectors of the imagination.

I am sure there was something more than a mere surgical operation connected with the amputation of a limb which has made me remember it so long and so vividly. Memory is said to be the mother of all the muses; but memory without imagination is the mother of no muse.

---

# AT THE BUNCH OF GRAPES INN.

*By May Kelsey Champion.*

THE governor's ball was over. Barbara Updike had stayed with the rest until the last candles had burned down. And now as she gave her hand to Lieutenant Guy Prychard and stepped from the sedan chair which a couple of blacks had set down before her father's door, it was with as stately a grace as Queen Caroline might have worn at Hampton Court three years before.

A soft night-wind came up from the meadows, damp and salt, and sweet with the fragrance of the grass cut the day before in Noahdiah Bussbraw's river lot. The moon, glorious still, but dropping slowly into the west to leave daybreak all to the sun, shone full upon the broad, shingled front of the house and into the strange dark faces of the slaves. The iron buttons of their coats and the buckles on their shoes and at the knees of their black knitted breeches were turned to silver.

The house of Mr. George Updike, merchant, of London, was built after the same fashion as the houses of his prosperous neighbors along the same highway, close upon the street, with two stories in front and a long roof sweeping to within a few feet of the ground at the back. But it had bits of pretentious red and purple glass about the front door, and all the fireplaces inside were edged with dark blue Scripture tiles. Mr. Updike brought something back with him from each of his ventures, — now a new set of hangings, or again a carved wainscot chest, or fine Turkey carpet for the best room. The last time it had been a sedan chair for Barbara, which was the wonder of the town for days together, with its inlaid wood and soft satin cushioning.

Lieutenant Guy Prychard still held her hand as they stood on the doorstep.

"An' 'tis but a farewell, Barbara, then I have no care to remain these two days longer in Boston," he said.

The long dark coats of the blacks had disappeared with the chair round the corner of the house, and they were alone.

"I have been much accommodated with the pleasancy of your escort, Guy," the girl replied; and the young officer felt that the words might have been kinder and less formal.

Through the open upper half of the door he heard the tall clock in the hall ticking away second after second of the silence that followed. A crushing pressure of the hand he held, then he had quickly loosed it and was off down the road.

Barbara lifted the heavy latch of the lower door and let herself into the house.

"Camilla!" she called. "Camilla!" A candle flamed in the draught of the hall above, and the face of a negro girl appeared at the landing.

Her young mistress turned her flowered satin petticoat up about her waist and went up the stairs.

It had been a great event, this first ball of Barbara's, and it was small wonder that Barbara's pretty head was turned.

In her own room she drew off her long white mitts and, stooping in a ray of moonlight, straightened the satin bows of her slippers. Then she went to the window. Down the street a bit she could see a hurrying dark figure wrapped in a huge cloak. Guy had looked very well that night in his new silk-embroidered waistcoat and gold-laced coat. She had meant to tell him so before that walk of theirs in the governor's garden put all else out of her mind. After that he had not asked her to dance again, but stood talking with some of the older officers of the expedition until she was ready to come home.

"Camilla," she said. She was slowly taking the pins from her hair. "Think you I am taller than Dorothy Virgin?"

The negro girl was half asleep over the open cypress chest in which she had folded away the pink silk gown and white brocaded petticoat. As she rose unsteadily upon her feet and stared at her mistress with wide-open eyes, Barbara laughed.

"There, girl," she said good-naturedly, "go down and make fast the outer door and go to bed. I can do well enough without you."

Camilla lighted another candle willingly enough, and went groping down the stairs.

Listening at the top, Barbara made sure that the sleepy girl had put the bars in place, then, going back to her room, closed the door behind her.

She wished Guy had not taken it into his head to go off in that way, she thought as she put her white slippers away in the drawer with another affectionate caress. 'Twas naught but an idle whimsey. And she shivered as she remembered those who had fallen at Porto Bello, or lain under the walls of Carthagena a little before. Mayhap 'twould not prove so extreme bad — this expedition to Jamaica. Guy was too good a cousin to lose in that way. Kneeling in her long white night-robe and bare feet, she held the candle above her prayer-book and turned the leaves for the prayer for preservation from the sea and the violence of the enemy.

When she had risen she blew out the light and went to the window once more, then climbed the steps to her bed and sank sleepily into the feathers.

"Mayhap 'twas somewhat the slippers, but I should say two — two — inch — es," she murmured as her eyes closed.

The sun was high above the trees when Barbara woke next morning, and Lieutenant Guy Prychard had covered thirty miles of the Boston post-road on his way to New York. He had not spared the spurs, and when he drew up at the Bunch of Grapes Inn his horse was covered with foam.

In those thirty miles Guy had worked himself up to an intense and glowing purpose. He would pledge his best self and his noblest achievements hereafter to a cause. On Parson Oxenbridge's library shelves he had discovered one day, between Wadsworth's "Guide to the Doubting" and Flavel's "Husbandry Spiritualized," two old volumes pushed well back to the wall, Mallory's "Morte D'Arthur" and the Chronicles of Froissart. He smiled as he thought of Parson Oxenbridge's weak remonstrances, and how the good old man, in order to frustrate any ungodly influences of the reading, had given him Bunyan's "Forsaken Sinner" to translate into Greek as an attendant task. But since that day the two had never been back on the shelf together.

Like the knights of old, then, he would leave all behind him and go out to do battle for honor and justice; and

the token which he would wear should be his country's colors alone. Her fair name would he defend against the world.

When, after an hour's rest, he again sat in the saddle, upon a fresh horse, he had seen himself lying upon the hot sands of Jamaica, pierced by a Spanish sword thrust, and breathing out a few short words which should be remembered long after he was dead.

It had given him considerable trouble to choose from the dozen or more chivalrous deaths that offered themselves, each with attractions of its own; but he thought he was satisfied at last. And when the daughter of the landlord brought him a stirrup-cup, he bowed so low in the saddle that pretty Doris Applegate dreamed of him for seven nights afterward — in fact until young Prosper Ackers, walking home from the meeting with her instead of with Mercy Pudeator as had been his wont, gave her a silver locket with a red stone.

It was just as well that he had taken these two days, he thought as he walked the horse through a stretch of rough woodland; a cross-path cutting off a curve of the post-road, which the girl had pointed out — just as well. He could help in the beating up for recruits and so do one more service. And when he saw Exercise Tillinghast, — Exercise would do it for him, — he would tell him to see that they covered him with the flag for which he had fallen. Yes, he would tell him. But he never did.

The governor's ball was followed by other and less stately merry-makings; and Barbara went to them all at first — from the ordination dance and the husking frolic in Noahdiah Bussbraw's barn to the sleighing parties which took their places in the winter.

But there came a day — it may have been in that next summer, or perhaps later — when Barbara found herself remaining away from something to which she had been asked, only because the post would be due that night. It was too poor an excuse to offer, and she invented another to do duty in its stead. After that the months grew very long.

She learned to knit, to do up her father's frills, and, notwithstanding its irregularity and the contrary advice of Dorothy Virgin's mother, to translate laboriously a few pages of Cæsar's Commentaries. But Boston was a wearisome place, at best, she thought.

So when, one morning as they sat together on an old form in the orchard, her father suggested a little visit with her Aunt Bassett down in the Connecticut, Barbara assented.

Mistress Thankful Bassett was a woman whose energy burned always at white heat. The farm, from the hill to the sound, belonged to Timothy through her labors, a fact which she never forgot herself nor permitted him to forget. Her father had been one of the most industrious pursuers of witchcraft in the colony fifty or sixty years before, and there was always a lurking regret in Thankful's mind that she had not been living to help him. As it was, she contented herself with going over with the first to the New Lights, taking Timothy with her, and working with untold zeal for the conversion of her neighbors and friends.

From the time she formally shook hands with Barbara at the door, and told her that she did not look like her poor mother, the subject of the new sect was constantly upon Mistress Bassett's tongue. Even Barbara's best dexterity could not avoid it, and after a few days she spent much of the time on the shore or going about the fields with her Uncle Timothy, whom she found very entertaining when taken by himself.

Barbara had been somewhat more than a week at her aunt's, when one evening, after an early tea, there was an unusual bustle and stir in the Bassett household. They were to have a service at the meeting-house to-night, Mistress Thankful explained with much satisfaction, as she gathered up and filled all the candlesticks the house afforded.

Those of the old society who had to pass the New Light meeting-house on their way to lectures and Lord's Day services, did it with averted faces, while the minister and Deacon Azrikam Kerwithy — godly men both, and grown gray in sanctity — took the bridle-path through the woods. The adversary had sent a telling shaft into the minister's

flock on that Sabbath when five of the members had remained away from the communion of the Lord's Supper. And in less than a month after, a Separatist structure reared its monstrous disproportions on the wind-swept ridge of Heartache Hill.

"'Tis accursed of God!" the minister of the old society shouted from under his sounding-board on the Sabbath after the raising. "He hath shook his rod over it, and its walls have tottered and fallen. There shall never be any who come to comfortable enjoyment of it; for though they care not that they sell their souls to the devil, 'tis made plain to them that they enhazard their bodies as well."

And, in truth, on the day of the raising, when a company of remonstrants appeared on the hill, the minister with a paper denouncing those who dared to call down the wrath of the Almighty on their unholy work, a strange thing happened.

The loud, scourging words of their old preacher and the noisy pressing of the crowd produced a confusion among the workmen, and as they lifted the large timbers, suddenly there was a straining and creaking of the supports, and the whole framework fell with a crash to the ground.

But it was soon righted, and then the New Lights worked with a will, both openly and in secret.

When the meeting-house was finished, they sent for Mr. James Davenport, and a whole week was kept as a Sabbath. Three services were held daily, and the crowded night meetings lasted till well on toward morning. Loud at these were the cries of the preacher and the strident echoes of the wounded. They were heard from Habijah Cullum's mill at the north end of the town, down to the other side of the cove that put in by Perdition Point.

Small groups met at the houses of those individuals who were in a despairing way, to pray for their regeneration, and a wave of wild religious frenzy swept over the town, carrying many converts over to the Separatist side.

After that excitement ran lower, though now and then, when itinerant preachers passed through the town, there was a bubbling and frothing of the pools which the larger tide had left.

One of these, an exhorter and suspended minister from up Hartford way, was to speak to-night, and Mistress Thankful Bassett believed it a special leading of Providence that had brought Barbara to her at this time. Mr. Luke Hosmer had scarcely less power in winning souls than Mr. Davenport himself. Her brother-in-law's immoral leaning toward the Church of England was a thing for which Mistress Bassett had no charity. It was the burden of her "testimony" in the meetings and the complaint of her prayers.

With a cheerful acceptance of anything new, Barbara got out her short, hooded cloak and, taking a pair of the candlesticks, went out with her uncle and aunt. Before and behind them, going up the hill, were little groups like themselves, carrying candles for the meeting-house and lanterns for the coming home.

The Bassetts took seats in their own square pew in the corner by the pulpit. And Barbara could see that the other pews and the rows of free benches in the middle of the house were well filled, early though it was.

The same mixture of lampblack and Spanish lead which covered the outside wall had been used within, with a slight modification of the lampblack, and the room, dimly lighted by the rows of candles in the now black windows, was not a cheerful one.

At last there was heard a commotion. A psalm was begun outside the door, and the preacher, with a line of followers gathered up from one and another of the river and shore towns in which he had stopped, marched up the aisle singing.

"There, Barbara; there, there! In the broad alley. That is the great preacher!" Thankful Bassett whispered excitedly to her niece. "'Tis said that he is not only free from original sin, but has been from actual as well, for going on seven months now."

The preacher climbed the steps to the pulpit, and his adherents, fifteen men and three or four women, took their places in

chairs that had been arranged for them at each side.

"'Twould be a glorious privilege to go about scattering the seed thus," Mistress Thankful murmured as she watched the women, "and to take sinners by the hand and lead them from the pit, and to sit on a platform with all to know that your heart was full of the sap and power of grace." Thankful breathed a heavy sigh as she put back once again the earnest desire of her heart. "But there be but four of your Uncle Timothy's winter shirts done yet, an' the feathers to spread in the north chamber."

Cutting short another sigh to join in the loud amen which concluded the psalm, she turned her attention from the women to the preacher.

"Aye, he will be potent in prayer tonight, and there will be great cryings out of many," she whispered again to Barbara as the young man stripped off the long black coat which hung in loose folds from his shoulders, and stood before them in his shirt-sleeves. "Verily, the zeal of them of Hartford way could have burned but coldly to suspend such a man."

Mr. Luke Hosmer stood several minutes in silence after all the voices were hushed.

Suddenly he thrust out his hands as if to turn aside a blow from above, then, groaning, brought them back, covering his eyes and trembling violently.

"'Tis the descent of the Spirit," whispered one of those who had heard him before, in an awed tone. "'Twas wont to strike him down at first, but latterly he has grown to so great sanctity that it do but stun and blind him for the instant."

Breathless as from a mighty struggle, and still passing his hands over his eyes, the preacher gave out another psalm.

Through the long prayer which followed, loud and frequent were the cries of the disciples on the platform and the other worshippers of the lower floor level.

Barbara felt a strange fascination in watching her Uncle and Aunt Bassett sway and groan and shout their amens and hallelujahs with the rest. And when Mr. Luke Hosmer closed the large Bible with a slam and came down the pulpit stairs into the broad aisle, she was conscious of a nervous foreboding of something very disagreeable about to happen.

Halting at the second long bench on the women's side, he raised his voice.

"Repent!" he shouted. "Repent this very night! The Lord doth call for you in a knocking and terrible manner. Take course to right yourselves and become engines of piety. And ye who have turned from the paths of sin, take heed lest ye fall into security! Vipers of vengeance lurk in the fires of hell for those not in distress for their souls!"

At this there were hysterical shrieks from the women on the benches, and one terrified creature fell fainting to the floor.

The minister pointed at her. His face was pale and set, and there were dark circles around his eyes. "Strike them down, Almighty God! Strike them down with the sword of thy wrath! Tame the rebellious flesh!"

A man's form raised itself in the dusk under the corner of the gallery.

"Praise God, he wounded me last meeting, and I am now one of the redeemed!"

"Amen!" came from all sides of the room.

"And me."

Another and more timid man had half risen from his seat and dropped back again as the amens were repeated.

"Bring in your testimony, O ye righteous! And ye sinners, pray for awakenedness to your God-provoking sins!"

Men and women on all sides now rose and testified, sometimes two or three at once. Sinners groaned and writhed with frenzied starts; and there were five full conversions and a partial one.

Then out into the side aisle near Barbara stepped a man in a dark gray coat and coarse fustian waistcoat and trousers, these last fastened at the knees by leather strings instead of buckles.

"'Tis Neophitus Savage," Mistress Thankful Bassett whispered to Barbara. "He thought to have had two new births before this, but now he knows that neither was into the kingdom. So great miracles has Mr. Hosmer wrought."

The man of so many regenerations rested his hand on the door of the Bassetts' pew, — a hand with large joints

and swollen veins, and a funeral-ring on one of its fingers.

Barbara glanced up at the broad, stooping shoulders and small head with its fringe of light reddish hair about the bald crown. But her eyes were drawn back irresistibly to that thick flat hand which lay upon the pew railing with never a quiver of its blunt fingers.

Gradually it seemed to be approaching her in a horrible, mysterious way. She could not draw her gaze from the death's-head ring, and slowly she became aware, first, that the man was praying as he stood there, and then that he was praying for her: —

"All transient persons, and in especial that young woman, Sister Bassett's niece from Boston, — an unsanctified Episcopalian, who prays with the formal, synagogue prayers forbidden by Christ, and clothes herself so beyond the necessary end of apparel for covering or comeliness."

Barbara looked down at her light gray broadcloth cloak and silk gown of the same color.

"Truly the hues of these be sad enough," she thought. "It must be the silver belt." And she drew her cloak closer about her. They had very strange and undecent manners down here in the Connecticut, she thought. Her cheeks burned as she saw many pairs of piously closed eyes open and turn upon her.

Thankful Bassett's spirit was steeped in satisfaction. She felt that it was vouchsafed to her to be the humble instrument in the conversion to follow. For had she not whispered to Neophitus Savage before the meeting?

Loud were the amens following the supplication that this sinful soul might be drawn from the pit of perdition. When they had ceased, Barbara saw Mr. Luke Hosmer striding from the women's benches over to the Bassett pew.

Fixing his eyes upon her, it was some time before he spoke. There was a breathless silence as all waited for the words. Then they came abruptly: —

"You know that you are a child of the devil, and that damnation is your portion!"

Was the man mad? Barbara shrank closer to her aunt, but here was no shelter.

"Repent! Oh repent before the morning light!" groaned Thankful, closing her eyes and swaying her body back and forth.

"Aye; listen to the words of the saints and ripen your soul preparatorily for death," added Neophitus Savage, joining his own groan to Thankful's in a hideous seventh below.

"Pride of heart is a canker," chimed in one of the sisters from the platform chairs, in a high, rasping treble.

Still the minister's searching gaze was upon her.

"Your candle burns to its end," he said slowly, "and yet you do but put your ears to the mouth of hell and listen to the whispers of Satan and your popish book. Know that you shall never be saved until you have yielded yourself to the anger and judgments of the Almighty."

"Verily, sweet are his scourgings." Neophitus mopped his head with his kerchief as he spoke.

Several of the redeemed from the platform had gathered about, and Barbara saw curious men and women rising from the free benches to peer over the top of the pew at her.

Terrified she herself rose. If she sat still an instant longer she felt that she must go raving mad like the rest. Her limbs were frozen, and she stood for a moment facing the minister.

"Aye," said her Aunt Thankful, "offer thy testimony to the Lord and confess thy sinful miscarriages."

Barbara moved toward the door of the pew. But Neophitus Savage still kept guard.

"Wouldst have us pray for you?" asked Mr. Luke Hosmer. He had never met quite so obstinate a case before. Women, and men too, had been wont to go down like grass in the swath.

"No!"

There was a flash, and then the word followed like a shot. For an instant Barbara forgot her fright and the staring crowd, and was conscious only of a fierce anger that Neophitus Savage dared to hold the pew door and prevent her es-

cape. Her aunt, too, was pulling her gown and weakly protesting; while from all sides of the meeting-house came the dismal chorus of moans.

Suddenly Neophitus Savage felt himself pushed aside, nearly into the arms of one of his New Light sisters, and his hand was violently struck from the pew door.

A young man wrapped in a large army cloak had come into the meeting-house a little before, and stood looking on. Because of the crowd by the door he had not been able to see clearly the corner to which the chief interest seemed to have drawn. But at the sound of that sharp, clear monosyllable he had started and pushed rapidly toward the spot.

Opening the door of the pew, he took Barbara's hand in his and led her down the aisle. Neither spoke. Each had supposed the other miles away, yet the meeting just now seemed an ordinary and natural circumstance. Not until to-morrow, or perhaps next week, would they begin to find their surprise at the happening.

As they reached the outside air, Barbara drew a sigh of relief.

"I am much thankful to you, Guy," she said. "Methinks for the saint my Aunt Bassett deems him, that Neophitus Savage carries himself most unmannerly."

"I knew not you had kindred here," Guy said as he drew her hand within his arm.

"Mistress Bassett was a step-child of my grandfather's. But 'twould seem the relationship promises but indifferent good to either side. Dost go on to Boston straight, Guy?"

"I pray you put me under your orders, Barbara."

"Then I'm thinking my horse would be in good kelter, and my mind for it, to start to-morrow sunrise; that is, if the charge of me and my baggage doth not seem too daunting terrible to you."

They walked swiftly down the hill to Timothy Bassett's gate. Then Barbara stopped and impetuously laid both her hands upon his shoulders.

"I *am* glad to see you, Guy, dear! — cousin," she said, and the next instant ran quickly up the walk into the house.

And young Lieutenant Prychard walked all the way to Perdition Point that night, with his head bowed and his hands behind his back, trying to set a certain note of music in her tone against that added and qualifying reminder of their relationship.

The sun was just rising as he left the Pied Horse Inn the next morning; and every stirring leaf and blade of grass was exchanging courtesies and dew-drops with its neighbors.

On the hill the meeting-house of the old society caught the first brightness and gave it back from its east windows. Timothy Bassett's house was dark and quiet as Guy approached it, and he noticed that there was no smoke curling from the chimney.

As he rounded a thicket, a figure in a long red hooded cloak appeared. Barbara was holding her horse by the bridle.

"Good morrow, Guy," she said. "We could not have chose a fairer day for the setting out, could we?"

As Guy drew up, she pulled a handful of grass from the roadside and offered it to his horse.

"Wilt be so good as to come down and see if the girth be secure?" — with a motion of her head toward her own animal. "I had much ado to draw it tight enough."

"You!" said Guy as he quickly dismounted. "How long since Mistress Barbara Updike has taken to saddling her own horse?"

"Oh, I had some speech with Aunt Thankful last night," she said, still breaking off grass for the horse and watching its disappearance with careful concern. "But I blame not Uncle Timothy. Aunt Thankful hath affrighted him to such degree that he scarcely thinks for himself at all."

Those days that followed on the Boston post-road were full of delight for Lieutenant Prychard. Barbara was a good horsewoman, and they would ride for several hours, giving each other the happenings of the last two years, or in a silence which was even more intimate, and then, when both were tired or cramped by the saddle, dismount and walk a mile or so, while Barbara gathered the early fall flowers and fastened them in

the bridles of the horses. Again they would throw themselves upon a bank of moss and fern, while the animals grazed upon the short grass near. At nightfall, when they sat with other travellers about the great fireplace of an inn, and the young officer was urged to tell of the Jamaica voyage, there was no one who listened more closely than Barbara.

Thus it was with rejoicing that he hailed the storm that delayed them a whole day longer at the Bunch of Grapes. Those last thirty miles to Boston would pass very quickly.

Pretty Doris Applegate blushed right rosily at the reappearance of the young officer. She, too, was glad of the storm. Frequent that day were her errands to the best room. But it was Barbara only who thanked her for the many services she offered. And in the evening Doris spoke so sharply to Prosper Ackers in the kitchen, that at last he left, and went to seek a gentler welcome at Mercy Pudeator's fireside.

The rain ceased at sunset, and later the moon appeared; first a pale yellow disk, in a mist of fast-driven clouds, and then clear and bright, with a bridge of golden light beneath crossing the river.

Guy was standing by the window, and called Barbara to see.

"Dost like to walk down there?" he asked doubtfully. "'Tis but a step or two."

"Aye," Barbara assented; "I think I should like well a breath of good free air. Though your moonlight is not to be despised, either," she added as she surveyed the night critically from the window.

"You were best to wear your cloak. I will fetch it." And Guy brought the scarlet wrap, which was hanging over a settle in the corner.

"They will make much of you — Boston folk will — when they get you back again, Guy," Barbara said as they went down the path. — "How sweet the air is! Mistress Applegate has just been setting out some young boxwood plants for borders, though I fear 'tis not the best time for it. — Yes, 'twill be a proud moment for Parson Oxenbridge when he sees you. He talks of none else when he comes to the house. And Dorothy Virgin never meets me on the street that she does not ask news of you. Methinks 'twould have been considerate of you to write to — Dorothy, Guy. 'Twould have saved me the trouble of referring her to my father each time."

They had reached the river, and Guy picked up a flat stone and sent it leaping along the line of light in a shimmering ricochet.

"I have lain many a night on the Jamaica shore wishing I might venture a letter to some one besides good old Master Oxenbridge and Uncle George Updike," he said.

Barbara watched the three — four — splashes as the stone rose and fell and at last disappeared.

"You were not wont to be behindhand in courage formerly," she said. "And if report be true, the commanders speak tolerably well of your bravery as a soldier."

"I had no reason to think any would care to hear."

Barbara's face was in shadow as she looked up.

"I doubt not 'twould have pleased Dorothy much — and her mother likewise," she added.

"I will make effort to mend the bypast by the future, then," he said with some bitterness. "I am not like to remain more than a small time in Boston. Affairs be in no very quiet posture now, and there is talk of another expedition."

The girl shivered slightly and drew her cloak about her.

"Another expedition! Where?"

"To the north this time. 'Tis not yet made open for what point, but Louisville is spoke of."

"But you will stay until it is fitted out?" There was anxiety in Barbara's voice, though Guy did not note it. He was looking for another stone to set the long light shifting and sparkling again.

"No, I think not. The men must be drilled and got ready, you know."

He had sent the stone nearly to the other side of the stream, and the circles were coming back to them. Barbara unconsciously retreated a step or two, as if they were waves which might creep up about her feet.

"'Twould seem but a reasonless reason,

that," she said, "when you have told me that more than half the men are home with the fever, and the company is all broke up."

"Besides, there is the beating up for recruits, which will be needful again."

This time Barbara was silent.

Then Guy turned to her. He was very pale.

"Barbara," he said, "you know I have no need to tell you why I spend not the between-time in Boston. But I fault you not for anything. Sometimes, when we were on the sea making for the north and home, I even dreamed that you might have for me a different word from that I took away. The sea and the stars play strange tricks with a man's mind; and I chose not to remember that 'twould be as little easy for you to change as for me. Aye, 'tis a hard matter — that — for us Updikes," he added wearily. "Even when a child, Barbara, you had naught but scorning for those who knew not from the first what they were minded, and held to it." Guy smiled, but his voice shook.

"'Tis true I never set great store by them that tacked and altered their opinions with every wind," Barbara admitted.

"So you see, Barbara. And once more I crave your forgiveness for my unseasonable and mayhap, as you say, unreasonable speaking." With this Guy turned to go back to the house.

But Barbara did not move.

"I accused you not of unreason, except in the matter of going off," she said.

"But 'twould be ever thus, Barbara. To see you every day! To find you kind! You would soon grow tired of forgiving; and I will not weary out your patience with my presence and useless beseechings."

Barbara was making a little hollow in the sand with the toe of her boot.

"'Tis for that you go?" she said.

"Ah, Barbara, you know not how hard a thing it is to keep the lips from words when the heart is full."

"Then—" Barbara lifted her eyes for the briefest of instants. "And 'tis for that then I'm thinking I would fain have thee stay in Boston — and say thy say — and — and mayhap rather take hope in the matter."

---

# FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS.

*By Joseph G. Edgerly.*

Illustrated from photographs by J. C. Moulton.

THE ADAMS FOUNTAIN.

A SKETCH of the life of any New England city must of necessity be similar in character to that which has been given of many other cities. The story of Fitchburg has been told many times; hence any sketch of this thriving municipality must be to a great extent merely a repetition of what has been told by others. One writer has said: "Few town histories will ever be written a second time; the pains is too great, and the praise is too little." Such a history may be read, however, with peculiar interest by succeeding generations.

The town of Fitchburg, which was incorporated in 1764, received its name from John Fitch, whose career has been portrayed by successive chroniclers.

A year ago the Fitchburg Historical Society, in behalf of the city of Fitchburg, erected a memorial tablet in Ashby at the place where one hundred and fifty years ago stood the habitation of the man for whom Fitchburg was named. The tablet bears this inscription: —

"Near this spot was the residence and garrison of John Fitch, for whom Fitchburg was named. On the fifth of July, 1748, he was attacked by Indians, and after a hot fight, in which the two soldiers with him were killed, he was captured,

with his whole family, and his dwelling burned. All were taken to Canada, where they were held about one year and then ransomed. This land, at that time a portion of Lunenburg, and afterward a part of Fitchburg, was later set off to Ashby."

FALULAH RESERVOIR.

The secretary of the Fitchburg Historical Society tells us that the part of this inscription relating to the Canadian captivity really ought to read: "where they were held for from two to three months and were then exchanged."

July 4, 1894, this monumental tablet was formally presented by the society to the town of Ashby, and thereupon it was dedicated with appropriate exercises, the historical address being delivered by Hon. Ezra S. Stearns, Secretary of State of New Hampshire, a great-grandson of the man in whose honor the tablet was erected.

John Fitch settled in Lunenburg in 1732, and here he endured the trials and privations incident to those early days. His home was seven and one half miles from the nearest neighbor. He stood, we may well say, upon the picket line between the foe and the dwellers at Lunenburg.

Block houses or garrisons were established upon the borders of the towns upon the lines of travel; and one of these garrisons was at the "Fitch place." In the summer of 1748 a company of forty-seven men had been raised and assigned in varying numbers to the several garrisons in Leominster, Lunenburg, Townsend and Westminster. The company was assembled and inspected each week at the house of John Fitch, and again the soldiers were assigned to the several garrisons. Four soldiers were stationed at the garrison where Fitch resided. An attack upon this place was made by Indians July 5, 1748. Two of the soldiers assigned for duty at this station were absent on account of sickness. The other two soldiers were killed in the attack, and John Fitch, with his wife and five children, was taken captive. The members of the Fitch family were taken to Canada, but were ransomed the succeeding autumn. The family undertook the journey home late in the fall. Mrs. Fitch, unable to endure the suffering incident to such a journey, died upon the way. The father and children reached home in the winter. John Fitch subsequently became prominent in the affairs of the day, and died in 1795 at the age of eighty-seven.

The first settler within the present limits of Fitchburg — according to accessible records — was David Page, who settled about 1730 near what is now Pearl Street. His habitation was surrounded by a stockade made of sticks of timber hewn upon two sides. In 1743

THE WALLACE LIBRARY AND ART BUILDING.

THE JAIL.

Amos Kimball moved from Bradford into that part of Lunenburg which subsequently was set off as the town of Fitchburg. Ephraim Kimball, a cousin of Amos, soon after settled here, and these two men in 1750 built the first dam upon the Nashua River in this town, and erected a grist-mill and a saw-mill near the place where Laurel Street now crosses the river. This was the humble beginning of that enterprise which has attained such proportions in the closing decade of the nineteenth century. In 1794 Ephraim Kimball, a son of the original settler, in company with Jonas Marshall, built the second dam across the river, and erected a saw-mill; and in 1807 Ephraim Kimball, a grandson of the first Ephraim, built the third dam, and erected a cotton-mill. This was one of the earliest factories in the state. The name of Thomas Cowdin appears frequently in the early records of the town. Cowdin's tavern seems to have been the gathering place of the citizens when they desired to deliberate upon town affairs.

The town was set off from Lunenburg in 1764; and in 1767 that part of Fitchburg in which John Fitch resided was incorporated into the town of Ashby. John Fitch, therefore, on account of the changes in the boundary lines of these towns, was, within the space of a little more than three years, while occupying the same homestead, a resident successively of Lunenburg, Fitchburg and Ashby.

The population of the town at the time of its incorporation was about 250; in 1800 it had increased to 1,390; in 1840 it was 2,570; in 1860, 7,854; in 1870, 11,260; in 1880, 12,405; and in 1890, 20,037. The estimated population at the present time is 27,000. The valuation of the town in 1771 was $8,361.66, real estate being $6,503.33, and personal property $1,858.33. In 1894 real estate was valued at $14,267,106, personal property $4,210,573, making a total of $18,477,679. The total tax in 1771 was $392.30; in 1894 it was $349,426.92.

OVERLOOK RESERVOIR.

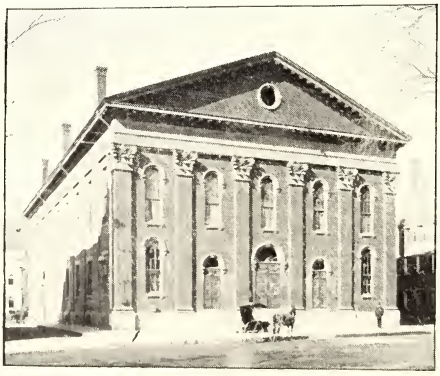
The resident of Fitchburg to-day says, not in a boastful spirit, that the location of the city is admirable, its history interesting, its growth rapid yet healthy, as indicated by the statistics just quoted.

A branch of the Nashua River flows through the city. Rollstone hill, rising somewhat abruptly to a height of three hundred feet, overlooks the city from the south, while in other directions rise eminences from which are obtained excellent views. Pearl hill, situated a short distance from the heart of the city in a northerly direction, commands an extensive view of the surrounding

A ROLLSTONE QUARRY.

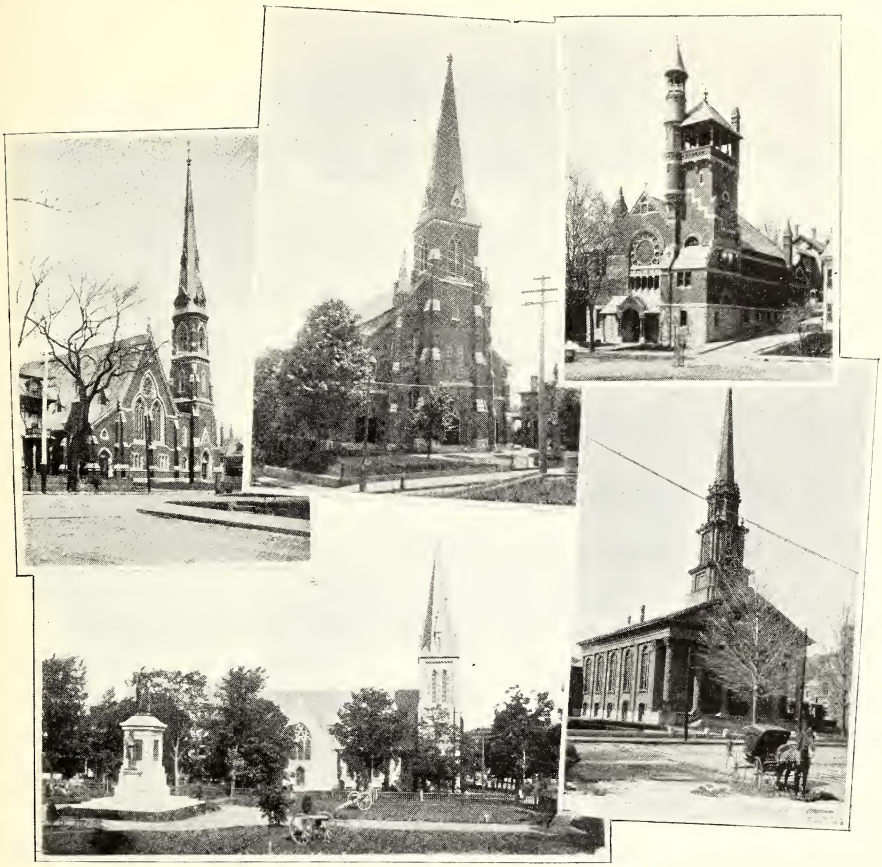
country. This hill bids fair, in the near future, to become a popular summer resort; and there are many other localities about the city which are especially attractive to the lover of nature. Beautiful drives and walks for pleasure and for study are found in abundance, and in the selection of those spots which present scenes that charm the eye and at the same time afford opportunity for rest and health-giving recreation, the natural surroundings of Fitchburg compare favorably with many of the noted resorts of the land. The records of the State Board of Health show that in the matter of healthfulness the region ranks among the very best in the state.

The water supply of any city or town is a consideration of the highest importance, in view of the fact that medical authorities are especially emphatic in the statement that so many germs of disease are contained in the water supply of so many places. The water supply of this city is excellent and sufficiently ample for a city with a population of a hundred thousand. Not the slightest apprehension was felt regarding the quantity or the quality of the water supply during the unprecedented drought of 1894. The question of water supply agitated the minds of the inhabitants for a number of years previous to 1870. Definite action thereon was taken and work begun in 1871 upon reservoirs and supplies. Two reservoirs, Overlook and Marshall, were soon completed. Hydrant water was used at a fire for the first time January 5, 1872. Two additional reservoirs were constructed later. In 1887 there were forty-one miles of main pipes, twenty-seven miles of service pipe and two hundred and fifty-six hydrants, — the total cost of water-works at that date being $621,000. In 1892 permission was obtained from the legislature to borrow $300,000 for the purpose of securing additional water supply from Meeting-house pond in Westminster. Work was begun at once, and the water from the pond taken into the city November 23 of the same year. The water commissioners, in their report for 1892, put forth the confident claim that the water supply of the city is second to none in the state.



FITCHBURG CITY HALL.

Visitors comment favorably with regard to the quiet and orderly condition of the city. State officials in their tours of inspection have been struck by the noticeable absence of the "slums" which abound in many places whose industries are similar in character to those of Fitchburg. The efficiency of the fire department is well known. The alertness of



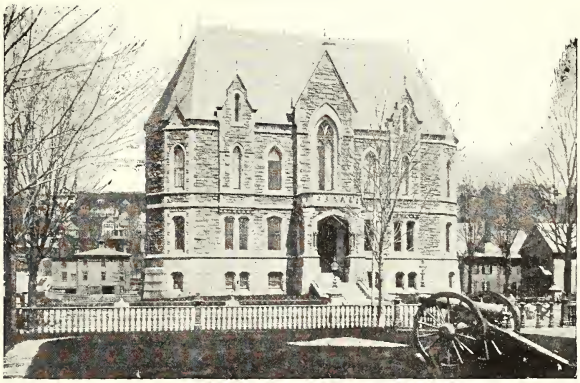
ROLLSTONE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.
ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH.
CHRIST CHURCH AND MONUMENT SQUARE. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

engineers and firemen, together with the ample equipment of the department, tends to insure a degree of security that contributes to the prosperity of any municipality.

The military history of the town would alone form an interesting theme. A work written by Mr. Henry A. Willis entitled "Fitchburg in the Rebellior" is worthy of careful perusal. Its study in the public schools of the city would tend to foster a love for the flag among the boys and the girls to whom the records of that eventful struggle are mere traditions. A stone erected upon Laurel Street near the Nashua River marks the spot where the minute men gathered, April 19, 1775, upon receipt of the intelligence that the blood of their countrymen had been shed at Lexington. The town of Fitchburg bore its part bravely in the long and eventful contest that ensued. Two military companies were in existence in the town at the opening of the Rebellion, in 1861. The commanders of these two companies, John W. Kimball and Edwin Upton, reported their respective commands ready to march at once upon the receipt of the news that President Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand troops. These companies, which were soon equipped for active service, went to the front in the summer of 1861. Captain Kimball became successively major and lieutenant-colonel of the fifteenth Massachusetts

FITCHBURG, LOOKING SOUTHEAST.

regiment, and subsequently was appointed colonel of the fifty-third. He did gallant service, and in 1865 was brevetted brigadier-general for gallant conduct. Captain Upton, who was appointed colonel of the twenty-fifth regiment, proved himself an efficient officer. This regiment left the state in the fall of 1861, and participated in many a severe engagement, from Roanoke Island to Cold Harbor. The record of the brave men who represented Fitchburg in that gigantic conflict is one of which any community may be proud. The soldiers' monument, on Main Street, erected to commemorate the valor of those who risked their lives for the nation, was dedicated in 1874. In 1876 this monument was decorated upon Memorial Day by the pupils of the high school; and since that time it has been thus decorated upon each recurrence of the day set apart in honor of the defenders of the republic. It would be invidious to select for favorable notice a few names from among the long and honorable list of those who went forth from Fitchburg to uphold upon the battle-field the honor of the nation. The words of Governor Bullock, addressed to the mourning assembly convened in the town hall at the funeral of Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Marshall, April 19, 1866, set forth well and truthfully the praise that is due the loyal sons of Fitchburg for their heroic sacrifices. Said Governor Bullock: "I do not forget, in the thick-coming memories which the scene enforces upon me, that this ancient and beautiful town of Fitchburg — to which by neighborhood, ties of birth and youthful residence my heart ever draws me and ever will — distinguished herself by the promptness, by the alacrity, by the prodigality of means and of men with which she entered upon the opening solemn drama in the early days of the war. Not many towns in the state matched her record, and few, if any, surpassed her."



THE COURT HOUSE.

Not the least among the numerous struggles of the men who have made New England what it is has been the effort to construct and to maintain permanently the public highways which serve to bring the people of different communities into close relations. Upon the walls of one of those colossal buildings at the Chicago Exposition was placed this inscription: "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous, — a fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place." Macaulay says: "Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization." Torrey's History of Fitchburg says: "The condition of the highways, in the early history of the town, can hardly be imagined at the present time. For the most part they were merely 'bridle paths,' winding through the woods, over one hill after another, and making the travelled distance between two places nearly double what it is now. Wheel carriages had not then been introduced. Travelling was performed on horseback. In order that people might not lose their direction, trees were marked on one side of the way. A few roads, which would soon prove the destruction of one of our modern carriages, were laid out at an early season, near to the centre of the town." The houses in the town, at the beginning, in accordance with the prevailing custom of the earlier days, were built with a view to protection and

STATE ARMORY.

defence. The sites selected generally were upon the hills, and consequently the roads and the paths leading from house to house were winding and frequently difficult to travel. When more frequent communication between different localities became necessary, better roads were demanded, and this demand involved such an enormous outlay of time and money that suitable highways could not be provided at once. Roads were built gradually, and by building good ones the inhabitants of Fitchburg have made strenuous exertions to promote the civilization of their region. The legislature of Massachusetts has, within a few years, established a state highway commission; and this commission is charged with the duty of building state roads. The legislature of 1894 appropriated for this purpose the sum of $300,000. The first piece of road for which the commission decided to appropriate any money was a mile in Westminster and Fitchburg — one half mile in each township. The cost of the half mile built in Fitchburg was $7,000. The student of history who desires to compare the present condition of our country in one important respect with its condition a century ago should not fail to visit in the spring the mile of state road in Westminster and Fitchburg, — and immediately thereafter he should undertake to traverse some by-path over one of the many hills in the township of Fitchburg. The report of the street commissioner for 1894 shows that one hundred and twenty-four miles of highway are at present maintained within the limits of the township. Good roads now lead from the city to all the surrounding towns. To build these roads and to keep them in repair involves an expense the thought of which might have been a greater terror for the early settlers than the yell of the savage.

The subject of constructing a railroad from Fitchburg to Boston agitated the minds of the residents of the town as early as 1840. The road was built a few years later, and opened for travel in March, 1845. It was fifty miles in length, and was called the Fitchburg railroad. The Vermont and Massachusetts road, extending from Fitchburg to Greenfield, was built the next year; and soon after the Cheshire road, extending to Bellows Falls, was opened for travel. The next road built was the Fitchburg and Worcester; and later came a road to South Framingham, called the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg. Fitchburg, therefore, may well be termed a railroad centre. The service includes fifteen passenger trains daily to and from Boston upon the Fitchburg road, and five upon

UNION PASSENGER STATION.

the New York, New Haven and Hartford, — the division formerly known as the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg. The trains from Boston to the West continue their way through the famous Hoosac Tunnel, the road through the mountain being justly regarded as one of the marvellous engineering triumphs of the century. The various railways centring in the city afford direct and frequent communication with all parts of the land, thus rendering the city a desirable place of residence for the enterprising business man.

A horse railway was built in 1886 from Goodrich Street to West Fitchburg, a distance of three and a quarter miles. Extensions were made subsequently in various directions, until at the present time the Fitchburg and Leominster Street Railway Company operates more than thirteen miles of railway. The latest extension was made to Whalom Lake, a beautiful sheet of water situated in Lunenburg, three miles from Main Street in Fitchburg. The managers of the street railway have thus made a delightful summer resort easy of access, not only to the residents of this city, but also to the dwellers in other parts of the state who desire to enjoy the beauties of this beautiful bit of our New England scenery. Electricity has now superseded horse power upon the lines of the street railway. In 1886, at the inception of the enterprise, the railway company employed twelve men. The equipment consisted of thirty-three horses and seven cars of all descriptions. In 1894 seventy men were employed, and thirty cars.

WANOOSNOC BROOK.

In 1888 occurred the death of Gardner Burbank, a respected citizen of Fitchburg. Provision was made in his will for the establishment of a hospital. It is estimated that a sum exceeding $400,000 will be available for that purpose. One

clause of the will reads: "I also request and direct that, while those who are able to pay for the services rendered to them in the hospital may be subjected to such moderate and reasonable charges as is usual in such cases in similar charitable institutions, those on the other hand who are in poverty and sickness shall ever be received and cared for kindly and tenderly 'without money and without price' and without regard to color or nationality." The funds were to be available upon the decease of Mrs. Burbank. The city was enabled, however, to secure the early advantages of a part of the fund through the liberality of Mrs. Burbank, who generously offered to pay the interest annually upon a sum of money which the city might borrow for the purchase of land and the erection thereon of buildings which could be utilized at once. A tract of land containing four hundred acres, known as the Nichols farm, was bought in 1893. The buildings situated upon it were remodelled to some extent; and in July, 1894, the hospital was in readiness for use.

The city, before purchasing the Nichols farm, owned two hundred acres in that vicinity; and these two tracts of land, with proper care bestowed upon them, will form one of the finest parks in the state. The city has also acquired for a park another large tract of land, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Coggshall. This park contains sixty-five acres, is situated in a southerly direction from the city, two miles from Main Street, and located admirably for park purposes. The Burbank Hospital buildings are situated north of the city, a mile from the city hall. A park commission was appointed in 1894. This commission, in its first annual report, submitted in December, 1894, says: "The commissioners congratulate the citizens of Fitchburg upon the generous gifts to our city of lands for parks." The commissioners also say, which seems a thing worth noticing and commending, that they will endeavor to hire some open space where school children can play their games of ball and chase.

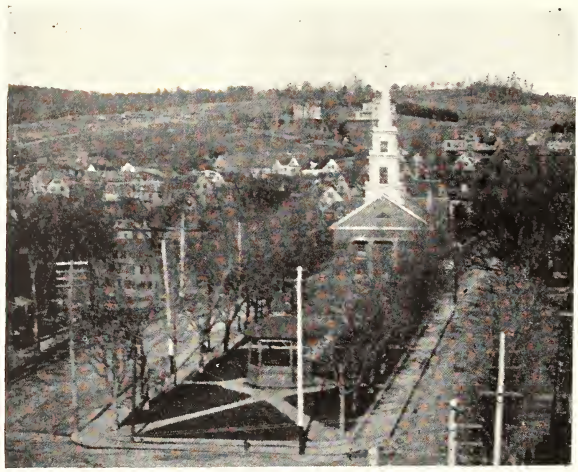
NEAR THE HOSPITAL.

The public library has become a recognized force among the various instrumentalities designed to promote the public good in every community. The free public school and the free public library

are the two important forces upon which reliance must be placed in the effort to provide for all classes the means of education so necessary in this republic. The citizens of Massachusetts recall with pride the efforts which have resulted in the establishment within their borders of so large a number of free public libraries. The national commissioner of education, in a recent report, says: "It is not wonderful that Massachusetts, one of the wealthiest and most thickly populated of America's commonwealths, should have many more of these libraries than any other of the states. The public education that begins with the elementary school here culminates with the free public library." The citizens of Fitchburg are enjoying to-day the benefits of one of the best-equipped libraries in the state, the gift of one of its honored citizens, Hon. Rodney Wallace. The building, which was completed and dedicated in July, 1885, is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. It contains upon the lower floor a reading-room for daily and weekly papers, a reading-room for magazines, a reference room in which may be consulted cyclopædias and other reference works, and also the large room set apart for the circulating library. There is in the upper story an attractive art gallery, and around the art gallery are smaller rooms, one of which is called the relic room, its name indicating its use. Another room contains specimens of the work of the pupils from the public schools, while elsewhere are found engravings, etc. The building would be an ornament to any city, and as

BURBANK HOSPITAL.

WACHUSETT LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.



THE COMMON.

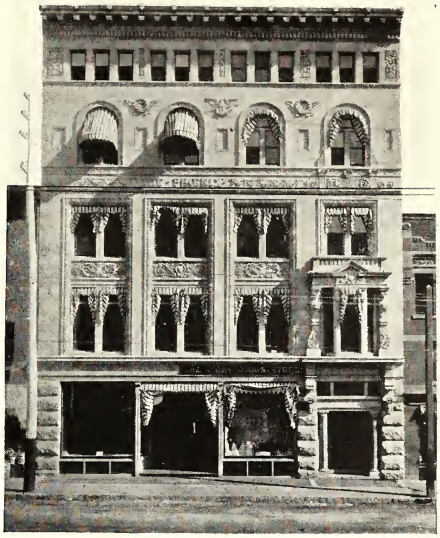
an educative force wields a potent influence in Fitchburg.

The church and the town were practically the same in the early days of New England, and it was in Fitchburg as it was elsewhere. Ecclesiastical matters were decided in the town meeting. Dr. Mason, in his admirable sketch of Fitchburg in the history of Worcester County, says: "In November, 1764, the town voted to have six weeks' preaching on their own territory. Rev. Peter Whitney, the future historian of Worcester County, was asked to furnish preaching for this length of time. He accepted the invitation, and the services were held in Cowdin's tavern. At this same November meeting it was also voted to build a house of worship, and a sum equivalent to about $166 was appropriated to begin the erection of it." The records of the town meetings from that time for half a century show that at those assemblies questions were debated involving the location of meeting-houses and the preaching of the gospel. At one of the earliest of the town meetings a committee was appointed "for to git a minister to preach," and the sum of forty pounds was appropriated to carry this vote into effect. In 1786, at a town meeting, it was voted "to build a new meeting-house in the centre of the town or the nearest convenientest place to the centre." In progress of time matters assumed a different aspect. Church affairs and the secular affairs of the town were separated. Each religious society managed its own affairs. Religious controversies were taken from the town meeting, and debates thereon were transferred to ecclesiastical councils. Separate religious organizations have been formed from year to year, until in 1895 the church directory furnishes the information that sixteen different religious societies are worshipping in houses of their own, viz., one each of German Evangelical, Unitarian, Universalist and Episcopal; two each of Methodist and Congregationalist, with four Baptist and four Roman Catholic. The directory also gives the names of a number of additional churches duly organized and holding regular services in various places. Some of these church organizations have already made provision for the erection of church edifices. Religious meetings under the auspices of several of these different societies are held also in the public schoolhouses and elsewhere. It may be assumed therefore that provision is made for the spiritual needs of Fitchburg equal to that provided in any of our New England manufacturing communities. Successful work is being done also by organizations connected with many of the churches. The Young Men's Christian Association has been eminently prosperous. The association has just erected a building which is at once an ornament to the city and a credit to the members of the useful organization.

The citizens of Fitchburg have ever manifested a deep interest in the cause of common-school education. The town of Fitchburg was incorporated in 1764. The town voted in September of that year to establish two schools, and made appropriation of eight pounds for the maintenance of these schools, one of which was kept in a corn barn near the spot upon which the Pearl Hill schoolhouse now stands, and the other in Samuel Hunt's tavern. The succeeding year the appropriation was reduced to three pounds,

but one year later the sum of eight pounds was again raised. This amount was appropriated annually for three years. The town voted in October, 1772, to raise twenty pounds. The annual appropriation for the next four years was twenty pounds. It was voted in 1785 "to hire a grammar school master for the town." The appropriation was increased gradually, until in 1798 it had reached the sum of one hundred pounds.

The records of the meetings held from year to year show that the subject of providing school room was not at that time an unimportant one. A committee was appointed in 1798 "to estimate the bigness of schoolhouses." The sum of $1,080 was raised in 1798 to build and to furnish schoolhouses. The valuation of the schoolhouses at that time was $440. The appropriation for school buildings and the maintenance of schools was increased gradually. Additional houses were built, and provision was made for the inspection of the schools by competent persons. The town voted at a meeting in 1826, that the selectmen be a committee for the superintendence and regulation of schools, agreeably to an act of the General Court passed the previous year; and later, at the same meeting, the clergymen of the town were added to the committee of superintendence. Subsequently the town selected annually a superintending school committee. School districts were abolished in the state in 1869, by an act of the legislature, and thereafter the duties of prudential and superintending committees were united. Upon the incorporation of the city, in 1873, three members of the school committee were chosen from each of the six wards, and these, with the mayor and the president of the common council, now constitute the school board. The office of superintendent of schools was created in 1873.



MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY BUILDING.

THE WALLACE BLOCK.

The High School Association of Fitchburg was formed in 1830, by prominent citizens who were interested in the cause of education. The directors of the association were Benjamin Snow, Francis Perkins and Dr. Charles W. Wilder; Dr. Jonas A. Marshall was secretary and treasurer. Dr. Mason says, "This association proved to be of very material assistance in promoting the cause of education here, and many of our older

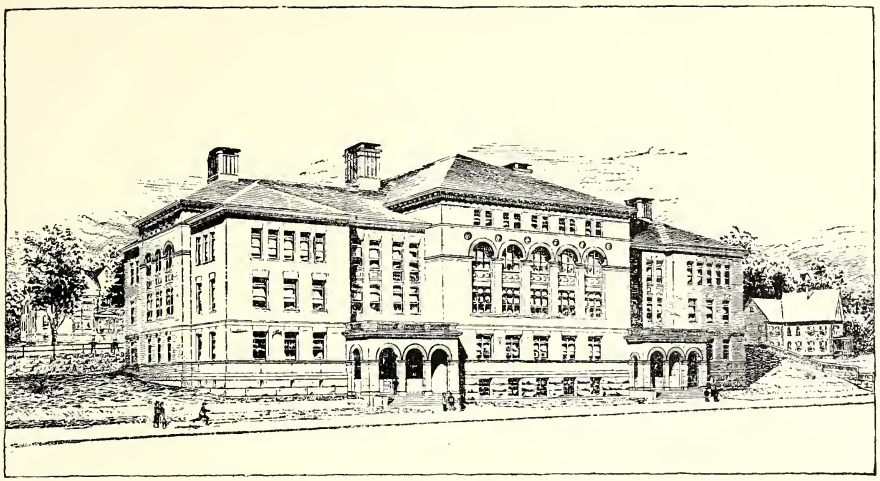
citizens owe their knowledge of the higher branches of learning to the instruction rendered available by it." A building was erected upon Academy Street, at a cost of twelve hundred dollars. The building was designated the "Academy." A school was organized under the auspices of this association. The first catalogue issued contains a list of studies as follows: writing and making pens, ancient and modern geography, history, rhetoric, botany, moral philosophy, political economy, logic. The town voted in 1849 to establish a public high school, and for this purpose the academy was purchased from the High School Association. A high school building was erected in 1869, near the site upon which the academy stood. Including the new high school, the school lands and buildings are valued at about five hundred thousand dollars. The annual expenditures, average number of teachers employed and the average attendance of pupils for the four years 1864, 1874, 1885 and 1894 are shown by the following table: —

| Year. | Expenditures. | Teachers. | Average Attendance. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1864 | $9,300 | 33 | 1,170 |
| 1874 | 37,000 | 53 | 1,728 |
| 1885 | 45,000 | 63 | 2,223 |
| 1894 | 87,700 | 101 | 3,252 |

The items of expenditure include what are generally termed "school expenses," viz., the amounts paid for salaries of teachers and supervisors, fuel and care of rooms, and subsequent to 1884, when the free text-book law went into operation, the expenditures for free text-books and supplies.

Evening drawing-schools, which are well attended, have been maintained annually for twenty years. Several evening schools are maintained for instruction in the common branches. The past year nearly seven hundred pupils were enrolled in these schools, which were in session four months, with from thirty to forty teachers. The city is erecting a high school building, already referred to, which will provide ample high school accommodations for a city of fifty thousand inhabitants. The building, which will be ready for occupancy in September next, will be as well arranged as any high school building in the state. The estimated cost of the land and building is two hundred thousand dollars. The legislature of 1894 decided to establish such a state normal school at Fitchburg at the same time that it decided to establish similar schools at North Adams, at Lowell, and in Barnstable County. The plans for the Fitchburg building are ready, and work upon

MAIN STREET, NEAR THE DEPOT.

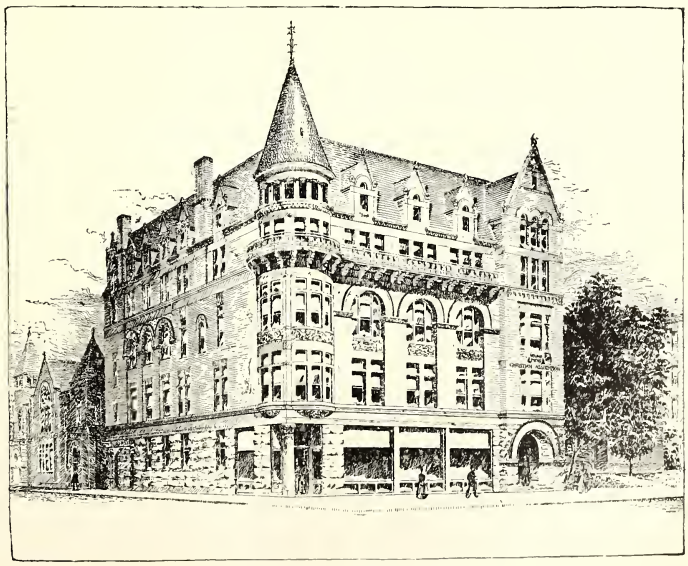


HIGH SCHOOL.

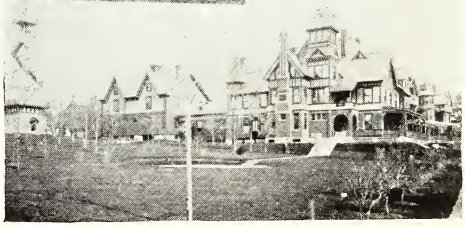
it will be begun early in the coming spring.

The industrial interests of Fitchburg are most diversified. It is not possible here to give even the names of the manufacturing corporations whose enterprise has contributed in such a marked degree to the material progress of the city. The city has a wide reputation for the manufacture of ginghams, worsted goods, firearms, paper, bicycles, saws, screws, files, boilers, boots and shoes, and many articles besides.

Allusion has been made to the fact that early in the history of the town the Nashua River was utilized by those who erected grist-mills and saw-mills. This was the origin of those industries for which Fitchburg is noted to-day. A well-known resident of the city, a native of another part of the Union, says that he first saw the name Fitchburg, Mass., while he was in the city of Shanghai. The vessel upon which he was employed had put into that port, and during the time he had spent upon shore he saw, among other novelties, a machine marked, "Manufactured by Putnam Machine Company, Fitchburg, Mass." This young man after his sea voyage settled in Fitchburg and learned his trade in the shop of the company the product of whose industry first greeted his vision in that far-distant clime; and he is to-day an employee of the company. The iron industry of Fitchburg is extensive. The pioneers in



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.



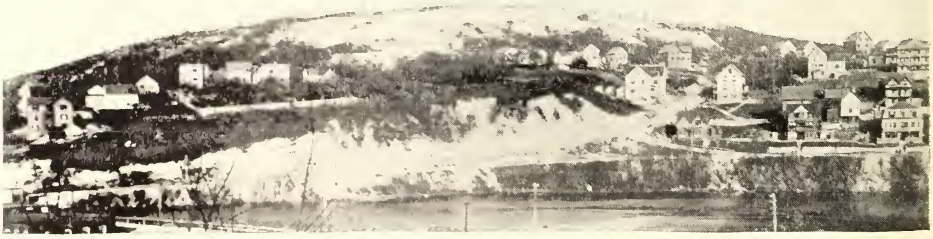
SOME FITCHBURG RESIDENCES.

great number and variety. The first two fully equipped machine shops in China were furnished throughout with machinery from the Putnam machine shop of Fitchburg. The management of the company at the present time is vested in the sons of the founder.

the industry were two brothers, Salmon W. and John Putnam, who in 1838 began a small business, mostly repairing. Their business increased constantly, and in 1858 the Putnam Machine Company was organized with a capital of $40,000, which in a few years was increased to $160,000. Buildings were erected at a cost of $200,000. Salmon W. Putnam was the president of the company from its organization until his death, which occurred in 1872. The establishment grew until it became the largest of its kind in the world. Five hundred hands are employed. The company manufactures machine-shop and railroad tools of

It would be interesting to note the establishment and the prosperity of many remarkably successful corporations, such as the Parkhill Manufacturing Company, which is an honor to the city as well as a credit to the managers. The record of a score of Fitchburg's manufacturing corporations is such as would reflect credit upon any municipality.

The paper industry has contributed largely to the material prosperity of the city. The first paper-mill was erected in 1804. This was the only paper-mill in the town for more than twenty years. It was located upon Water Street, not far



ROLLSTONE HILL.

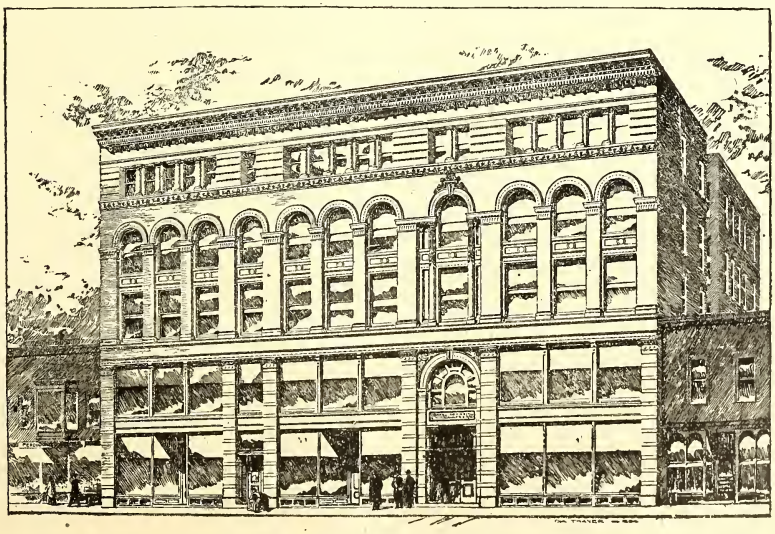
from the present railway station. The growth of this industry is worthy of note from the time when that broad-minded, clear-headed man, Alvah Crocker, built his first mill to the present time, when we find in successful operation such extensive works as those of Crocker, Burbank & Co., the Fitchburg Paper Company, the Wheelwright Paper Company and the Falulah Paper Company.

Rollstone Hill attracts the attention of the stranger. It is a favorite resort of the student of mineralogy. Classes from educational institutions from various parts of the state visit this hill each year. The residents of Fitchburg look to the hill as the place where is to be found an almost inexhaustible supply of good granite. This granite quarrying has been one of the leading industries of the city. The quarries are worked nearly the entire year, affording employment to a large number of people.

The Board of Trade and the Merchants' Association have done much to give Fitchburg a creditable standing among the cities of the commonwealth. These organizations number among their members public-spirited citizens who spare no efforts to promote the public weal. There are four national banks with an aggregate capital of one million dollars and a surplus of six hundred thousand dollars, and two savings banks with upwards of six million dollars of deposits. The coöperative banks are in successful operation, and have been the means of encouraging many of the residents of the city to build and own their houses.

The daily and weekly *Sentinel*, the leading newspaper, contributes not a little to the fair fame of the city. The *Evening Mail*, which was established a few years since, gives promise of a prosperous career.

The strength of any municipality lies in the character of its men and women; and here Fitchburg makes strong claims. The biographies of many of its citizens would make a record of which any municipality might be proud. The city has welcomed within its borders men and women from other municipalities, who have contributed largely to the moral, the intellectual and the material welfare of their adopted city. Since the incorporation of the city in 1873, thirteen different mayors have been elected, not one of whom was a native of the city. It is gratifying to be able to say that those born and reared in other communities have joined earnestly with those born and reared in Fitchburg in every effort to enhance the prosperity of a city whose welfare is so dear to all its citizens.



SAFETY FUND BUILDING.

# MISTRESS SHERWOOD'S VICTORY.

*By Eva L. Ogden.*

WIFE! wife! hither, wife!" shouted John Sherwood as he strode into the long kitchen. "The troops are at Norwalk and to march this way to-day or to-morrow at farthest. The king shall enjoy his own again. Hurrah!"

"The king's troops, John?" and Abigail dropped her rolling-pin on the board where she had been rolling out pie crust.

"What other, Abigail? Said I not that the king would conquer? In truth I am glad to see this day."

"Art thou, John?" asked Abigail quietly with a slight curve of the nostril as she went into the bedroom and returned with a stout linen pillow-case. "Then be so good as to hand me those spoons and the sugar-tongs yonder while I gather the rest of the silver."

"What aileth thee, wife? Wouldst thou hide thy silver when the king's officers are at hand? Wilt thou not give them of thy best? These be not the thieving rebels."

"Hide? Verily I will, and see that thou hint not we ever had an ounce of silver if thou wishest to see it again. Silver groweth not on the bushes hereabouts to be had for the picking. Give the king's officers of my best? Yes, the best of my food and drink. They would take it if I offered it not. But I want my spoons myself. Humph, man! hast thou forgot thy mare with her new saddle and thy 'Paradise Lost?'"

"'Twas the rebels took them, Abigail."

"The upper and the nether millstone both grind on the corn, husband," replied his wife quietly as she firmly knotted the pillow-case and, going to the cool, deep well just at the kitchen door, drew up the bucket and dropped the pillow-case with its contents into the water. She sighed as she heard the splash, and, lowering the bucket again, came back to her moulding-board.

"I would not hurrah for the king over and above loudly, John," she remarked as she rolled out the crust and shaped it on the earthen pie-plate. "The neighbors distrust thee already, and the troops are not to bide here, are they?"

"Abigail, art thou a time server?"

"Nay, nay, I am no time server. A loyal woman am I, loyal to thee and the king, but ever in my mind runs the prayer of the preacher last Sabbath eve. Dost thou mind it?"

"Nay, Abigail, I heeded not his prayer."

"He prayed, 'Lord, grant that the people may respect their rulers, and furthermore, O Lord, grant that the rulers may so behave that it may be possible to respect them. We would not dictate to thee, O Lord. We would merely suggest.'" Abigail laughed softly to herself as she recalled the prayer. Then she went on: "Of a truth it often seems to me a hard thing that we should be called upon to be loyal to a fool."

"The divine right of kings is not to be gainsaid, being clearly proven —"

"Nay, we will not argue. We have a son in the rebel camp, remember, and a good son, too."

Farmer Sherwood did not answer, but as his wife looked up at him she saw his face drawn as with pain. She laid down her rolling-pin and, stepping up to her husband, laid her head soothingly upon his breast. He threw his arm around her, drew her close to him, and touched his cheek to her smooth black hair. It was only for a moment. Loosing her with a kiss, he went back to his work in the garden and she to her moulding-board.

It was a lovely day in the early spring. The warm sunshine streamed in at the open upper half of the Dutch door. Mistress Sherwood went back and forth

from kitchen to pantry and pantry to kitchen with her light, quick step, rolling out crust, filling pies, covering them, cutting and pinching until finally all were ready. Then she glanced at the old clock and, opening the door of the great brick oven, drew out loaf after loaf of delicious-smelling bread. Suddenly, as she was taking out the last loaf, her ear caught the sound of jingling and clashing as of arms. She paused for a moment, while her lips shut tightly; then she went on with her work. After every loaf was out on the snowy kitchen table, she packed the pies closely in the oven and closed the door once more. Then she stepped to the south door of the great kitchen and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the road.

Yes, the troops, Tryon's troops, fresh from the burning and pillage of Norwalk, were coming; with gleam of musket and jingling of spurs, and ever and anon with sound of fife and drum, they marched up the road. These were the men who would be fighting her boy, her only son, in a few hours perhaps, and she must give them food and drink.

But women did not whine over the inevitable in those days. They took it as it came in the day's work, and if they found it hard, at least they never said so to any one but the Lord.

It was only an instant more before the captain of the troop rode up. He sprang lightly from his horse and raised his hat to the comely woman who stood in the doorway.

"I ask food in the king's name," he said.

Mistress Sherwood met his piercing look frankly and fearlessly, and that smile which even her forty years had not robbed of a hint of fun and mischief played around her mouth.

"Enter, captain, and help yourself. You are used to doing so, I doubt not. The bread is just out of the oven, and the pies will soon be cooked.—John" (for her husband had just come up out of the garden), "will you not show the captain where the cider is?"

"With pleasure, captain; I am glad to see you."

"Ah, a friend, eh?"—and the captain lifted his brows inquiringly.

But Abigail laid her hand softly on her husband's arm. "The king is served best by silent friends sometimes," she said gently, and then with an arch look at the captain: "Will you please to *take* my provisions, sir?"

"With pleasure, madam," answered the captain with a laugh. "Your wife is wise, sir."

Going forward to the table he picked up three or four of the loaves, saying as he did so, "I seize these, madam, in the king's name and for his soldiers. I will send in for the rest. And now, sir, for the cider."

The soldiers outside scattered themselves over the broad greensward in front of the house and did ample justice to the bread and meat brought out to them, and the mugs of cider, which they found right good as it came clear and sparkling from John Sherwood's great cellar. Meanwhile the officers sat in the keeping-room with its great beams crossing the ceiling, and talked with the owner, noting his little store of books as they did so.

"You have Milton's poems I see," said the captain, taking up the book.

"Yes, captain, but my 'Paradise Lost,' which I valued most, is gone, being taken by the rebels when they marched this way."

"Tut, man, if you lost naught but a book of poems you did well. Are you the only man at home to-day? Not a head have we seen as we came up this pretty valley, and we have had to march slow and with a wary lookout for fear of ambuscades behind these cursed stone fences of yours."

"I know not, captain. I have had but little to do with neighbors lately," and John Sherwood sighed, for it had been a great grief to him, this coldness of neighbors and ancient friends.

"Mind not that, man. The war will soon be over, and then you can make friends with your neighbors again. But we must be off, with thanks to you for your hospitality. I trust I may be able to reciprocate it at some future time."

The farmer walked to his little gate shadowed by two fine lilac trees, and watched the troops march off. Then he came back through the keeping-room into the long, pleasant kitchen, where his wife was stirring up corn-cakes for tea.

"You will have no bread to-night, John," she said with a cheery laugh as he sat down on the old oak settle to watch her. "Did the captain miss the silver, husband?"

"He looked askance at the pewter spoon as he stirred his punch methought, but he was too courteous to make any remark," laughed John, but his face grew grave the next moment. "God grant this visit to-day set my neighbors not more against me."

"Amen," said his wife softly. "But we will not think of that. Unless Samuel Forrest sets them on to evil I doubt if one of them will do aught to hurt you."

"Aye, Samuel Forrest," sighed John. "He hath been our enemy ever since he took our daughter from us."

There was no answer. This was the one subject on which Mistress Sherwood dared not trust herself to speak, knowing well the torrent of bitterness that she must give utterance to if she once opened her lips. Instead she hastened the substantial supper.

John had finished his supper and gone out to the milking, and his wife had tidied the room, put away the last of the dishes and seated herself outside on the great south door stone to pick over the greens for the morrow's dinner, when there came the clicking of the front gate and the sound of footsteps on the gravelled walk. She listened intently. "Samuel Forrest's step if I mistake not," she murmured. "Now what ill wind blows him here?"

"Good evening, my fair mother-in-law," said a mocking voice.

She did not raise her eyes. "Good evening, worshipful Master Forrest," she answered quietly.

"Picking greens, eh?" he said as he sat down on the other end of the door stone. "Now how much pleasanter this is for a lady of your housewifely habits than going to a show, a hanging for instance."

"What do you mean?" she asked, glancing up at him with a look of such concentrated scorn in her face that it might have stung any man to the quick.

"Only this, my good mother-in-law. The neighbors seem not to approve of my revered father-in-law's interest in the king's troops and the king's party, and my faith! I should not much wonder if it came to a matter of a hanging ere long."

"Mayhap," answered Mistress Sherwood quietly, but with an intonation that struck the man, "but if there is going to be a hanging it will be a great pity if we can't make it a family party."

Master Forrest eyed her closely with his ugly little black eyes, but she went on sorting over dock and dandelion as composedly as if she were alone, and after watching her a minute he resumed: —

"In any such case it will be my duty and pleasure, my fair mother-in-law, to come down and look after the farm and homestead in the name of Joan, my dear wife."

The woman's eyes flashed. "In Joan's name? She will never give her consent!"

He laughed a soft chuckle that grated harshly on the hearer. "You have not seen Joan for some time, Mistress Sherwood. She hath changed somewhat."

"Yes, it is some time — over a year — though I have tried often enough, God knows," said the mother.

"Yes," said the man musingly, "you *have* tried. I have seen to it that Joan should regret it every time you tried. You would do well to speak me fair, my good mother-in-law. I have more power than you think for."

"You have no more than the power of the devil, your master, and I have yet to learn that the Lord is dethroned."

"Peradventure He sleepeth," mocked the man as he rose. "Ye may feel my power sooner than ye think for, woman. Are you counting on Harry's coming? Harry will never return from the war. I have seen to that. You will learn to curb your tongue when I come to live here, I fancy. Good evening, my fair mother-in-law. I will see you again ere long."

His footsteps died away on the gravelled walk, and she heard the click of the little front gate before she stirred or spoke. Then — "May the curse of God rest upon you here and hereafter, Samuel Forrest, for a black-hearted villain!" she breathed rather than spoke. "My God! my God! whither shall I turn for help?"

Whither indeed? Her hands dropped in her lap, and she stared out unseeing into the mild blue spring sky that hung so softly above her. The garden, the pleasant old-fashioned garden, lay before her with its bee-hives just inside the gate, its quaint paths crossing each other at right angles, its borders where the pale blue hyacinths, the daffies, the orange phœnix and the crown imperial were already a-blooming, where he, her dear husband, had been working only that morning, — he threatened now with a shameful death. It was no idle threat she knew. More than one Tory in the neighborhood had been hanged by infuriated neighbors. With a man like Samuel Forrest, able and unprincipled enough to stir up sleeping passions, to hint and suggest the act, what had they not to fear? She groaned aloud in helpless misery.

Suddenly there came a light touch upon her arm. She turned to see old Cæsar, Samuel Forrest's decrepit slave, rolling up his eyes at her with a curious expression of mingled pity and horror on his black face.

"Missy, you want your daughter, Missy Forrest?"

"Yes! yes!"

"To-morrow night at seben o'clock, come to de swamp just behind de church an' I gib her to you. I can't stan' dis no mo'!"

In a moment he was gone, and Mistress Sherwood with her heavy load of anxiety and doubt went into the house to put away her greens and meet her husband with her usual cheery smile.

It was seven o'clock the next evening when Mistress Sherwood, wrapped in her great cape, stood by the bars at the entrance of the swamp behind the church. She had not waited more than three minutes when she saw two figures coming toward her, evidently Cæsar and her daughter. In another moment they stood at her side.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Missy, hurry now if yo' neber hurried befo' in your life. No, no, I do' want no money. Get home quick, an' de Lawd hab mussy on ye!" He was gone as he spoke, but Mistress Sherwood deliberately put back the hood that shrouded her daughter's face and gazed upon it. Then without a word, without even a groan to God, she seized Joan's hand and hurried her across the fields.

What meant those lights yonder in the valley near her home? What was that sullen hum as of voices? Was that the tramp of feet? She ran. She flew. She climbed the fences, she tore through the briers in the sheep-pasture woods, and panting and breathless she reached with her daughter the back door of the old homestead.

Scarce pausing to breathe, she burst into the kitchen, and then, one hand upon her panting heart, she stopped and gazed wildly around her.

There were more than fifty men at the south door of the great kitchen. Angry, excited faces met her eye. Back by the fireplace, near the oaken settle from which he had risen, stood John Sherwood with his musket in his hand.

"There is no one of ye I would fain hurt," he was saying as his wife entered, "but I will sell my life as dearly as possible. Never shall it be said that a Sherwood was dragged out to death with a halter round his neck."

"Down with the Tory!" "Hang him!" "Shoot him down where he stands and hang him afterward!" were the cries.

In another moment there would have been a rush upon him, but Abigail sprang forward.

"Neighbors! neighbors!" she cried, "ye who have been our friends and neighbors for more than twenty years, listen to me. Ye were my schoolmates and my husband's schoolmates years ago. Is there any one of you that John Sherwood, boy or man, ever wronged by so much as a farthing's worth?"

"No," said some of the men sullenly, "he's an honest man; we'll say that for him."

"Has he not been a good neighbor to ye? Robert Saunders, who loaned you the money for that debt you owed Samuel Forrest yonder, when he threatened to take the last stick of wood and the last pound of meal in your house if you did not pay him? Job Lane, who watched with your old father night after night that ye might not be broken of your rest, and who helped you with the funeral charges? Israel Hyatt, who found the corn and the bacon for you that long winter when you knew not where to turn? And who paid the doctor's bill for you when Susan died? And I — is there one among you to whom I have not come with cheer and comfort when ye needed me at any hour of day or night? I have pounded drugs and distilled waters and watched with the dying and helped lay out the dead. Oh, I think shame, shame to myself that I should have to tell you this! And now, now at a word from that man, that black-hearted fiend yonder, ye come to put my husband, your good neighbor, to a shameful death!"

"And why?" she went on after a moment's pause. "Do ye know why?" Shall I tell ye? Samuel Forrest thinks to take my husband's farm and his homestead that he ever coveted, for his own. Ahab will seize on Naboth's vineyard with his hands red with Naboth's blood! Did he not tell me but yester-even that if aught happened to my goodman he would move down here and take care of the property in the name of his wife, my daughter Joan? Aye, and he told me, me his mother, that my son Harry, my only son, who is fighting on your side, shall never come home to me. He had taken care of that, he said.

"'Tis false!" cried Samuel Forrest, but his voice shook.

"'Tis true! true as that he stands there, he who has robbed and cheated every one of you for years!"

Under her burning words there had been a gradual, half-unconscious withdrawal on the part of the crowd from Samuel Forrest, and now one and another looked at him where he stood at one side and muttered ominously.

It was growing darker. A soft spring wind came up over the garden, bringing the scent of the daffies and the hyacinths.

Mistress Sherwood spoke again, but her clear voice was broken a little now.

"Ye mind my daughter, neighbors, my pretty Joan? I gave her to that man"— and she pointed to where Samuel Forrest's white face gleamed in the light of a lantern held by one of the men —"three years ago, the fairest bride that ever walked the streets of Pemigewasset. It was but yester-eve he told me, 'You have not seen Joan for a year; she hath changed somewhat.' Changed! My God! men, if ye be men and not fiends like him, tell me what is this?"

She had held her daughter's hand all the while, and now she drew her forward to the door. With a sense of something awful coming, the men had crowded up close on the great door stone, and stood peering into the kitchen. One swung his lantern above his head and lighted up the scene. And they saw, as Joan's great cloak fell off, a thin, wan form, wasted with pain and sickness. Her wild black eyes and heavy black curls clustering over her forehead intensified the ghastly pallor of the face. She stood like one in a dream at the leading of her mother's hand, and as her eyes fell on the crowd, in a strange monotonous voice, that voice which thrills the heart more than any other can, speaking as it does of the mind's departure, she said, "Who's dead? who's dead?"

John Sherwood sprang forward, dropping his musket on the floor. "Joan! Joan! my daughter!" he cried, and with a groan he caught her to him and buried her face in his bosom.

There had been silence, a silence that could be felt, but now there broke forth such a storm of groans and curses and even sobs from those strong, bitter men, that it was more awful than words can tell.

Abigail raised her hand for silence. "The hand of the devil and his servant, Samuel Forrest, is heavy on us, my neighbors," she said. "Pray for us."

Pray? With cries of hate and rage they sprang like hounds unleashed upon the man.

And Mistress Sherwood shut the door.

# A SCOTCHMAN'S JOURNEY IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1771.

*Edited by Mary G. Powell.*

WILLIAM GREGORY, the author of the following journal of a tour in New England in 1771, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and came to Virginia in 1760. For five years or more he lived in Fredericksburg, where he belonged to the same lodge of Freemasons as George Washington. In 1766 he moved to New Haven, Connecticut, to engage in business with another Scot — William Glenn. They kept a general store, exporting horses, cattle, fish, lumber, etc., to the West Indies, and bringing back rum, molasses and sugar. This business was discontinued in 1774, when the young partners found it prudent to display their loyalty to the mother country by winding up their affairs and returning home. William Gregory, the son of him whose journal follows, came over to Alexandria, Virginia, in 1807, and there, in 1875, died, leaving a numerous progeny.

---

*Tuesday, September 17, 1771.* The day being fair and pleasant, I by the grace of God sett off from New Haven on a journey toward Boston. Baited my horse and dined at Doolittle's, Washingford, upon a very good dinner. Arrived in the evening at Hartford, put up at Butt's Tavern all night. Slept little on account of a great headache from riding all day in the sun, besides being saddle sick. Nothing material happened, only saw the town, which is handsome for a town in Connecticut.

*September 18.* Sett out from Hartford very much galled, came to Suffield and dined, from thence to Springfield, where I passed two ferries, oated my horse, and fell in company with five women, with whom I rid in company as far as Kingston or Palmer to Mr. Scott's Tavern; overtook the coach. My horse tired. Put him in pasture, eat my supper and went to bed very much fatigued. This day rid through a charming country on a good road.

*September 19.* Slept pretty well last night considering everything. Sett off by seven o'clock this morning, rid as far as Brookfield, and breakfasted and stayed until my two widows, one married woman and two young girls came up. Kept alongside of them for fourteen miles, but finding they would only be a bill of costs, and no advantage, I dropped them. I jogged on the road solitary enough. This is a very mountainous country and bad roads. Dined at Spencer, at Whitemore's. After I refreshed my horse in the pasture, I pursued my way towards Worcester, along with two Scotch-Irishmen, who were glad to hear somebody speak broad. They left me after riding three miles, and I came up with the five women once more at Worcester. I put up at one Howard's. The coach proceeded. This is a very handsome place and county town, and court now sits, so that the Tavern is quite full. This place lies east and west, a pretty situation, forty-seven miles from Boston. Weather still continues good, but the country very mountainous here. I passed for a relative of old Parson MacGregor's of Londonderry, New England, which caused a little more respect paid me. I said he was my grand uncle and passed well so. I slept with a man who came to bed to me and got up long before me, so that I knew not what he was. A good many stragglers live or rather breathe hereabouts. This country, never less its being mountainous, is very fertile of all the necessaries of life.

*September 20.* Turned out this morning about six o'clock, paid my damage at Howard's amounting to 13*s.* O. S. or 2*s.* 10 lawful. From thence I proceeded to the barber's shop to be shaved and dressed, which was by the little gross Irishman. From thence I proceeded on my way and came to Shrewsbury, where I baited my horse and self at the sign of the Lamb, my horse and self delighting in short stages, both being jaded. Kept on my way after breakfast towards Marlbro and arrived there after eleven. Put out Dick to pasture and had a nip of toddy for myself by way of refreshment, being almost choked with dust. Dined here, the day proving very hot and the roads dry. There is a fine pond here with a pretty sail boat for pleasuring. Young people here very sickly with the throat distemper, which is fatal to a good many, as they tell me. Charming fertile country this way, being thirty miles west of Boston and the road crowded with people going and coming from that metropolis. I proceeded from Marlbro towards Sudbury, where is a causeway about a mile long through very extensive medows. This is a very good country. Stopped and oated Dick. From thence I stretched along towards Watertown within ten miles of Boston, and put up at my good friend's house, Ben. Learnard, who is a widower with a fine daughter. Vessels of twenty or thirty tons come from Boston up here loaded, and I believe carry on considerable trade. Here I spent the evening with several agreeable ladies. As soon as they were gone I eat supper and went to bed. Slept comfortably and soundly. My reckoning this night came to 19*s.* 7, equal to about 1*s.* 10 leg.

*September 21.* Arose betimes and pursued my way, rejoicing that I had but eight miles to Boston and that through as delightful a country as ever I saw. From Watertown I came to Cambridge, where I stopped and eat breakfast. From thence I pursued my way and passed by the College, which are pretty good buildings for America. The name of the college is Harvard or Cambridge. From thence I sett off and came to Charleston and crossed over to Boston. Ferriage for man and horse four coppers. My next employment was to seek out lodgings. I jogged along with a slow but solemn pace through most of the town unknown. At last I alighted in King Street opposite the Bristol Coffee House, at one Mr. Coburn's, a civil man who keeps private lodgings and which suited me vastly better than a tavern. There was a man-of-war and a fine merchant ship arrived to-day from London, but learnt no news. Went into James McMaster's store, seeing his name above the door. Got acquainted with him, and he shewed me some part of the town. This afternoon he also introduced me to Captain Millar and some Scotch captains. We went and drank punch at Captain Service's with them. McMaster's brother, Kipplefoot, is in London, but expected out in three weeks; he brags prodigiously and tells of the thousands of pounds he sells of goods. I find he is not much esteemed here for all his boasting.

*September 22.* This day being Sunday, I proposed going to some place of Worship. I applied to the barber who lives next door to put my hair in some kind of order, that I might look decent and cleanly, being a stranger, dressing hair being customary on the Lord's Day for all their sanctity. I forgot to mention that I live in the place where they say the massacre was, almost opposite the Custom House, being the largest street in town. My barber being so busy, I dressed myself. I went to the new Boston Church along with J. McMaster and heard Mr. Howard. In the afternoon I went to the New Stone Chapel, and we had the sweetest music I ever heard, with a sermon from Revelations. This church is very handsome, and well painted and carved in the inside; the outside making no brilliant appearance. Before we went into church, we caused our legs to carry us up to Beacon Hill, the highest spot in all the island, where we had a charming view of the town, harbor and shipping, this place taking its name from their making a light here upon any emergency and alarming the country on the approach of danger. They have a large ring fixed on the top of a large stick, to which they fix a barrel of tar and set afire. This they say will bring in five

[fifty?] thousand brave fellows quickly. At the time that the troops lay here they say they were on the point of lighting the tar barrel, but I suppose their hearts failed them, for they will lie like the devil, — their words cannot be depended upon, — very frothy and great boasters. But the men-of-war here lying close up to the town make them sing small. They are pretty quiet just now, politics being at an end, every one being intent upon his own business. But they say they do not want the men-of-war, and do not know what so many of them are sent here for. After church I proceeded home with J. McMaster, and drank punch till the going down of the sun, when we sallied forth into the street, and then proposed going to see Captain Service, a brother of Andrew's. I was introduced to him, and begun to count kindred, but could not make it out, he nor I knowing but little of relations. He introduced me directly to Mrs. Service, to whom he was married lately. She was born in Islay, but brought out to New York very young. They used me very kindly, bid me not to be a stranger so long as I stay in town. I spent the evening there very agreeably with Captain Millar, Captain Noble and some other Scotch captains who are building vessels here for the Virginia trade. Half after nine o'clock I got up and bid good night, but instead of going home, I found myself at the opposite end of the town, two miles from my lodgings. I tacked about, and after running through Lord knows how many crooked streets, I arrived in King Street to my great joy. I smoked a pipe, jawed a little and went to bed.

*Monday, September 23.* Being cloudy and the wind easterly. I was entertained with something quite new and agreeable to me. Yesterday being the coronation day of George III., it was to have been celebrated, but its being the Lord's Day and Admiral Montgomerie being very desirous not to give any umbrage to the saints in this good town of Boston, postponed the affair until to-day. The admiral's ship was dressed in all the colors of the different nations of Europe, and all the different signals hoisted on board of a man-of-war. She was the finest sight I ever saw, a sixty-four-gun ship and very beautiful. The whole of her colors, amounting to two hundred, were hoisted up in one minute, and continued blowing in the wind, being an easy breeze until sunsett, when all of them were lowered again in one minute, which was amazing to me. At twelve o'clock noon the batterys fired in town, and at one o'clock the admiral's ship called the captain's, and all the men-of-war in the harbor fired a round of twenty-one guns, which made the Town to shake, and the great guns on Castle William likewise fired after the men-of-war was done. Nothing more material happened this day, only seeing some more of the town, and the more I saw of it the more confused it seems. I find no regularity. Captain Service was kind enough to me both fore and after noon, and shew me places which I was very much obliged to him for, being altogether a stranger here. Spent the evening in Mr. McMaster's store, he opening goods just arrived from London, shipped by Kipplefoot or Patrick. About eight o'clock I came home, eat supper and spent the remainder of the evening with some Salem ladies, smoked my pipe and went to bed.

*Tuesday, September 24.* Nothing material happened to-day, only I ventured to walk without a guide. Came across Captain Millar at the north ship-yards, and it being very near punch time, we steered to Captain Service's house and had our Meridian very good. I dined with Captain Service. This day after dinner we looked out for a sail boat and sailed down to Castle William. This is a very strong place, and commands the entrance to the harbor very effectually. There is some very heavy cannon here, forty-two pounders some, but the breastwork being of brick and the wall so thin would make it very dangerous in case of attack, as the bricks would fly and kill more men than the guns. The platforms are very much out of repair, all rotting. There is about five hundred of soldiers at the Castle, all genteel healthy-looking fellows. We drank two bowls of punch, paid for it and came away, having no acquaintance here. About seven o'clock we sett off for Boston, and took in

an officer passenger, but the wind being right ahead, and that dying away, we were obliged to out oars and pull. Made the officer row all the way to pay for his passage. Arrived safe at Boston half after eight in the evening, eat supper at Captain Service's with Captains Millar, Noble and Craufurd, George Service and Mrs. Service, who is an Isla woman born, and very clever. She was widow Kinloch when he married her about the beginning of the present year. She has no children by her first husband. Her age is, I believe, about twenty-six, and her maiden name was Fraser. Came home to bed about ten o'clock in very good humor, well pleased with the excursions of the day.

*Wednesday, 25th.* This day presented something new. I put my letter to Pater aboard the brig *Betsey* for London, dated September 25, Boston. This was the day of ordination of Mr. Bacon and installment of Mr. Hunt, both into church. There was a very great crowd of spectators, estimated to be five hundred [thousand?]. My landlord, Mr. Coburn, introduced me into a pew with twelve ladies, four of whom were married women, the other eight — good God! how can I express it — were such divine creatures that instead of attending to the duties of the solemnity I was all wonder and admiration. I am o'er happy this afternoon, think I completely paid my trouble and expenses in coming here. "Don Pedro," my landlord, said when we came home, "Gregory, you was as happy dog as any in Boston this afternoon. You had eight of the handsomest ladies all around you as Boston affords, and ladies of the first rank, two of which," added he, "are the greatest toasts in the place, — Miss Gray and Miss Greenlees the adorable." Drank tea at home this afternoon, took a walk with Mr. McMasters, went into a tavern and spent the price of a bowl of punch, came home at nine o'clock. McNaught and I played the violin. We were very merry. Eat my supper, smoked my pipe and took myself to the Land of Nod.

*Thursday, 26th.* I went and bought a few trifles in the forenoon. At twelve o'clock went and saw a fine ship for the London trade launched, of three hundred tons burthen. There was a vast concourse of people of both sexes. I came home and eat my dinner and took my horse and rid all over the town. Being the last day I propose staying here, spent the evening at Captain Service's. Came home half past ten, smoked my pipe and dispersed for the night.

*September 27.* Arose about six o'clock, did what errands I had to do in town, drank punch with Service and McMaster and took my leave of them. Came to my lodgings, and Colonel Schuylor from Albany and his lady took my berth at Coburn's. I eat dinner, drank a glass of Madeira and sett off, taking my route out of the south end of the town by Liberty Tree, and then by Old Fort; from that I jogged on to Roxbury. Passing through that town, I pursued my way as far as Dedham. Then I made a stop and oated Dick. From thence I steered my way along, and arrived at Walpole just at dark, and I put up at one Mr. Robins', just nineteen and a half miles from Boston, as far as I wanted to ride to divide the way between Boston and Providence. Here was two fine handsome girls. I rose about six o'clock after resting well. Here they have a fine fish pond. I proceeded on my way towards Wrentham, where I arrived to breakfast. From Mann's at Wrentham I pushed along and stopped at a tavern about nine miles from Providence, where I baited Billy and Dick. I then proceeded and came to Patuxet, a place where there is a great fall of water and many mills. Here is an excessive high bridge, and not quite finished, which renders it very dangerous to pass. At this place I fell in company with a young lady on horse-back bound on my way, so that I came along the last four miles very merryly. I arrived at Providence half after twelve o'clock noon, time enough to save my distance with regard to dinner. After dinner I took a small walk by myself and observed the situation of the place, which is divided by the river into two towns, north and south, the hill being so steep that they have hardly room to build one street on the bank. They have a fine new brick college which stands over the town on top of the north bank. There are some pretty good houses here, and they carry on very

considerable trade with the European, African and West Indian trade.

*Sunday, St. Michael's Day, September 29, 1771.* Went early to the barber's shop to be shaved and dressed, which was accordingly done. Came home and eat breakfast, and as most of the ministerial tribe were abroad, there was only service in one place, and the day being cold and suspecting to be too full for strangers, I contented myself to stay at home and read my book, along with Captain John and Nicholas Boggart of New York, and one Mr. Meuse, an Irish gentleman who lodged in the same house with me in Boston, together with the young lady of the house, Miss Phillis Chace, and Mr. Fleming's lady of Boston, an accomplished lady of great good humor and affability. With this company we spent the fore part of the day. The afternoon was taken up with viewing the nice college. This certainly is as handsome a piece of building as any in America. For this sight we were obliged to Dr. Henry Stirling, a Londonderry man, very genteel and obliging. We arrived at our lodging, had some good punch made, then drank tea and spent the evening very agreeable with the same company we was with in the forenoon. But I forgot to mention that before dinner we were introduced to some young gentlemen who proposed if we stayed here till Monday evening we should have a dust kicked up, and then we should have the pleasure of seeing the young ladies here. We agreed to stay, being four of us strangers who stayed at Mr. Westrand's, it being proposed merely out of compliment to us. The rest of this day and evening passed without anything remarkable, so smoked my pipe and betook myself to the Land of Nod.

*Monday, September 30.* Nothing happened particular during the course of the day, only playing cards and drinking. The ladies were notified of the dance, and at about seven o'clock in the evening we all met at the assembly-room, which is a very handsome one. The ladies and gentlemen drew figures, and my figure was No. 2. It happened to be the finest lady in the room, which was Miss Polly Bowen, an excellent dancer and an excessive sensible girl, and agreeable with all. We were happy enough this night; broke up the dance at one o'clock, saw my partner home, came home, eat something with some drink, and went to bed.

*Tuesday, October 1, 1771.* This day passed over very agreeably paying visits to the ladies with Jones, Cook, Boggart, Meuse, and some others very much to my satisfaction. Arrived at my lodgings and betook myself to bed, intending to sett off early down the river to Newport.

*Wednesday, October 2, 1771.* Was aroused this morning with "Turn out, you lazy dogs. The wind is fair and it is time to be a-going." I banged up as quick as I could, pushed my way down stairs, and found my company refreshing themselves with gin. We eat breakfast, did some small errands about town, such as "Goodbye, my Sweetheart," and about eleven o'clock we sett sail with tears in our eyes to leave this very agreeable place. We were about fifteen in number, with ladies and gentlemen and Dick. We took care to lay in good stores — roast beef, wine, biscuit, cherry rum, gamon, etc. Upon our passage near the town, we bought a bushel of good oysters as ever I saw, for a pistereen, and took in a half dozen more ladies, passengers for Newport, which is computed thirty miles from Providence. The wind being good northwest, we arrived at Newport on Rhode Island at three afternoon, being just four hours, a very lucky passage. After paying the compt. of landing, we betook ourselves to Mr. Wanton's at the northwest end of the town; when after drinking some good punch and some green tea in company with some ladies and gentlemen for Charleston, S. Carolina, we took a walk along with Commodore Wanton to the holy ground. After walking above three miles we returned home, and spent the evening together with several Newport acquaintances and one Mr. Skelton, a Scotchman from Jamaica, with whom I got very intimate after drinking plentifully of punch, toddy and wine. Eat an excellent supper and went to bed.

*October 3.* Rose time enough to be barberised and to wash myself before breakfast, but was, however, plaguey sick. Eat a very small breakfast and went to view the town of Newport. It far surpasses the idea I had formed of it, lying about southeast and northwest, — the principal street one and one half miles long, and the houses very compact, being called Thames Street, — the whole of the town making a very agreeable prospect from the water, being situated on an easy rising hill. I called on Mr. Skelton at his lodgings, and we went at half past eleven o'clock to a Quaker marriage, there being a great many Friends in this place. Saw them married, and then returned home to dinner. Skelton and myself took a ride to Turner's, six miles from the town; and a more pleasant ride I never had in America. The day being good and the roads level, together with the most delightful prospect of all the islands and all the adjacent country, rendered the view more like enchantment than real. This is certainly the finest country I have seen in America. Drank tea at Turner's with a couple of fine ladies, and returned to town early in the evening. Played a few games at backgammon, drank punch, eat supper and went to bed about nine o'clock, being very much disposed to sleep, having slept little the foregoing night.

*October 4.* I arose pretty early and well refreshed, went down as far as Potter's at the Coffee House, turned out Skelton and introduced him to Mr. Jones of Providence. I paid my reckoning at Potter's, and Jones and I took our road to Wanton's, and breakfasted together there; then I took my leave of Wanton and Jones, inquired for the ferry, and soon found the place. I waited almost an hour for the boat, which was on the opposite shore. There is something of a battery opposite the town upon an island, but of so little importance by decay, etc., that it is not worth much notice. There is a good number of vessels lying here at this time and a large schooner tender. The boat came, and we embarked with a scanty wind, — my fellow passengers, two ladies, with whom I was quite agreeable; and I catched mackerel in going over this ferry, being three miles over to Connecticut Island, and took boat with my two ladies for the main, being two and one half miles over. We arrived safe and took horse, and rid altogether till we came to Tower Hill, where I left them and jogged on by myself. I pursued my way along through a very ragged country. About three o'clock I came to one Hall's, where I turned out Dick for an hour, and after refreshing myself sett off. Stopped at the widow Champion's with two gents from Newport, at a place called Westerly. We drank some New England rum-toddy, and jogged on till I parted with my company about two miles from where I intended putting up all night; but I had not rid far before I lost myself in the wood as dark as Egypt. No house nigh to befriend the weary traveller. However, I plucked up my courage and pricked up Dick, and crossed over an old field at full speed, and before I rode very far I was extremely happy to find I was not far from some cottage, my ears being saluted with the sound of human voices; and when I began to perceive a glimmering light, I made toward it. I kicked at the door, and found an old man, a middle-aged, good-looking woman, and half a dozen children. They were all surprised to see me, and invited me to sit down; but I told them I was a stranger travelling toward New London, and had lost my way through the darkness of the night. They gave me some directions, and away I steered. After half an hour's traversing the wood, I found the road again, when I felt happy. What added to the horror of this night, I knew that the most part of this place was inhabited by Indians, there being within a few miles about four or five hundred, but all probably friendly Indians. At last, thank God, I arrived safe at one Mr. Thomson's, who keeps a tavern. Turned out Dick to pasture, drank some toddy and eat a fowl which my coming caused the death of, smoked my pipe, and talked religion with the old people, who told me Mr. Whitfield always stayed at their house when he came that way, that he had converted a vast many people thereabout, and that I should sleep in the same bed to-night, — they having taken a liking to

me by the grave deportment I put on, which in reality was caused by my being tired and worn out. At last sleep catched such a fast hold on me that I fell off my chair on the floor. Then says I, "I must actually go to bed." And after bidding a good night with gladness to get off, I slept in Mr. Whitfield's bed, as they called it, according to promise, but was interrupted in my slumbers by son Johnny coming in from a husking frolic. He entered my room, and came and drew his hand across my face, which awakened me. I immediately bawled out, thinking that old Whitfield had come from New York that night to disturb me on account of my pretended sanctity with the old folks. I dare say they thought I was converted as they called it. I laughed at heart, but indeed I hardly could construct the muscles of my face into anything like a smile, so weary was I. I hailed my unknown friend with: "What cheer, brother?" and he, happening to be a seafaring youth, readily replied: "Damned good cheer. I have been up to Uncle Jerry's to a husking, and I have got almost groggy. Plenty of girls were there, and I have been home with my partner." I bid him strip and tumble into the other bed, and being myself but little refreshed, was soon again in the arms of sleep. I found myself so well next morning that I got up early.

*October 5.* Turned out about seven o'clock, eat a very hearty breakfast, mounted Dick and sett off through a pleasant country, being along the shore all the way, but being the devil's own roads. I think they surpass anything I ever saw for roughness, up hill and down hill all the way, some hills near a mile long, rugged and steep. From Westerly I kept on my way walking and riding by spells, and about ten o'clock A. M. I reached Champlain's, at Stonington, well named from the stonyness of the country. Yesterday was bad, but to-day surpassed any idea I could conceive of bad roads. Had some oats for Dick, which he would not eat, they being spoiled, and drank some toddy myself, being nearly worn out. I sett off from this disagreeable place, and riding along slow was overtaken by a blacksmith, who turned out to be a pretty sociable fellow. Stopt about four miles from New London, had Dick taken care of and had dinner for myself. After dinner took a walk to view the town, which lies at the bottom of a hill upon the south side of the river Thames, pretty irregular, with a battery of ten or twelve guns mostly out of order. They have always good water here for vessels of all sizes, the tide ebbing and flowing but little. They have a pretty good town house, with a very homely old church and meeting house. The latter is situated on top of the hill about half a mile from the town. They carry on some trade to the West Indies, but not half so much as they did some years ago, Norwich, which lies some twelve or thirteen miles further up the river, having drawn most of the trade that way, it lying more in the center of the country. On the opposite side to New London lies Grotton, a poor, barren place not worth a description. I came home very little satisfied with this place and the situation, but was highly diverted on my own account by five Frenchmen who had just come in from a turtle frolic, and who felt so well on the occasion, assisted by Billy Bacchus, that they jumped, sung, whistled, and showed so many tricks that any man of common sense would have sworn that they were related to the baboon family. For my part I kept by the chimney corner and smoked my pipe and drank my toddy, yet was highly diverted with the monsieurs.

*October 6.* Being the Lord's Day. I arose betimes, eat my breakfast and had myself barberized, put myself in order to attend the house of the Lord. I and one of the Frenchmen sett out and got to church. They stared at us very hard, both being strangers. The parson being an old countryman, a Hibernian, took my fancy a good deal. He had something in his physiognomy very grave and venerable. He preached about true religion, but gave me no ideas; and the Frenchman, who hardly knew a word of English, stared and gaped like some man just taken wild from the forest. For my part I passed well, having all the prayers by heart, and could amen as well as any of them. Came home, drank toddy and

eat a hearty dinner. Then brother Frenchman and self steered for the meeting house in the afternoon. After a very tedious walk we gained the holy place and were invited into a pew by the door flying open. A young man prayed and preached, but how he performed I cannot say, for no sooner was I seated than I slept and was in the land of forgetfulness above an hour, till honest Frenchman gave me a jog and I was quite surprised to find myself in meeting, thinking I had been at my lodgings all the while. I came home very little the better, took another walk about town with an Englishman, who shewed me some houses and people, so that after reconnoitering the place we tacked about and came home to our lodgings, the London Coffee House. F. Alin, a very clever fellow, who has seen much of the world, had some discourse with the monsieurs concerning the riches of France and England. Neither would give up the argument, so that it rested. Called for a bowl of toddy, then eat my supper and betook myself to the land of forgetfulness, where I rested exceeding well.

*October 7.* Being Monday. Started from bed betimes in the morning, with an intention to pursue my journey southward. After paying my landlord's bill and after satisfying the shoe boy, house maid, and all the rest of the fraternity of tavern beigles, I mounted Dick and took my route out of the south end of the town; and after climbing up one steep rocky hill, and walking down another, I arrived at a place called the Rope Ferry, about a mile wide, but the frequent washing of the sea has formed a narrow beach almost over, excepting about thirty yards. It seemed to me to be the mouth of a pretty considerable river, and the boat boy tells me sloops of some burthen pass the gut and go up the river. This small gut is where the ferry is kept, and the tide running in and out so rapid obliged them to have a rope fixed at each side to pull over the boat by. Supposing they kept a tavern here, and as my appetite craved yet could get no breakfast, the wife told me the fire was out, and there was no water in the house and none nigher than half a mile, and it was hardly worth while to get one breakfast; but she told me that on the other side was a very good tavern, where I could get what I wanted. So I paid my fare, three coppers, and pushed off. I arrived at the tavern I. B. sign of the Rose, with these lines:—

> "He's a friend to the Rose
> Who pays as he goes."

Just as I gained the summit of the hill I espied the landlord. I asked him for a pasture near at hand for Dick, till such time as I could eat breakfast, which was soon over. Mine host was a very convenient man. He said he liked me because I was free and talked with him. He found some people would not, and he did not like them folks, and protested he would rather give me anything for half price than the other for full price. However, I was used to such palaver. I ordered up Dick, paid my score and sett off. I had not rid far before I espied a large black snake cross the road, and as I always bear these animals a spite, I dismounted and pursued the scaly monster, and ran about half a mile before I could reach him. At length I overtook him, and he made a full stop and put out his forked tongue. However, I had no time to parley with him. I struck as hard as I could with my whip, which caused him to spring toward me; but, falling short, I redoubled my blows and laid him flat enough. I lifted him on a stick and brought him to the road. As soon as I got there I found that Dick had given me the slip and walked off. Which way to go after the battle, I knew not; but thinking he might take himself toward mine host of the Rose, I ran that way, and saw him ascending a neighboring hill very soberly. I called to him, but no notice was taken. So I sett off and ran as hard as I could, and very soon came up with him and bestowed on him the length of my whip for his trouble.

After these disasters I mounted, and about eleven of the day I passed through Lime, a small place upon the mouth of the Connecticut River. I wanted to refresh myself and Dick, but having nothing smaller than a half Johannes, and the whole town being unable to make it

smaller, was obliged to decamp from the place, having a few coppers to pay my ferriage. Crossed over to Seabrook, on the opposite bank. I found it to be two miles to be sure, and quite worn out with fatigue and thirst, I thought every rod a mile. At length I arrived at a tavern, and asked if they could make small my piece of gold; but, being answered in the negative, I proceeded further, and after trying and sending all over the town of Seabrook, was necessitated to go on with very great reluctance. So, growling, sett off to a tavern four miles off, at which place there happened to be a training. The Indian name of the place is Putchog, four miles east of Killingsworth. At last, after much fatigue, I reached the above named place, horse and self much exhausted; but, thank fortune, here I was relieved from all my distress. After drinking a bowl of punch, and paying sixpence for changing my piece of gold, I eat a very hasty dinner of roasted beef and potatoes, the glory of old England and Ireland combined; and when finished, I felt as well as any of his Majesty's subjects. Scraped acquaintance with a lame tailor, and he and I, to bind our new contracted friendship firmer, called for a pint of the juice of the grape, and protested eternal friendship. After shaking one another's hand heartily, we parted. I took my leave of the house, which I never will forget. After passing through a very good country and good roads, I arrived at my good friend Mr. Merrill's house, in Killingsworth, where Dick was well cared for and myself somewhat refreshed. It being training day here likewise, there was a couple of dances in town. A good honest sailor came in, and after he had refreshed himself, "Come," says I, "why can't you and I go and see the dance? I feel somewhat that way inclined." He said he would if I would wait until he put on his white shirt. I waited, but not long before my honest tar came down stairs, and away we jogged, and came to the house and bolted in. Immediately there was a cessation of foot war with the floor, every one staring at us, both being entire strangers. However, after a small Quaker meeting, one more bold than the rest made me a low bow and long scrape of the foot, asked me and then Jack if we would dance a reel and he would find us partners. We both agreed, and he turned us out a couple of fine hale lassies. We danced, but the string tormentor executed his part so bad that it proved a very great drawback upon our pleasure. After some reels, country dances being introduced, I was put at the top. We began to sett our feet a-playing, and I believe executed our parts by dint of hard footing so well that we seemed to be admired by all, matrons and other bystanders. And the beauty of it all was, that the room we had to dance in was so small that we jostled against each other, sometimes intended. Jack and I spent a couple of hours here, much satisfied with our entertainment. After bidding them good night, we steered our way to the other dance, where was much finer girls than we left. We danced here a spell; but, finding the pillars of our legs beginning to fail, thought it prudent to bid them all good night, thanking them kindly for civilities. Jack and I made the best of our way home, where we found good "old mama" just dropping to sleep. "My children," said she, "I am glad you have come; I have waited for you for these two very long hours." We thanked her, but would have been still more obliged to her for some biscuit and milk and a bowl of toddy. So Jack and I, not caring to part dry-lipped, drank our toddy and smoked our pipes, and after a hearty grip of the hand departed each to his apartment.

I slept well, considering the indifference of the bed, which I really believe was made fifty years ago, and could it speak might tell many a wonderful story.

*October 8.* Being Tuesday. I started very early from this place, after paying damages, stretched along the plain to East Guilford, where I stopt to eat my breakfast and oat Dick; but the tea, butter, bread, etc., being so excessive nasty and bad I could hardly eat anything. Not liking this place, paid damages and sett off as soon as Dick had finished his oats. I was much puzzled to find the right road, this way having so many forkings and no directions for the benefit of travellers; but I was fortunate to keep the right. I arrived at Guilford,

old town, about eleven o'clock. The first man I met was Benton, ready to wait on me. I here had Dick's Boston shoes taken off, they being so very heavy and clumsy that they retarded his going. I had a handsome pair of light ones put on in the room, and Dick went as well again for them. I stayed one hour here, being something acquainted. From this place I sett off, and reached Mr. Monroe's exactly at dinner. I sat down, after clearing the way with some punch made by Miss Molly, and made a very hearty dinner. I turned out Dick to pasture, but it seeming to draw on to rain, thought it judicious to sett off for home, this place, Brandford, being within eight miles from New Haven. I was lucky enough to get to my journey's end, being but little wet after all.

New Haven in my eyes makes as good a figure as any, it lying in a beautiful plain country surrounded with easy rising hills at the distance of three English miles, at the head of a fine bay six miles in length from the sound that runs between Long Island and the main, but toward the town it is something shallow, leaving it dry for miles out at low water, but at high water there is above sixteen feet. It resembles the Loch of Belfast more than any place I ever saw. Being nothing but soft mud, if a vessel is cast ashore she is not in the least damaged, but lies easy. There is a very large trade carried on here, chiefly to the West Indies, selling there horses, cows, hogs, sheep, and fowles of all kinds, lumber, tallow, beeswax and myrtlewax, etc., and bringing in return rum, sugar, molasses, cocoa, coffee, pimento, gold and silver, etc. There is at present in that trade to the number of forty vessels, brigantines and sloops, but chiefly the latter, about ninety tons burthen and carrying from thirty-two to forty-eight creatures upon deck. The town is an exact square, the streets all regular and straight, so that you may cast your eye from one end of the street to the other, being about a mile in length and as even as a house floor. In the middle of the town is a square about a quarter of a mile square, in the midst of which stands three public buildings in a line, viz.: a noble building for a state house or governor's house, with two Presbyterian meeting houses. On the west side of the square stands the college, with a fine chapel for worship. On the east corner of said square stands the Church of England edifice. In all, six public buildings, three Presbyterian, one Church of England, five steeples, state house with a large balcony and bell on top. Likewise stands on the west corner of the square the prison, but it is a miserable poor one, not worth while to make mention of.

The college, being two stately edifices, one of brick, the other of wood, was founded in 1718 by one Mr. Yale, an English gentleman, and goes by his name to this day. There are generally about one hundred and twenty students at college, the managers and a president, who is generally professor of divinity, a professor of mathematics, and professor of languages. It costs the students nothing but their board and washing, and the professors being paid from a fund sunk for that purpose, the means of education is very cheap. There are near one thousand horses and almost as many oxen shipt annually to the West Indies. At present there are forty-three houses in town, but that is a great deal too many by twenty. New Haven lies in lat. 41.20 northwest; long. 71.20; ninety miles northeast of New York, about one hundred and seventy miles southwest of Boston, sixty miles from New London, and one hundred and ninety miles from Albany upon the Hudson River; northeast about seven leagues from Long Island, the sound being of that breadth here and every five or six miles you may see towns and villages along the road to entertain travellers, being extremely thick settled country.

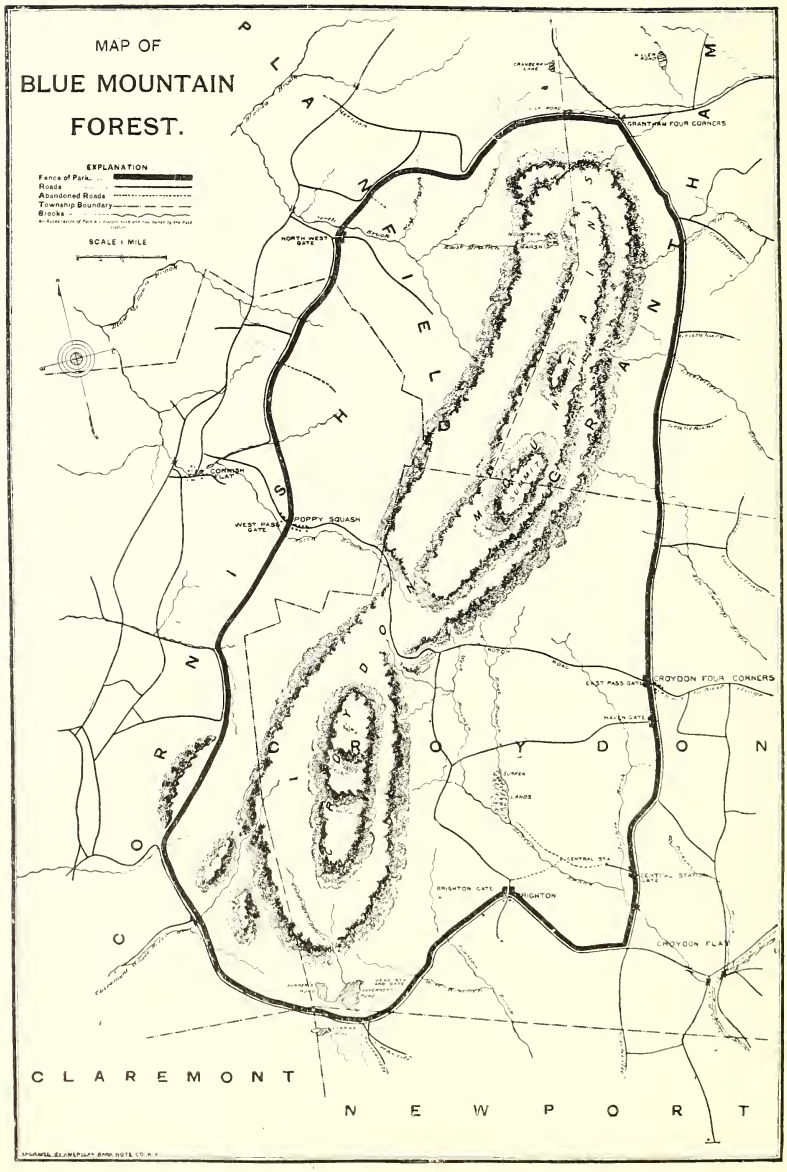
The General Assembly sits here usually half the time, viz., in October, and the other half in Hartford, a very pretty town upon the Connecticut River, forty miles north of New Haven. The Superior or Circuit Court sits here twice a year, viz., on the last Tuesday of February and August. Inferior court sits twice a year here likewise, first and second Tuesday in April and second Tuesday in November.

# A SONG OF THE SEA.

*By Frank H. Sweet.*

THE sea it is blue and fair,
And the sky is blue and gray,
And the fisherman's song as he rows along
Goes floating away, away.
The gulls they circle and wheel,
And the white-capped waves roll by,
And afar on the sea where the end may be
The billows they wash the sky.

The billows they roll and roll,
And the sea-mews wheel and call,
And the noon of the sun into gold lace spun
Comes shimmering over all.
The wind is merry and light,
And coaxes the waves to play;
And the fisherman's song as he rows along
Goes floating away, away.




(Note. — Since this map was prepared, the Park has been considerably enlarged to the west and to the south.)

# BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK.

*By T. J. Walker.*

THE idea of the acquirement of large landed estates by wealthy families in the United States is somewhat repugnant to the democratic notions of this country, but there are conditions under which it becomes not only unobjectionable, but may be welcomed as the means of accomplishment of important public service difficult to provide for by any other method.

The experiment of Hon. Austin Corbin, in the establishment and maintenance of a great game preserve in Sullivan County, New Hampshire, adjoining his birthplace and present country seat, cannot be looked upon as entirely a private enterprise, for whatever present opportunities there may be afforded for the enjoyment of private hunting and fishing grounds, the undertaking promises not only direct public benefits in the near future, but what is more important, indirect educational results of incalculable value to the rapidly growing summer resort industry that even now yields an annual revenue to the people of the state of nearly ten million dollars.

Measured solely for its value as a game preserve, the park of Mr. Corbin will be of great benefit to the state, for in its forests and waters game and fish are being bred and protected to such an extent that in a few years it may prove a comparatively inexpensive source of supply for other parks that enlightened public sentiment may cause the state to construct or by wise legislation encourage individuals to establish. Two years ago Mr. Corbin appeared before the legislature advocating the establishment of state parks for the preservation of forests, fish and game, and protection of the sources of streams, offering not only to stock one or more such parks from his own preserves, but also to contribute in money a liberal percentage of the sum required to cover the first cost. Unfortunately public sentiment was not ripe for such an undertaking, and no legislation resulted, although a number of the far-seeing men of the state were strongly in favor of some action on the lines indicated.

FIRST VIEW OF THE PARK FROM THE EAST.

In another direction this enterprise is of public benefit, for the consolidation of numerous small farms that separately were

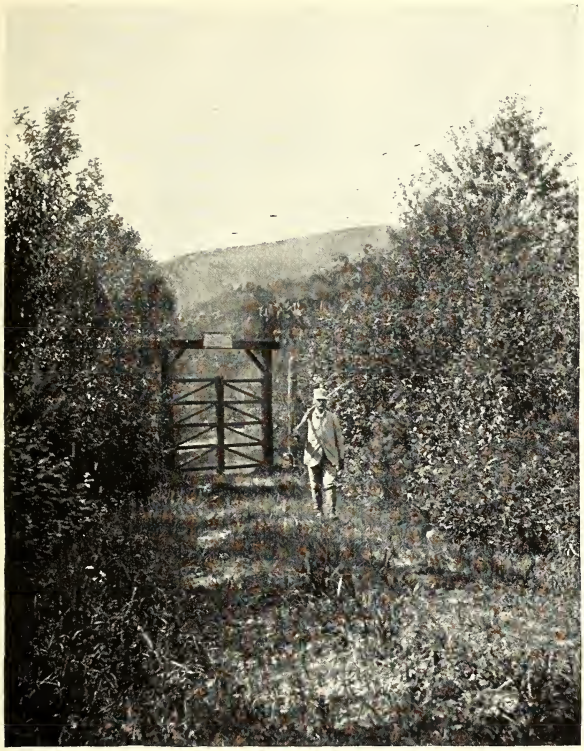
not particularly remunerative into one large estate under intelligent and liberal management affords the opportunity for a very much needed practical illustration of the advantages to be derived from modern processes of road building, proper methods of forestry, and the adaptation of farm lands to specific crops. All this is educative and of timely importance to a state just awakening to a realization of the value of its great natural resources.

Blue Mountain Forest Park, as this estate is called, is owned by Mr. Corbin and his family, but in order that the property shall remain intact and the purpose for which it is established not be defeated, in the event of the death of any of its proprietors the ownership is vested in "The Blue Mountain Forest Association," which is incorporated under the general laws of New Hampshire.

In approaching the park from Newport, about three miles from the village, one's attention is arrested by a handsome modern villa of imposing dimensions, situated about a half mile to the left of the main highway on an eminence commanding a wide view of fertile farming country in front and mountainous scenery in the rear. This is the country seat of Mr. Corbin, the present house being built on the site of the modest farmhouse in which he was born July 11, 1827, especial care being exercised to preserve the room of the old homestead in which this event occurred as part of the new structure. The villa is a composite architecture, handsomely appointed and supplied with all modern conveniences needed to make it an ideal summer home. The land about the home place has been greatly added to, until it now covers about fourteen hundred acres, including the historical "Coit" mountain. On this property is also the fine residence of Mr. George S. Edgell, treasurer of the Long Island Railroad, Mr. Corbin's son-in-law. Both families entertain a great deal, and parties of friends are often invited, both summer and winter, to enjoy their hospitality and indulge in hunting and fishing trips through Blue Mountain Forest.

THE HAVEN GATE HOUSE.

But aside from these occasions and the usual summer sojourns, both Mr. and Mrs. Corbin, as often as the exactions of busy lives will permit, are residents of this delightful country seat, for all around it cluster the recollections of the childhood of both.



THE HAVEN GATE.

The family settled in Newport in 1792. Dr. James Corbin, the grandfather of the present Mr. Corbin, moved there from Somers, Connecticut, although born in Massachusetts. In connection with his medical practice he improved a large tract of land and built the old homestead on Corbin Hill. His son, also Austin Corbin, was in his time one of the most prominent citizens of Newport and a member of the state legislature and occupant of many responsible offices in the town.

Mr. Corbin's wife was born in the adjoining town of Croyden, and both she and her husband attended school in the little red schoolhouse not far from their present country home.

The land about the home place comprises what was originally eight farms, and in addition to this Mr. Corbin now owns several thousand acres extending along what is known as the Croyden Flat Road for nearly two miles, to the main entrance to Blue Mountain Park.

The park proper embraces twenty-five thousand acres, and includes Croyden and Grantham mountains with their foot-hills and valleys on either side. It takes in parts of the towns of Croyden, Grantham, Plainfield and Cornish, and comprises farms and uncultivated lands purchased from two hundred and seventy-five different individuals, covering over sixty farms and sets of farm buildings. The prices paid were in every case at least the market value of property bought, and in some instances considerably in excess. General satisfaction is expressed by the sellers at prices received, and most of those who have continued at farming have purchased better farms in other places for the money paid them by Mr. Corbin or for less amounts.

The contour of the park is nearly oval, extending with the range of mountains northeast and southwest, measuring from end to end about ten miles and five miles across its greatest width. Croyden Mountain lies to the south and Grantham to the north, while between

THE CENTRAL STATION.

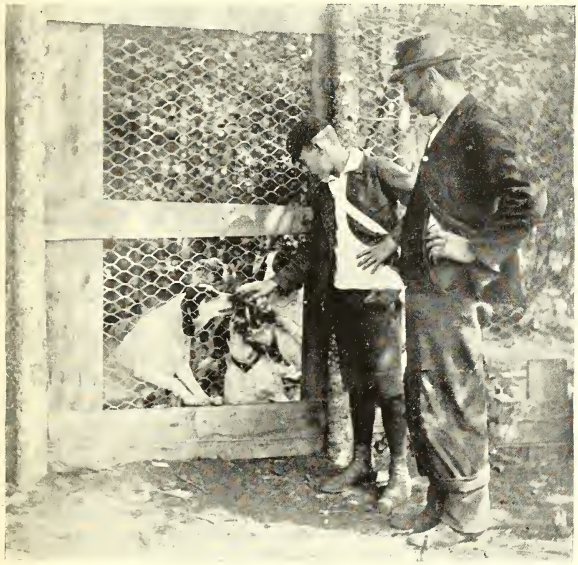
them, almost the centre of the range, is a deep gorge of wild and picturesque beauty, through which passes the "Notch Road" connecting the eastern and western sections of Croyden township.

Croyden Mountain is the highest elevation in Sullivan County, being nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It commands one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects in the state. To the northeast rise the majestic peaks of the Presidential range, with Mount Washington at the head, while to the east, in seemingly solitary grandeur, like some grim sentinel, stands Kearsarge on guard, and beyond the far-off lands of Maine. To the southeast the dark and rugged brow of Sunapee watches its own shadow in the crystal lake at its feet. On the south are the Washington and Unity hills, while the western horizon is outlined by a clear and well-defined view of the Green Mountain range of Vermont. Nearer to the east and south are the lesser hills of Croyden and the peaceful picturesque valley of the Sugar River, with its fertile farms dotting the landscape, and the prosperous village of Newport eight miles away. The land within the park touching the Sugar River Valley is rich and productive; higher up the mountain sides it alters to pasturage and forest, overtopped in turn with lofty piles of granite crowning the whole as if to place the seal of nature on some of her grandest work.

THE "CENTRAL" SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS BRONCO.

The boundary lines of the park follow, as nearly as was found practicable, the established highways of the towns that skirt it, but wherever deviation was necessary, connecting roads have been built and are maintained by Mr. Corbin at his own expense. The public highways running through what is now the park were abandoned by the respective towns and are now kept in good condition, as well as broken out for passage during the winter, entirely at the expense of the estate. The towns have thus been relieved of a charge that was no small item of annual expenditure, especially in winter, for work on the mountain roads.

Although now under private ownership and subject to taxation with other property of the park, these roads are, for all practical purposes, still public highways, as no one is refused permission to travel over them, the only condition being the procuring of a pass — which can be obtained at a number of convenient places — and registering of name at the point of entrance to the park. There are four public or pass gates, each in charge of a keeper, who lives at hand in a comfortable lodge, whose additional duties are to patrol daily the section of boundary line in his district, see the fence is kept in repair, and report the habits of animals coming under his observation.



IN THE KENNELS.

The driveway of roads encircling the park is about thirty miles in length, along which has been erected, to enclose the park, an eight and a half foot, and in some places nine foot, barbed and meshed wire fence. The fence proper is twenty-five miles in extent, built at an expense of one thousand dollars a mile. At each post was planted a white pine or willow tree, and the planting is being continued from year to year with the intention of building a complete hedge of trees around the park. At intervals of four miles along the driveway, granite watering-troughs are being placed, supplied with clear, cool water from the mountain springs, adding materially to the comfort of man and horse during a drive around, which is doubly interesting for the beautiful scenery constantly unfolding to the eye, and glimpses of wild animals safely confined within the fence.

In 1889 and 1890 there were turned loose in this preserve about one hundred and thirty elk, a like number of deer, twenty moose and fifteen wild boar, the latter imported from the "Black Forest" in Germany. All these animals have bred well, and it is estimated that at this time there are over one thousand wild animals of all kinds within the park. It contains also a herd of buffalo — the old bison of the plains — numbering over fifty. These are also breeding finely, and as there are already over thirty females, it is expected that there will soon be a herd of a hundred. They are very valuable, and great care is taken to keep them in good condition. There have also been introduced a few

YOUNG BOAR.

A NEAR VIEW.

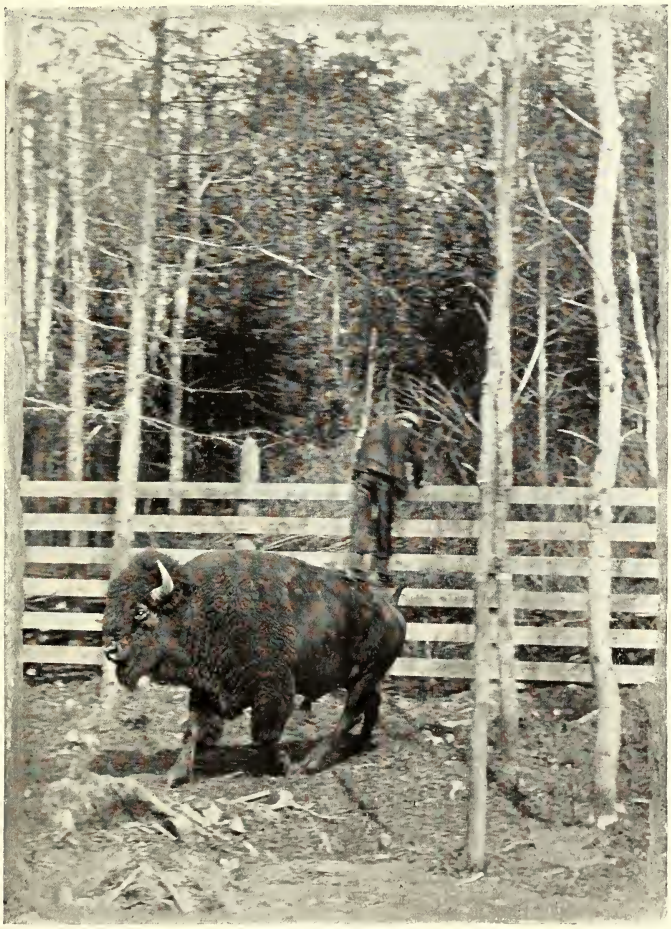
beaver, and additions are constantly being made of new specimens of native animals and birds, only such, however, as will stand the open winters without being fed. Thirty antelope were brought to the park and a small herd of reindeer, but all died, the former by reason of severe and changing climate, and the latter because of the lack of suitable food, there being in the forest but little moss, which is an essential article of their diet. There is also quite a herd of English red deer, and they stand the winter apparently as well as the native deer. A new consignment of red deer, wild sheep and boar-setters has just been received from Austria. None of the wild animals are fed in the winter, except the buffalo. All live in the open forest and low grounds by browsing. In addition to game, the breeding of selected varieties of domestic animals is carried on. A herd of forty-seven polled Angus cattle is the result of the importation of one bull and twelve cows from Aberdeen, Scotland, about three years ago. It is intended to cross these animals with the buffalo, the result being a hardy animal, with abundance of beef and a skin of exceptional fineness, that will take the place of the buffalo skins now so difficult to obtain. A commodious and well-arranged kennel is occupied by dogs of many species, including English fox-hounds, trained for deer and elk; French boar-hounds, great Danes from Denmark, a pack of blood-hounds, being trained for wild boar, and fox, rabbit and bird dogs of numerous breeds. A flock of from eight to ten thousand sheep are quartered in the pastures about Coit mountain, outside the park.

THE BUFFALO HERD ON THE MEADOWS.

There are very nearly thirty miles of well-kept drives through the park, to which the best ideas of road-making are being applied under the direction of the superintendent of the park and a large corps of assistants. About twenty miles of roadway have been reconstructed, with gravel bed and

proper drainage, and a drive over them is an enjoyable privilege that any one may have, as the park is open to the public from May till November. One can never drive through without getting sight of some of the animals, the bolder ones coming to the stone walls along the road to peer with interest at the passer-by, while the more timid gaze curiously from afar. Elk and deer seem in little fear of man, and the buffaloes apparently hold him in supreme disdain, frequently congregating in the road in front of travelling teams and moving aside only at their own sweet pleasure. Moose are not so indifferently disposed; they either eye one from a distance with neither fear nor favor, or threateningly advance until checked by some convenient wall or hedge. Wild boar are seldom seen, but foxes, rabbits, squirrels and game-birds are darting or flying across the roads from the beginning to the end of the drive.

A curious and interesting sight is a beaver dam in process of construction and the havoc incidental thereto among the young spruce trees for fully half a mile along the stream above. The trees, some measuring eight inches in diameter, are all felled, heads toward the stream, the branches gnawed off, and the trunks cut into billets of about two feet in length, all floated down to the dam below, where sticks imbedded in mud, or between



"GROVER CLEVELAND," CHIEF OF THE HERD.

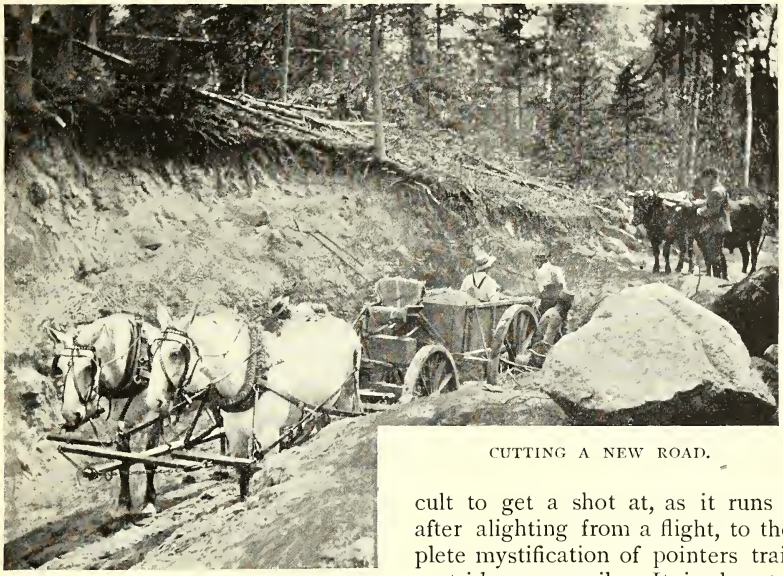
THE STAIR PITCH CATARACT, NINETY FEET IN HEIGHT.

rocks on the bottom, arrest further progress at the anchorage intended. But one pair of beaver were responsible for all this, and even more; for along the stream above the dam were cultivated tracts of low land over which the water had backed to the utter annihilation of the crops. Mr. Corbin being appealed to, decided in favor of the beaver and against the land, so the dam was unmolested and the land became a marsh.

The foxes have increased so rapidly that it is now a question of waging a war of at least partial extermination against them or of submitting to the total extermination of the partridge, quail and other game-birds Reynard has an unholy fancy for. It is estimated that there are now over a thousand foxes in the park, and the game-birds are thinning out, notwithstanding new coveys of partridge and quail are introduced each year. Frequent excursions are made through the park for the sole purpose of establishing by force of arms a more fitting percentage of foxes to game-birds, and on such occasions the local sportsmen are frequently afforded opportunities for the enjoyment of such a "fox hunt" as some of our English cousins would travel across the separating waters to indulge in; for although the quota of foxes is larger than the exigencies of the park situation seem to demand, these sly creatures

IN AN OLD ORCHARD.

appear to have an intuition that they are becoming a nuisance, and are not at all obtrusive at times when their case is the object of special attention.



CUTTING A NEW ROAD.

Everything that can be devised is being done to protect the partridge and quail, such as planting buckwheat, of which they are very fond, in different places throughout the park, and making life unsatisfactory for their natural enemies, the hawks, as well as the foxes. Last year a few specimens of the Chinese pheasant, a bird of most brilliant plumage and extended tail, were introduced with a view of increasing them if they could stand the winter climate. They prospered wonderfully well, and this experiment has not only demonstrated the fact that this particular bird is adapted to our climate, but it was also the means of inaugurating a state policy for the introduction of foreign game-birds to general forests, that will add other attractions to summer outings in New Hampshire. The fish and game commissioners of the state had applied to the legislature for a small appropriation for the introduction of foreign game-birds, but the bill was defeated in the senate. A specimen of this pheasant was procured, placed on the president's desk, the experience of Mr. Corbin related, and a motion made to reconsider the bill. It was reconsidered and passed unanimously. Besides being a strikingly beautiful bird it is said to be most difficult to get a shot at, as it runs rapidly after alighting from a flight, to the complete mystification of pointers trained to partridge or quail. It is almost identical with the English pheasant, and has been naturalized in this country, in Oregon.

There are a great many squirrels in the park, and chestnut trees have been planted to encourage them to remain. The wild boar is also fond of these nuts, and it is said that a liberal chestnut diet,

GREAT DANE PUPS.

ON THE NOTCH ROAD.

accompanied by acorns and beech nuts, is what gives the flesh of the wild boar its superior excellence over that of the domesticated pig.

Hunting the wild boar is the most exciting sport Blue Mountain Forest affords. They are difficult at all times to get sight of, and are off to their haunts or dens at the slightest unusual noise or sight of dogs and men, — to which they can be tracked only by trained boar-hounds. They are surprisingly fleet of foot, and if given a fair start in open field can maintain a pace equal to the fastest horse or hound for from twenty to twenty-five minutes. When brought to bay they are savage and dangerous to encounter, as they charge directly at a horse, often cutting its shanks to the bone with their terrible tusks, and if the turn is not quickly made, the result is more disastrous, not only to the horse, but to the rider as well.

A WELL-KNOWN BIT OF THE PARK.

The season for hunting the wild boar begins in September and ends in December, if the intention is to eat the animal when slain, as the flesh is not good for food after that time. The weapon used is a lance of light but tough wood, about ten feet long, with a steel spear-head as keen as a razor, which the hunter is supposed to deliver with a perpendicular downward blow between the shoulders of the boar when the opportunity presents itself. Particularly well-trained dogs are required for this

sport, and these Mr. Corbin has found in the boar-setters he has just imported from Austria. They are very little larger than fox terriers, though much more strongly built. French boar-hounds have not proven satisfactory, neither have the English blood-hounds procured for this purpose. A half-bred hound, between the mastiff and blood-hound, is said to make an excellent boar-hound, but these have not yet been tried.

work Mr. Corbin is performing in Blue Mountain Forest was given by the recent legislature in an act extending the game laws of the state over the fish and game within the park, and providing a further protection during the open season by making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment for any one to shoot or fish within the park without a special written permit from an officer of the association.

BUFFALO COW AND CALVES.

There are several small ponds within the park and about fifty miles of trout brooks, the latter running out at different points along the boundary, affording those who may not be privileged to fish inside the confines admirable opportunities to catch the speckled beauties as they venture forth from their asylum home.

A partial recognition of the public

The park is in charge of a superintendent, Mr. Sidney Stockwell, a young man of rare adaptability to the work, to whom Mr. Corbin delegated the extremely difficult task of purchasing all the land embodied in the park, and to whom the entire management is now intrusted.

Central station is the business headquarters, at which are the offices and boarding houses for the employees, barns

THE FARM AT THE CENTRAL.

for the working animals, fenced enclosures for the detention of newly arrived animals, that their characteristics may be studied, winter quarters for the buffalo, dog kennels, stables and yards for fine breeds of cattle, and such other buildings and enclosures as are required. All stations are connected by telephone, and daily reports are made by sub-station agents to central station, and in fact the whole conduct of the estate is as systematic as that of a business establishment. The forests are not sacrificed for lumber or fuel, and whatever cutting of timber is done is strictly in accordance with approved principles of forestry. The richest agricultural lands are planted with crops best adapted to them, while the poorer portions are turned over for roaming grounds to the animals and allowed to recover their fertility. Pasturage is provided for abundantly and proper drainage or irrigation given it as may be required, and it is by such treatment as this that the owners are not only creating in New Hampshire the finest game preserve in the country, if not in the world, but are also teaching a valuable lesson in domestic economy that will be fruitful of beneficent results to the people of the state in years to come.

NEW-COMERS TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

## APPLES OF FRIENDSHIP.

*By Hannah Parker Kimball.*

APPLES of friendship, not earth's warmest sun
Can make you perfect? Tainted every one?
Yet taint and all I needs must find you sweet,
And — lest I starve — stretch forth my hand and eat.

# AB ORIGINE.

*By Clarence Augustine Chase.*

WHEN He this mighty universe began,
When from His hand came forth the rolling spheres,
Filling the speechless void with music sweet,
Whose echo still is heard through countless years
By listening ears to nature's heart attuned,
While rippling rills and ocean's roar repeat
The grandeur vast, the beauty of His plan, —
Then placed He in the throbbing heart of man
The answering chords of reverence and of love.

---

# THE CALL.

*By David Lowry.*

MASON sank back in his chair and pressed a hand over his eyes. It had been a trying fortnight, the hardest strain he had ever imposed upon himself.

The steady puff, puff of the pipe whence the steam escaped after it turned the wheels of the great factory opposite recalled him to himself. That noisy factory — it was his bane. All around it, like a hive of ants, toilers came and went the livelong day. The sharp metallic ring of the hammers as they pounded the hollow cylinders the workers fashioned into steam boilers, riveting and double riveting — what had the noise not cost him and his wife? When the angel of death was hovering over their eldest, the clanging steel seemed to be shivering the firmament. Mason's recollection swept the interval of years bridging the dismal present with the past.

It was a marvellous evening. He was resting under a great oak, looking down from the mountain top on the valley of the Karragansett a thousand feet below him. There was a bridge spanning a thread of silver. On either side of the silver thread through the waving branches of trees he could see the roofs of houses. The children — mere specks — were running across the dusty road. Although he could not see what they were doing, he knew they were driving the geese home. The cows — they were as small as ants — crawled slowly across the bridge, followed by milkmaids whose bright dresses fluttered in the breeze. The village church spire was a mere tack punched through nature's emerald carpet. The mountain slopes were covered with vines and fruit trees. He knew golden apples gleamed there amid the boughs of a thousand trees.

The first impression the Karragansett made upon Mason never faded from his mind. He said to himself as he drew a long breath: "If ever I am rich enough I will build a house there at the bend of the river back of those great willows." A fortnight later he met Marion, a city-bred girl, who, like himself, was enjoying a holiday in the country. In the intervening years they had referred to the beautiful village as people speak of the unattainable. A home on the banks of the Karragansett seemed as far out of their reach as the Papal palace is beyond the hopes of the barefooted begging friar.

But now Mason's dream was realized. His self-imposed task was ended. Prolonged over the greater part of two years, prosecuted secretly and for the most part when the great world was asleep, it seemed, now that the end was reached, a tremendous task. Few men could have accomplished as much in the same time if they had devoted their entire energies to the work, yet Mason had accomplished the work after performing daily duties deemed by those familiar with them sufficiently arduous for one person.

Well, it was worth all it cost him — and more. Mason opened a drawer, casting meanwhile a wary look toward the door as he lifted a large, square folded paper, smiled at it as a mother smiles on her babe, tapped it gently, and nodded in a satisfied manner.

"Poor Marion! It will seem like a fairy story. But court records are powerful disillusionists. And this deed is in Marion's name. Three thousand dollars — all paid — five hundred more than Jack bargained for when I undertook the task for him. Knowing my heart was set on it for Marion's birthday, he anticipated my wish. A new house on an acre — all our own, and within an hour's ride from town."

"Lie there!" Mason said aloud as he patted the deed as if it were a living responsive creature. "Lie there until you are wanted to-morrow."

He pictured himself and Marion standing on the end of the bridge looking at the new house back of the willows with the troubled waters of the Karragansett flowing between. He fancied he heard his wife's half-repressed sigh as she reflected that such a home in that lovely, restful village was utterly beyond their reach. Then he pictured her start — the flush of surprise in her cheeks and the love-light in her eyes as she slowly unfolded the deed conveying the new house to her.

"Harry! do you know how late it is?"

Mason closed the drawer silently, squared the heavy account books in a pile on the right end of his desk, then gazed wearily upon a series of bundles, carefully numbered, containing thousands of square sheets of paper literally covered with figures. Those figures represented almost two years' work. They were about a span high, five in all. Beside them lay three large sheets of paper, also covered with figures, ruled heavily and again lightly with red and blue ink.

"Three thousand dollars for disentangling accounts extending over four years involving upwards of two millions. It is cheap, Jack — cheap. It gives you thirty thousand. No court, no accountant in the land can withhold the money from you now," Mason reflected as he looked down, careworn, at the result of his labor.

Again his wife's voice was heard reproaching him for overtasking himself.

"Yes, presently," Mason replied as he added mentally: "That is not all. I have succeeded where some of the best accountants in the city failed. It will be the making of me."

Little Jack was lying with one arm above his golden curls, looking, his father thought, like an angel. His namesake, two years younger, was lying with an arm across his brother, his cheek touching Jack's shoulder. The dimpled hand relaxing its grasp on a toy lying under it was a picture in itself. Marion kissed both, smiling at the disordered cot, then stole silently to bed.

Early as the hour was, the fervid heat of the July sun caused pedestrians to seek the shady side of the street when Mason set out for his office the next morning. His step was as firm, his brain as clear as it ever was. He felt as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders, yet he experienced a feeling of mental rather than physical exhaustion which he was confident would pass away in a little time. His wife was right. He would abjure "extra work" for six months at least. It would be unwise to tax his strength further; the exactions of his desk in regular business hours were enough for one man. But the extraordinary inducement held out to him by his old friend would have stimulated any spirited young man.

His spirits rose as he pictured the pleasure his wife would experience arranging their modest appointments in the

new house. It was worth ten years' toil, he said to himself. Nine years had elapsed since he had enjoyed two days' rest. If the state had not kindly intervened, he would not have had one holiday in the year — he wished there were more holidays.

Mason suddenly stopped — he stood motionless on the sidewalk. He felt as he had never felt before the golden radiance of a beautiful summer morning. The air pulsed with the life about him, but which he no longer beheld.

He was blind.

In a fraction of time, without warning, in the twinkling of an eye, Mason was stricken blind — plunged into utter darkness. He was not alarmed. He marvelled at his self-possession. Instead of the palsy of fear which he had thought inseparable from such swift calls as this, a strange calm fell on him; he was quite calm and collected as he stood asking himself, "What next? Shall I retain my senses, or shall I stumble presently and fall unconscious? Shall I experience excruciating pain and torture before death relieves me?"

A vision of a street group rose before him, — people clustering curiously, some with awe, others with disgust depicted in their faces as necks were craned and inconsiderate and ill-mannered men and women scrambled and shoved and jostled each other, pressing forward to get a glimpse of a man lying with livid, swollen veins turned upward to the hot sun.

There were few pedestrians in that locality at that hour. Mason's next thought was the fear lest he might attract the attention of the curious by standing there motionless. His eyes were wide open, but the light was excluded as completely as if he were suddenly plunged into the bowels of the earth. He meditated a few moments, then walked slowly on, listening intently, fearing lest he might encounter some chance pedestrian; but there was no one near him. He was half inclined to turn into the nearest store; but at that hour the grocer's assistant could not fail to note his manner. The gossip resulting would reach his wife's ears, and that must be prevented at all hazards.

The peculiar sensation Mason had experienced in the back of his head frequently of late was intensified. Especially in the last week, when the columns of figures seemed to move in waves and become blurred, the lower part of the back of his head had felt sore. There was a tendency to lift the head — to sit upright — to throw the head back. When the figures had disappeared and the ledger become blank — the pages seeming as free from mark or blot as new-made paper, and afterward blank in spots — the sensation in the back of his head had been so disagreeable that Mason abruptly closed the book and rested from his labor. His wife entering upon one occasion when he closed the book advanced quickly to his side. He was humiliated; his lack of tact was never brought home so forcibly as when he felt her cool palm on his forehead as she chided him for overtasking himself.

That indescribable sensation, that usually faded away gradually when he moved about, seemed to increase instead of diminishing. Mason admitted to himself ruefully for the first time that his case was serious indeed; that the injury done was now beyond remedy. But the thing that surprised him most of all was that as time passed, now when he fully realized the truth, instead of surrendering himself to a panic of fear or experiencing horrible anticipations, he stood there steeped in the glorious sunshine of a lovely summer morning asking himself how many minutes or seconds of life were left him.

Then a flood of regret overwhelmed him, regret over unaccomplished aims: the few material objects he had striven to attain were as far from him, from his family, as they were in the outset. This was the sharpest, the sole bitter regret he experienced. He sighed deeply, still moving slowly on, feeling his way. Then a strange thing happened.

He had walked perhaps half a block in utter darkness. He heard footsteps passing him; he was trying to keep in the middle of the sidewalk, doubting his ability to do so, when light was restored to him instantaneously. He beheld with one eye the golden sunlight at his feet.

No prisoner immured in a dungeon ever thanked the Almighty more fervently for his restoration to liberty than Mason thanked God for returning vision. But strange to say, the light *came from below*.

Upon realizing this, Mason again paused, and stood quite still as he put a hand up to his left eye in a perplexed, speculative way, wondering what this strange thing portended. Was it one of the experiences inevitably associated with death in the manner decreed for him?

No, the light did not come from below; it came from above, as usual. But a vast, an impenetrable curtain cut off the upper part of the world as completely as if it had never existed. The warm sunlight bathing his feet, the sharp shadows were as distinct and vivid as they ever were, but they were no higher than a man's head. The vast curtain covered the glorious parts of creation; the heavens with all their beauties had disappeared, they were covered with a horrible pall.

Mason moved on slowly, noting carefully his sensations, momentarily awaiting — what? Strange that the doubts that disturbed Hamlet's fretted brain, that Mason had imagined he comprehended in the many representations he had witnessed, were impressed upon him now with a sharpness and distinctness that stripped falsehood from the entire social, commercial and political fabric at one fell sweep. He stood upon the shore of another world. Looking back over the vast expanse intervening, creeds, popular standards and political systems dissolved like mist. Above, through and over all other thoughts there now rose the self-accusing cry of a caretaker convicted of dereliction. He pictured his wife and children subjected to the indifference, hardness and meanness that the widow and orphaned commonly experience. Mason's anguish was expressed in one sharp mental cry — if he had only been spared another year.

Suddenly the great curtain vibrated before his left eye, then slowly lifted — dropped down again. The curtain wavered; the sunlight seemed to be forcing its way through heavy folds, as if a thick velvet-like fabric interposing was unable to resist the sun's rays. The curtain in front of his left eye was suddenly slit at intervals in a way that permitted some power to lift one third the middle of the curtain straight up to the top, seemingly. The distant hills, housetops and spires, the sky flecked with fleecy white clouds, were all instantaneously brought into view again.

Mason walked on cautiously, wonderingly.

Now the curtain in front of his right eye was torn in shreds. The shreds fluttered disagreeably; objects seen distinctly in a fraction of time resolved themselves into meaningless, cloudy blotches as the shreds of the curtain flapped. Yes, it was to all intents a huge curtain, and the torn fragments were now flapping in front of him, but there was the sunlight back of it.

Mason's mind was now intent upon the physical phenomenon affecting his vision. The curtain in front of his right eye was raised, then two parts fell. He was looking up through a square opening, as if the curtain had really been slit in two places and one third of it pulled up out of the way, leaving the other parts hanging straight down, presenting perfect vertical lines and very sharp corners. The curtain before the left eye was equally eccentric in its movements. Then the pieces hanging down began to flap again, wavered and dropped, obscuring the light completely at times. Then it seemed as if some unseen hand slowly but surely removed the curtains altogether, and Mason once more beheld the glory of day undimmed. The blue sky was never clearer or deeper, the sunlight never seemed as generous or broad in its warmth as when he resumed his walk (he had paused at intervals), doubting, yet hoping.

His mind reverted once more to the Karragansett. He was looking up from the bridge to his new house. He could see the lengthening shadow of the gable reaching, blending with the shadow of the beautiful willows. His gaze sweeping the interval beheld in the broad field two little boys chasing butterflies, darting

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

One is sometimes tempted to wonder, with George Eliot, who mourns the day of the stage-coach so feelingly, whether, when the steam engine drove it out, it drove out good old-fashioned, well-ventilated leisure altogether. Comparisons, we are told, are odious; and sometimes they are, and sometimes they are soothing. They are certainly often dangerous and risky. The statistician, especially if he be an amateur, is very apt to neglect the chief factor in his problem, the ninety per cent. Did not the Whigs of England and of Europe, let alone the Tories, in the days of the American and French Revolutions, announce in manifold Jeremiads that the incoming flood of democracy must sweep all picturesqueness, beauty and distinction from the earth and reduce mankind to one dead level of mediocrity? In truth, it reduced the distinction between the ten per cent — the per cent of whose existence even the story-tellers hardly took notice till Dickens wrote — and the ninety per cent, while its great and significant function was to break up the dead level of the ninety per cent, which was so heavy and hopeless and low a level, and thus first make distinction and influence and a career and beautiful life possible to the main body. The modern factory and the modern machine oppress us often with a sense of monotony so merciless that, in comparison, the day of the spinning-wheel and the sickle seems leisurely and idyllic. But it was not leisurely and idyllic, save to the poet and the looker-on, — not to the spinner and the reaper; it was laborious, long and hard. With all that is monotonous, merciless and oppressive in the age of machinery, we doubtless find that, with each decade of its development, the workman's hours of work have lessened, the modern eight-hour day being a working day but half as long as what was common in a hundred places fifty years ago. The workman has more leisure, he has more privileges of which to avail himself in his leisure, — he has, let us say, more books and papers and more time and disposition to read them, and does actually read them more, than fifty years ago. This we say not in discussion of the labor problem; were that the subject of discussion, there would be other things to say.

***

It is about books and reading, and in particular about the leisurely reading of books, that we are wondering. Our wonder is whether the leisurely, disinterested reading of books is decaying among us — whether that too is one of the things which pertained to the period of the stage-coach, the fireplace and the tallow candle, and which grows impertinent and impossible with the incoming of the telephone and ubiquitous electric bell, the "vestibule limited," and the *Campania*. Our question is not as to the greater or less amount of reading in general; about that we think there can be no question. Nor is it as to the greater or less reading of books; about that there is to our mind no question, although we are quite conscious that to other minds there is a question about it. The newspaper, people say, and the magazine are coming to monopolize the attention of reading men and women, dissipating their minds, frittering away their care for books and all sustained intellectual effort, bringing on gradually a sort of softening of the general brain, which makes the serious book a bogey and an impossible thing. Our busy, feverish, overstrained generation, they say, is sliding from the book to the magazine and review, from the review to the review of reviews, to the newspaper, to the headlines in the newspaper, where the popular pressure already centres. The evils of the newspaper and of much of our newspaper reading are undeniable and very great — have we not preached much about them, and are we not ready to preach much more? If we think well of the magazine, — our own and some others, — as in all decency and honor we are bound to do, we should be the loudest to lament if we believed that it were burying the book. But we do not believe it. While men a hundred times had better be reading books when they are reading newspapers and magazines, while a hundred times, in reading these, they are wasting time, and worse, and had better be whittling, we believe that a hundred times as often they are getting good, giving hours to real education, — not the best, but still real education, — which the man of their rank and in their place a hundred years ago would have given to whittling and not to books; and we believe, which is the main point here, that the newspaper and magazine, with all they have to answer for, lead their readers to books ten times as often as they draw them away from them. So far from being the library's enemy or rival, they are the library's bush and veriest drummer, floating "Trilby" and "Marcella" into universal currency, sending Porter to the library for the translation of Viollet le Duc reviewed to-day, Myron for the new edition of Coke on Littleton, a dozen juniors in the college for the new life of Gladstone, and a dozen workmen from the Central Union for "Work and Wages." Libraries multiply much faster than magazines, almost as fast as pianos — it will soon be a poor village that is without the one, as it is already a poor family that is without the other; and libraries are collections of books. The libraries, moreover, are used to-day as never before. The few libraries of a few years ago were often mere mausoleums for books — the librarian the frowning guardian at the gates, whose office seemed to be to frighten away ordinary mortals and fill them with timidity and dread. The many libraries of to-day are all as hospitable as the Red Horse Inn and as busy as the factories of Lowell and Fall River — the test of the librarian, his power to keep his books out of his li-

brary, moving among the men and women of the town. The men and women read novels, the librarian's report says. Yes, but they read history too, and science and politics and poetry — Emerson and Goethe and Shakespeare and Dante and Æschylus — as never before: the report says this, and the bookseller and the printer say it more strongly still. Where the professor or the parson used to be the only reader of Dante in your father's circle, there is now in yours a Dante class of two and twenty. The translations of the Greek tragedians and the books about them issued in the English world in our half century outnumber and outvalue all issued in all time before; and the bookseller sells more of these in a year than were sold of their predecessors in the preceding half century.

***

THERE can be no question about the reading of books and the increase of the reading of books among the masses of men. But how about the manner and spirit of it? Is the leisurely, disinterested reading of books dying out, with the chaise and stage-coach, and are we all becoming, with our other tyrannizing publicities and gregariousness, a Cook's party of readers? Disinterested is not the word we want — its opposite implies censure, where oftenest there should be praise; but we mean the absence of all ulterior motive or secondary reference. Is the good old-fashioned, leisurely reading of books for the simple satisfaction and delight of the reading decaying — that is the question — and are we all gravitating whither we shall always read under pressure, for some special purpose, with a thought of the committee present in this convolution of the brain or that, or with a glance over the shoulder always at John or Jane? Letter-writing has become almost a dead art; Mr. Andrew Lang indeed has lately written its obituary. Has the devil — serving mysteriously, we religiously grant, the ultimate ends of Divine Providence — has the devil who hurries us fiercely on in our business, in our travel, in our sports and in our letters, got us by the scruff of the neck at our books also?

***

WHAT do we mean by reading with an ulterior motive? The student in Thayer or Holworthy cramming Stubbs for the semi-annual is reading with an ulterior motive, although there may be both edification and delight in the process, and although he may be a disinterested reader of Stubbs for the rest of his life. But the student is a part of the eternal order of things. Is all the world to become a great *seminarium* and workshop, — and that all the time? Susan is devoting every spare hour to the history of Greece and the history of Gothic architecture, — spurred and braced every hour by the thought of her great Chautauqua circle; and we rejoice, and applaud Chautauqua with all our hands. Our friend, the assistant rector of St. Solomon's, and Miss Winthrop's sister-in-law, and, we deduce from their gossip, pretty much everybody in the Mount Hor set are reading "The Ring and the Book" with might and main, — and also, we know, with pleasure and profit; and all are wondering, we deduce, how Doctor Bell will interpret the seventieth page, at the next meeting of the Browning Society. At Berwick, where we spent a week when we went west, it seemed as if every literate man and woman whom we met were reading the elected Ten Greatest Novels; and all were writing comparative studies of them for their Unity Club — a laudable thing. At Tweed, and this we must confess with our connivance, it was similarly Holland and the Dutch, with a familiarity with dykes and tulips and Grotius and Jan Steen, in the little town, which was almost appalling; and this pleased us certainly. Up in New Hampshire last winter we found Blanche booking up on the Doges as if she were going to write a history of Venice, — and this winter it was the London Heralds' College; it was propædeutic for her papers for the women's reading circle in the village — and she will know more about heraldry and Venice by the means than she would have been likely to learn otherwise in all her life. The girl at the Arlington is reading twenty pages of "Sesame and Lilies" every day — for Miss True's Ruskin class; the woman at the Berkeley, three Fabian Essays a week — for Miss Taney's class in Current Topics. Murray, the publisher and preacher of Pestalozzi and Froebel and all the gospels of deliberateness and good ventilation, carries "Parmenides" in his pocket on the suburban train, wherewith to cram himself into presentableness for his Plato Sodality, for which he really cherishes an esoteric scorn; but he cannot read the "Republic" with his wife — nor "The Dream of John Ball" or "A Traveller from Altruria," for which she would doubtless have a greater relish. He is seldom without a book or paper in his hand when in his den; and yet he is chiefly veracious when he tells Bradford that he "never reads a book now." He sighs as he remembers how they used to read Hegel's Logic together in the attic — that was philosophy; how night after night they read Shakespeare together up two pairs back, thinking nothing of societies, but thinking of Shakespeare — that was poetry. He envies Bradford, who is editor now of the *Old Colony Review*, is therefore supposed to be *ex officio* a reader of books, and has all the new books on his table. But Bradford does his own sighing in secret; and his eyrie is a sort of clearing-house where envied men make sad and startling confessions. When he commended the new life of Curtis to the minister of the Free Church, whose sermons you feed on, as one of the best books he had read in the year, "Heavens!" Peters exclaimed, "do you have time to read books? I only glance through books now, thinking of sermons." And Dr. St. John, who is at the head of pretty much every good and intellectual thing in Boston, said about the same thing to him the next week: he wrote more books than he read, was the implication. To Peters — so low have we sunk — Bradford hastened to explain and trim, as if he would not be suspected of any unusual privilege or virtue; he had read the book hurriedly, pencil in hand, to review it, he said.

It was indeed a word of Bradford's which prompted these reflections. He broke his leg on

Valentine's day, which compelled him violently to six weeks of retirement; and he said when he emerged that a man needs to break his leg to find out again the real joys of life. He had not had an honest vacation before for six years. He had been able now to meditate deliberately on various important and neglected facts of life, such as friendship and religion, — to his soul's good, he said; and he had actually enjoyed the luxury of reading, — had read book after book as of old, with no thought of anything beyond the book. For a dozen years he had been constantly reading at a mark, with the thought of a notice or a lecture always between the lines.

***

BRADFORD spent a week of his convalescence with Bounderby — we call him Bounderby because he likes to talk to the rising generation of his early hardships, of the barefoot boy that he was, of the snow which sifted into the attic where he slept. He is well-roofed and well-shod now, with pockets full of money made on horses, on his big summer hotel, and on the onions which he raises for the Boston market. And he has time and, what is more, has appetite for intellectual life. The American classics all stand on his library shelves, the American magazines all lie on his table, he never misses Fiske's lectures at the church, and he buys season tickets for the Wagner operas for the whole family. He named his son, now a Harvard junior, Ralph Waldo, and his daughter, at Radcliffe, Annie Laurie. He is, in a word, — this Massachusetts Vermonter, who raises onions, — a man of sentiment. And the great point, says Bradford, is that the true art of reading lives with him, — leisurely and disinterested reading, — whether he practises it alone after breakfast, or in the family circle at night. The valetudinarian wondered whether, in order to the proper and permanent enjoyment of books again, it is necessary in these days to give up all professional relations with them and become professionally a dealer in horses and a raiser of onions.

***

YOU have read, perhaps, Mrs. Lesley's "Recollections of My Mother." Certainly not in your class or in your club; for it is one of those books which could not possibly be read by stint nor in "parlors," but only in your veranda corner behind the honeysuckles or aloud to your wife and her sister or their equivalents.

The book was "printed, not published," at first, written simply to gratify the large family circle, free therefore from the self-consciousness which so commonly pervades the book aimed at the public. We feel, in reading, that we are privileged listeners or spies, as it were, under the family dinner table, or in the cupboard. For such listeners all may be, since Freeman Clarke and Edward Everett Hale and others, reading the book and seeing what a unique picture it was of a type of New England life fast passing, compelled the writer to give it to the bookseller.

The recollected mother was a beautiful, sensible Milton girl, who married a Northampton judge, in the days, at the beginning of the century, when removal from Boston to Northampton was far more portentous than removal now to Puget Sound. Presently her sister goes to visit her, and straightway loves and marries the judge's dearest friend, another judge, who lives just back among the hills in the little village of Worthington, with young William Cullen Bryant from Cummington near by studying law in his office. Never in all New England history was such democratic, sweet and simple life as that lived then and there in those Connecticut River towns. Hard work and hardship, plenty of them, — but such wholesomeness, good breath, and time to think withal, time to think and time to read. If you ask what we mean by leisurely and disinterested reading, go to the picture of the warm Worthington fireside on the winter night, or the busy Northampton home when there is a lull in the household cares on the summer afternoon. It may be Tacitus or Virgil, but it is likelier to be Eustace's "Tour in Italy" or Simonde's "Travels in England," Southey's "Life of Nelson" or Erskine's Speeches, likelier still to be "Rob Roy" or "Woodstock," just from the press and anxiously awaited there among the hills, a new novel by Madam D'Arblay, or a new poem by Byron. Miss Sedgwick's "Hope Leslie" comes — the gifted author is their friend — and at regular intervals the *North American Review*. They read many books which we should call dull, many which they called dull in most vivacious ways. But we are not here concerned with what they read, but with how they read. We greet the Chautauqua circle and the summer school; the Browning Club is reverend; and we should like to subsidize Miss Taney and Miss True. But we say that if pictures like those of these reading households are to pass away, like the letters which they wrote and the stage-coach whose horn they heard at the bridge, it is a pity.

***

READERS of Aristotle's Psychology will remember a curious passage, thrown in with the utmost abandon, in utter and quite startling inconsistency with the whole tenor of the general argument. The argument is that of the complete organic relation of soul and body through all nature, soul the vital and necessary principle of all body, body the externalization always of soul, — true of the plant and true of the man. But just here, interjects the philosopher in one place, the doubt suggests itself whether the relation of a man's soul to his body may not be more like that of a rower to his boat. We have always admired the fine and simple recklessness and freedom from dogmatism with which he thus himself suggests, quite by the by, the dualism which would make shipwreck of his whole philosophy.

We are not here writing philosophy, nor anything momentous; and our final word is not by the by. The question suggests itself whether, — just as it is probable that, with all the Cook's tourists and other excursionists by platoon (in whose day, be it always understood, we rejoice), there will not be found more quiet family parties and travellers by two in London, on the Rhine,

and among the Alps this summer, than in any other summer since Bayard Taylor viewed Europe afoot or Milton went to Italy, — it is not also true that, with all the circles and societies and clubs and classes, there are not also more families reading by the fireside than when Anne Jean and Sally went to Northampton and Worthington to marry the judges, and more good fellows than ever before up three pairs back reading Shakespeare and Plato two by two.

---

# OMNIBUS.

### A Queer Craft.

We turned the attic's cobwebbed treasures o'er,
  Exploring there one day with careless hand,
And found, in one dark corner of the floor,
  The queerest craft that ever yet was manned:
A broken hull careened upon the shore,
  Half-freighted with a dower of dust for sand.

A cradle! Yet through every heart is sent
  A thrill of wonder and of sad surmise.
Within that rocking world of ours were spent
  Such days of peace as come not to the wise;
Its sides were our horizon; o'er us bent
  The sweet, blue heaven of a mother's eyes!

*Charles Gordon Rogers.*

***

### Contrasts.

The winter of her cold disdain,
  The springtime of her pouts and tears,
Like April's sudden bursts of rain,
  Make up the contrast which endears, —

The tender warmth and cloudless skies,
  The sunshine of her loving mood,
In whose soft halcyon touch there lies
  A calm and rare beatitude.

Ah, who would have it always May?
  The snow and wind, the rain and sleet
Remind us they will pass away,
  And make the coming spring more sweet.

*Harry Romaine.*

***

### Good — Better — Best.

When young, in tones quite positive
  I said, "The world shall see
That I can keep myself from sin;
  A *good* man I will be."

But when I loved Miss Kate St. Clair
  'Twas thus my musing ran:
"I cannot be compared with her;
  I'll be a *better* man."

'Twas at the wedding of a friend
  (He married Kate St. Clair)
That I became superlative,
  For I was "*best* man" there.

*Ellis Parker Butler.*

***

### "Kismet."

Relentless fate pursues us all
  And fills our hearts with folly;
For I love you, and you love John,
  And John loves distant Molly.

But Moll adores the dashing Frank,
  Whose thoughts to Sallie wander;
Nor can sweet Sallie once forget
  The eyes of Charlie yonder;

While Charlie bends his gaze on Nell,
  Who swears she loves me only;
And thus the circle grows complete
  Wherein each heart is lonely.

Now, should you turn and love but me,
  And John win lovely Molly,
Should Sall love Frank and Nell love Charles, —
  Say, how could that be folly?

*Arthur Fairfax.*

***

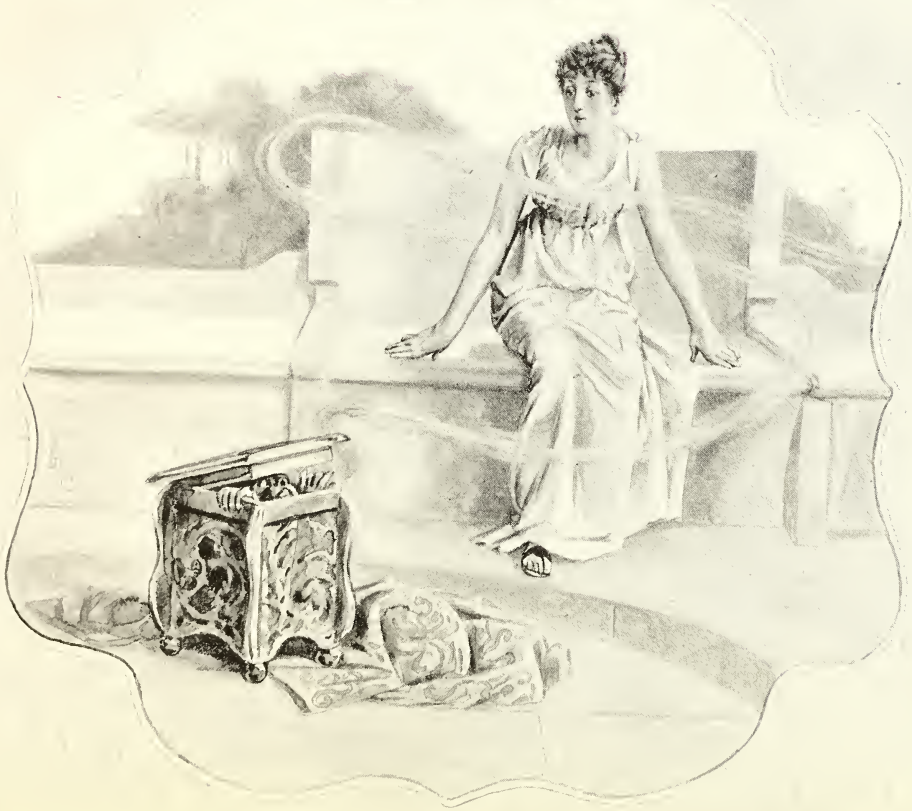
### My Lady's Sleeves.

My lady's sleeves, — how large they grow
With quaint and curious furbelow,
And ever swelling full and wide
In filmy clouds of muslin hide
My lady's arms. Like clouds they go,
Sweeping to left and right; and, oh!
I find no room to sit beside
My lady's sleeves.

Ah Fashion! still to Love a foe,
Your mandate stern has wrought this woe.
Within arm's reach I may not bide;
What wonder then that I deride,
In all their soft voluminous flow,
My lady's sleeves?

*Winthrop Packard.*

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., 7 Federal Court, Boston, Mass.

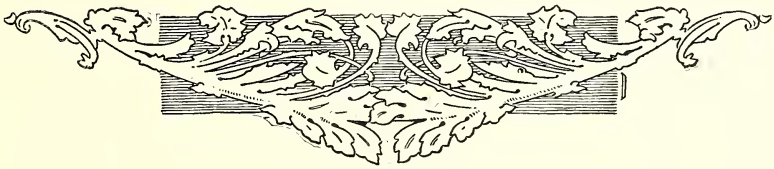


FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE FOSTER BARNES.

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. JUNE, 1895. VOL. XII. NO. 4.

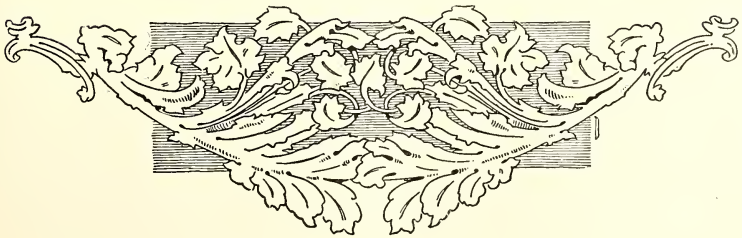


## PANDORA.

*By Laura Spencer Portor.*

"IS the knot slipped at last then? Well, wherefore
Are knots forsooth, if not to be untied?
Wherefore aught hidden if not to be espied?
The richly carven lid speaks precious store.
He ne'er attains who strives not to know more.
If Epimetheus knew, how he would chide!
And yet! — The cover moves! What can it hide?
I knew not hearts could beat so fast before.

Ah, woe is me! I could not stop their flight.
'Twas madness to undo th' accursèd chest!
Yet one remains; what says the rainbow sprite?
'Weep not, Pandora. Had not all the rest
Been thus let loose, and I ne'er seen the light,
The world and thou had been by hope unblessed.'"



# THE ROXBURY LATIN SCHOOL.

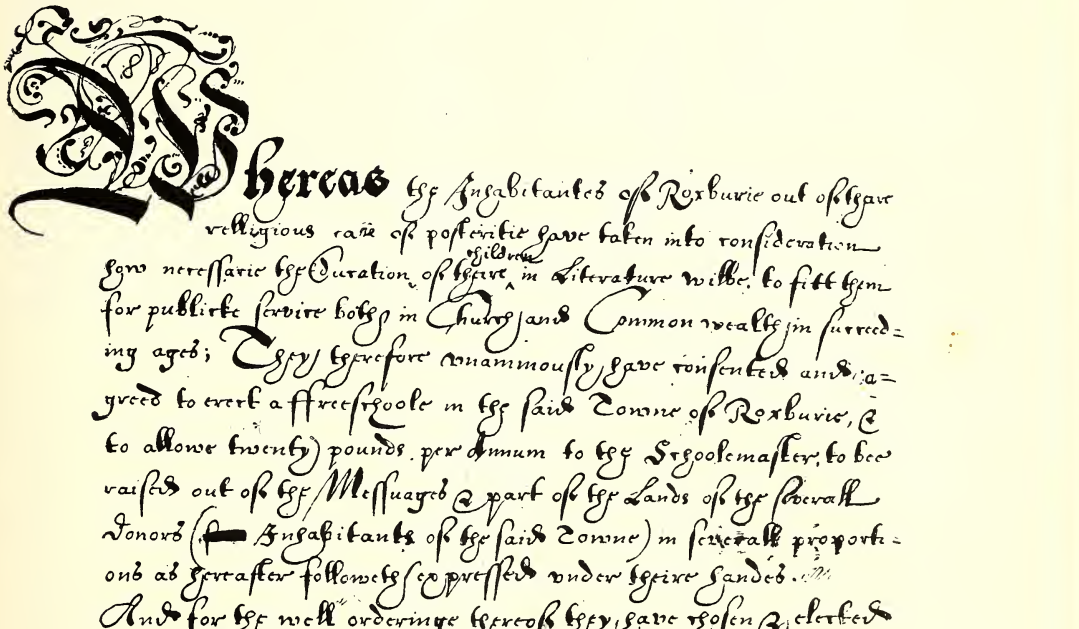
*By James De Normandie.*

SEAL OF THE SCHOOL.

IN a small manuscript roll, covered with dark, time-stained vellum, and tied with a cord of skin, the trustees of the Roxbury Latin School have preserved one of the most interesting documents in the early history of New England. The book is rich in signatures of the Apostle Eliot, of Weld, the Dudleys, Seavers, Williamses, Hemingways, Rugleses, Mays, Dorrs, Sumners, Heaths, and many who were prominent in the colony at Roxbury; but the rarest and most valuable part of it is the covenant for the establishment of "The Free Schoole in Roxburie," a copy of the first page of which is here shown. It is most carefully written in ancient characters, here and there relieved by a word or two in large German text, and the ink a purer black and less faded than most we use after a score of years. It is dated "the last day of August in the year of our Lord 1645."

After making provision for the first donors to appoint the feoffees and these their successors forever, the agreement goes on to state that "in consideration of the premises the Donors hereafter expressed for the severall proportions or annuities by them voluntarily undertaken and underwritten: Have given and granted and by these presents doe for themselves, their heires and Assynees respectively hereby grant unto the present Feoffees and their successors chosen as is aforesaid, the severall rentes and revenues hereafter expressed under their handes issueing and going forth of their severall messuages, lands and tenements in Roxburie hereafter expressed. To have and to hould, receive and enjoy the said annual

rents or revenues to the only use of the Free School in Roxburie, yearly payable at or upon the last of September by even portions: the first portion to begin the last of September this present yeare. . . . Always provided that none of the Inhabitants of the said towne of Roxburie that shall not joyne in this act with the rest of the Donors shall have any further benefit thereby than other strangers shall have who are not Inhabitantes." There follows a long list of donors and the sums they agree to be taxed for; and to show with what method and earnestness the matter is entered into, and a determination that at whatever call for sacrifice the school shall be sustained, the next year this is added: "It is agreed by all those inhabitants of Roxbury as have or shall subscribe their names or marks to this book for themselves severally and for their respective heirs and executors that not


Whereas the Inhabitantes of Roxburie out of their
religious care of posteritie have taken into consideration
how necessarie the Education of their children in Literature will be, to fitt them
for publicke service both in Church and Common wealth in succeed-
ing ages; They therefore unanimously gave consented and a-
greed to erect a ffreeschoole in the said Towne of Roxburie, &
to allowe twenty pounds per Annum to the Schoolemaster, to bee
raised out of the Messuages & part of the Lands of the severall
Donors (the Inhabitants of the said Towne) in severall proporti-
ons as hereafter followeth expressed under their Handes.
And for the well orderinge thereof they gave chosen & elected
seven ffeoffees, who shall have power to putt in or remoove the
SchoolMaster, to see to the well ordering of the Schoole & Schollers,
to receive & pay the said twenty pounds p Annum to the
SchoolMaster, & to dispose of any other gift or gifts wch here-
after may or shall be given, for the advancement of learning &
education of children. And if it happen that any one or more
of the said ffeoffees to dye, or by removall out of the Towne
or Excommunication to bee displaced, the said Donors here-
after expressed doe hereby covenant for themselves & for their
heires, within the space of one Moneth after such death or
removall

FIRST COVENANT OF DONORS OF THE ROXBURY LATIN SCHOOL, 1645.

This covenant was made the 25th of Feb. 1st 68

Know all men by these presents, that mr Elliot sen: William Parks, Thomas Weld, John Boles, Robert Williams, Giles Payson, at present freeffers in Roxberry, have covenanted & agreed with John Prudden to keep a schoole in ye towne of Roxberry, for ye space of one full year, beginning on ye first of march next ensuing ye date hereof but not longer except ye said John Prudden see cause for to doe: provided he give a quarters warning to ye aforesaid freeffers if they may other wise conveniently provide themselves a schoolmaster whereupon ye said John Prudden doth promise & engage to use his best skill, & endeavour, both by precept, & example, to instruct in all scholiticall, morall, & theologicall, discipline, the children, (so far as they are or shall be capable) of those persons whose names are here under-written all Sbedarians excepted

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gd: Barnitor | Shubal Seavor | widdow Peak | Grati: |
| mr Danforth | John Curtice | Samuel Buggles | John Gorton |
| mr Thomas Weld | william Gary | widdow Weld | John Griggs |
| mr Elliot sen: | John Buggles | John May sen: | willi Hoskins |
| mr John Quincy | John Buggles | Ralfe Hewing way | Frizall. |
| John Polkay | Robert Williams | Edward Bridge | |
| mr Hemingston | Phillip Tory. | Abraham How | |
| John Bull | Giles Payson | william Cleaves. | |
| Edward morrice | Gd: Waterman | widdow Gary | |
| william Parke | Samuel williams | Joseph Bugbee | |
| widdow morral | Joseph wize | Samuel Crafts | |
| Goodman Hally | Thomas Garner | Peter Garner | |
| widdow Bowson | Abraham Newell sen: | John Stebbin | |
| Thomas Foster | Samuell Finch | John Hanchet | |
| Hue Clarke | Edward Payson | Thomas Swan | |
| mash-chraft | Robert Seavor sen: | | |
| Thomas Cheney | Gamblin | | |
| John watson sen: | Richard Sutton | | |
| Samuell Finch | mr Meads | | |
| widdow Bruce | | | |

in consideration whereof ye aforesaid freeffers (not enjoying, nor letting ye said John Prudden from teaching any other children, provided ye number thereof doe not hinder ye profiting of ye fore-named youth) doe promise, & engage (for ye due recompence of his labour) to allow ye said John Prudden ye full, & just summe of twenty-five pounds. ye one half to be payed on ye 29 of September next ensuing ye date hereof, & ye other halfe on ye 25 of march next ensuing. i.e: in ye year (70) ye said 25 to be payed by William Parks, & Robert Williams, their heirs or administrators, at ye upper-mills in Roxberry, three-quarters in Indian-corne, or peas, & ye other fourth part in barley, oil good & merchandable, at price currant in ye countrey rate, at ye days of payment. It is upon further addition of agreement for ye encouragement of ye said John Prudden in ye said employment if any person or persons in ye towne of Roxberry shall for like ends desire, & upon like grounds with those above mentioned, fit meet to adde their names to this writing, they shall have ye priviledge with those whose names are above-written, provided if whatsoever they shall give in ye way, shall be an addition to ye 25 & to be payed without any abatement. for ye confirmation of which covenant, we mutually subscribe our hands hereto

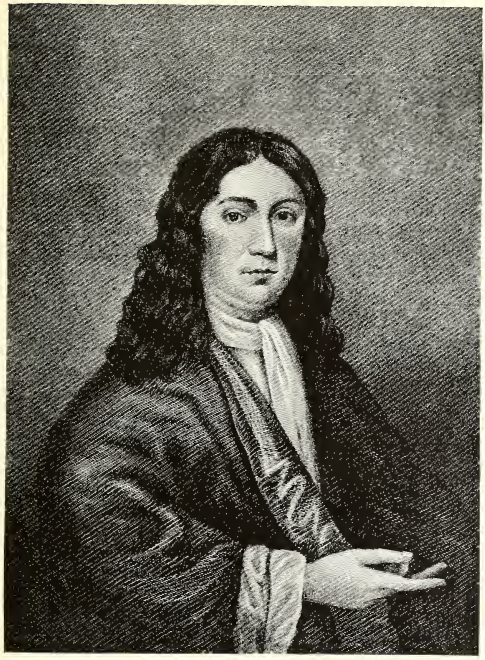
whereas it is above-said ye William Parkes, & Robert Williams doe engage both for ye time, place, & manner of ye paying ye above-said twenty-five pounds: Giles Payson & Robert Williams their heirs, or administrators doe hereby engage for ye payment of ye one halfe of ye above-said twenty-five pounds, at ye same place, & in ye manner aforesaid written: but in ye month commonly called November, next ensuing ye date hereof. & for ye payment of ye other halfe ye fore-said William Parkes, & John Boles doe in ye like manner engage themselves heirs & administrators to be payed on ye 25 of march next ensuing that i.e. in ye year (70) or before ye time

John Eliot
William Parks
Thomas Weld
Boles 29 mo 86
Robert Williams
Giles Payson

John Prudden

This covenant fulfilled to the satisfaction of the covenanters. John Prudden

COVENANT WITH JOHN PRUDDEN "TO KEEP A SCHOOLE IN YE TOWNE OF ROXBERRY," 1668.



GOVERNOR JOSEPH DUDLEY.

only their houses but their fields, orchards, gardens, outhouses and homesteads, shall be and hereby are bound and made liable to and for the several sums and rents before and hereafter in this book mentioned to be paid by every of them."

We see how complete the offering was. A good school was to be established and sustained even if it required their whole substance. Education and religion were the first necessities. They had the apostolic faith that to these all other things would be added. Out of the sixty-six names which are signed to this covenant only ten made a mark, while the Apostle Eliot is a witness to four signatures. This careful elaborate and legal foundation of the school which is to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary on the nineteenth of June in this year gives it a unique place and separates it widely from most of our early schools. There are others claiming a little earlier date, and perhaps they have been continuous, but they show no such deep, generous and self-sacrificing spirit in the whole settlement at their beginning.

In the town record of Boston, on the thirteenth of the second month, 1635, it appears that "at a general meeting upon publique notice . . . it was then generally agreed upon that our brother Philemon Pormort shall be entreated to become schoolemaster for the teaching and nourtering of children among us;" but Phillips Brooks, in his charming address at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Latin School, observed ten years since, says: "Philemon Pormort, the first teacher of the Latin School, is hardly more than a mere shadow of a name. It is not even clear that he ever actually taught the school at all."

The Dorchester town records, however, in marked contrast to most of the misty traditions about our first schools, reveal a deep interest in education, and give an accurate account of the establishment of a school, and at great length the rules and directions which are to govern it, how religion shall be made the chief aim, and that the rod shall not be spared.

By a *free* school we do not understand a public school supported by the state, to the support of which the parents need not contribute anything; for this is a system of education of a much later date. A free school was not one in which the

PAUL DUDLEY.

pupils or parents were untaxed for tuition, but it was free to all classes of children. All who were able to pay something bound themselves to contribute to its support, but no one wanting an education could be shut out on account of his position in society.

But while the founding of our Latin School does not date farther back than 1645, it cannot be for a moment supposed that before this there were no provisions for the education of the young. When Eliot had so much interest in the matter that we read in his church records: "for the training up our youth, first our male youth in fitting season stay every Sabbath after the evening exercise in the Public meeting house, where the Elders will examine theire remembrance y^t day, and any fit poynt of catechise," — the first Sunday school in the country, probably (in the Dorchester school the master was to examine the scholars between twelve and one of the clock on Monday as to what they had learned on the Sabbath day preceding), and when we know that at the earliest possible date he gathered the Indian children at his house for an evening school, we may be assured that all the children of the

Boston December 1761.

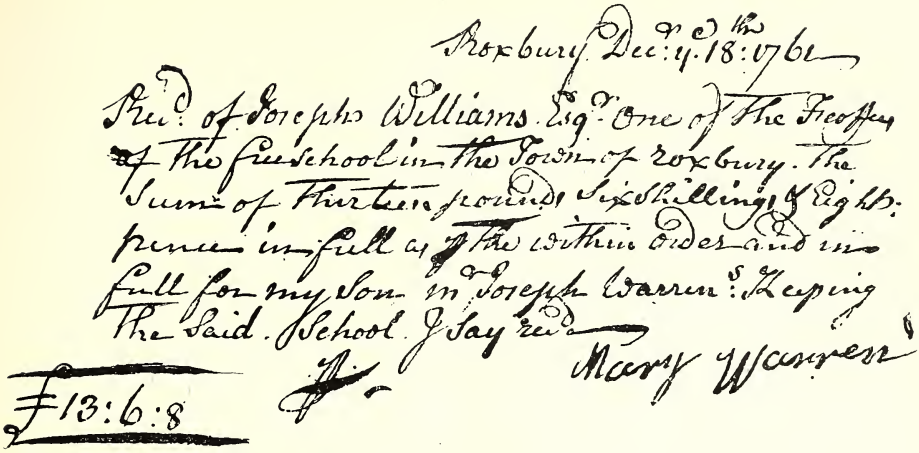
Gentlemen,

you may remember that you agreed with me to teach the School in Roxbury for forty four Pounds sixteen Shillings A Year, of which I have received from Deacon Gridley twenty five Pounds twelve Shillings of the Rev Mr Adams about five Pounds of the School Boys to pay for the Carting of Wood Two Pounds and eight Pence of which by your Direction I expended eleven Shillings and Two Pence in buying A Lock Hooks Staples and Nails for the repairing of the School House — so that there remains due to me about Thirteen Pounds by Payment of which to my Mother or Order you will greatly oblige

Gentlemen your
H. Servant Joseph Warren

P.S. I am not certain of the particular Sums received of the Rev Mr Adams but his Receipts will determine it

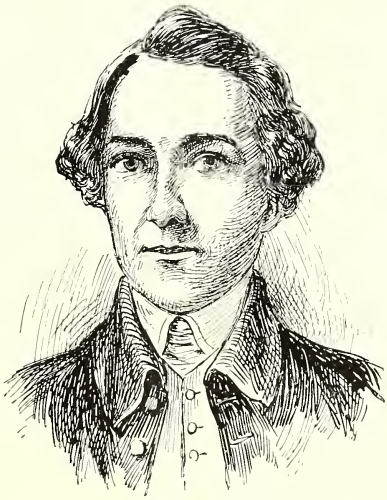
ORDER OF GENERAL WARREN FOR HIS SALARY.


Roxbury Dec:r 4th 18:1761
Rec:d of Joseph Williams Esq:r One of the Feoffees of the free school in the Town of Roxbury. the Sum of Thirteen pounds Six Shillings & Eight pence in full as of the within order and in full for my Son Mr Joseph Warren's Keeping the Said School. I Say rec:d
Mary Warren
£13:6:8

RECEIPT OF MRS. WARREN FOR HER SON'S SALARY.

plantation came under his care and training.

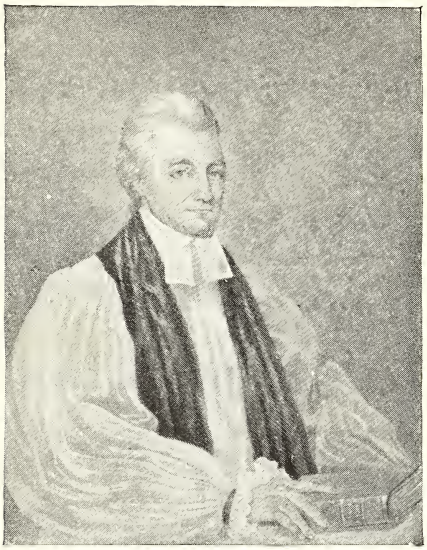
It is very evident that the Apostle Eliot intended this school to be a grammar school after the model of those in England; and its corporate name is still "The Grammar School in the Easterly Part of the Town of Roxbury." The Reformation brought with it a great awakening of the human mind, and the revival of learning meant chiefly a revival of the study of the classics. The study of language, of knowing how to express a thought in the best way, must always be one of the chief sources of power over others. It was in the latter part of the sixteenth century that the famous schools of Rugby and Harrow were founded; and they were called grammar schools, because grammar was the key of language, that mighty and mysterious power by which one conveys to another the desires, hopes and fears of his own mind, — by which soul speaks to soul. The word had a far wider meaning than is common among us; it embraced a study of the principles of anv and of every subject.



GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

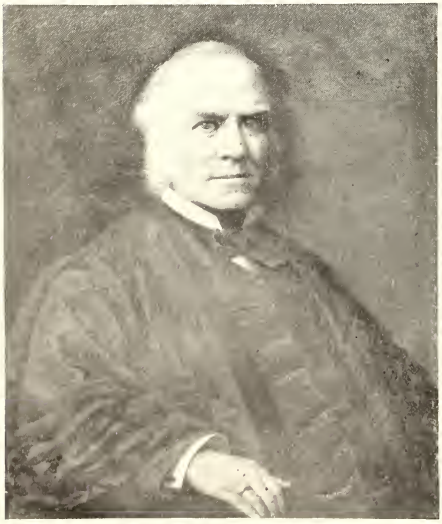
The most commanding figure in the early history of New England is John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Within a very recent period the registry of his baptism has been found at Widford-upon-Ware, a typical and beautiful English village. Here in the dingy and worn records of the village church it is written: "John Elliot the sonne of Bennett Eliot was baptized the fifth day of August in the yeare of our Lord God 1604." When this definite information was obtained, the descendants of Eliot in this country made arrangements to place a window to his memory in that church; and this was done with appropriate ceremonies and a message of fellowship from our ambassador to England, Mr. Bayard, on the twenty-first day of May of last year, the anniversary of the apostle's death.

Eliot was graduated at Jesus College,



BISHOP SAMUEL PARKER.

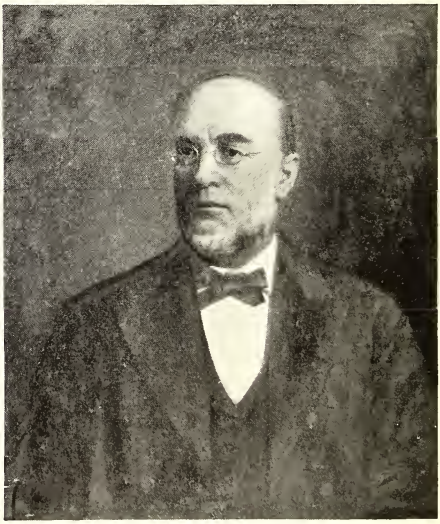
Cambridge, in 1623, was next an usher at a school kept by Thomas Hooker, afterward the first minister of the church in Cambridge and the founder of the state of Connecticut. He was in his early years interested in the theological controversies then disturbing England, where the Reformation lasted longer and waged more fiercely than upon the continent; but when Laud made it as uncomfortable and dangerous as he could



PROFESSOR CHARLES SHORT.

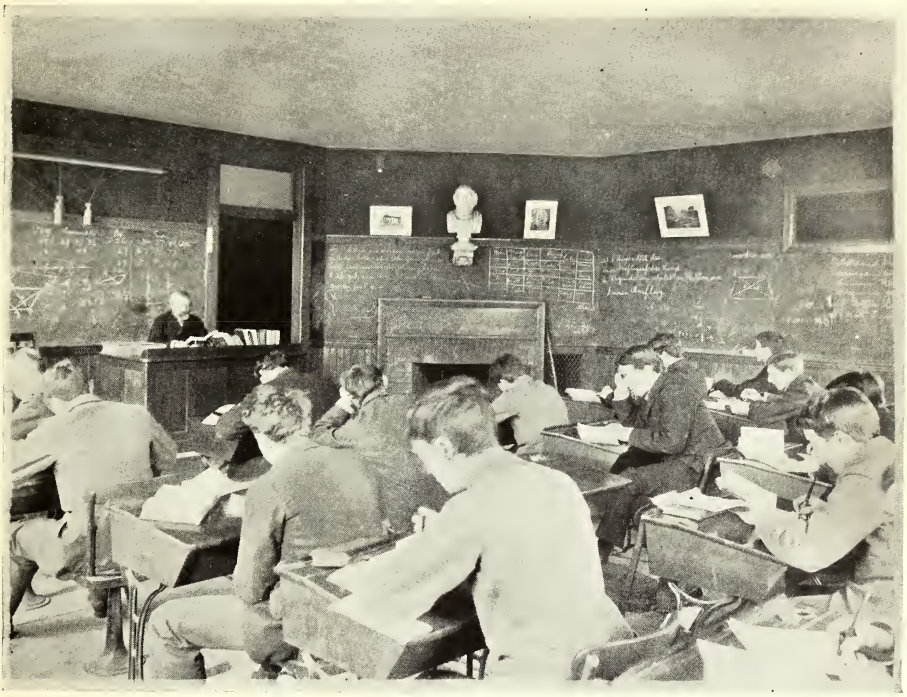
for the non-conformists, Eliot formed his plans to come to this country. Directly upon joining his friends and beginning the work of the ministry at Roxbury, he interested himself in everything which a scholarly and godly man could do to unite and improve by education and religion the settlers rapidly increasing around him and busy in building up a new nation; and to him we owe the foundation of the Roxbury Latin School.

Harvard College had just been established when this fitting-school for it was opened. One day when all the neighboring churches were gathered in Boston to consider "how the miscarriages which were among us might be prevented," Eliot exclaimed with great fervor: "Lord, for schools everywhere among us! That



AUGUSTUS H. BUCK.

our schools may flourish! That every member of this assembly may go home and procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives! That before we die we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation of this country!" And Cotton Mather adds: "God so blessed his endeavors that Roxbury could not live quietly without a free school in the town, and the issue of it has been one thing which has made me almost put the title of *Schola illustris* upon that little nursery, that is, that Roxbury has afforded more



THE SOUTH ROOM.

scholars first for the college and then for the public, than any town of its bigness, or, if I mistake not, of twice its bigness in all New England. From the spring of the school at Roxbury there have run a large number of the 'streams which have made glad the whole city of God.' I persuade myself that the good people of Roxbury will forever scorn to begrutch the cost or to permit the death of a school which God has made such an honor to them."

Without any pause, and with only increasing interest and usefulness, better equipped and more fully abreast of the best work in education, the school has come to the completion of its quarter of a millennium with more of life and vigor than when it began; and for it all we owe a debt which can be paid to the apostle only by making it a better school for all time to come.

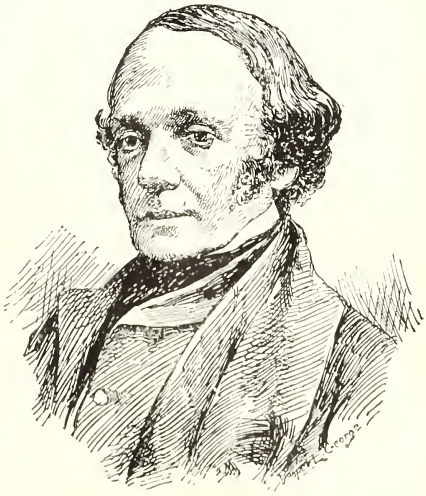
There is something ancient and classical about the term feoffee, which seems to give a greater dignity than our common trustee. The receipts often read "of the gentlemen enfeoffed with the care of the school;" and after the Apostle Eliot has paid what tribute he can in the old church records to some who have died leaving a "godly savor," he adds, "and he was a feoffee of the school."

After so elaborate and self-sacrificing a plan for a school in the early years of this settlement, we may be assured that it was not allowed to decline through any neglect of supervision or support; and as the time goes on we find many of the prominent persons in the colony on the list of feoffees. Among these is Joseph Dudley, who was born in 1647. He was intended for the ministry; and if there had been in the New England churches any degrees of ecclesiastical dignity, as in the Church of England, he would probably have been a clergyman. But his ambition led him into a political life, where he obtained some of the highest offices and a wide influence and continued honor and respect from his contemporaries. At his death it was said of him: "He was buried in the sepulchres

GOVERNOR INCREASE SUMNER.

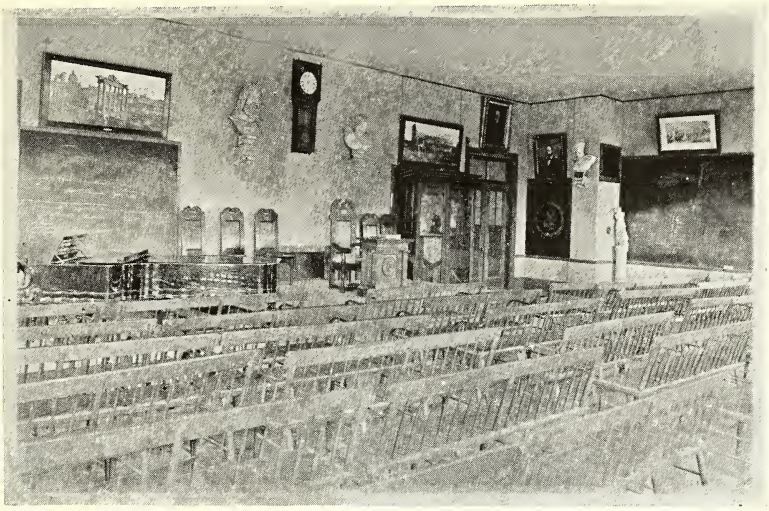
of his fathers, with all the honor and respect his country was capable of giving him. He was a man of rare endowment and shining accomplishments, a singular honor to his country. He was early its darling, always its ornament, and in age its crown. The scholar, the divine, the philosopher and the lawyer all met in him." One in the high stations of those days was not exposed to the searching light which turns upon a modern politician, and could be a real "boss" and have little more said in criticism than that his ambition was unbounded. Bancroft, giving his official acts and his whole character an impartial examination, says: "The character of Dudley was that of profound selfishness. He possessed prudence and the inferior virtues, and was as good a governor as one could be who loved neither freedom nor his native land. His grave is among strangers, his memory has perished from among those whose interests he flattered, and is preserved only in the country of his birth. He who loved himself more than freedom or his country is left without one to palliate his selfishness." The graces of a courtier and the schemes of an adroit politician seem to have thrown a veil

REV. ELIPHALET PORTER, D. D.



CHARLES K. DILLAWAY.

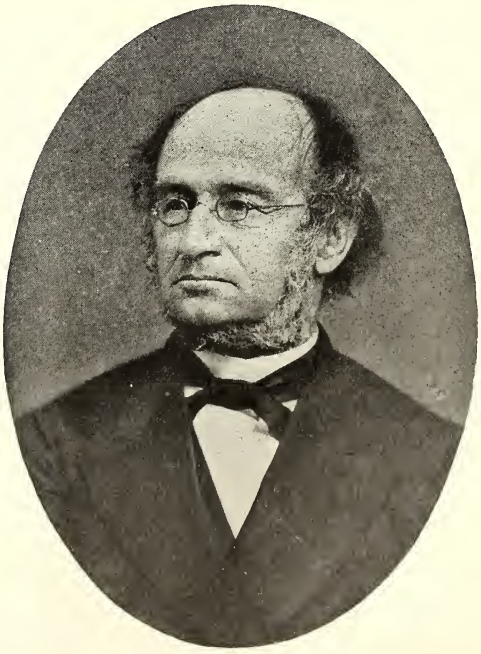
around his position which it has been left for later years to take off; and it is not improbable that, like the judge in Hawthorne's story, as he obtained the highest offices, he rose above the trickery and unfairness which secured them, and passed for a man of more than average respectability. In his will he bequeaths his servants to his widow, and forty shillings for a ring for Rev. Mr. Walter, who was the minister of the First Church. There seems no question that he was a friend of education, for he left fifty pounds to the school, and always showed a real regard for the interests of Harvard College. President Quincy classes him among its greatest benefactors, and says:



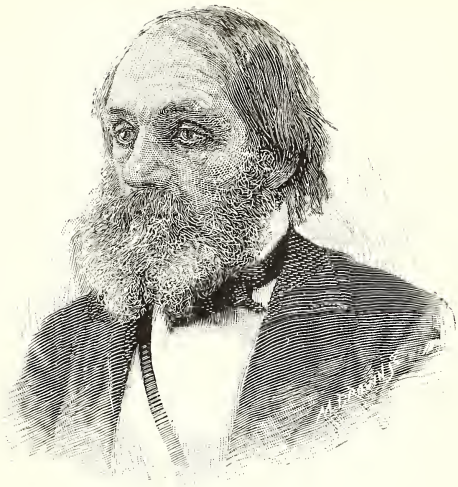
THE HALL.

"Of all the statesmen who have been instrumental in promoting the interests of Harvard University, Joseph Dudley was most influential in giving its constitution a permanent character." His classical training did not fail him upon public occasions, and at the inauguration of President Leverett he used this closing sentence, with its somewhat remarkable climax: "Deum Opt. Max. administrationi Vestræ felices dare Exitus in Sui gloriam Regiæ Majestatis honorem Omnium bonorum Comodum et tui-ipsius Solamen Sempiternum humillime omnes Apprecamur." "And let God grant that your administration may have the happy success we all pray for, — His own glory, the honor of her majesty, the benefit of all good men, and your own everlasting comfort." It was said of him: "In private life he was amiable, affable and polite, elegant in his manner, and courteous and gentlemanly in his intercourse with all classes. His person was large and his countenance open, dignified and intelligent. He had been familiar with the court, and his address and conversation were uncommonly graceful and pleasing." But when most inclined to give him praise, it had to be added: "In accomplishing his ends, he regarded means as a secondary consideration."

A far more interesting character is Paul Dudley, the governor's son. Born at Roxbury, he was graduated at Harvard at the age of fifteen, and after reading law



REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

he went to England to finish his studies at the Inner Temple in London. Upon returning he was appointed to one office after another, until he became chief justice of the Superior Court. Paul Dudley belongs to one of the eras which have distinguished Massachusetts for its judicial eminence and learning, and he himself stood among the chief of that era. Chief Justice Sewall said of him: "It was on the bench he shone with the greatest lustre. Here he displayed his admirable talents, his quick apprehension, his uncommon strength of memory and extensive knowledge, and at the same time his great abhorrence of vice, together with that impartial justice which neither respected the rich nor countenanced the poor man in his cause. When he spoke, it was with such authority and peculiar energy of expression as never failed to command attention and deeply impress the minds of all who heard him." Like Jefferson at a later date, he was quite distinguished as a naturalist, and in this department, and also in theology, he wrote several works which attracted much attention and won for him the honor, unusual in that day, of an American elected a member of the Royal Society in London. One of the theological questions which especially interested him was the validity of ordination as it was observed in the Puritan churches of New England. He thought that in the rude old meeting-house on the Roxbury Hill, built of rough, unhewn logs, the interstices filled in with clay and the floor of earth, he had heard as good sermons as he had ever listened to beneath the arches of the magnificent church of the Temple where he had pursued his studies in the law, and as fervent and as effectual prayers offered from the heart as ever he had heard read from books in the stateliest cathedrals of the mother land; and he could not sit easy in his pew when he thought of such godly and worthy and able ministers as Eliot and Weld and

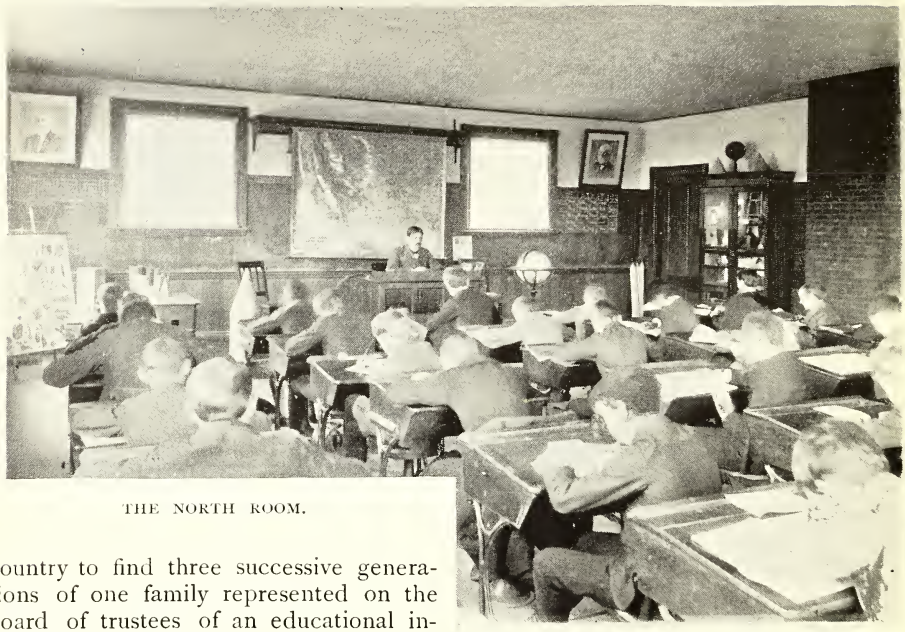
WILLIAM C. COLLAR, A. M.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Danforth and Walter denounced as intruders in the Christian ministry, and the ordinances of religion as administered by them regarded as invalid. It was this feeling which led him to establish the Dudleian lectures at Harvard, — one to be given each year during the undergraduate course. The subjects were, first, "The Proving, Explaining and Proper Use and Improvement of the Principles of Natural Religion;" second, "The Confirmation, Illustration and Improvement of the Great Articles of the Christian Religion;" third "For the Detecting, Convicting and Exposing the Idolatry, Errors and Superstitions of the Romish Church;" and fourth, "For Maintaining, Explaining, and Proving the Validity of the Ordination of Ministers or Pastors of the Churches, and so their Administration of the Sacraments or Ordinances of Religion, as the same hath been Practised in Religion from the first Beginning of it, and so Continued to this day." It is interesting to find the chief justice of the province occupied in theological questions of such moment for the time, and his name reaching to the present day in the lectures given at our neighboring university upon his foundation.

It is a rare thing in the history of our

THE LIBRARY.



THE NORTH ROOM.

country to find three successive generations of one family represented on the board of trustees of an educational institution; but this occurs with this school, and each of the three members distinguished in the literary, judicial, benevolent or educational affairs of our state.

The Honorable Judge Lowell was regarded as the head of the legal profession in Suffolk County, and his interest and influence in the school were unceasing. Of his labors for Harvard College, too, it is said: "His zeal in the service of the college, the soundness of his judgment, of his characteristic integrity, gave great weight to his influence in the critical period which succeeded the peace of 1783. To no individual is the seminary more indebted than to him for that course of policy which enabled it to escape impending dangers and to attain a comparative degree of financial independence."

Not less distinguished for his legal attainments and his public and private virtues was his son, the Honorable John Lowell. Dr. Greenwood says of him: "He would discuss the qualities of a fruit tree or an exotic plant with the same earnestness and the same copiousness and the same ready and various learning that he would have given to a question of politics, a point of law or a piece of divinity." And Edward Everett said of him: "He was animated by the loftiest sense of personal honor, his heart was the home of the kindest feelings, and without a shade of selfishness he considered wealth to be no otherwise valuable but as a powerful instrument of doing good. His liberality went to the extent of his means, and where they stopped he exercised an almost unlimited control over the means of others."

THE SCHOOL FROM THE CAMPUS.

Still another of the family, the Honorable John A. Lowell, was for a considerable time one of the feoffees of the school.

The early teachers have a somewhat mythical existence. We may be sure that with the diligent watchfulness of the Apostle Eliot they were not permitted to slumber at their post, and that their work was done with reasonable fidelity. But teaching then was not a profession; it was a stepping-stone to something more dignified or more profitable. There is the schoolmaster without a name, and the person who was to gather his yearly payment; but beyond that we run into the misty past. A Mr. Hanford was to begin on the twenty-fifth of the first month in the year 1650, and "for his wages we do promise to give him twenty-two pounds." And then, "The feoffees have agreed with Mr. Daniel Weld, the twenty-second of the ninth, 1652, that he provide convenient benches, with forms with tables, for the scholars to sit on and to write at, with a convenient seat for the schoolmaster and a desk to put the dictionary on, and shelves to lay up books, and keep the house and windows and doors with the chimney sufficient and proper, and there shall be added to his yearly stipend, due by the book, the rent of the school land, being four pounds the year. He having promised the feoffees to free them of the labor of gathering up the particulars of the contribution, and they to stand by in case any be refractory." Then, in 1668, "The feoffees have covenanted and agreed with John Prudden to keep a schoole in ye towne of Roxberry, for ye space of one full yeare, beginning on ye sixth of March next ensuing ye date hereof: but not longer except ye said John Prudden see cause soe to doe, provided he give a quarter's warning to ye aforesaid feoffees y^t^ they may otherwise conveniently provide themselves with a schoolmaster; whereupon ye said John Prudden doth engage to use his best skill and endeavour, both by precept and example, to instruct in all scholasticall, morall, and theologicall discipline, the children, so far as they are or shall be capable, of those persons whose names are here underwritten, all ABCDarians excepted." What more could education do? And for all this discipline he was to have twenty-five pounds, to be paid at the "Upper Mills in Roxbury, three quarters in Indian corn or peas, and the other fourth part in barley, all good and merchantable, at price current in the country rate, at ye days of payment." And from this discipline came the Dudleys and the Eliots and the Welds and the Cushings and the Sumners and the Williamses.

Then literature began to dawn in one of our teachers. In the old burying-ground in Roxbury may be seen the grave of Benjamin Tompson, schoolmaster and physician, and the first native poet of New England. Like Hesiod, his verse indulges a lament on the degeneracy of the times.

"'Twas then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
'Good morrow, brother, is there aught you want?
Take freely of me; what I have, you ha'n't.'
Then times were good, merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than Jonakin and Mush.
Although men fared and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard;
'Twas ere the neighboring virgin land had broke
The hogsheads of her more than hellish smoak;
'Twas ere the islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
Then had the churches rest; as yet the coals
Were covered up in most contentious souls.
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection."

Benjamin Tompson had evidently forgotten the bitter strife which Familists and Anne Hutchinson had stirred up in the colony, and how one minister, Ward of Ipswich, had declared at the council convened at Cambridge to try the heretics: "I will petition to be chosen the individual idiot of the world if all the wits under the heavens can lay their heads together and find an assertion worse than this, — that men ought to have liberty of their conscience, and that it is persecution to deny them of it."

Then we find the name of William Cushing, a teacher in our school and a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; and later Joseph Warren, a Harvard graduate, giving his stipend for the support of his mother, becoming a student

of medicine (a physician is now practising on the very spot where his house stood), a man not without literary honor in the community, giving two addresses on anniversaries of the Boston Massacre, chairman of the Committee of Public Safety, and at last a general of our forces during the war, opposing the occupation of Charlestown Heights, but when it was resolved upon, offering up his life with the words, "I know that I may fall; but where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country?"

Then we have Samuel Parker, afterward a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and Increase Sumner, governor of Massachusetts. For many years Governor Sumner was president of the board of trustees of the grammar school in which he received his education; and at the same time that he was a teacher in the school he was studying law in the office of Samuel Quincy. His inauguration as governor was with great pomp, for he himself lived in affluence, drove a coach and four on all public occasions, and entertained with much liberality and dignity. His house was the fine old colonial mansion at the corner of Cliff and Washington Streets, which the present generation remembers as the residence of Mr. Charles F. Bradford. Sumner succeeded Hancock as governor. The latter was infirm and gouty, and had to be carried in an armchair to the council chamber. The former was of commanding figure and great vigor of life, and as he marched at the head of the legislative body, returning from the election sermon at the Old South, as he passed the door of the old State House an apple-woman exclaimed, "Thank God, we have got a governor that can walk at last!"

As the foreboding days of the Revolution came on, the spirit of patriotism was shown in the teacher Robert Williams, who had charge of the school in 1777. He gave the key of the schoolhouse to the pupils to hand to the trustees, and as a body of soldiers was marching from Roxbury to Cambridge, joined it, and served throughout the war with a distinction which is cherished by his descendants. He was a Harvard graduate, and his great-grandson, to-day a venerable citizen of Boston, preserves with a worthy pride a volume given to him by the president of the college as a tribute to his proficiency in Latin.

Among the trustees of a later date, the most honorable mention must be made of Mr. Charles K. Dillaway, who was a devoted member of the board, its secretary and historian, a warm friend of the school and of all schools and teachers, himself a successful teacher and the head-master of the Boston Latin School, keeping his interest in everything relating to education to a great age, and whom several generations of Boston children knew and loved to address as "dear Mr. Dillaway."

Of a still later date, we find in our records the names of John Kebler, afterward a prominent lawyer at Cincinnati, John D. Philbrick, a leader in educational matters, B. A. Gould, Jr., and Charles Short, a professor in Columbia College.

While there were nine ministers of the First Church in Roxbury from 1630 to 1850, there were over one hundred teachers of the grammar school. They were young men on their way to the law or the ministry or medicine or business, or now and then old men ready for a little more service before infirmity came upon them. But they were zealously watched over and supported, and generally were faithful according to their day in instructing in all "scholasticall, morall, and theologicall discipline." And certainly they trained up several generations of citizens of whom we have every reason to be proud.

Any notice of this ancient school would be quite incomplete without some reference to the ministers of the First Church in Roxbury, for these early ministers were all educated men, and had an interest in everything relating to the well-being of the settlement.

Thomas Weld graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in July, 1632, was ordained the first minister in Roxbury. His ministry has been overshadowed by the longer and far more distinguished services of the Apostle Eliot; but he was no inconspicuous figure in the early history of the colony.

He was regarded in his day as a gifted writer and able preacher; he took an active part in all political matters, and was much more popular than the Apostle Eliot with the officers of the government. He was also much more of a controversialist than Eliot, perhaps a more intense Puritan, and more determined that no heresies should set foot on these shores. He was a voluminous, if not luminous, author, and entered with great bitterness into the theological questions of the times. With the assistance of his colleague and Richard Mather, who was over the Dorchester Church, he prepared a version of the Psalms of David in English metre; and this was the first book printed in the English American colonies. It was widely read and known as the "Bay Psalm Book," but it was not regarded as having any poetical merit, — and the minister of Cambridge wrote some lines of equal inferiority to ridicule it.

"You Roxbury poets, keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give us very good rhime,
And you of Dorchester, your verses lengthen,
But with the text's own words you will them strengthen."

How congregations in the New England colonies sang such verses, or singing them could enter into the beauty of the Psalms, can be accounted for only on the ground that their hearts were already attuned to devotion.

Weld took an active part in the persecution of Anne Hutchinson, one of the most brilliant and beautiful characters Boston has ever had, yet for whose liberality of thought Weld and the other clergymen were ready to follow her with all the torments of the Inquisition. Purity of character counted nothing against laxity of doctrine; indeed, as has so often been the case in theological disputes, there was no hesitation in charging immorality of life because of heresy. It was not intended that there should be any peace for those who differed from the stern theology of the Puritans. We cannot attach blame to them on this account, for toleration was a virtue of later date, and even now has little enough favor in the religious world. To preserve the true faith Weld wrote a book upon the "Rise, Reign and Ruin of Antinomians, Familists and Libertines that Infected the Churches of New England;" and nothing could better show how strong was the determination to banish every one who departed in the least from the very definite and precious beliefs which the Puritans brought with them.

Then came the Apostle Eliot, who was a much gentler spirit, and yet no more lenient toward the heretics, although he was more ready to plead with them and win them to the true faith. He was a faithful friend to education all through his long and eventful ministry. Cotton Mather says: "It was his perpetual resolution and activity to support a good school in the town that belonged unto him. A grammar school he would always have upon the place whatever it cost him, and he importuned all other places to have the like." But his personal interest was not confined to our school The year before he died he conveyed an estate of about seventy-five acres of land to certain persons and their heirs for "the maintenance, support and encouragement of a school and schoolmaster at that part of Roxbury commonly called Jamaica or the Pond Plains for the teaching and instructing of the children of that end of the town (together with such Indians and negroes as shall or may come to the school), and to no other use, intent or purpose whatever."

It was doubtless owing to the entire confidence placed in the apostle that Mr. Bell, in giving his property for the benefit of our school, made "the minister and other two such head officers of the said church at Roxbury" the trustees of his will.

Samuel Danforth, the next minister, graduated in the second class of Harvard College, and was a scholar of some repute and a preacher of acknowledged force. He wrote his sermons twice over and then committed every word to a memory so faithful that it never failed him.

Then came Nehemiah Walter, who was remarkable for his classical scholarship, speaking Latin with fluency, publishing many sermons with strange titles, with a grim theology, but an able preacher, a faithful and beloved pastor, upon the occasion of whose illness the whole neigh-

borhood observed a day of fasting, and whom Dr. Chauncy regarded as one of the most brilliant of Americans.

There is probably no church in New England where through so long a line of preachers the standard of scholarship and pulpit gifts has been so high, and which has had such a proportion of acknowledged leaders in the community. The list, which began with the Apostle Eliot, found its fitting culmination in Dr. Putnam, whose praises are still heard on every side by a generation only too rapidly passing away. By reason of their office they were all required to take an interest in our school, and most of them had some official connection with Harvard College, so that throughout our history each institution has bestowed the best fruits of its work upon the other.

Not as a minister of the First Church, but of the Church universal, not as a citizen of Roxbury, but of America, not for interest in our school only, but for interest in everything that belongs to education, not for his prominence in literature, but in everything that makes for a higher humanity, we rejoice to mention the fellowship and services of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, for more than twenty years a trustee of the school.

Of our schoolhouses not much is to be said. The present building is convenient, and well fitted for as large a school as may for a long time be demanded. It has always been the aim of the trustees to regard the importance of careful scholarship more than costly buildings, to take more interest in the cultivation of the mind than in school grounds or architecture. In earlier days when the predecessors of the present structure stood where is now the Central Market, and not far from the home of the Apostle Eliot, a rude, barren and crowded house was all that was expected. As in the case of many a building still to be seen all over New England, little care was taken of its exterior; while within, in going from the stove to the door, one could probably make a study of the torrid, the temperate and the frigid zones. Where there was not much comfort even in the homes, these busy founders of a new world, wrestling with forests and Indians, had little time or money to bestow upon the appointments of the schoolhouse, — only the education must not be neglected. Children exposed to every other hardship would not expect much luxury at school.

In 1742 the record reads: "Whereas the old schoolhouse in the Easterly part of Roxbury being gone much to decay, it was thought proper by the Feoffees to erect a new schoolhouse, and, with the help of many well-disposed persons by way of subscription, they did in the year 1742 erect a new house for said use, for which, in the same year, the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq., was pleased to bestow, for the use of said school, a good, handsome bell."

This was the third schoolhouse on about the same spot. One of the teachers complains to the feoffees of the condition of one of these buildings: "Of inconveniences I shall mention no other but the confused and shattered and nastie posture that it is in, not fitting for to reside in, the glass broke, and thereupon very raw and cold; the floor very much broken and torn up to kindle fires, the hearth spoiled, the seats some burned and others out of kilter, that one had as well-nigh as goods keep school in a hogstye as in it." Again in 1789 there is a record, that inasmuch as the schoolhouse was small and out of repair, it was voted "to build a new brick schoolhouse where the old one now stands, forty-two feet long and twenty-six wide, with walls twelve feet in height, and a hip'd roof." The palaces for our modern public schools, with all their conveniences and attractions, were unknown, and the methods of education were as rugged as were all the conditions of life. But students were trained, and discipline was wrought into the character, and that which had to be so severely struggled for may have been more dearly prized.

As the settlement increased there was some difficulty in prevailing upon the new-comers to be as generous in the support of the school as the original donors had been, and again and again the records tell of meetings warned and meetings held and meetings dissolved and nothing done, and of trouble in raising

the money needful for the school. But in the year 1672 there came great encouragement to the feoffees and good fortune to the grammar school, which have carried it prosperously on for more than two centuries, and promise increasing usefulness as long as investments bring any income. There came to this colony in 1635 one Thomas Bell, whose benefactions were very large, but the incidents of whose life are very meagre. He was successful and rapidly grew wealthy, returning to England to enjoy his later years in his native country. By his will he left all his real estate in Roxbury in trust "for the maintenance of a schoolemaster and free schoole for the teaching and instructing of poore men's children" in this town. From the rents of this real estate most of the support of the school came for its first century. In 1795, chiefly through the wise oversight of Judge Lowell, the lands were leased for one hundred and twenty years; and from those small beginnings, together with sales of the lands which have been made from time to time, the endowment of the school has come. Whatever amount this may reach in the future, — and in expectation it has probably been vastly exaggerated, — it will not be sufficient certainly for a long time to provide for the rapidly growing demands of a school of the highest order. It is not possible, after the good work which has been done here for a quarter of a millennium, that those who have shared its benefits, its alumni, the parents of its pupils, and the friends of education who know its history and its promise, will suffer it to have any decline, but only increasing advantages. If they are worthy successors of those first donors and feoffees who with such enthusiasm and sacrifice founded the school and pledged their houses, their fields and their orchards for its support, they too will strive and sacrifice to make its standard even higher and fulfil the prayer of the Apostle Eliot: "Lord, that our school may flourish!"

The real revival of learning in this country began about fifty years ago, when Horace Mann became secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and made that wonderful lecturing tour throughout the state, arousing it to the need of convenient and comfortable schoolhouses, of special preparation for teachers, of normal schools and school libraries, and showing the dignity of teaching. His lectures were a clarion call to the highest idea of universal education upon the scientific method, and with underlying, all-pervading moral principles. At once the almost despised and ridiculed task of teaching took its place among the professions, and the pedagogue, who for centuries had been looked upon as the natural foe of childhood, became its friend and sympathetic helper. Mann gave the fatal blow to the constant use of corporal punishment when he said that, in the few cases in which teachers were called upon to administer it, they should do it with the noble feelings that animated the pagan executioner who gave, as he was commanded, the cup of poison to Socrates, but wept as he gave it. Out of his own exalted faith in the possibilities of human nature as the fulcrum for a teacher's work, he made teachers see in their pupils the men and women who were to be the rulers of another generation — like the German master who, entering the schoolroom, always took off his hat reverently to his class, "because among my boys may be future syndics and burgomasters of the city." With a stately and burning eloquence, with culture, with humanity, and with a consecrated spirit, he gave to New England its great impulse to the higher life of public and private schools.

Soon after that movement our school began, under Mr. Buck, its broad and prosperous work. But it was especially after Mr. Collar became its head-master that it took the place it has now held for more than thirty years, as one of the great factors in the school life of New England, and one of the best fitting-schools for our university.

A pupil of the school who has become prominent in the Church writes: "I came under many famous instructors in the course of my student-life in this country and in Europe, but I never received more painstaking guidance or higher inspiration than in the old hall of the Roxbury

Latin School when Mr. Collar expended his splendid learning and gracious enthusiasm in trying to open to us crude boys the riches of Latin and Greek literature."

It was Mr. Collar's remarkable gift of teaching which first attracted pupils from the neighboring towns; and while they aided in the growing and deserved reputation of the school, they also furnished the addition to the income which has made it possible to maintain its standard. Faithful to the original idea of the school and to his first love for the classics, Mr. Collar has been quick to lend an ear to every demand of the new and higher educational life, where activity and progress have been quite as marked as in any other department of our stirring American life, and to widen the curriculum just as science and the love of nature and the profounder lessons of history and the culture of the body have pleaded for recognition. The chief aim of the school has never been that boys should merely get into college, but that, whether taking a collegiate course or not, they should have the best possible discipline that six years of their early school life could give.

Two hundred and fifty years, — a quarter of a millennium! This almost covers the history of New England; and there is no other institution with such a deliberate, generous and consecrated organization which has preserved such a continuity. This venerable school has seen hundreds of colleges and thousands of academies, high schools and seminaries established throughout the land. Many of them have received much larger endowments, gathered a much larger number of students, and become admirably equipped for intellectual work. We welcome them all, and bid them enter upon the noble rivalry of being first in the training of our American youth. There is something solemn in the thought of an institution as old as the community. Two hundred and fifty years of successive generations of boys gathering here to learn what the higher education means; two hundred and fifty years spent in the toil and pleasure of study, when boys begin to enter into Cicero's description of the delights of letters: "haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur;" two hundred and fifty years, when life's lower interests have been forgotten and the higher held sway; two hundred and fifty years of quiet, hidden, patient fitting for the school of life! What memories throng such an occasion, — the solicitude and prayers of parents, the curiosity and trembling anxieties of the new-comers to the examinations, the awakening of the intellectual life, the generous ambition of the good scholars, the indifference and apathy and final dropping away of the faithless and incompetent, the troubles which come and go with the over-buoyant and ill-restrained pupils, the wearing toils of the faithful teacher! Merely to live for two hundred and fifty years is a claim upon our respect; but when it is two hundred and fifty years of useful work for humanity, ever opening into larger opportunities, responsibilities and purposes, respect turns into veneration.

# A BAPTIST PREACHER AND SOLDIER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

*By Alice Morse Earle.*

FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN LATER LIFE.

IN 1770, British soldiers were quartered in Boston, to the intense annoyance and indignation of Boston inhabitants. Frequent quarrels arose between the citizens and soldiers. On the night of March 5 the disturbance became so great that the British troops fired upon the unarmed citizens in King Street (now State Street), causing the death of Crispus Attucks, a colored man, and four white citizens, Samuel Gray, James Caldwell, Patrick Carr and Samuel Maverick. Daniel Webster said that from the moment the blood of those men stained the pavements of Boston streets we may date the severance of the colony from the British kingdom. When those men fell slaughtered, a young man named John Pitman was near them in the surrounding crowd, and from that moment dated in his soul his patriotic allegiance to his native land and his severance from the British kingdom.* He was one of the guard that kept watch that night over the bodies of the "Boston Martyrs." After the passage of the hated Boston Port Bill he went to the hot-bed of rebellion — Philadelphia; and within a week after the Declaration of Independence he joined Captain Joseph Cowperthwait's company under Colonel Dickinson in the first Battalion of Pennsylvania militia, and marched promptly off to Elizabethtown. His brother, according to tradition, was one of the famous Boston Tea Party.

I have now before me the regimental order-book which John Pitman kept during the Revolutionary War. The first entry is when he was stationed before Morristown, April 30, 1777. I doubt whether he ought to be held responsible for the spelling in this book, it falls so far below the standard of that in his diaries, from which I shall also quote. He probably simply copied the orders as issued, for he often speaks of the adjutant-general furnishing him with "coppeys." Some of his entries read thus: —

"The General Lements the Necesety he is Laid Under of Respecting his orders By which the Officers Wair Forbid to Ride abought the Country. Thus absenting themselves from Thair Duty. If aney Sudent Coall for Officers or Defensive Mesures should be made During their Absence Thay Will Shewerly be brought to a Soveair Account."

"May 1. The Capt of Each Company to Examon the Arms of Thair Respective Companys & if Aney is out of order have them sent Amedently to the Armeres and Repair'd. The Captain of Companeys are allso to Make a Return of Baynots & Cartrage Boxses & the Ammonision Waisted in thair Respective Co., & in paying of thair men the Two Months pay lattly drawn are to Retain in Thair Hands Nine Shilings for each Baynot & Twelve Shilings for each Cartrage Box lost & Six pence for each Cartrage Waisted."

One example of his frequent entries of courts-martial may be given: —

"The Cort Beeing duly Sworn Proseeded to the Trial of Moses Stevens Sergt in Capt Flaggs Company Charged of Gitting Drunk but Denis

* John Pitman was born in Boston, April 17, 1751, — the son of William and Mary (Blower) Pitman. He died July 24, 1820.

beeing Guilty of Disobedence. Sargent Dexter on Oath saith that Sargent Stevens sayed in his hearing that he had Rec'd Orders from Lt Arnold to Carey his Chest to his Quarters. The Chest then Laid in the High Way in the Reair of the Wagens. Sargt Dexter further saieth that Sargt Stevens went of and left the Cheast & Did not return till brought by a File of Men. Saide Stevens is found Guilty of a Breach of 25 Artickel of 2nd Section of Artickels of War. The Cort on Cole deliberation Directs that Sargt Stevens Be Reduc'd to a privert Centinel & do Duty as Such.

"Matthew Bryent of Capt Allings Company Charged Absenting Himself from the Foteague party half a Day & Getting Drunk pleads guilty. The Cort Thairfore Orders him to Ride the Wooden Horse Twenty Minits with Six firelocks Lasht to his Feet.

"The Cort Proseeded to the Trial of Magnes Noice Confin'd for Muteness & Bad and Disrespectful Language against his officers And wisht one half of them in Hell. Said Noice pleads guilty & Bags the Marcy of the Coart. The coart Finds the prisonir Punashebel agreable to the 5th Artickel & 18 section of the Artickels of War. The Cort Considering the nature of his offence Do Order him to Receive Fifty Strips on his Naked Back."

It seems hard to have to be whipped both for "muteness" and bad language. The frequent notice of punishment of stripes administered on the bare back seems shocking to our modern humane notions, as it was to those of the Abbé Robin and other travellers of the times; and the punishment was often for the pettiest offences. One Richard Seften, for sleeping away from his quarters and telling a "lye" to his captain about it, received fifty-nine lashes on his naked back; Oliver Washburn had sixty-nine lashes for being drunk; Mark Cargedd had thirty-nine for not answering roll-call. For selling a leg of mutton to a man and stealing it back again twenty-five lashes were given. If a soldier were found with his hat "uncockt," he was liable to be whipped. The Abbé Robin thought the use of tea in the army enabled the Revolutionary soldiers to endure the frequent and excessive military floggings.

Never have the depressing conditions which overwhelmed the army of the United States in the early days of its struggle for independence been so forcibly set before me as in the pages of this order-book. The care of the commander-in-chief seems to have been fairly parental. When the men appeared on parade with their "arms in bad order, their cloathing extremely durty & slovingly in their dress," minute details and orders were given about shaving, washing their faces and hands, the care of their clothes, of their tents, their bedding, their food. The "eting of frute" was forbidden, as was "going a swiming" or "drinking Cold water when hot." An officer was appointed whose sole business was to inspect "the manner of coucking & see that the men Boil or Make a Soop of their Meat which is Much More Conducive to health than the Idle Practice of Briling Meat which is strickly forbid."

It is not that the orders themselves are so unusual, but the pathetic desire to "make a good appearance as an army" is plainly apparent in every line, as indeed it is frequently expressed.

I quote triumphs of Revolutionary orthographical art from this order-book: *diseploying* for discipline; *amedently* for immediately; *suchey* for such a; *solger* is always written for soldier; *debety* for deputy; *horsepittel* for hospital; *seploy* for supply; *agetent* for adjutant; *seboltons* for subalterns; *promost* for promised; *sofisent* for sufficient; *etact* for attack. I reluctantly refrain from further examples.

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1777, John Pitman was at Lincoln's Gap; on July 8, at Peekskill. By family tradition he was a fearless and active soldier, especially at the battle of Monmouth Court House. But he was more a preacher than a soldier; and on September 22, 1778, he was married to Rebecca Cox at Mt. Holly, New Jersey, and went to live and to preach at Freehold, New Jersey.

Rebecca Cox was a woman of great firmness and distinction of character. She belonged to an old and well-known New Jersey family, a family of patriots descended through her father and her mother, Mercy Taylor, from original New Jersey proprietors. Her father was Colonel Richard Cox, Sr.; her brother, the distinguished and gallant Major Richard Cox, Jr., for many years treasurer of the Order of Cincinnati in New Jersey. Colonel James Cox, grandfather of "Sunset" Cox, was of the same family; also Judge William Taylor and Hon. Judge

W. Taylor, the only speaker of the House of Representatives from New York state. Other relatives were the Potts and Bordens and Wilmers.

John Pitman quickly began to follow the profession of a Baptist elder, preaching throughout the country in taverns, court-houses, private parlors and college halls, as well as in churches and the open air. To show the amount of travel an itinerant preacher did in those days, let me give his summing up of miles; for he kept each day a record of the distance travelled. In seven months and twenty-eight days, in 1783, he rode and drove one thousand and eighty-seven miles; from July 1 to September 13, 1784, one thousand two hundred and sixty miles. Well might he say, as he did in his diary, "I am much Feateagered and Sore."

The exigencies of eighteenth-century travel are plainly revealed in these diaries. Perhaps the elder's account of his removal of his family to Rhode Island displays to the fullest extent the *festina lente* methods of the day. After thriftily settling his accounts, paying his debts, getting his dues, selling his "Spirrits and Molasses," and packing his furniture, on May 2 he set out for Brunswick "to git a vessel for New England," but soon came home uncertain and unsettled about the best means of transportation thither. On the 11th: —

"To Brunswick & Home again C'o'd git no Satisfaction when Capt Sleigh was going to Rhoad Island. Concluded to go by way of P. Amboy."

On the following day he hired moving wagons and bought travelling stores, packed, and bade farewell to his relatives and friends. On Thursday, May 20, with four wagons and a wheeled chair, he set out for Perth Amboy with his family. They were attended part of the way by a dozen friends and neighbors, who, as was the universal and cordial custom of the time, thus accompanied all guests and travellers "agatewards" to speed the parting guest.

"*Fryday, 21 May.* Set out in the boat from P. Amboy to New York with about 40 passengers, the wind dying and rising till about sunset when such a hard gale came on that the passengers were much affrighted, we put back and anchored under Long Island. I got with my Family into the hold & slept all night tho' uneasy.

"*Saturday, 22 May.* Set out & got to New York about 10 oClock which made our passage 25 hours. All the boats were gone for Rhoad Island but the hard wind drove back Capt Fairbanks on board of which I moved my goods from Amboy stage.

"*Monday, 24.* Set out about 9 O Clock for Rhoad Island. Got through Hell Gate &c about 30 minutes from New York, dull day and passengers.

"*Wednesday, 26.* Foggy Morning Wind Wavering Anchored in evening.

"*Thursday.* Beautiful morning Wind favorable We out ran all the vessels A large swell and the wind shifted and I was Exceeding Sick not able to Eat anything I catched 2 Mackerill 2 Cod & 1 Blewfish.

"*Fryday, 28.* Very foggy got to Newport about 6 o'clock."

Twenty-five hours from Perth Amboy to New York, and the remainder of a week to reach Newport, did certainly prove the need of true godliness in a traveller.

Much of the time which the minister did not spend, as he wrote, "at p'ching," he spent "at studdy;" and he seems, when thirty years of age, to have entered recitation classes, — certainly to acquire French. He constantly studied and read "Latten" and "Greak," — to so little effect, however, that he always misspelled not only the names of the languages but the titles of the books. This diverting uncertainty of orthography was not peculiar to him, but was one of the characteristics of the day. His handwriting was beautiful, elegant in form and exceedingly regular. This also was characteristic of the day; nearly every one who wrote at all wrote well.

He was not apparently a great book buyer or book reader. He paid ten dollars to Dr. Stillman for Dr. Gill's "Body of Divinity," and four dollars more for his tracts and sermons; at another time, forty dollars for a set of sermons. His household belongings — silver, china, glass and furniture — were good, the latter even handsome, and are much treasured to this day by his grandchildren and their children. Two of his handsome harp-backed mahogany chairs are in constant use in my own home to-day. His fine Sheffield candelabra and salvers also are rich and graceful. He paid £19 6*s.*

for a clock in Boston, which is probably the clock which descended to his son, Judge John Pitman of Providence, Rhode Island, and then to the judge's daughter. The china may be part of the "Queen's Ware," of which he notes the arrival and unpacking.

He seemed to take much pleasure in what he called "dissecting the Bible." For instance, he found that the word Jehovah occurs in that Holy Book six thousand eight hundred and fifty-five times; that the middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the middle chapter, Job xxix.; the middle verse, 2 Chronicles, twentieth chapter, between seventeenth and eighteenth verses. The least verse is 1 Chronicles, first chapter, first verse, which reads, "Adam, Sheth, Enosh." He notes that the nineteenth chapter of Kings and thirty-seventh of Isaiah are alike, and that the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it. He then dissects the New Testament in like manner. The amount of patient enumeration and research necessary to give these "dissected details" can scarcely be calculated. He says: "Those who dispute the accuracy of the foregoing calculations may examine the books themselves, and with tolerable close application it will take them about three years." The opportunity still exists. These dissections show him to have been a great student of the Bible; and constant references in the pages of his diary give additional proof. He bought a handsome Bible for his little daughter Polly, and the day she was five years old started to read it through with her by reading chapters every night and morning.

That he was generous and broad in his religious sympathies and affiliations is shown plainly.

"Rid in Company with an Old Quaker that Conversed most agreable to me upon Religious matter. . . . Went to hear the Presbiterian Minister, he preached dul and long, but he published meeting for me at 5 Oclock at which time I preached to a great number of people. . . . The Committee of the Presbiterian Congregation came and desir'd me to preach for them at Attleborough, the deacon express'd a doubt whether they should not yet settle a Baptist minister among them."

Of the niceties of his religious doctrines I know little, but that little is perfectly satisfactory; for one of his contemporaries wrote cautiously of him: "His ideas of divine truth verged a little toward Antinomianism, yet there was nothing in his preaching to relax the sense of moral obligations." It certainly speaks well of his oratorical powers that for many years he usually supplied the pulpit of the popular Mr. Stillman whenever the latter was absent from Boston; he was also on most intimate terms with Mr. Stillman's family. Rev. Samuel Stillman was one of Boston's most popular and sensational preachers. Crowds thronged his obscure little church at the North End, and he took an active part in Revolutionary politics. In a curious poem of the day entitled "Boston Ministers" we read: —

"Last in my list is a Baptist,
A real saint I wot.
Though named Stillman much noise he can
Make when in pulpit got.
The multitude both grave and rude,
As drove by wind and tide,
After him hie when he doth try
To gain them to his side."

Mr. Pitman owed to Mr. Stillman his conversion and his joining the ministry. It seems that when a young man Mr. Pitman led a life of gay revelry and dissipation in the then very gay and worldly town of Boston; that he tried to break away from the wiles of this wicked and thoughtless life through such strenuous and puritanical efforts as always praying three times a day and fasting from Saturday till Sunday night. But this asceticism availed naught, and he wrote to Mr. Stillman and received this answer: —

"I have just rec'd yours and read it. I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you but shall be glad if it will suit you to come to my house to-morrow after the afternoon service when I shall be ready to converse with you upon those things which are of infinite importance."

Through this meeting he found peace of soul and strength for permanent reformation.

Other names occur in the pages of the diary in a way to show warm friendships with Rev. John Gano, pastor of the First Baptist Church of New York, Dr. Gano of the First Baptist Church of Providence and his wife, the daughter of Colonel

Tallmadge of New York, Dr. Ustick, Dr. Gair, Mr. Skillman, Rev. Dr. Manning, president of Brown University, Mr. Nicholas Brown and Mr. Joseph Brown of Providence.

That the parson could discern the outward signs of the world, the flesh and the devil is plainly shown in many of his entries. On Tuesday, March 23, 1784, when riding to Bordentown: —

"About 3 O Clock saw on the Road a Red Fox and in some minutes after a number of Vain Men on horseback with Dogs in pursuit of him."

On Saturday, November 27, 1784, he wrote: —

"Saw a French Countess Dressed for the Bawl with Jewels, Brasslets &c. and on the way to the Bawl she lost one of her Brasslets which they say cost either 200 or 900 Guineas. Her Pin Money is said to be 9000 dollars Yearly from her Father. Her Husband is with her. they were going to France and were taken out of a Wrack by a Sloop from this place. His name is Count de Broglio."

This Count de Broglio cannot have been the Prince de Broglie who was in Boston in 1783, and who was also wrecked, and whose sparkling account of his visit to Boston is now in the National Library in Paris.

One curious account in connection with his pay for preaching is for "general favours," gifts received from friends, relatives and neighbors. Entries appear of shoes, stockings, yarn, and knitting of the latter; corn, pork, peas, rye, flax, turkeys, two peahens; friendly aid in sowing, reaping, house-moving. Deborah Cox was most generous to him in cheese and "clambs." "Grandada" gave him twelve hens; Aunt Coward, candles, beef and butter; Aunt Taylor, "gammon, fillets and line of veal." The exact value of each gift is carefully and thriftily estimated in pounds, shillings and pence; the sum total of "favours" in one year was £512. As this was in the time of depreciated currency, it does not place him in such a dependent position as at first appears. At this time he also owned a rope-walk, and he records frequent sales of lines, bedcords, halters and hawsers. His personal expense book is most interesting as showing the commodities and prices of the day, servants' wages, house rent, etc., but cannot be dwelt on here. I am glad to note that when he went to Providence to live he promptly invested in a quantity of feminine finery for Mrs. Pitman, — "striped lutestring, spotted persian, sattin shoes, a fan, an umbrilloe, yard-wide gause, Princes stuff, side combs, sarsnet, blew ribband, leather heals for Mrs. P's shoes, millinet, durant, sattenet for shoes, 8 yards changeable mantua, shalloon," etc, — in all of which I hope the Jersey country girl made a brave show among the wealthy ship-owners of Providence and their dignified wives.

Mr. Pitman was in New York in September, 1783, where he dined at "Mr. Shakespeare's."

"Preached at the Dutch church called the Swan Church, a very Neat Building. Supped at Doctor Stiles with Mr. Gano, was entertained with the Harpsicord & Flute by the Doctors daughter and Mr. Hewitt. Saw on the Grand Parade the troops reviewed. Saw Sir Guy Carleton and the Hessian Commander, the troops appeared well, and played the band of Musick Excellently. Saw Richd Robbins that run from Jersey and was going to Port Rosaway; the tories in much confusion and going to Nova Scocia; saw the Barracks Forts and Lines to Kingsbridge."

This visit of Mr. Pitman to New York was at the time of the apparent success of what proved one of the most sadly dramatic episodes succeeding and resultant from the Revolutionary War. It is indicated by his reference to Port Roseway. On the twenty-eighth of April in that year, a fleet of eighteen ships, with schooners and sloops, under convoy of two men-of-war, sailed from New York with four hundred and twenty families of Tories on board to the promised land of Port Roseway, a new town planted at the best seaport in Nova Scotia by self-exiled loyalists, as a refuge from the United States. In 1786 the number of inhabitants in the town (now Shelburne) was ten thousand. Twenty-two years later but four hundred were left. Many had returned to New York. Some had sought other homes in the British dominions. The expulsion of the Acadians and the arrival and overwhelming collapse of this settlement of Loyalists, who were nearly all of highest character and social position, form the most tragic and

interesting chapters in the development of the Canadian Dominion.

Hardly a diary of that time can be found which does not contain some mention of Jemima Wilkinson. The Baptist minister writes of her: —

"Monday Sep 22, 1783. Took my Brothers wife to Pawtuckset. Saw Jemimy Wilkerson the Imposter with the number of Poor Deluded Creatures that go about with her standing &c in the Road about 4½ Miles from Providence."

Jacob Hiltzheimer of Philadelphia thus recorded in his diary, which has just been published, his impressions of Jemima, the "Universal Friend," when he saw her the same year: —

"Returning from Church I observed people crowded about the Free Quakers Meeting house and was told they were waiting to see the wonderful Jemima Wilkinson who had preached. I remained until she came out to get in her chair. She had on a white hat but no cap and a white linen garment that covered her to her feet. . . . She looks more like a man than a woman. . . . She spoke much in the New England dialect. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, her hair was dress'd like that of a man."

It is impossible to overestimate the excitement which attended for many years the really brilliant and picturesque career of this remarkable woman. From the earliest days, when at eighteen years of age she calmly assumed the *rôle* of public benefactor, miracle-worker and religious leader, she met with a success which placed her at the head of the religious fanatics, or, rather, fanatic leaders, of her day; and Rhode Island had no lack of religious experimentalists and wonder-workers. From the time when the Massachusetts ministers of the seventeenth century bitterly and sadly deplored the "eighty-two pestilent heresies" sheltered by the Providence Plantation, the province seemed to be a refuge and a home for religious seekers after truth and freedom, and for religious impostors as well. Jemima Wilkinson came of no low stock. Her emigrant ancestor was a lieutenant in the army of Charles I., — indeed her line can be traced to Edward I., King of England, — and she was a second cousin of Stephen Hopkins, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of Commodore Hopkins. Born in Kingstown, she found in her native town wealthy and influential followers, — Judge Potter, members of the Hazard and Lawrence families, and her own brothers and sisters. Kingstown was at the time the wealthiest town in the state. It was richer than either Newport or Providence. In New Bedford the Hathaways joined Jemima's band; in Pennsylvania wealth poured in. The ruling spirit in her career was, as I read her character, a desire for personal adulation, comfort and luxury; and she secured it in rich clothing and food and a prosperous settlement in western New York, — a settlement prepared for her with toil and danger by her devoted band of nearly eighty families, who worked three years to make this home for her, while she made a triumphal progress through New England and Pennsylvania towns, preaching to vast crowds and essaying to raise the dead and to walk on the water.

The universal custom of the day of inoculation for the small-pox is frequently referred to in the pages of Mr. Pitman's diaries. We read of the Newport minister, Mr. Thurston, that he and his daughter were "enoculated" after his wife broke out with the disease. Mrs. Thurston died; the two who were inoculated of course recovered. In a sanitary inspection and census of Newport, made in 1764, it was found that from January to April thirty-eight persons had taken the disease in the natural way, of whom four had died; while of the six hundred and forty who had been inoculated but two had died. The people of Newport had, at an early date, very enlightened views on the subject. Small-pox hospitals abounded, and were places of popular resort, and cheap, too. Near Saybrook, on Duck Island, the operation and succeeding treatment cost but a pound; and much pleasure was provided for convalescents. An old negro played "The Rakes of Mallow" and "The Mansfield Miller" every night for dancing, and there was plenty of sailing, fishing and boating. Newport set apart Coasters Harbor Island as a place for inoculation; and there was also a hospital on Conanicut Island. Young people joined "classes" together in gay parties. Inoculation would not appear to be a very

prepossessing promoter of sentiment; but many a love affair sprang up in hospital between mutually "pock fretten" young folk who had been "grafted" together (as it was called), were feverish together, broke out together, and got well together. Mr. Pitman and his wife and his son were at a later date inoculated in a Salem "retreat."

But few glimpses are given in his diary of his domestic life; but from these few it is plain that whatever the virtues and endurance of the women of that day may have been, they had some excitable tendencies or "sensibilities" which seem to-day to be wholly obsolete. They promptly "swounded" upon very slight fright or annoyance, and had "histericall fits" and "plain fits" with a frequency which must have been most startling and disconcerting. Of course they often had just provocation for the latter. For instance, we read in the diary: —

"Mr. Allisons Granmoth' very sick; a man came in the evening to Mr. Allisons & said she was a-going, which alarmed his Mother much and gave her the Stiricks, we were allarmed in the night by the Screaks of his Sister, his Mother being in a Strong fit.

"Went with Sister Sucky to see the new Steeple and Clock and Bell of Meeting House, when we got home Mrs. Barker went into a Fit occasioned by the Ill Treatment of her Husband."

In old-time medical account-books, entries of nostrums furnished for the relief of fits form an important item, and range from "spirrits of Caster," "oil of Amber," "bazir stone," and "wolfes flesh salted dissolved in aqua hyster, the pty wearing a little piece of the same about her," to some of the most nauseous doses which could be compounded, and some very pleasant ones, such as: —

"Borage, Bugloss, white Endive, Rosemary Flowers, Fine Hysop, Winter Savory, of each one little handful, break these between your hands, and seethe them in three quarts of water to three pints; put to it a pint of good Malmsey, one ounce of whole cloves, powder of Cinnamon, half an ounce; powder of Ginger, a quarter of an ounce; one Nutmeg in powder, Sugar half a pound."

The spirits of castor was made of "Calamints, Orange peels, Nep, Walnut blossom, Rosemary flowers and tops of sage, of each an handful; Castoreum one ounce, White wine one Quart. Distil them in a Limbeck."

It is evident that even after the Revolution much rudeness and simplicity existed in social conditions and customs. It is with quite a shock that we read a long account of the trying adventure which befell one of Mr. Pitman's friends, a young clergyman, through being obliged, when journeying in Vermont, to sleep in a room containing three beds, upon one of which the young master and mistress of the house serenely reposed, the clerical visitor upon another, while three young women couched upon the third. Without doubt the bedsteads were four-posters hung with testers and valances and curtains of calico, dimity or "chiney," and thus afforded a certain seclusion, about which a generation which accepts unobjectingly the doubtful shelter and neighbors of a berth in a sleeping-car can ill afford to be over-critical.

At one time Mr. Pitman writes of very rough usage in the mild and orderly city of Philadelphia: —

"April 13 Very rainy, set of about 11 O Clock, exceeding muddy, sent the boy back and went on foot about three quarters of a Mile and overtook a Waggon which took me up and carried me to Market St. Going to Mr. Stancliffs met with an insult as follows. Saw a Woman beset by a Sailor, I spoke to him and Releaved the Woman, when the Sailor turn's upon me and 3 or 4 more of his Comrades came back to help him & they went on Swearg at a most outrageous rate. I expected to receive a blow every minute till 2 Gentlemen came to their Door and I stepped up to them & told them I was insulted for rescuing a Woman which the Fellow had stoped. When the Gentleman told them to be gone & they went off Swearg that if it was God Almightys Angel &c what they wod do."

As may be noted in all diaries of the day, he never fails to recount the "Providences" by which he escapes death. Many seem commonplace enough; others show details of domestic economy which no longer exist.

"*May 10.* Went down to see the pottash melted down; there were three kettles full, One Containg about half a Barrel melted, over which was a hard crust and a better than a Barrel of Salts. I put a stick into it & thrust through the crust, it immediately went off like a Cannon, threw the whole out of the kettle, which scattered over the whole house burst off two boards and loosened others from the side of the house. There were four of us Capt McKeyber & Mace

my Brother & Self. Our cloaths were much Damaged by the Hot Potash, and our state dangerous. It was wonderful our lives were all spared."

The making of potash and of home-made soap from the wood ashes which had accumulated through the winter formed every spring one of the most universal and most tedious details of household thrift and economy.

The astounding love of grewsome and even revolting sights which was characteristic of the times, and which did not appear to be incompatible with most tender and sympathetic traits of character, is plainly shown through the pages of these diaries to have existed in the bosom of this simple-minded and pious man. At that day offenders were whipped, set in public in the stocks, bilboes, cage, pillory and ducking-stool; and criminals, such as murderers, were brought to church and preached at, and hanged with much parade before the eyes of the people as a visible token of punishment of evil living. Mr. Pitman did not lose any opportunity of gratifying this taste for the sight of horrors. We read in quick succession: —

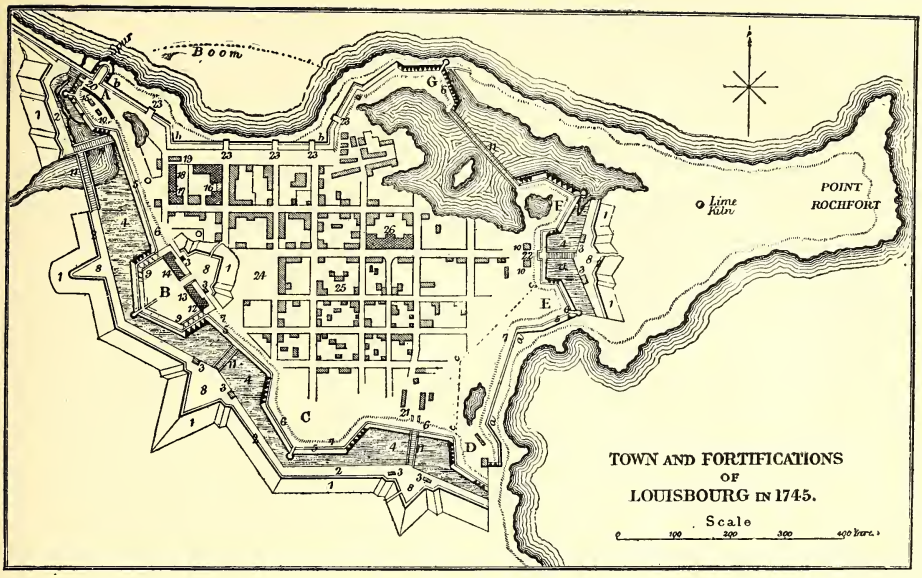
"Saw two men hanged for the Murder of Capt Picket, they were Portuguies. . . . Went to prison and saw four Murderers under Centance of Death, they are all Roman Catholicks. The Preast was with them, they are to be hanged next Saturday. . . . Saw a man going to Worster joal for the Murder of his Father. . . . Got to Brunswick where was to see one Mr Dunham hanged but made his escape out of jail last night from whence one Rappelyea that was tryed for Murdering an Old Woman made his escape last week. . . . When I got to Allentown I saw a number of men, I turned & met with them & saw a Negro woman dug up that had been buried a Week, supposed to be Murdered by her Master Mr Ort Barkelow, who it is said beat her with a broomstick unmercifully. . . . The Jury that set on Ort Barkelows Negro Woman Brought it in Wilful Murder."

He also recounts with many minute details the thrilling accidents which befell his friends and neighbors. There came a time, alas! when he and his also made "a passing show," for his wife and daughter died on one day, and the next day their trusted servant fell into the well and was drowned. The triple funeral held at the Baptist Church in Providence attracted a vast throng.

## IN JUNE.

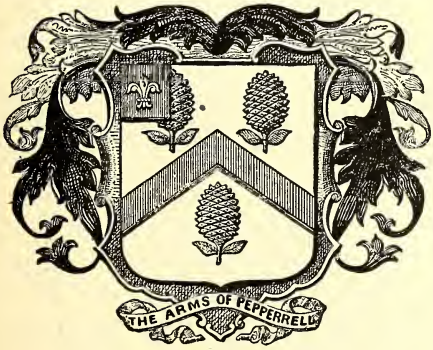
*By Emily McManus.*

SWEET year, how swift thy charms unfold!
So near it seems, that morning when,
A royal infant, ermine-stoled,
You flashed a diamond diadem!
Then came an hour of clouds and glooms;
Then pearl-drops rippling in the rills;
And now a breath of cherry blooms
And summer blown adown the hills.




# SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL AND THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG.

*By Victoria Reed.*

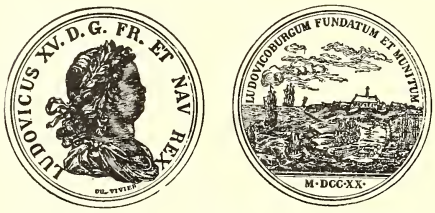



THE siege of Louisburg, one of the most wonderful military operations of the last century, has meagre space allotted to it in most of our histories; and the life of Sir William Pepperrell, the commander of the expedition, was not written until one hundred years after his death. This tardy recognition of Pepperrell's services was due in a great measure to the destruction or disappearance of his letters and papers during the Revolutionary War. His diaries and letters were valuable, both from a public and private point of view. They contained detailed accounts of his public life, particularly his connection with the siege of Louisburg, also daily chronicles of his home life at Kittery Point, where he dispensed the most generous hospitality. These latter would have furnished a most complete picture of the political and social life of New England in colonial times. Fortunately one box of his papers was found about fifty years ago in an old shed in the village of Kittery, where it

REFERENCES TO THE ABOVE PLAN.

A. Dauphin Bastion and Circular Battery. B. King's Bastion and Citadel. C. Queen's Bastion. D. Princess's Bastion. E. Bourillon Bastion. F. Maurepas Bastion. G. Batterie de la Gréve. 1, 1, 1, 1, etc. The Glacis. 2, 2, 2, 2, etc. The Covered Way. 3, 3, etc. Traverses. 4, 4, etc. The Ditch. 5, 5, etc. The Parapet. 6, 6, etc. The Ramparts, and 7, 7, their Slopes. 8, 8, etc. Places of Arms. 9, 9, etc. Casemates. 10, 10, etc. Guard Houses. 11, 11, etc. Wooden Bridges. 12. The Governor's Apartments. 13. The Chapel or Parish Church. 14. Barracks for Garrison. 15. The Powder Magazine. 16. Fortification House. 17. Arsenal and Bakehouse. 18. Ordnance, and 19, General Storehouse. 20, West Gate; 21, Queen's; and 22, East Gate. 23, 23, etc. Gates in Quay Curtain, *b, b, b.* 24. The Parade. 25. The Nunnery. 26. The Hospital and Church. *a, a.* Palisading, with Rampart for Small Arms. *c, c, c.* Picquet raised during the Siege of 1745.

had been hidden many years. The contents had grown so mouldy that the handwriting was nearly obliterated. These papers were sent to Mr. Usher Parsons, a descendant from one of Pepperrell's sisters, with an earnest request from his-



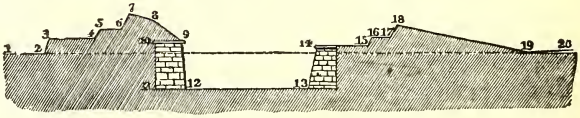

FRENCH MEDAL STRUCK AT THE FOUNDATION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF LOUISBURG.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. McLACHLAN, MONTREAL.

torians that he would write a memorial of Sir William, whose name, once so prominent in our land, was hardly known to later generations. We are indebted to Mr. Parsons for many facts and incidents that would have been irrevocably lost but for his patience and perseverance All colonial events, meritorious or otherwise, sank into oblivion in the presence of the ever-increasing passion and strife that existed for many years before the actual outbreak of hostilities in 1775.

The seige of Louisburg was the first great military achievement of the colonists. Although it may seem insignificant now in the light of other and greater events that have followed, yet at that time it was so important as to be considered a "fair offset to the victories of the French in the same war," which had been conspicuous. It was no doubt an important factor in making the Revolution a possibility. It proved unmistakably to the colonists themselves that their daily struggle for existence under the hard conditions of life in which they were placed had developed a latent strength that bore fruit in courage and perseverance in time of trial. These qualities, combined with religious enthusiasm, became formidable weapons at the siege of Louisburg, when a small and undisciplined army defied the well-drilled troops of the Old World and rendered useless the best perfected engines of war that the ingenuity of man had then devised.

Side by side with the names of the heroes of our later wars should be placed that of William Pepperrell, whose military success was as heroic as any that have followed. Although absorbed in the cares of the largest mercantile enterprises in New England, at the call of his country he dropped day-book and ledger, recruiting and equipping in two months a force that in forty-nine days caused the capitulation of the strongest fortress in the New World. As prompt action was considered important to the success of the expedition, Pepperrell freely contributed to the necessary funds from his own purse.




PROFILE OF THE WALLS OF LOUISBURG.*

* The line 1, 2, represents the level of the streets.

The outline of the Rampart is shown by the irregular figure 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

2, 3. Is the Inner Slope of the Rampart.

3, 4. The Terre Pleine or Platform upon which the cannon were mounted, 14 feet above the line 1, 2, and 25 feet in width.

5, 6. The Banquette, a level space five feet in width, three feet above the Terre Pleine. Musketeers standing on the Banquette can fire over the top of the Parapet.

6, 7. The Parapet, a breastwork five feet higher than the Banquette. The Parapet is pierced at certain intervals by openings called Embrasures, through which the cannon are discharged.

7, 8. The top of the Parapet sloping outward, to enable the musketeers stationed on the Banquette to fire upon an enemy that may have gained a footing in the Covered Way, 14, 15, on the opposite side of the Ditch, 12, 13.

8, 9. The Outer Slope of the Rampart, resting upon the Wall or Escarp. The whole of the Rampart, from 2 to 9, is composed of earth covered with sods.

9, 10, 11, 12. The Escarp, or Wall, of strong masonry 10 or 12 feet in thickness, facing the Ditch. Its height at Louisburg varied from 30 to 36 feet, according to the irregularity of the surface.

12, 13. The Ditch. At Louisburg it was 80 feet in width.

13, 14. The Counterscarp, or sustaining Wall, of solid masonry, on the other side of the Ditch.

14, 15. A level space twenty feet in width, called the Covered Way, upon which a body of troops can be assembled ready to make a sortie upon an enemy's trenches.

15, 16. The Slope of the Banquette.

16, 17. The Banquette, four feet in width, and four feet above the Covered Way.

17, 18. A Parapet four feet in height, from which musketeers assembled in the Covered Way can fire over the crest of the Glacis upon the enemy.

18, 19. The Glacis, a bank of earth sloping gradually outward until it meets the natural surface of the ground. It must be carried out far enough to enable the musketeers stationed behind the Parapet 6, 7, to sweep its sloping surface with their fire.

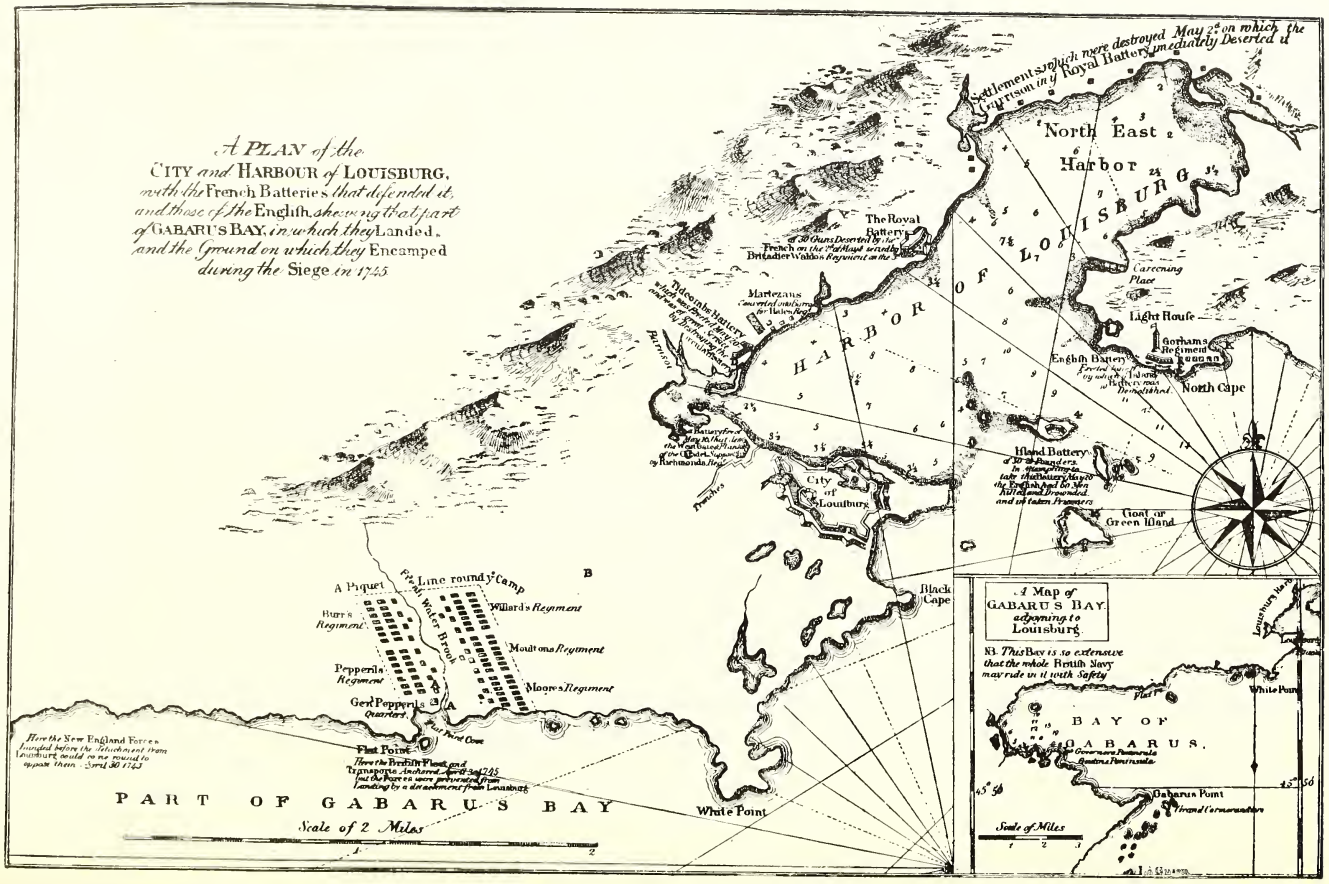
19, 20. The natural surface of the ground beyond the Glacis, generally on a level, as shown by the dotted line 1, 20, with the base of the Rampart.

No event of modern times could cause more solicitude than was manifested by both the colonists and the mother country during this siege of 1745. Mr. Hartwell said in the House of Commons that "the colonists took Louisburg from the French single-handed without European assistance, as mettled an enterprise as any in history, an everlasting monument to the zeal, courage and perseverance of the troops of New England." Voltaire, in his History of the Reign of Louis the Fifteenth, ranks the capture of this strong fortress by husbandmen among the great events of the period. England and France thus combine in their appreciation of this most unexpected and great triumph. Parkman, our own historian, modestly characterizes it as the "result of mere audacity and hardihood, backed by the rarest good luck," while Hawthorne says, "The siege was a curious combination of religious fanaticism and strong common sense."

GOVERNOR WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

France considered the possession of this southeast corner of Cape Breton, an island commanding the entrance to the gulf and river St. Lawrence, as absolutely necessary to the control of her Canadian possessions. This was their one channel for supplies as well as exports, the southern communication by the way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers being exceedingly precarious and attended with great danger. On the other hand, during a war between France and England the English settlements scattered along the Atlantic coast were in great peril from fleets that could be easily fitted out at Louisburg. The possession of this fortress would be of immense advantage to either France or England. It was a key to the continent, and was often called "the Gibraltar of America."

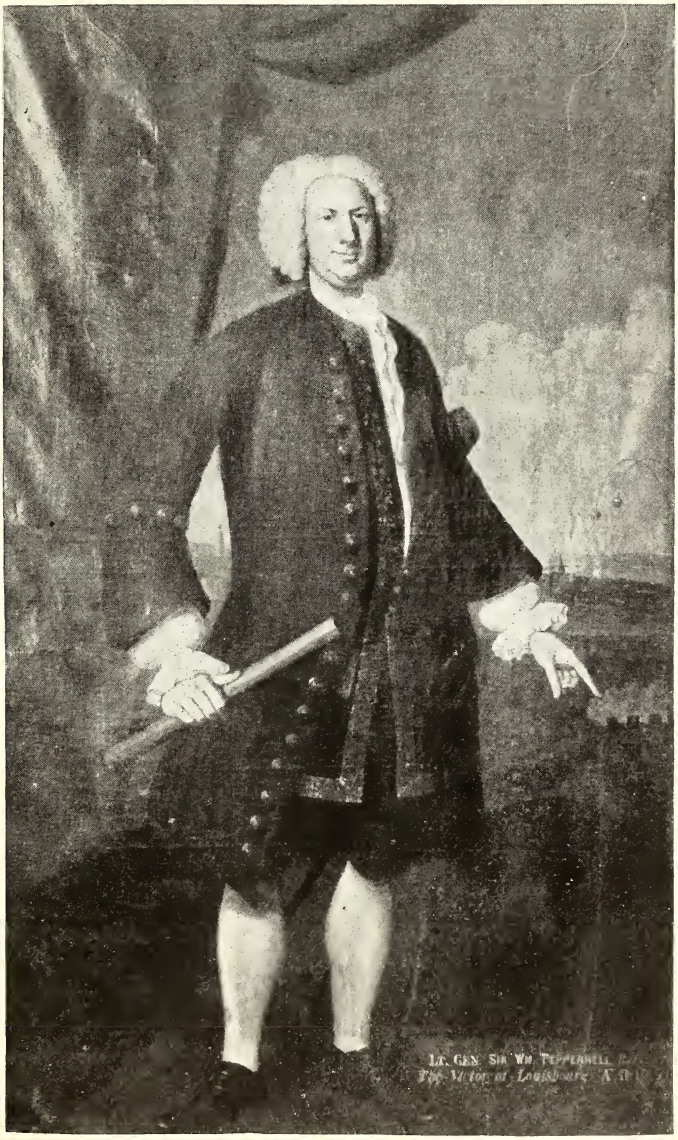
France and England at this time were ranged on opposite sides in the war of the Austrian succession. Charles Edward, the Pretender, seized this opportunity to make his last desperate attempt to gain the throne of England. France, having aided him with men and money, upon his disastrous defeat in the Channel declared open war with England, which involved all their colonies. Almost before hostilities began, relying upon rumors of impending conflict, troops at Louisburg seized a little fort in Nova Scotia belonging to the British, transporting the garrison back to the fortress until opportunity offered to send them on parole to Boston. From these men Governor Shirley received minute accounts of the situation and fortifications of Louisburg, and immediately decided to make an attack before reënforcements and supplies could reach it. The legislature by a majority of one agreed to Governor Shirley's proposition. It was at first intended to keep the project a secret, but, as Hawthorne says, "that idea was nullified by the loud and earnest prayers of a member of the legislature while engaged in domestic worship at his lodgings in town."


A PLAN of the
CITY and HARBOUR of LOUISBURG,
with the French Batteries that defended it,
and those of the English, shewing that part
of GABARUS BAY, in which they Landed,
and the Ground on which they Encamped
during the Siege in 1745.
Settlements which were destroyed May 2d on which the Garrison in y Royal Battery immediately Deserted it
North East Harbor
HARBOR OF LOUISBURG
The Royal Battery
Martezans
Tidcombs Battery
Carcening Place
Light House
Gorhams Regiment
English Battery
North Cape
Island Battery
Goat or Green Island
City of Louisburg
Black Cape
Trenches
A Piquet
Line round y Camp
Ft. Mt. Water Brook
Willards Regiment
Burr's Regiment
Moultons Regiment
Pepperils Regiment
Moores Regiment
Gen Pepperils Quarters
Flat Point
Flat Point Cove
Here the New England Forces Landed before the detachment from Louisburg could come round to oppose them - April 30 1745
Here the British Fleet and Transports Anchored April 30 1745 but the Forces were prevented from Landing by a detachment from Louisburg
PART OF GABARUS BAY
White Point
Scale of 2 Miles
A Map of GABARUS BAY adjoining to Louisburg.
NB. This Bay is so extensive that the whole British Navy may ride in it with Safety
BAY OF GABARUS.
Gabarus Point
Scale of Miles

France had consumed twenty-five years and five millions of dollars in the construction of the city and fort of Louisburg, named for King Louis the Magnificent. It was surrounded by a solid stone rampart two and a half miles in circumference. The fortress had one hundred and one cannon, seventy-six swivels and six mortars. The harbor was defended by an island battery of thirty-two twenty-two pounders and a royal battery of fifty cannon on the shore, with a moat and bastion so perfect that Bancroft says "they thought two hundred men could defend it against a thousand." The garrison numbered sixteen hundred men.

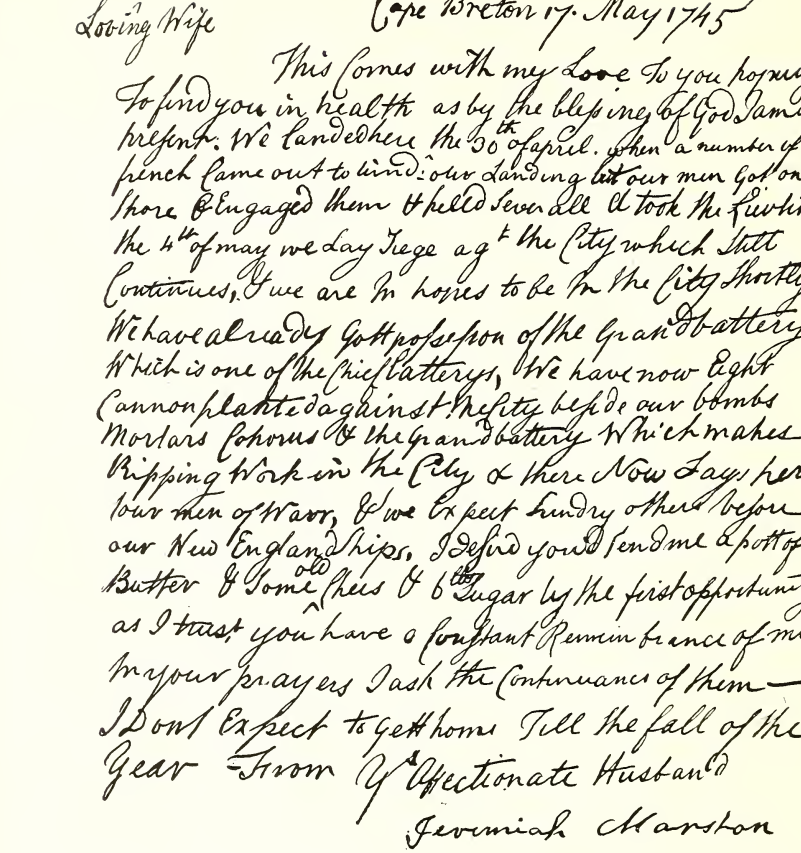
To subdue this powerful fortress, Pepperrell had only four thousand men, none of them disciplined soldiers. They were composed of fishermen, farmers, merchants and carpenters, many of them his own neighbors and friends, who combined their devotion to him with their love of country.

Governor Shirley appointed Pepperrell to the position of commander on account of his personal popularity, which would insure enlistments. Bancroft says: "The inventive genius of New England had been thoroughly aroused. These untried men formed flying bridges to scale the walls, planned their trenches and opened batteries. Regardless of surf or tide, they landed instantly on their arrival, marched through thickets and bogs, and on sledges of their own manufacture dragged their cannon through morasses, knee deep in mud." Fortunately the weather, nearly always foggy in those regions,



SIR WILLIAM PEPERRELL.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASS.



Loving Wife Cape Breton 17. May 1745

This Comes with my Love to you hopeing
To find you in health as by the blessing of God I am at
present. We landed here the 30th of april. when a number of
french came out to hind: our Landing but our men Got on
Shore & Engaged them & killd Severall & took the Lieutent
the 4th of may we Lay Siege agt the City which Still
Continues, & we are in hopes to be in the City Shortly
We have already Gott possession of the Grand battery
Which is one of the Chief batterys, We have now Eight
Cannon planted against the City besides our bombs
Mortars Cohorns & the Grand battery Which makes
Ripping Work in the City & there Now Lays here
four men of Warr, & we Expect Sundry others before
our New England Ships. I desire you'd send me a pott of
Butter & Some old Chees & 6 lbs Sugar by the first opportunity
as I trust you have a Constant Remembrance of me
in your prayers I ask the Continuance of them —
I Dont Expect to Gett home Till the fall of the
Year From Yr Affectionate Husband
Jeremiah Marston

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN DURING THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.*

was clear the whole seven weeks of the siege.

The men were cheered by words of encouragement from their wives and friends, and prayer meetings in their behalf were held every week in every town and hamlet throughout New England. Whitefield was a warm friend of Pepperrell, and warned him that "if he failed he would have to bear the taunts of men and reproaches of women, but if he succeeded he would be a shining mark for the envious;" but he added, "If Providence really called him he would return conqueror." Whitefield aided enlistment by his eloquence, preaching also to the army at its departure and to the general in private, giving them their motto: "Nothing can be desperate with Christ their leader." Pepperrell urged him to become his private chaplain on the expedition, but he declined, saying he could do more good by praying at home, — "that he would beg of the Lord God

* CAPE BRETON, 17th May, 1745.

LOVING WIFE:

This Comes with my Love to you, hopeing to find you in health as by the blessing of God I am at present. We landed here the 30th of april, when a number of french came out to hind. our Landing, but our men Got on Shore & engaged them & killd severall & took the Lievtent. The 4th of May we Lay Siege against the City, which still Continues, & we are in hopes to be in the City shortly. We have already Gott possesion of the Grand battery, which is one of the Chief batterys. We have now Eight Cannon planted against the City, beside our bombs, mortars, Cohorns, and the Grand battery which makes Ripping Work in the City, & there now lays here four men-of-Warr, & we expect Sundry others before our New England Ships. I desire you'd send me a pott of Butter & Some old Chees & 6 lbs. Sugar by the first opportunity, as I trust you have a Constant Remembrance of me in your prayers I ask the Continuance of them. I don't expect to Gett home till the fall of the Year. From

Yr. Affectionate Husband
JEREMIAH MARSTON.

Jeremiah Marston was born November 5, 1691, in Hampton, New Hampshire. He was a captain in the English Colonial Army, and was killed at Louisburg May 29, 1745 (soon after writing the above letter).

of armies to give him (Pepperrell) a single eye — for the means proposed to take Louisburg in the eye of common reason were no more adequate to the end than the sounding of rams' horns to take Jericho."

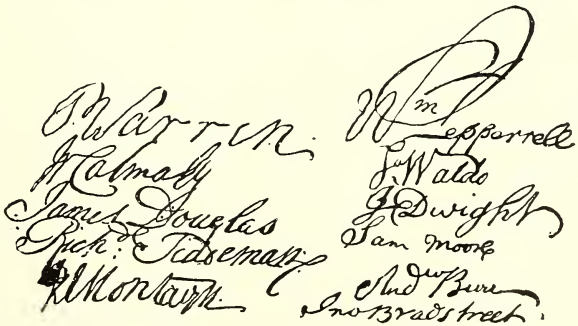
FROM THE "MEMORIAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK." USED BY PERMISSION.

The unavoidable detention of French supplies, the capture of a French man-of-war, and the gradual silencing of the batteries in Louisburg by the uninterrupted fire of Pepperrell's guns insured this great victory. Governor Shirley suggested taking Louisburg by surprise, while Warren and his officers continually urged Pepperrell to make some brilliant sallies or midnight attacks on outlying batteries. Once only did he yield to their importunities, and the disastrous repulse of his troops which followed proved the superiority of his judgment. Too great praise cannot be given to Pepperrell for his manner of conducting the siege. He lost only one hundred men, and most of those were the victims of the reluctantly permitted midnight attack.

In this campaign, as in all his business relations, his tact and knowledge of men were conspicuously shown. While he was firm in purpose and principle, his good temper and courteous manners won for him a life-long friend in Sir Peter Warren, who aided him admirably with his fleet, but who felt no doubt some natural solicitude as to the result of an expedition led by a provincial soldier with mercantile training. Toward his own officers and men Pepperrell had a still more difficult relation to maintain; but he manifested such wisdom in his intercourse with his boyhood friends that he not only retained but increased their friendship.

When Pepperrell and Warren entered the city of Louisburg on the day of the surrender they were extremely surprised at the apparently impregnable means of defence, and the troops felt that "God had gone out of the way of his common providence in a remarkable and almost miraculous manner to incline the hearts of the French to give up and deliver this strong city into our hands."

The long detention of the troops at Louisburg after the capitulation proved the greatest hardship they had to endure. Men who had enlisted for a few weeks were kept for months in the fortress, where they encountered disease and death, from which they had been so signally preserved during the siege.



SIGNATURES OF COLONIAL AND ENGLISH OFFICERS AT A COUNCIL OF WAR HELD JUNE 3, 1745, ON BOARD WARREN'S SHIP "SUPERBE."

London and other English towns were as jubilant as Boston over the good news from Louisburg. There were bonfires and illuminations innumerable, and pulpit and

JOHN LANGDON (AFTERWARD GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE), PEPPERRELL'S SECRETARY DURING THE LOUISBURG CAMPAIGN.

press gave utterance to the spirit of pride and thankfulness felt throughout the land. King George conferred a baronetcy upon Pepperrell, with a commission of colonel in the royal army. Christopher Kilby wrote to Sir William from London: "I have delivered to Major Wise, who goes passenger in one of the men-of-war, your patent for baronet in a box with a seal, the grant of arms from the Herald's office in a glass-framed case, a small box containing your own watch and seal, a crystal heart and a picture of the Duke, also Lady Pepperrell's watch and chain with seal." When Generals Pepperrell and Warren landed in Boston after a year's service in Louisburg, they were escorted from Long Wharf by the governor and council and deputations of all kinds through streets decorated with flags and filled with admiring and grateful citizens. Probably New England never witnessed a more triumphal march than that of Sir William from Boston to Kittery. All the large towns through which he passed—Lynn, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth — honored him with banquets and fêtes. His civic and military escort so increased in number on the way that they added greatly to the brilliancy of the reception prepared for him by his neighbors and friends at Portsmouth. Governor Wentworth's banquet was held at his house of "baronial and colonial fame." Longfellow describes this famous mansion with its generous and lavish hospitality thus: —

"He gave a splendid banquet served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperrells, the Langdons and the Leers."

The cannon used at Louisburg were destined to do duty at Bunker Hill, the same engineer who arranged Pepperrell's attack at Louisburg rendering similar service in laying out the ground for the first great contest in the Revolutionary War.

Sir William not only sacrificed his business interests by giving over a year to military service, but he injured his health irreparably on the low, marshy ground in front of Louisburg, contracting rheumatism which caused his death at a comparatively early age.

The Pepperrell family, or those bearing the name, had a short-lived career in this country. Its existence of a little over seventy-five years, hardly three generations, is almost a romance. During that period they amassed the largest fortune ever known at that time in New England, receiving the greatest honors ever conferred by the mother country on a colonist; yet suddenly, by force of circumstances, the whole fabric dissolved, and for nearly a century its name, honors, wealth and fame held little place in our annals, and have been only vaguely known to succeeding

generations. Sir William Pepperrell the second, reared in reverence of the crown which his grandfather served so loyally, did not espouse the cause of the colonists, and with other Tories was forced to fly to England, leaving his estates to confiscation, and uprooting the name of Pepperrell from the land of his birth.

William Pepperrell, the father of Sir William, came from Wales to the Isles of Shoals in the latter half of the seventeenth century. At first he engaged in the occupation of fishing, which led to boat-building and acquaintance with John Bray, the pioneer shipbuilder at Kittery. Mr. Bray was much interested in the young man, but was hardly prepared to grant Pepperrell's request for the hand of his beautiful daughter Marjory, then sixteen years old. He consented, however, when she was of suitable age, young Pepperrell having in the mean time manifested the most undoubted business ability. He gave the young couple a large tract of land adjoining his own

KITTERY CHURCH.

homestead farm. On this was erected the Pepperrell mansion, occupied by father and son, which is standing now, though much reduced in size. The main portion of the old Bray house is also in existence, perhaps as interesting a structure as any left over from the seventeenth century. Built in 1640, its massive timbers are polished with age, and the sunny parlor with its many windowed recesses and wide fireplace does not lose in interest as the scene of the marriage of William Pepperrell and Marjory Bray one hundred and eighty years ago. On a broad wooden panel over the fireplace is a crude painting of the city of Louisburg and plan of the siege. Having no artistic merit in itself, it has an interest as a relic of the period. The Bray house, considered old even then, was occupied at the time of Sir William's famous campaign by Captain Deering, his cousin, also a grandson of the old shipbuilder. As he served in front of Louisburg, this rough sketch was no doubt the work of his own hand.

William Pepperrell, the elder, opened trade with Great Britain and the West Indies, prospering in all his undertakings.

KITTERY POINT, FROM THE PEPPERRELL MANSION.

He commanded the garrison at Fort Pepperrell, at Kittery Point, and was justice of the peace. Indian hostilities prevailed during Sir William's childhood, and the numerous reviews of his father's troops, his own patrol duty when sixteen years old, and promotion from the rank of captain to that of colonel at an early age were of infinite service in giving him knowledge of military tactics and discipline, which he turned to good account later in life. His military aspirations, however, lay dormant for many years, while he grasped the details of his father's large business transactions, which he successfully accomplished before he became of age. The firm of Pepperrell

& Son frequently sent a fleet of one hundred vessels (some accounts say three hundred) to fish off the banks, besides those engaged in foreign trade; and their shipyards in Kittery showed an activity and prosperity contrasting painfully with the present crippled condition of this industry. At the age of eighteen years young William served as clerk of court, and at twenty-one he was appointed justice of the peace, an office he retained during his life. He was a member of the Governor's Council in Boston for thirty-two years, and for eighteen of those served as president. He owned the whole town of Saco, then called Pepperrellborough, where he erected mills on the same site now occupied by the extensive cotton mills bearing his name. There are a street and square named for him. Parsons says, "Sir William rode on his own lands all the way from the Piscataqua to the Saco River." The town of Pepperell, Massachusetts, was named for the hero of Louisburg; and he ordered a church bell to be cast in London, which he intended to present to the town, bearing this inscription with his name: —

THE PEPPERRELL CHILDREN — GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF SIR WILLIAM.

FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW.

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL'S HOUSE, KITTERY, MAINE.

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave I summon all."

This bell never reached its destination. It probably arrived in this country after the death of the donor, and tradition says that, being stored in Boston, it was sold to pay the storage, though others assert that it was seized by the British soldiery during the war.

Pepperrell's thirty-two years of service in the government at Boston brought him into contact with the most refined circles, where he gained ease of manner and a polished address, while his discussions of affairs of state in his wide correspondence with leading men of the colonies and England gave him a facility of expression that counteracted in a great measure the lack of a liberal education. His religious training was of the strictest character, and was largely promoted by the example and precept of his mother, who was famed for her piety, gentleness and Christian charity. Her mantle fell upon her son William, whose acts of benevolence were numerous and whose deep religious sentiment bore practical fruit in outward acts. He took no glory to himself in the taking of Louisburg, but ascribed the success of the expedition to the prayers of the people.

Sir William visited England a few years after the siege, and was highly gratified by the demonstrations of respect and honor which were showered upon him. King George granted him an interview, and the Prince of Wales gave him many tokens of his personal interest. The Lord Mayor of London presented him with a beautiful service of plate. He was entertained in many English homes; but no visit gratified him so profoundly as one at the house of Mr. Kilby in London, where he met General Waldo, his dearest American friend, and Admiral Warren, his companion in arms at Louisburg. The old warriors grew merry and happy over this delightful reunion so thoughtfully planned for them by their host, who was an ardent admirer of Pepperrell.

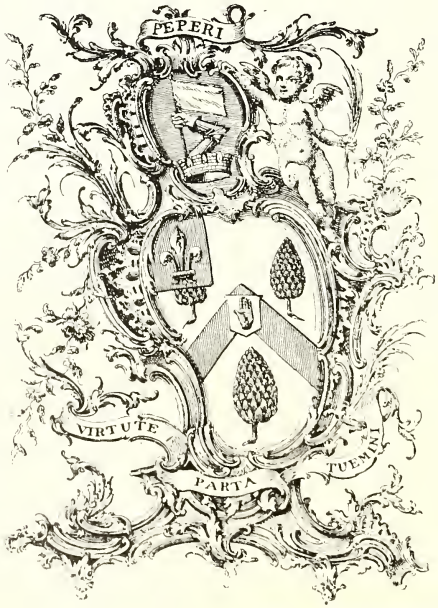
It was quite natural for Sir William, after his return to his native land, to surround himself with all the pomp which his great wealth and titles seemed to demand of him. The government in England still continued its generous inclinations toward him — showing conclusively that personal intercourse had not in any

measure weakened his hold upon it, but seemed, on the contrary, to have strengthened him in its esteem. Pitt made him Lieutenant-General in the royal army, an honor never before conferred on a colonist, and later Lord Halifax gave him a commission of Major-General. He was never in active service after Louisburg, though he stood ready if called upon and even recruited his regiment for the expected attack on Niagara, but either the jealousy of Governor Shirley or the objection of English officers to serve under a provincial prevented his taking a leading part in the difficulties of that time. He never seems to have resented what some might have considered a slight on the part of Governor Shirley. As some writer says, "Pepperrell was superior to it." For many years he commanded all the militia of the eastern district, and had charge of the responsible and constantly recurring Indian negotiations.

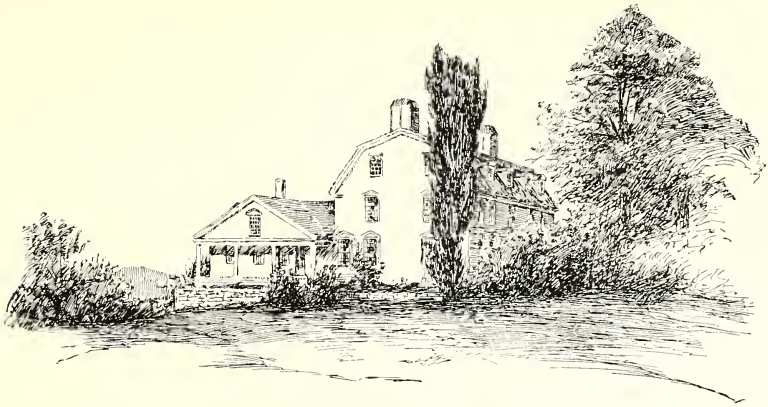
The name and history of the Pepperrell family seem coexistent with that of Kittery, and lend a romantic charm to that picturesque old town, making it one of the most interesting on the entire coast. Sir William owned a large portion of the present village, and his house was the centre of hospitality to his neighbors and friends as well as to distant and foreign guests. Originally it had a wing on either end, both of which were removed many years ago. In the time of the Pepperrells a smooth lawn sloped to the shore and a deer park stretched miles into the interior. Parsons says of the house: "The walls were decorated with costly paintings, the furniture elegant, massive sideboards loaded with silver and cellars filled with choice wines." From the broad landing of the wide staircase Whitefield often preached to the family and friends who gathered in the square hall and adjoining rooms.

The view from the massive hall door is remarkably fine, commanding the entrance of the Piscataqua River, the ocean beyond, and Fort Constitution across the bay. Pepperrell's coach with servants and outriders was well known on the road all the way from Saco to Boston, while his barge manned by twelve colored men in gay livery constantly plied the waters of the Piscataqua between Kittery, Portsmouth and Newcastle. The annals of Saco speak of the admiration his scarlet clothes trimmed with gold lace and his powdered wig excited when he attended church there, and mention is also made of the guinea he always dropped upon the plate.

He had a very good library for the time in which he lived. On his appointment as judge, in order to fit himself for the position, he sent immediately to England for a law library. This was the nucleus, to which he added historical and religious works, until its dimensions were




PEPPERRELL'S BOOK PLATE AND AUTOGRAPH.



THE SPARHAWK HOUSE, KITTERY, MAINE.

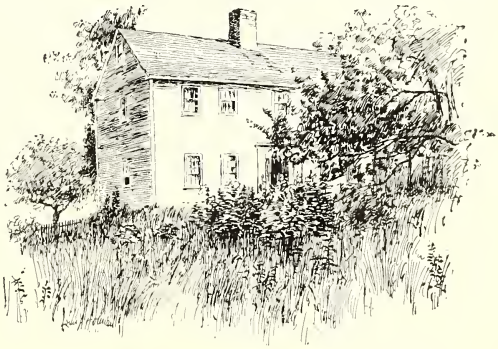
THE GIFT OF SIR WILLIAM TO HIS DAUGHTER.

such that he formed another library of his surplus books, sending it from town to town in his neighborhood for the public benefit. Many of these books are now the property of the church in Kittery.

Sir William died in 1759, in his sixty-third year. Of his funeral some writer says: "The body lay in state for a week, the house was hung with black, every picture in the Sparhawk house was covered with crape. A sermon was delivered at the meeting-house; the pews were covered with black: the procession was the largest ever known. Two oxen were roasted (but not whole), bread, beer and spirits were given to the common people, while rich wines and richer viands covered the costly tables in the house that had once been the dwelling-place of him who should know them no more and to whom all earthly grandeur was as nothing."

He had erected a tomb for his father and mother on the slope of a hill in the rear of his house, placing upon it a marble slab with suitable inscription. In this tomb have been placed thirty members of the Pepperrell family, among them Sir William and Lady Pepperrell, though no inscription records the fact that the hero of Louisburg lies there. About forty years ago the tomb was repaired by the last descendant of Sir William, who bore the name of Sparhawk.

Sir William's wife was Mary Hirst, a granddaughter of Judge Sewall, an accomplished lady of Boston, who presided with dignity and grace over his household. They had several children, but all died in infancy except two, a son named Andrew, and a daughter Elizabeth. The hopes of the parents were centred in this son, who was graduated with honor at Harvard College. He was fitted in mind and character to be a support and worthy successor to his father, but he died suddenly in his twenty-sixth year, of typhoid fever, contracted by exposure in an open boat when returning from an evening entertainment at Portsmouth. During his sickness his father besought



THE BRAY HOUSE.

the prayers of the clergy far and near to avert this terrible calamity. Jonathan Edwards wrote one of his most beautiful sermons in his letter of condolence to Lady Pepperrell. Sir William, being deeply religious, strove to bear with fortitude

this loss, which was the one great trial of his life. Endowed with immense wealth and a prospective title, with a handsome person, pleasing manners, and a graceful address, Andrew Pepperrell had been a marked person from his boyhood. About two years before his death, the fashionable

PEPPERRELL'S TOMB, KITTERY.

world of Boston and vicinity was very much excited over the unexpected and rather dramatic ending of his engagement to Hannah, daughter of General Samuel Waldo. There have been various versions of this remarkable performance, reflecting more or less upon the young lady; but Mr. Parsons from his study of the correspondence between the families came to an opposite conclusion.

General Waldo and Sir William Pepperrell were devoted friends. Born the same year, their lives had blended at various points, in councils of state, in military campaigns, and companionship in Europe, the links of the chain continuing until their deaths, which occurred within a few days of each other. This projected alliance was very gratifying to them both, while the conspicuous position of the two families made the affair quite celebrated. Sir William gave his son a fortune, a portion of which he devoted to building a beautiful house at Kittery for his intended bride. Once the marriage was delayed by a really serious illness of young Pepperrell's, and afterward at different times through various pretexts on his part, to the great chagrin of both families, until finally, after the lapse of four years, the day was appointed, invitations were extended, and everything was in readiness, when Miss Hannah received a letter from the bridegroom-elect asking "another postponement for a few days, naming one more convenient to himself." This proved too exasperating to the long-suffering and hitherto patient young lady. "She made no reply to his request, but on the appointed day, when all the guests had assembled, and the minister was ready to perform the ceremony," Miss Hannah turned quickly to the tranquil and unsuspecting Andrew, who stood by her side, and informed him "that all was at an end between them, for he certainly could have no true affection for one whom he had so constantly mortified."

Andrew Pepperrell's action in this matter, so contrary to his faithfulness in all others, was as inexplicable to his family as to his friends. Sir William and Lady Pepperrell were greatly distressed. General Waldo, who was in Europe at the time, deplored his daughter's action in the matter; but the parties most deeply interested seemed easily consoled. Andrew entered into all the gayeties of Portsmouth with his usual zest, while "the spirited Hannah was led to the altar in six weeks by Mr. Fulker, secretary of the province." Their daughter became the wife of General Knox, and showed that she inherited the independent spirit of her mother by marrying that young patriot in spite of the opposition of her Tory family.

The fame of the beautiful house built by Andrew Pepperrell for his betrothed still endures, and the site, overlooking the harbor and surrounding country, is one of the finest building locations in Kittery. Fifty thousand dollars was expended in the erection of this house and its adornments, and it is a matter of regret that it fell a victim to the misdirected zeal of the soldiery who occupied it during the Revolutionary War. They mutilated the fine staircase and carved mantels, broke the painted tiles and furniture, and finally burnt it to the ground, shouting, "Such should be the fate of all traitors to their country," forgetting in their blind rage all the benefits conferred upon his country by Sir William Pepperrell only thirty years before.

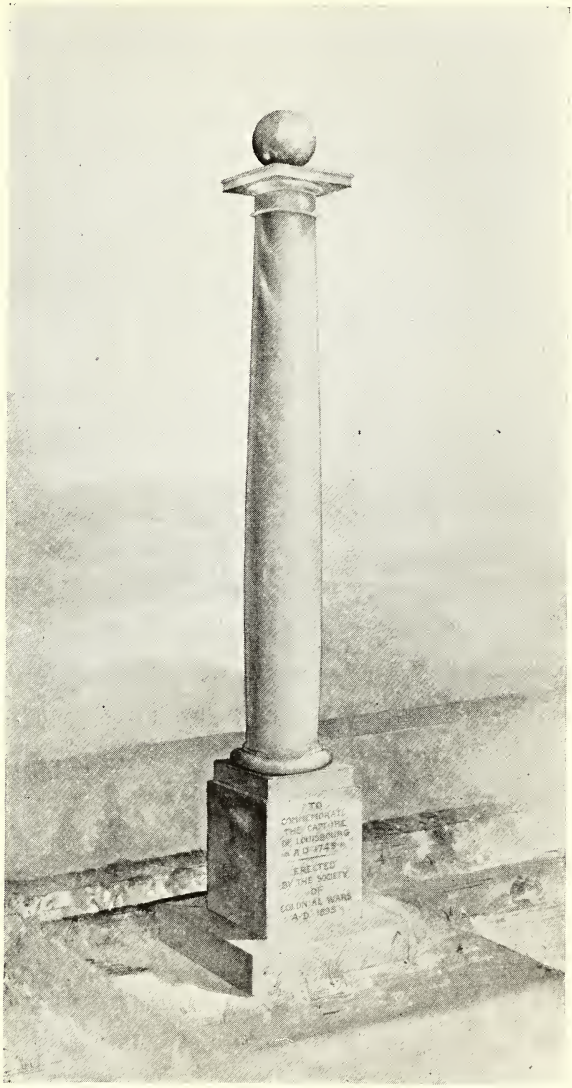
This feeling of resentment against the family had not abated even in this century. People now living state that the tomb, which had caved in by the continued trampling of cattle, became a playground for the village boys, who would toss up in derision the "old Tory skulls" of the Pepperrells, whose revived fame now casts a lustre over the whole region.

The only surviving child of William and Mary Pepperrell married Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk. The letter in which her father ordered a portion of her trousseau from London is interesting.

PISCATAQUA IN NEW ENG.
Oct. 14th, 1741.
FRANCIS WILLIS, ESQ.:

*Sir*, — Your favor of the 16th May & 26th June last I rec. by Capt. Prince, for which am much obliged to you. Enclosed you have a receipt for 46 p'ds of gold — weighing 20 ounces — which will be delivered to you, I hope, by Capt. Robert Noble — of ye ship *America* — which please to rec. and credit to my acc't with, and send me by ye first opportunity, for this place or Boston, silk to make a woman a full suite of clothes, the ground to be white paduroy & flowered with all sorts of colors suitable for a young woman. Another of white watered tabby and gold lace for trimming of it — 12 yds. of green paduroy — 13 yds. of lace for a woman's head dress — 2 inches wide — as can be bought for 13*s*. per yd. — a handsome fan with leather mounting, as good as can be bought for about 20*s*. — 2 pair silk shoes and clogs a size bigger than ye shoes.

Your servant to command,
WM. PEPPERRELL.




MONUMENT ERECTED AT LOUISBURG BY THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS, 1895, TO COMMEMORATE THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY IN 1745.

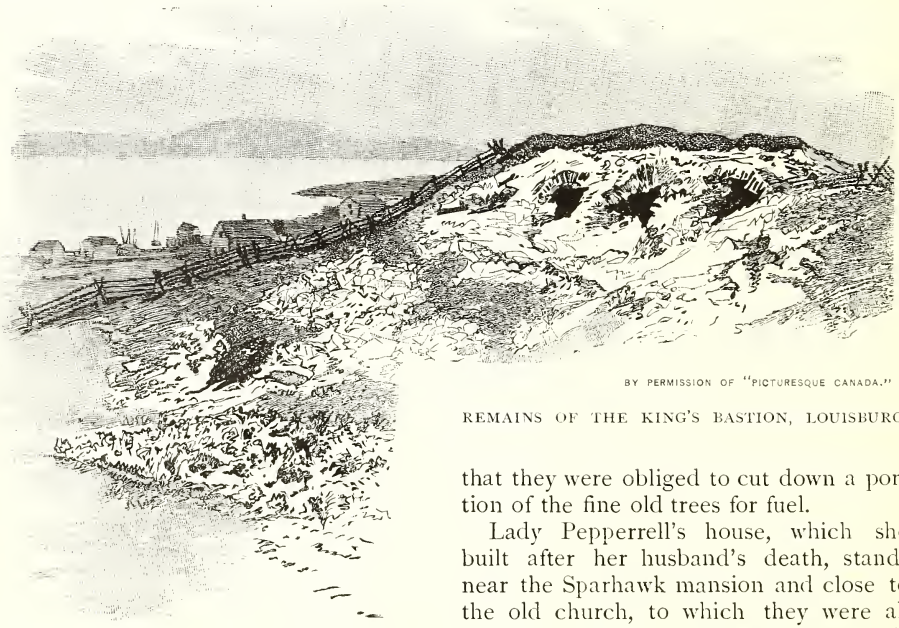
FROM A DESIGN BY W. GEDNEY BEATTY.

Her father's wedding gift was a large tract of land and the fine gambrel-roof house well preserved at the present time. Sir William cut the timber from his own land, sending it in his vessels to England to be fashioned and carved ready for use. The hall and stairway must be considered stately even in these days of architectural display. The hall paper was a special design in panels containing different epochs in the history of our land. At the top of each panel is the sun with its golden rays; directly underneath, Indians with upraised tomahawks; then below, British cannon with flags and emblems; while at the bottom is a baronial castle with a lady seated on a balcony, in the quaint costume of the time, with a drooping hat and feather. This is said to be

a portrait of Mrs. Sparhawk, and it is an appropriate supposition that the cavalier opposite was also a likeness of her husband. There were numerous peacocks with spreading plumage placed upon the terrace near them. The design of this paper is extraordinary, but its quality is apparent to all, for its coloring is as bright and its surface as smooth as when it was hung one hundred and fifty years ago.

In the time of the Sparhawks the walls were covered with paintings, chiefly portraits, said to be fifty in number, many of life size. Some of these formerly belonged to Sir William. They have all been scattered, destroyed or lost. The portrait that was painted of the baronet while he was in London, in scarlet regimentals with his sword by his side, is the property of the Essex Institute in Salem. Sir Peter Warren's, a companion piece, presented to Sir William, is at the Athenæum in Portsmouth; and Colonel Sparhawk's at the Massachusetts Historical Rooms in Boston. The poet Longfellow unearthed a painting of the two Pepperrell children, son and daughter of Sir William the second, great-grandchildren of the warrior merchant, at a junk shop in Portland, and it now hangs as a valued relic in the drawing-room at Craigie House in Cambridge.

Sir William planted an avenue of elm trees from his own house to his daughter's, over half a mile in length. The carriage drive from the public road to the front door of the Sparhawk mansion was paved with colored stones in mosaic patterns, which can now be easily traced. Within this century, two descendants of the Sparhawk family, returning from England, took possession of the old house, but they were in such reduced circumstances that they were obliged to cut down a portion of the fine old trees for fuel.

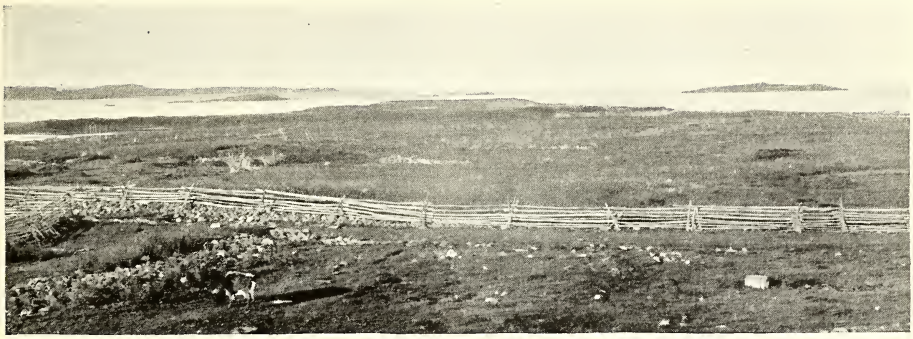


BY PERMISSION OF "PICTURESQUE CANADA."

REMAINS OF THE KING'S BASTION, LOUISBURG.

Lady Pepperrell's house, which she built after her husband's death, stands near the Sparhawk mansion and close to the old church, to which they were all strongly attached. The mania for modernizing reached Kittery about a dozen years ago, and the old sounding-board and square pews, full of interesting association, were torn out of this church and replaced by uncomfortable and unsightly slips. The beautiful silver service and handsomely engraved christening bowl, presented by different members of the Pepperrell family, the bowl by Sir William, are shown with pardonable pride to visitors.

The Rev. Mr. Moody preached frequently at this church, though he was a settled pastor at York. He went to Louisburg as General Pepperrell's private chaplain. It is related of him that at the entertainment given directly after the



VIEW FROM THE QUEEN'S BATTERY, LOUISBURG, SHOWING THE ISLAND AND, IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, THE BURYING-GROUND OF THE TROOPS.

surrender to the officers who had so bravely and honorably conducted the siege, it was feared by some of the young gentlemen that the dinner would be spoiled by the length of the blessing. When all were ready, Mr. Moody lifted his hands and eyes to heaven and said: "Lord, the mercies thou hast bestowed, thy mercies and benefits, have been so wonderful that time is too short to express our sense of thy goodness. We must leave it for the work of eternity. Fill us with gratitude, and bless what is set before us. Amen." So short and comprehensive a blessing, says the narrative, was perhaps never expressed by a more pious man.

After providing generously for his wife and daughter, Sir William Pepperrell left the bulk of his property to his grandson, William Pepperrell Sparhawk, — his baronetcy to descend to him also, provided he assumed the name of Pepperrell on coming of age. When the Revolutionary War broke out, this grandson, then Sir William Pepperrell, remained a royalist, and his vast possessions were confiscated. England became his home, where he lived in comparative ease on the proceeds of his property in the West Indies and the personal effects that he was permitted to keep. It took Colonel Newton and six marines to transport his silver to his vessel in Boston Harbor.

One of Sir William's swords is at the Historical Rooms in Boston; the jewelled one given to him by Sir Peter Warren, the gold snuff-box presented by the Prince of Wales, and a large seal ring, Mr. Parsons says are in this country in the possession of relatives. A few years ago, a ring with inscription commemorative of Sir William's funeral was ploughed up in a village in northern New Hampshire, on land that formerly belonged to one of his pall-bearers, to whom

THE SITE OF ANCIENT LOUISBURG.

such tokens were always given in those days.

Portsmouth during the Revolutionary War was indebted for its preservation to Mary Sparhawk, Sir William's granddaughter. Her beauty captivated Captain Mowatt of the British vessel *Canceaux*. He visited the loyal house of Sparhawk on his way up the Piscataqua to burn Portsmouth. The fascinating Mary persuaded him that some city farther east would serve his purpose as well; and, obedient to her mandate, he sailed out of the Piscataqua, and Portland became the victim.

There are no descendants by the name of Pepperrell in this country or Europe. Sir William the second, whose only son died young, devoted a long life to works of benevolence. He was one of the founders of the London Foreign Bible Society. His three daughters married in high ecclesiastical circles in England.

The name of Sparhawk also is now extinct. The last one of this family, who freely spent the little money she possessed in repairing the tomb of her ancestors, was herself placed within it a few years ago, when it was permanently sealed.

However much we may regret the loss of innumerable papers treasured by Sir William, which would have given material for a much more complete life, enough has been gleaned to make manifest the fact that he was a most interesting figure in colonial history, and that his pure, unblemished life, as well as his great qualities of head and heart and his romantic history, make him a profitable study for young and old of later generations.

RUINS OF THE WEST GATE, LOUISBURG.

NOTE. — On the seventeenth of June in the present year a monument will be dedicated at Louisburg in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the victory of the American colonial forces and the surrender of the fortress. This memorial is the result of the efforts of the Society of Colonial Wars. The society has been presented with the site on a well-preserved redoubt connected by a causeway with the King's Bastion, where General Pepperrell received the keys of the fortress from Governor Duchambon in the presence of the assembled troops. The position is a prominent one, and the memorial will be a landmark from the sea and the shore. The design selected is a plain Tuscan shaft rising from a square base and surmounted by a cannon-ball as an emblem of victory. The Nova Scotia government authorities, members of the Historical Society, and many citizens of Nova Scotia are greatly interested in the enterprise, and it is expected that the governments of the United States and Great Britain will join in the celebration of the victory, which created equal enthusiasm in the colonies and in the mother country.— [EDITOR.

# LONG AGO AND I.

*By Charles Gordon Rogers.*

WHEN long ago and I were one,
How fair with promise seemed the world, —
How blue life's sea, how bright our sun,
How white the sails my faith unfurled!
How blithely flew the bark that bore
The hopes my dreamful fancies spun
Of all unseen that lay before,
When long ago and I were one!

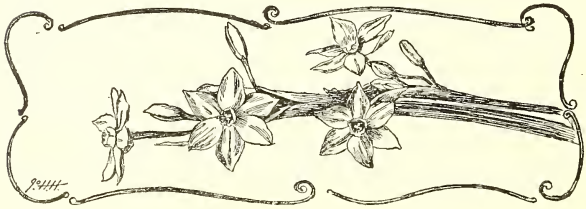
So tardily the years went by,
So eager I, so long the days,
The very hours seemed bars, and I
A captive, doomed with wistful gaze
To question what was yet to be
In all of time's forthcoming years, —
As one who scans the farther sea
Until the longed-for sail appears.

Long since I pressed that farther shore
In youth I deemed a golden plain;
And fain would I have crossed once more
The tide of years to youth again.
The future and, perchance, to-day
May smile; but this at last I know:
The treasures of the ages lay
In that lost land of long ago!

# THE HILLSIDE GRAVE.

*By Madison Cawein.*

TEN hundred deep the drifted daisies break
About its foot; and, on its top, wild wheat
Blows meagre-bearded; and, like wisps, retreat
The wan moth-mulleins that the slow winds shake.
Here the wild rose slips many a fragrant flake;
Wild morning-glories, like young lips, make sweet
The shadowy hush; and in the honeyed heat
The bees hum low, as if afraid to wake
Her sleeping here, with no white stone to tell
The legend of her silence, which the stem
Of one red rose guards like an amulet, —
The dead, whom still the wild birds requiem,
And timidly for whom the violets spell
An epitaph the tearful night makes wet.



# "LIKE OTHER FOLKS."

*By Gertrude Morton.*

"THERE, Ann," declared Drusilla Averill as she entered the kitchen, where her sister sat in order to save lighting the fire in the front room, "I've made up my mind to one thing, and nothin's goin' to change it. You 'n' me are goin' to the Circle when it meets to Mis' Sweeney's to-morrow, and we're goin' to carry a cake, — a frosted cake, — too." Miss Drusilla sank into the calico-cushioned depths of her own chair by the south window. There was a glow of determination upon her thin cheeks, and in all her life before her dim eyes had never come so near sparkling.

Miss Ann was sewing upon a rug, but the long, tightly twisted serpentine braid fell to the floor with a little thud. She pushed her spectacles farther down toward the end of her nose, and looked anxiously over them at her sister. She was too surprised to speak.

"It dooes make me feel dretful mean," Drusilla went on, "to go to the Circle 's many times as we hev, 'n' not carry nothin' at all. I sh'd think you'd feel it, too, Ann. But I'm goin' to-morrow if I live to git there, 'n' I'm goin' to take as hantsome a frosted cake 's I know how to make."

Drusilla untied her bonnet strings and smoothed them vigorously between her thumb and forefinger as she looked up defiantly. Ann made no reply, but she

stared at her sister and blinked behind her spectacles like one awakened from a dream.

"I'd frost it with choc'lit," continued Drusilla daringly, "but I never made no choc'lit frostin' in my life, 'n' I'm afraid I sh'd spoil the cake. 'N' p'raps choc'lit would be a needless expense. But I used to make dretful hantsome white frostin', as you know, Ann, — 'n' I guess I ain't forgotten how."

Still Ann, the elder, Ann, the leader and dictator, was silent. Experience offered her no precedent for speech or action in this instance. The worm had turned. Mild Drusilla, who never before had been known to utter a contrary opinion, had asserted herself at last. Like many women of domineering propensities, Ann was capable of being easily subdued, once let her feel the clashing of another will against her own.

"It's bad enough to be poor," pursued the younger woman, quickly seeing her advantage, "'n' hev to turn your dresses wrong side out, 'n' hind side before, 'n' upside down, — 'n' hev an aig apiece for dinner, 'n' call it hearty food, when we could eat a half a dozen, — 'n' pinch 'n' scrimp without — "

"Why, Drusilly!" broke in her sister at last. "How you do talk! I never heard you run on so before. I sh'd think you would be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, I ain't," Drusilla declared. "It's seemin' to be so mean that I'm ashamed of."

She was not in the least disconcerted. She put her old black kid glove to her mouth and blew in it energetically to remove the wrinkles. The puffed-out fingers seemed to menace Miss Ann, and a pink spot glowed in both of her delicate cheeks as she answered: —

"I'm sure we ain't be'n to the Circle but twice this year."

"That's twice too often," replied Drusilla curtly. She drew in her breath, and again the black fingers curved outward.

"I felt 's though we was sort of obliged to go, 's long 's the minister's wife asked us both times. I thought it all over in my mind, 'n' concluded 'twould be too p'inted to refuse." Ann spoke deprecatingly. Routed so ruthlessly at the outset, she still felt somewhat helpless. "'N' you know, Drusilly, I only took just a mite o' cake both times, — bein' 's I was the oldest, — 'n' you didn't take any."

"I know that," said Drusilla, "but I'm goin' to make up for it to-morrow if the Lord lets me live to git there."

"I sh'd think you'd be afraid, Drusilly, that — "

"Afraid! Tch! I ain't afraid o' nothin', but I'm tired o' make-believin' we can't eat good things jest because we've got dyspepsy. I call that out 'n' out deceivin' o' both of us. Do you suppose grandfather would 'a' countenanced any such half 'n' half lyin'? "

At this plain speaking Miss Ann's cheeks turned a deeper pink. Old Mr. Averill had been a respected Baptist minister, and it had been the one aim of his grand-daughters, in spite of poverty and misfortune, to live up to his greatness. Speech was scarcely necessary to convey ideas between these two. The inheritance of similar traits, together with long companionship, had developed in each the faculty of divining without words the thoughts of the other with a degree of correctness that would have surprised either one had she realized the fact. It was partly on account of this, partly on account of a timid shrinking from disagreeable subjects, that their actual poverty had never before been mentioned between these two old New England women. Each accepted the situation as inevitable, and schemed and planned accordingly; but ways and means were not discussed. If the sugar was low and the time for refilling the little jar too far distant, Ann refused on the plea that she was growing bilious and preferred tea without sugar for a while. If the butter diminished too rapidly, Drusilla went without uncomplainingly, with some slight excuse for so doing. Each appreciated these small deceptions, but they were never alluded to. No wonder Miss Ann was now shocked and surprised that Drusilla should thus break the bounds of guarded, lady-like speech.

"I don't see, Drusilly, what makes you talk so this afternoon. Seems to me — "

"I don't s'pose you do see," Drusilla interrupted. "You never did see nothin', somehow. But I tell you I'm tired of havin' folks look 'n' act the way they do, 'n' call us mean 'n' stingy."

"Why, Drusilla Averill! There ain't a family in Winthrop that's more respected than ours has always be'n."

"Mebbe it has; but family reputation don't last forever if you do nothin' to sustain it. I guess if you'd heard Betsey Haynes talk to Hannah Edgeworth behind that high counter at the post office this afternoon, you'd be as mad as I was, 'n' think 'twas high time somebody did somethin'."

"What did Betsey Haynes say?" Miss Averill bridled at last as she gazed sharply at her sister.

"I sh'd think you'd better wake up! She said we'd oughter be ashamed to be so mean, 'cause for her part she didn't b'lieve there was any need of it. 'N' she told Hannah that we hadn't neither of us given a cent for missions in five years, 'n' our grandfather a minister at that! She said it looked awful queer for us to go to the Circle 'n' never carry nothin', — not even a plate of cookies; 'n' for her part, if we was as poor as folks said we was, we'd better stay to home 'n' not try to keep up appearances. Then she 'n' Hannah tried to reckon up how many years we'd worn them same black dresses of ours to meetin'. They got it up to fourteen, — 'n' then Hannah Edgeworth saw me, 'n' hushed Betsey up. Now I know, Ann, 's well 's if I was told, that Betsey talks jest that way every place she goes to sew."

"Betsey Haynes is an awful hand at gossipin' 'n' spreadin' things," Miss Ann replied faintly, overwhelmed by Drusilla's torrent of words.

"I don't see 's that mends matters any."

"I shouldn't mind her one mite. In the first place she envies us our persition," — Ann drew herself up stiffly, — "'n' then she don't like it 'cause we don't hev her here to sew. And besides, she's an ign'rant woman anyway."

"She ain't so ign'rant but what folks'll listen to her 'n' believe her, too," said Drusilla astutely. "And for once I'm goin' to see how it seems to do like other folks. To-morrow mornin' I'm goin' to git out that old pound-cake recipe of mother's. I c'n make quarter the recipe, 'n' nobody need to know that, I hope. And I'm goin' to frost it — 'n' frost it deep, too. If we have to starve a month, I will!"

Ann rose slowly. She trembled slightly from the unwonted excitement of a conversation the like of which had never taken place before. "I don't see how you are goin' to do it," she said, casting aside pretence herself also, and speaking freely for the first time in her life, with a relief that she, grand-daughter of the late Zenas Averill, would have been the last to acknowledge. "I don't see how you can do it, unless we do starve."

"I'll find a way," Drusilla replied defiantly.

"If you're so set on carryin' somethin', why don't you make a cup cake? 'Twouldn't take near so much butter 'n' things."

"I've said I was goin' to make pound cake," Drusilla answered with dignity, wonder and exultation creeping over her as the full sense of her daring dawned upon her mind.

"Well, all I've got to say is that you'd better sleep on it, 'n' I hope you'll come to your senses by mornin'. Come, take your bunnit out o' the way, — I want to set the table, — 'n' go into the bedroom 'n' take off your best dress."

Drusilla disappeared; but she did not remove her black gown. She sat down again to think and plan. Miss Ann folded her rug neatly and placed it carefully in the basket with the pieces. Then, still with the dazed feeling that follows a domestic cyclone, she proceeded to set the table for supper. The plates were common stoneware; the knives and forks were steel, and the latter were two-tined. But the two cups and saucers were thin china, and there were also two solid silver teaspoons. Miss Ann brewed a weak decoction called by common consent tea, after which she placed upon the table a tiny bowl of sugar (neither of the sisters took cream, — it made one bilious, Miss Ann said), a plate of neatly sliced bread, and a small cut-glass

dish of apple-sauce. Then she called her sister.

"Where's the butter?" asked Drusilla as she took her place.

Ann hesitated a moment. "If you're goin' to make cake in the mornin', you'll hev to git along without butter a spell, I guess," she said shortly.

Drusilla made no reply. She rose and went to the pantry, returning with a small plate of butter. "I don't propose to go without butter," she said, passing the plate to her sister. But Ann refused with a dignified shake of her head. "No, I thank you," she said, putting the plate as far from her as she could reach. Drusilla said nothing. She continued calmly to spread her bread with butter.

It did not take the two long to eat their frugal supper. By dint of a long-continued and nicely adjusted fasting process they had reduced their appetites to a minimum, and the meal was a short one. When they had finished, Drusilla was the first to rise.

"If you don't mind doin' the dishes, Ann," she said, "I'll go over to the store now 'n' buy what I'll need for the cake in the mornin'. You know the earlier I make it, the better it'll be."

Then Ann noticed that Drusilla had not changed her dress. "There's only fifty-eight cents left in the pocketbook," she said despairingly; 'n' you know that's got to last till the middle of next month, — almost four weeks."

"I know it," Drusilla answered calmly. "I've jest be'n countin' it. But I sha'n't spend it all, by any means. All I've got to git is a half a dozen aigs 'n' half a pound o' sugar. The recipe calls for a little mite o' mace, but I guess I won't get it, for I shouldn't hev the face to buy less than three cents' worth, 'n' we never could use the rest of it. There's a piece o' nutmeg left, 'n' some o' that sherry'll flavor it real nice."

"Drusilly Averill! Be you crazy?" Miss Ann rose in her wrath and spoke with her old-time authority. "You ain't a-goin' to *tech* that sherry wine. It ain't be'n opened sence father died!"

"Well, it will be to-morrer," replied Drusilla, putting on her bonnet before the little mirror.

"There ain't but a speck of it."

"I know that 's well 's you do; but it might 's well be used for this 's not used at all. When father died there was as much as a half a bottle of it, 'n' it keeps wastin' 'n' wastin', 'n' sinkin' 'n' sinkin', 'n' now there ain't more'n a wineglassful."

"And you're a-goin' to use it?" gasped her sister.

"Yes, I be. It might 's well do somebody some good. You jest keep right on thinkin' it's in the bottle same 's ever, 'n' it'll be jest the same to you. You'd never tech it."

"No!" cried Miss Ann, getting downright angry for almost the first time in her life, — perhaps because she had seldom been crossed before, — "no, — 'n' I call it sacrilege for you to, Drusilly Averill. You act as though you was crazy."

Drusilla did not answer, but she clasped the pocketbook tightly, and shut the kitchen door with less noise than usual when she went out.

Early the next afternoon the two sisters started for the Circle, which met at Mrs. Sweeney's. The Sweeneys were the only rich members belonging to the little church which the Averills attended. Drusilla carried carefully a plate tied up in a snowy napkin. Miss Ann walked by her side, — grudgingly, it must be confessed. Her unacknowledged pride in the fact that the beautifully baked cake with its coat of frosting thick and ornamental was a product of their own modest establishment hardly served to placate her. But she could not deny her curiosity the satisfaction of learning how the donation was received by the members of the Circle in general, and by Betsey Haynes in particular. She had a dim suspicion, founded on the occurrences of the day previous, that, should she refuse to go, Drusilla's lips would be shut as tightly as those of a sphinx, and that in all probability she never would know the fate of this expensive cake. Then, too, she would be deprived of the taste of it which she hoped to get. Drusilla had baked a tiny "try cake," but she ate it herself. So, much against her better judgment, as she told herself, Miss Ann condescended to accompany her sister.

In her heart of hearts she even hoped Drusilla would ask her to carry the cake, that the honor of presenting it might rightfully be hers, as the elder. But Drusilla apparently had no idea of doing anything of the kind.

As the two crossed the dusty road with dainty, mincing steps, holding up their many-times-turned black cashmeres as they went, Betsey Haynes overtook them.

"Where goin', Miss Averill?" she asked brightly, her voice in its crisp sauciness reminding one of a chirping canary. It was one of Betsey's strongest characteristics that when she wanted to know a thing, she asked — provided her imagination was not equal to the strain.

"To the Circle," Miss Ann replied with dignity.

"I want to know! I s'pose you want to see the inside o' Mis' Sweeney's new house. They say it's dretful hantsome. I'm goin' there to sew next week."

"Yes," assented Ann still more stiffly, "it is quite elegant. We was there to call last Thursday."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Betsey. "How you two do go around everywhere! But then, alwers livin' in a place as you hev, of course you'd know everybody."

"We hev the honor of knowin' 'most everybody that's worth knowin'," said Ann, "'n' we find it pleasant. You've always lived here same 's we hev, haven't you? — though I don't seem to remember much about you till you begun to go out sewin'."

"O, of course," murmured Betsey. Then she turned suddenly to Drusilla. "What you got there, Drusilly?"

"Cake," Drusilla answered coolly. "Where's yours?"

"It's — I — I ain't goin' to take none this week. I was too busy to cook today, 'n' I've carried so many" — with pointed emphasis — "that I don't feel beholden to take none this time. What kind did you make, Drusilly — cup cake?"

"No, pound cake," said Drusilla shortly, though with a triumphant tone in her voice. Miss Ann looked up to see if Betsey was properly impressed. She was.

"Pound cake?" she repeated, scarcely believing her ears.

"Yes," Drusilla said, shifting the plate to her other hand. "It's a recipe mother had, 'n' we set great store by it. It'll keep months, 'n' is splendid to hev in the house in case of company," she added recklessly.

"Must be pretty rich."

"'Tis, — but there's sherry wine in it to help keep it, 'n' that makes it more digestible. Would you like the recipe?"

"I don't b'lieve in usin' wine in cookin'," Betsey replied severely. But she was plainly mystified. Had the Averills become suddenly rich, that they could afford to revel in such luxuries as pound cake, — and not only regale themselves with such a delicacy, but spread it broadcast, when plain cup cake would have been all the Circle would expect of them, — nay more? She could hardly wait to reach Hannah Edgeworth and talk it over.

"Well, it's jest as anybody thinks about that, I s'pose," Drusilla retorted, still with her high and mighty air.

"Look out, Drusilly," interposed Miss Ann suddenly. "Take care!" — and she clutched her sister by the arm. "There's that great Nye dog making towards —"

But she, too, was interrupted. A huge mastiff came rushing down the street at full speed in pursuit of a smaller dog, and he had no consideration for such obstacles in his path as Miss Drusilla or her plate of cake. Drusilla's eyes were upon the tallest feather in Betsey's smart bonnet, and her eyebrows were uplifted for a further telling word, when Ann, in her anxiety to save her from the collision, struck her elbow sharply on one side as the great dog jostled against her on the other. She lost her balance, and would have fallen had not Betsey involuntarily caught her. But it was too late to save the cake. Drusilla lost her hold upon the four ends of the napkin in which she held the plate, basket fashion, and in a second the precious burden fell to the ground. New and light, the cake broke into twenty pieces as it came in contact with the hard walk.

"Land sakes alive! How could you be so careless?" cried Betsey.

Ann gave a little shriek of dismay; but Drusilla was moved too deeply for ordi-

nary speech. It was with difficulty that she comprehended what had happened in that brief moment, and she gazed at the havoc wrought in stony silence.

"If that ain't too bad!" exclaimed Betsey again, stooping and picking up a piece of the cake, which she proceeded to nibble. "I declare it's beautiful cake, — really."

"Pick it up, Drusilly," Ann commanded, "'n' we'll take it home." But it was she herself who stooped and filled the plate with the broken, dusty pieces, and covered them again with the napkin. Drusilla stood like a statue.

"Can't you go home 'n' get more, 'n' come right on?" pursued their tormentor.

"No!" jerked Ann fiercely. "We was in a hurry this mornin' 'n' only made this one loaf. You know we don't eat it ourselves because we hev dyspepsy so bad."

"So you do," said Betsey. "I forgot. But I'm dretful sorry, — truly. But I shall be late if I stop any longer. Do come, both of you, 'n' bring some cookies, or a pie, or doughnuts, or anything you happen to hev in the house, — never mind if you are a little late." And she ran on to tell the news and to speculate thereon with Hannah Edgeworth.

"Come, Drusilly," Miss Ann said when they were left alone. She took her sister's arm and led her along. Drusilla followed with her old-time obedience. Like a dream, her brief reign of insubordination was over. "I hope you see," continued Ann, "that it wa'n't right for you to do it. I told you it was reckless extravagance, 'n' wicked for you to take father's wine. I hope you see now that I was right."

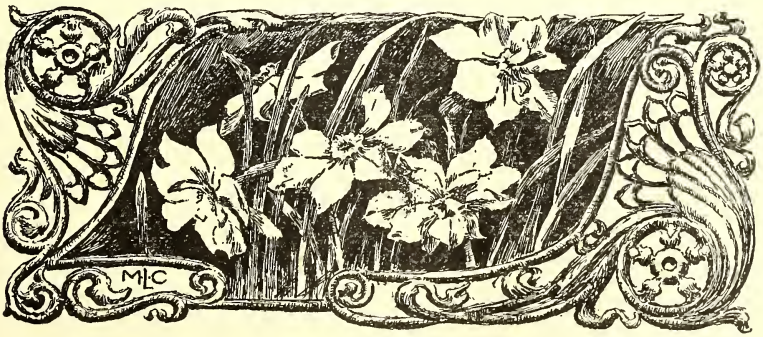
"Don't, Ann!" replied Drusilla sharply, drawing away from her sister.

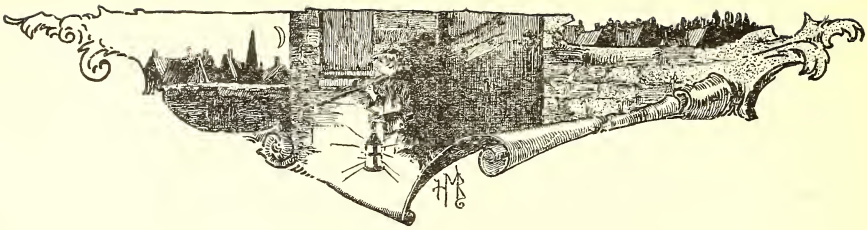
But all evils are attended by mitigating circumstances. Later, when Drusilla was herself again, — not the strong-willed, defiant creature of a day, but her old subservient, child-like self, — she touched on the point that made her grief less hard to bear when she said meekly to Ann: —

"But Betsey saw it, 'n' saw the frostin', 'n' she tasted of it, 'n' knew 'twas really pound cake, — 'n' what Betsey knew, the whole Circle knew inside half an hour. So we'll git the credit, anyway."

Miss Ann, restored to her post of leader, neglected to reprimand Drusilla for her worldliness, but made sufficient concession to reply: —

"Yes, 'n' now that I've brushed the dust off'n the frostin', 'n' peeled the cake where 'twas dirty, we've got enough to last us some time, 'n' I must say 'twill be a treat." She added dryly, "I guess our dyspepsy'll stan' it."





# A MEMORABLE JOURNEY IN A CHAISE.

*By John Boylston.*

THERE are many vehicles known as chaises in different parts of the country, varying in shape and size according to locality. The one we have to do with is of the old-fashioned New England type, mounted upon "thorough braces" and two wheels, with a top made to throw back like that of the modern buggy. The top was usually of leather, as was also the "boot." This latter contrivance was attached to the front of the vehicle, and drawn up over the laps of the passengers in case of rain. Two grown persons could ride comfortably in one of these chaises, and possibly three, provided the third person was small.

In the old days, before the railroads had radiated through the country, — and there are many persons now living who remember the time when there was not a mile of railroad in all New England, — the chaise was a very common vehicle. Every well-to-do farmer had one of a greater or less degree of splendor as to color, cushions and lining, kept very choicely in dark seclusion and used only on special occasions. The old wagon, usually yellow, with a well-worn buffalo robe thrown over the seat for a cushion, was well enough for "going to mill" or to "the store;" but for Sunday purposes or special journeys the chaise must always do duty.

Among my earliest recollections is that of being seated between my father and mother in the old family chaise and thus carried to meeting on Sunday; *church* was not the word in those days. A sprig of caraway was always a factor in these journeys to meeting, for its supposed efficiency in keeping us awake, not only on the way, but through the long morning service. Chaises and caraway seeds have had a sort of Sunday sanctity associated with them in my mind from that time to this. A breath of the fragrance of the pungent herb will to-day carry me back over the intervening years, and I fancy myself again seated in the old chaise, my head reclining in the lap of my mother, then in her youth and beauty, and joyous in the pride of her firstborn, now with the saints in glory — while the easy-going vehicle passes along the smooth road, under the apple trees in the beauty of full bloom, the warm spring sun shining upon all things as it does only on a New England Sunday morning. Again I am conscious of the touch of the tender hand as it fondles my brown locks as we move along in the balmy, sacred air. In these dreams I sometimes wonder if it may not be a part of the bliss of heaven for me to lay my head again where I did in my boyhood's innocence, and be evermore at peace.

The notable journey of which I am about to speak was from a town in Massachusetts near where the Connecticut River divides the state, all the way to Boston. Such a journey in those days was the event of a lifetime, and great was the preparation therefor. The day of starting was fixed weeks in advance, and all the events of a rural life were

shaped as far as possible to conform to it. Memoranda were made of articles to be purchased "while we are in Boston;" innumerable directions were given and plans discussed which were to have their fulfilment "while we are away." The chaise itself was carefully examined as to the condition of wheel, axle, nuts, bolts and shafts, and necessary repairs were made. The horse was given a vacation from his usual farm labors and allowed to stand idle in his stall, where he was plied with unusual oats and had extra grooming for three or four days previous to the start, that the commencement of the journey at least might be of a frisky nature. The best harness received frequent oilings, and the silver mountings were polished to their utmost brilliancy, — for were they not to come into competition with the Boston turnouts?

As the eventful day approached, there were anxious prognostications as to what the weather would be. The "Old Farmers' Almanac" was consulted for information as to what quarter the moon was in, and whether it was a dry or a wet one. All these preliminaries preceded the journey. But at length the long-looked-for day came, dawning in brilliancy. The big doors of the chaise-house were thrown open, and the vehicle was drawn out upon the lawn. I am particular to mention this incident, because there was in those days a sort of system of signalling or primitive telegraphy known among the farmers, whereby they were informed of each other's intended movements, and this drawing of the chaise out upon the lawn proclaimed to all who saw it that there was a special journey to be undertaken. The horse was tied under the shade of an apple tree while the finishing touches were put to his personal appearance.

At length all preparations were ended, and the chaise stood at the front door, complete in all its arrangements. The little firstborn, who was to sit upon the small seat, was lifted in first. Then there was a gentle tilt of the chaise, and mother was seated on the left side. Another and a bigger tilt, and father was in. There were several starts and as many "Whoas" while the good byes were exchanged; but in the midst of all the great gate is thrown open, we pass out upon the road, and the long ride to Boston is begun.

Modern travellers from interior towns to the New England metropolis, who perform their journeys frequently and rapidly, can have no clear conception of the emotions which stirred the mind of a child of those primitive days of chaises and other private conveyances, as he started on his first trip from his rural home to that wonderful city. He has heard of the great ships from foreign parts, which lie at the docks; of the immense warehouses convenient thereto; of the rolling ocean of salt water — or as much of it as gets into Boston harbor; of the State House and Beacon Hill; of the long rows of houses, — and his mind is filled with wonder even before he sees them. My good mother knew Boston before she knew me, and consequently I was somewhat informed as to what was before me; but my young mind was nevertheless very much on the alert.

A resolute purpose on my part to keep awake and see all that was to be seen on the road was persisted in while farmhouses and barns, meadows and orchards were passed, wonderful hills were climbed, from whose tops were seen such panoramas as belong only to New England, and shady woods, heavy with the fragrance of pine and hemlock were passed through; but it yielded at length to an irresistible drowsiness to which the monotonous "tweet-de-tete" of the chaise most urgently invited. My head fell upon my mother's lap, and I knew no more for hours. I suddenly awakened to find we were coursing along the margin of an immense body of water, which, to eyes that had never seen the sea, was a veritable ocean. All was strange, and although the good-by voices were still ringing in my ears, the morning and the start seemed a week ago, and I was conscious of being miles and miles away from the familiar scenes around my old farmhouse home.

A journey to Boston in those days usually involved one night at least at the tavern, and that was an event to be talked

of long afterward. The one to which we drove up just as the sun was sinking behind the hills was a typical country tavern, with its broad piazza, spacious stables, roomy sheds, and high, swinging sign. There was a strong smell of lemons impregnating the air as we alighted and entered the wide hall, and a certain other odor, which I have been told since was "Santa Cruz." My recollection of it is that it was not at all disagreeable. Neither were the smells of cooking that came from some apartments far back in the rear, for our long ride in the pure air of the hills had given us voracious appetites for whatever the extensive resources of the hospitable tavern might set before us. These country taverns, scattered at intervals throughout New England in the early days, were the stopping places in the winter season for teamsters on their way to Boston with immense loads of produce from the far-up country. Not but that they stopped at them in the summer season as well; but the winter was the time when they came in larger numbers, and had jovial times around the big open fireplaces, sipping mulled cider and the spicy flip made with the genuine old-time "loggerhead." In these "weak, piping times" of temperance and prohibition, the nearest approach we have to the old exhilarating flip is the milk shake, and that resembles it only in appearance, for there is no "Santa Cruz" or "old Jamaica" in its make-up, nor ever a bit of nutmeg grated upon its foaming top to give it flavor.

The sleep was sweet that night at the tavern; and the bright morning sun found the chaise again at the door, while we were partaking of the hearty tavern breakfast. The second day of the journey brought us into a more cultivated region, and it was plain we were drawing near to the district where the fragrance of salt water was wafted by the noted "east wind" so often spoken of in connection with Boston.

It was during this portion of the excursion that my young blood was almost frozen in its courses at the sight of a most singular being plodding slowly along the road some distance in advance of us. His garb was white throughout, including shoes and hat. His hair and beard were long and also white, and his face was pale and sunken. Bearing upon his arm a scythe-snath, he looked as if he might have been the original old Father Time in the primer, whom we youngsters of the ancient period had seen so often adorning the top of one of the pages of that time-honored book. I should have continued under the impression that it was he who did "cut down both great and small," had not my father set me right by saying it was nobody but old "Elder Lamson," an eccentric individual well known in Massachusetts at that period from his frequent excursions through the state on foot. His look and bearing were certainly ghostly enough to "freeze the young blood;" but the snath was simply a relic of his occupation previous to the unbalancing of his mind. However harmless he might have been, I was greatly relieved when the more rapid progress of our chaise left him far back in the rear, and I saw him no more at that time, although years afterward I saw him in the same white garb, when he appeared to me not so much in the character of Father Time as of the Wandering Jew. He has long since disappeared from among men.

The fragrance of the salt water was growing stronger and the daylight more feeble, when my good mother cautioned me to "keep awake and see the lights on Cambridge bridge." The bridge at that time was considered one of the wonders of Boston; and to see it lighted at night was thought to be worth a long journey. The darkness increased, and very soon, sure enough, the long line of lights appeared. They were not electric lights, nor even kerosene, but the old whale-oil lamps, whose flame was but a twinkle compared with modern illuminations. Feeble as they were, they lighted our way as we rattled over the planks of the bridge and so into the crowded streets of New England's metropolis, adding as we went our small contribution to the, to my unaccustomed ears, deafening roar of the multitude of vehicles in their ceaseless onward movement.

The depressing, almost crushing sense of loneliness which takes possession of old or young upon their first visit to a city full of utter strangers was mine in its fullest sense that evening, and not even the consciousness of being under the protection of my father and mother enabled me to overcome it fully. The sudden transfer from quiet country roads, along which we had been travelling for the past two days, to the uproar of streets filled from curb to curb with wagons, trucks, carriages, hand-carts and every conceivable contrivance on wheels, the ceaseless hum of human voices vainly endeavoring to drown the stentorian cries of the truckmen as they guided their tandem teams of great horses, was altogether too much for my young nerves, and I laid my head in my mother's lap, wishing I were back again in my country home and had never undertaken the journey.

Supper and a few hours of sleep, however, did much toward dispelling these gloomy feelings; and when I awoke next morning and looked forth from my chamber window, I saw the sun shining upon the dome of the State House, and realized I was in Boston.

The city I was now to wander through, under the care and guardianship of a cousin whom I had never seen before, was Boston, old Boston, before so many of its ancient buildings and historical localities had been, to use the words of Philip Norman, "improved off the face of the earth." Knee-breeches and top-boots had not wholly disappeared from among the inhabitants. There was a "Back Bay," but it was a wide waste of water, with no Commonwealth Avenue nor Hotel Vendome upon it. There was no "South Cove land," the waters of the harbor reaching quite up to Harrison Avenue, then called Front Street. Daniel Webster's oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument had not done echoing through the land, and the monument itself was hardly visible above the tops of adjacent buildings. "Hurrah for Lafayette!" was still upon the lips of patriotic boys in the streets; and Levi Lincoln was governor of the commonwealth. The old Hancock mansion stood at the top of its terraced grounds; and Beacon Street was the home of the *élite*. Gardner Green's imposing edifice stood at the top of Beacon Hill, looking down School Street and out over the harbor. King's Chapel had not then been dwarfed into insignificance by buildings towering to the skies in close proximity. The Common, the Big Elm and the Frog Pond were objects of interest to all strangers; but there was no Public Garden nor bronze statue of Edward Everett.

The fiat had not gone forth that Fort Hill should be removed and cast into the sea, but its summit was crowned with the abodes of the wealthy. The old Province House stood then in all its glory, overlooking the harbor, and proud of its Revolutionary associations. That ancient hostelry, the Lamb tavern, occupied the site of the present Adams House, and "Wilde's" in Elm Street was the home of up-country teamsters. The old feather store was still in Dock Square, and the Providence stage-coaches started from Earle's Coffee House on Hanover Street. The Boylston House — resort of the actors upon the boards of the old Tremont Theatre and the old Boston on Federal Street, scene of the Keene riots — put forth its modest sign on School Street, where now "Parker's" towers aloft in marble splendor. Boston "neck" was such in reality, for the water came up very close upon either side of the street leading south to Roxbury Heights.

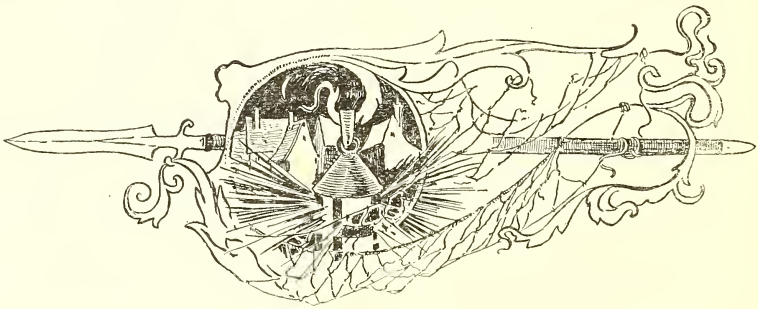
Such was the Boston that my cousin and I wandered through hand in hand. Not that we either of us remembered it as such, for we were too young for that, but later researches have informed me upon the points. We made the usual pilgrimage to the top of the State House, and took in the broad expanse of harbor and islands, the grand view of hill and dale, relieved by white spires and stretching far back to where lonely Wachusett lay like a cloud against the sky. We stood upon the wharves and saw the great ships with their freights from foreign lands, and heard the song of the sailors at their labors. We stood in awe while the portraits of Hancock and the Adamses looked down upon us from the walls of

Faneuil Hall. We stood upon Copp's Hill among the ancient graves, and heard the peals of the "seven bells" in the belfry of the old Christ Church in Salem Street near by. Two small boys, we wended our way together and saw all these things with impressible memories, but realized them not as we do now in looking back upon them over the years that have intervened.

The week spent in Boston at that time enabled me to absorb so much that was strange and wonderful, that I was looked upon when I returned to my rural home as a sort of wonder myself; and when in my boyish pride and self-importance I detailed to the rustics who had never adventured beyond the town limits some of my experiences in the great city, they looked upon me with awe, and

"The more they looked, the more the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

The ride home was the same experience of "up hill and down dale," of stopping at the tavern again overnight, of passing over bridges and into the shallow water beside them that the horse might drink, of "turning out" and giving a wide berth to stage-coaches with four horses upon the full gallop, of being overtaken by a shower of rain, necessitating the raising of the "boot," which was a perfect protection, of drawing nearer and nearer to the old farmhouse home, of my being deceived several times by houses in the distance resembling ours, and of our finally reaching the real home long after darkness had settled upon everything.



# IN THE MIDDLE TOWN OF WHITEFIELD.

*By Helen Marshall North.*

## II.

### In the Heart of the Town.

SOMETIMES, when one walks out of a summer morning to the Common in front of the little white church in the middle town of Whitefield, and gazes about at the heart of the town, one is almost intoxicated with the quaint loveliness of all that lies in the range of vision. It is indeed "beautiful for situation," this little middle town, so called because there is a North, East and West Whitefield and Whitefield Falls, each having its own interests and affairs. What romantic gentlemen must they have been who selected this site, if indeed it was ever selected in a formal sense. Perhaps people just happened to build here and there, for, in truth, a plan was scarcely possible, on account of the configuration of the land. If Whitefield were on the Pacific slope, we should say that it is built on a series of buttes belonging, as outriders, to a range of mountains. And at the foot of these buttes runs a fresh, merry, clear young river, beyond which rises another still more picturesque range of mountains, in whose cool depths, all summer long, morning and evening, purple shadows are lurking. The buttes and the river are enclosed by the two ranges of mountains, and at either extremity of the Merry River valley fine blue hilltops

kiss the New England skies, and, whether seen in sunshine or in rain, are gracious pictures of loveliness.

Fancy the delight of living on the quiet summits of these hillocks. The narrow plateau has scarcely the width of a city block; and what pen can describe the beauty of the slopes by which one reaches the plains below and so passes on to the world outside of the middle town? No dweller in the plains would consider for a moment so hazardous a location for the heart of a town. One pretty hillock rolls its sides steeply over, lingers for a little, making a gracious hollow, and rises again to a noble second hillock which quickly repeats the experiment of the first, and so on, wave-like, through the town.

Many apple trees grow in these hollows which divide the hillocks, sweetly accepting the humble place which none of their statelier sisters would deign to occupy. Could one fancy for a moment that one of the doctor's rich maples in their elegant leafy plumes would accept existence on these steep sides? What elm or hemlock, what pine or oak would so demean the ideal of its growth as to assume the difficult conditions offered by the rolling hollow? But your genuine New England apple tree is one of the most adaptable and democratic as it is one of the most beautiful of all trees; so gracious, bending low to kiss the sweet humble ground; so hospitable, reaching out its arms and twisting into a hundred strange, knotted shapes to furnish lounging places for the lazy and perennial delight to climbing children, its gnarly bark supplying rich food to the woodpecker and a fine underpinning for many a cosey bird's nest. What other tree knows the secret of that tender, melting, satiny spring green, with a reminiscent tinge of a white infancy on the tips of its leaves? What other bears the brave show of pink and white fragrant blooms in which bee and bird, child and poet, artist and scribbler find delightful inspiration? What other fragrance can its sister trees present to elude so successfully the art of the perfumer? The scent of the apple blooms is the tree's secret, a scent delicately distilled in Mother Nature's laboratory for the fortunate dwellers on the hills, and far too dainty for transportation. And then, later, the marvellous crimson, pink, scarlet, vermilion, cream, brown, yellow and white of its fruit, the compactness of its sweet food cells, the pretty shining of its glossy brown seeds, and the marvellous variety of its shapes.

To grow upright, after the fashion of the elm, would be an impossibility to the apple trees in the deep slopes of Whitefield town, so they curve gently over, this way and that, retaining a general impression that their roots, at all events, must seek the earth's centre despite the errant slopes of the hillside. This one inclines its trunk boldly to the south, by favor, perchance, of the influence of the wind regnant during its formative period, and then recklessly sends all the curves and angles of its branches backward to the north as if to atone for its early desertion of that quarter of the heavens. Its near neighbor, however, is of a different mind and sends trunk, branches and twiglets over toward the south. But in August or September, when the crimson and yellow fruits are dropping, dropping cheerily in the sun, when clover heads are secreting their sweetness and preparing for the reaper; when late birds twitter senilely and late butterflies, yellow and white, flutter in the gold of the autumn sunshine, all these good neighbors agree in rolling their fruits in friendly rivalry to the bottom of the slope in a generous mass of fragrance and color. Then what sweetness, as if the honey of Hymettus exhaled from these green slopes! And how stray bees exult in their treasures!

All down the tiny valleys between these hillocks you may find groups of pale green ferns, of the sort which the botanist calls *common*, and whose lack of choiceness and rarity the ferns themselves seem to understand, for they plant themselves firmly in the soil, multiply rapidly and persevere in their humble living after the fashion of mediocrity. An occasional sweet crystal spring bubbles up in these hollows, and you may trace it by the surrounding greenness. One is well repaid for the headlong scamper down the unflinching steepness by a taste of these pleasant waters. Here a cluster of apple twigs rises with peculiar freshness around

the remains of the mother tree, whose remnant of a hard, broad trunk testifies to a long and no doubt useful life. Each twiglet grows as if in confident assurance that it may one day become a promising tree like its mother; but the eye of experience is already forecasting its fate, and the destruction of its bright hopes is plainly at hand. At the close of autumn not one of them all will remain to watch by the mother's grave.

Each hillock on which the town is built tapers rather suddenly down to the Merry River in a diffusive point of green, and similarly the hollows broaden, until all unite in a pleasant, narrow strip of meadow which flows in comfortable companionship with the river and with the street technically known as the Lower Street, beyond. But up on the heights is really the heart of the town. Just one street runs through the plain, and with the houses whose grounds of necessity either fall away and include the steep hill going down to the meadow or else, on the opposite side of the street, encroach on the upgoing hillside, there is room for no more. We call the street a road, however, and from this one central artery two lesser ones wind away.

The main road through the heart of the town goes on past a dozen pleasant homes where live those favored people who can go to an evening meeting or buy a comfortable spool of thread or mail a letter just as the stage is coming over the hill, all without the inconvenience of a long ride up or down the steeps, and are therefore envied to some extent by the neighbors who live on higher material planes. Here lives the comfortable merchant who knows his *clientèle* and seldom makes an error in his calculations as to the quality and quantity of salable goods. Here is the small farmer who has enough and to spare even when the slow hand of hard times is laid heavily on his brother in the city. Here are some elderly couples, once thrifty farmers on the hill, now retired, for the comforts of old age, to the heart of the town. And the road winds on past dooryards brilliant and sweet with rich flower gardens which any flower-lover might envy; past the house of the squire, of gentle English birth and noble family record, and on and on until houses are of necessity distant neighbors because each is surrounded by so many broad acres.

And so across the little river, the road gently descending, with banks lined with venturesome blackberry bushes, branching apple trees on whose overhanging limbs stray wisps of hay tell of the recent passing of a heavily loaded wain; and catnip and clover, clematis budding in bridal beauty, with elder blooms widely blossoming from their slender stalks, and all sorts of nature's loveliness, rioting in summer weather.

The road to the right begins to take an almost perpendicular course up the young mountain side very soon after leaving the church at the Common, the church being placed at the bold entrance of the town, at the head of the steep Meeting-house Hill. This new road first dustily travels over a miniature bridge consisting of two boards and a clatter, a superficial demand by an inconsequent, silly young brook which rarely has enough water on hand to float a healthy minnow, and then past the orchard field which thriftily introduces us to the "new burying-ground." There once stood here another church — a church which always seemed to the children to be particularly full of bogies and warlocks ready to spring out on one in the twilight, and which was not occupied for many years. There were tales told by the older girls of a fascinating term of school once held in this same old church. Each girl had her own pew, and kept her books and papers in the hymn-book rack, and sat on the footstool with the pew seat for a bench, on occasion.

At this great farmhouse on the right once lived a patriarchal New Englander with his family of seventeen children. Over the way, on the porch of a cosey home, sits a patient grandfather, whose fine face looks at you unseeing, for the eyes are fast losing their light. Still the road, unmindful of the wayfarer's affliction, holds its course up the sharp steep, through rich maples which here grow as straight and tall as any elms and send out luxuriant, well-rounded arms of foliage.

But the road soon ends to the eye regarding it from the main street, and over the darkness of its last steep which meets the horizon disappear the comfortable buggies and covered carriages which bring the neighbors to church and take them home again.

They tell of one good bay steed, accustomed for twenty years to pull the farmer and his family to church every Sunday morning in rain or snow, heat or cold. Standing in front of the house one Sunday morning, equipped for the hebdomadal trip, waiting for the mistress to adjust her decorous fripperies, old Tom perceived in his inward horsiness that the time for setting out had come, and without wasting time in remonstrance with tardy people, he calmly trotted out and away up the long hill and then down, down, down as carefully as if the family invalid were guiding him, clattered with ancient smartness up to the white church door-stones, waited a suitable time for the suppositious family in the seats to alight, and then trotted again, with a gait expecting speedy arrest, to his well-known stall in the horse-sheds, where he spent the morning in pious reflections, no doubt.

But we have wandered far from the heart of the town. Here on the green stands the pretty, beloved little white church, its slender spire pointing truly upward to the heavens, while the white stones in the churchyard at its side tell the story of many who sleep in hope and peace born of the message of this same church to their souls. The doctor's house, handsomely guarded by a row of sugar maples, stands a little back from the street, and under these same umbrageous maples one catches a glimpse of the white schoolhouse, against whose sides the maples make brown perpendicular lines. The school-yard boasts one good elm and one nice apple tree, but the house and the trees appear to have nothing in common, except their location, for the trees are pretty and the house plain.

Across the road, almost hidden under the rich growth of maples, stands a fair white house whose ell is as ample as the house itself. A generous front dooryard sweeps up to the steps, and for a background the house owns a fine steep hill, — there are few gentle slopes in Whitefield middle town, — a hill bare of trees save on the summit, which has a green crown of them. The family cows patiently stand and nip the fresh herbage growing on a line with their eyes while their feet are well down the slope, and at night amble down the hillside, making curious humps and curves of their round red backs to accommodate the steep line of descent. The substantial red chimneys of the old house are well placed for picturesque effect against the hillside.

Something about the wide yard of this old house suggests that many, many visitors have come hither during the hundred years that it has been standing; and the town history tells us that it was once "Gray's Tavern," known far and near for its dignified, courteous hospitality. Within there are long, narrow mantels, ancient cupboards, one of them curiously designed for a bar, and such a store of good china and rare old teapots and bowls and pitchers that I forbear to make further record lest the China Hunters' Club should seek out and capture it. The succession of red barns and outhouses belonging to this fine old place drops gradually down the Meeting-house Hill, and from the Common the farthest of these shows its irregular, picturesque red roof, richly shaded by another member of the prosperous maple family of Whitefield.

So long as Whitefield has been known to the little world in its vicinity, so long has Meeting-house Hill been an object of interest and respect. It is in the line of approach from the great town that lies beyond to the north, where the middle town people go to find those luxuries and accessories which are not to be obtained in the stores of the two middle town merchants, and where we take the cars and get our stock of magazines and find out the really latest news about things in general.

It is one of the longest of its kind, is Meeting-house Hill, and not a rambling, uncertain sort of hill where you may give loose reins to your steed and think about the tariff or a second probation as you ride. Oh, no, Meeting-house Hill has

a decided plan and purpose of its own. It will take you down or up as the case may be, but the passage in either direction, except to the horseman and steed of experience, might well be compared to Bishop Butler's "state of trial, difficulty and danger." To watch the descending traveller from under one of the doctor's maples is one of the delights of a summer residence in the middle town of Whitefield. Here, for example, clatters down from the store a patient, sway-backed steed, accustomed to many years of bodily adjustment to hills long and steep, drawing the two-seated family wagon with the mother pleasantly sitting on the front seat beside her husband, chatting comfortably about the plans for the day or continuing the interrupted family quarrel, as the case may be. Two pretty daughters sit on the back seat. The good horse begins to practise the peculiar side curve necessary to the preservation of his centre of gravity down the hill, so soon as he comes near the rounded edge of the great plateau, beyond which, in the distance, one sees only the blue hills of the next town. The family instinctively brace themselves for the descent, and with a soft stony clatter — for Meeting-house Hill is nothing if not rocky — the downward course begins. First disappear, to the observer on the Common, the body of the horse and the body of the wagon; then ensues a brief season when, amid the tall, thin grass and golden-rod which fringe the edge of the plateau, one sees the ears of the horse, a portion of the whip, the hat and shoulders of the farmer, and the millinery of his family. It is a curious commingling, suggestive of nothing in particular, as the hats and bonnets and horse's ears go jogging on under the fictitious shadow of the whip-lash, and all apparently on the best of terms with their close neighbors, the nodding grass and golden-rod. Now even the hats are missing. The abbreviated whip-lash with its once-honored tassel rises pertly but daintily among the grass, a monument to the departing travellers. And now the clatter of stones and hoofs grows faint and gentle; the aspiring tassel has first sunk to a level with the grass-heads, then lower and lower, a companion to base earth; a little puff of dust rises, and all is over. They have gone to the Falls.

Every well-regulated horse in Whitefield has his own times and places for resting as he comes up Meeting-house Hill, and these are not selected with that superior sense which is popularly supposed to reside with the equine race. One vigorous trotter, perhaps the best-fed creature in this town where all live well, invariably selects six places of rest on the upward journey, on two of which he is forced to hold his load by main strength, for there is not even the suggestion of a "thank-you-marm." Another poor creature, whose photograph might grace a treatise on bare bones, bravely pulls his load from foot to summit with but a single breathing-place.

High, thickly grown banks rise on either side of the hill, with plenty of golden-rod "heavy with sunshine," and St. John's wort and the fine but unvalued yellow buttons of the tansy with foliage that an exotic might envy. Half way down the hill stands the pleasant home of a young professional man and his pretty dark-eyed bride. Those towering maples are almost prodigious in their wealth of foliage, and look as if they might, in some reincarnate period of plant life, devour the little villa and its delicate occupants. Three good terraces lead up to the hospitable door, overhung with woodbine, and every other family wagon which stops to rest on the knoll is on the lookout for a glimpse of the pretty mistress and a stray word or nod from her.

To the left of the Common there drops down into the valley below another hill of steep descent, so abrupt that one is not aware of its existence until close by its entrance. Sitting under the beautiful shade of twin maples which overhang this hilly road, one watches with interest the pedestrian and other travellers as they study the secret of the hill's windings and adapt their two or four feet, as the case may be, to its uncertainties. And from under these same maples look away up the valley and you shall see a fair panorama which a European tourist would travel many miles to gain, of hills rising

with cultivated sides or shrouded darkly in foliage, and in the far distance a succession of bold blue peaks.

Near to the Common stands the good old parsonage, which has been holding comfortable fellowship with the church for an entire century. It was thriftily but substantially built by an early pastor, they tell us. There is little ornament on its plain colonial architecture, but it is good of its kind. Those are true Ionic pillars, and yet not so ambitious as to create jealousy in the hearts of the parishioners whose houses are squarely white and untouched by any decoration. A quaint rocker in the porch, which exactly comforts the tired body, is a relic of that first godly occupant who faithfully taught "stern Calvin's creed" to the souls over there in the churchyard, and he himself died in the shadow of that same grewsome doctrine.

The good doctor, whose father and grandfather pondered the aches and ailments of the neighbors with such light as then gleamed from the lamp of science, and who prolonged their lives with as much success as their later brethren of many opportunities, no doubt, has long since gone to sleep with his patients. Up those worn doorsteps have come many troubled souls, sure of a greater blessing than the mystic prescription or the portentously dark potion with which the digestive organs of an earlier generation were forced to wrestle. Kindly sympathy shone in the doctor's smile. He was always sure that you were to get well; firmly convinced that his potions were absolute panaceas, and he always had a cheery story and a kind inquiry for the family at home. Many a gloomy, tempestuous night did his patient gray horse climb the hills or grope his way down their well-remembered slopes on errands of mercy of which the doctor often forgot to make record in his ledger.

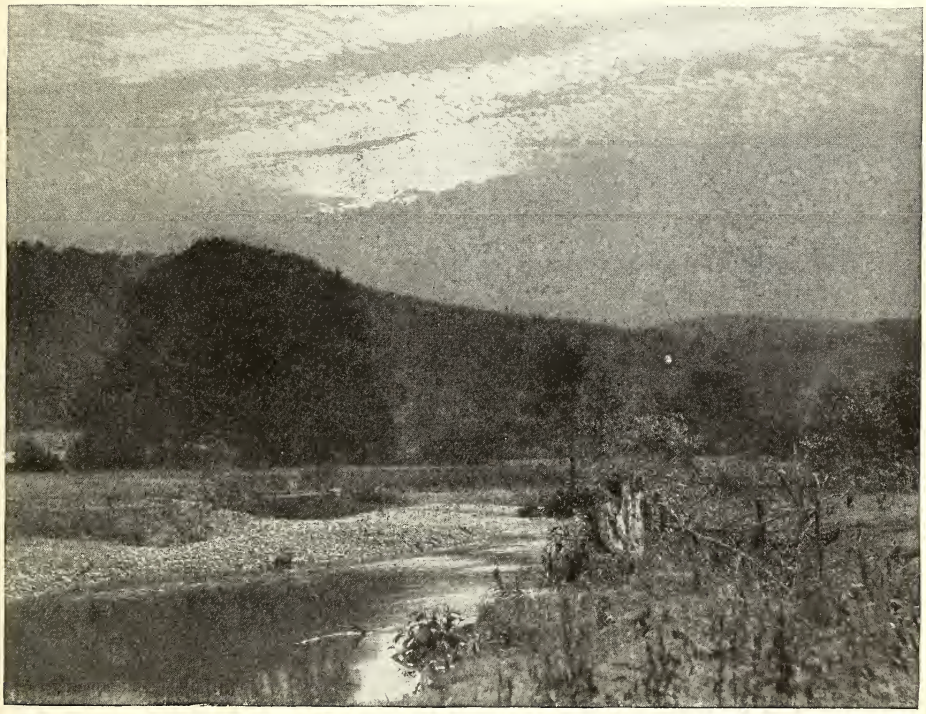


PHOTO. BY H. P. ROBINSON.

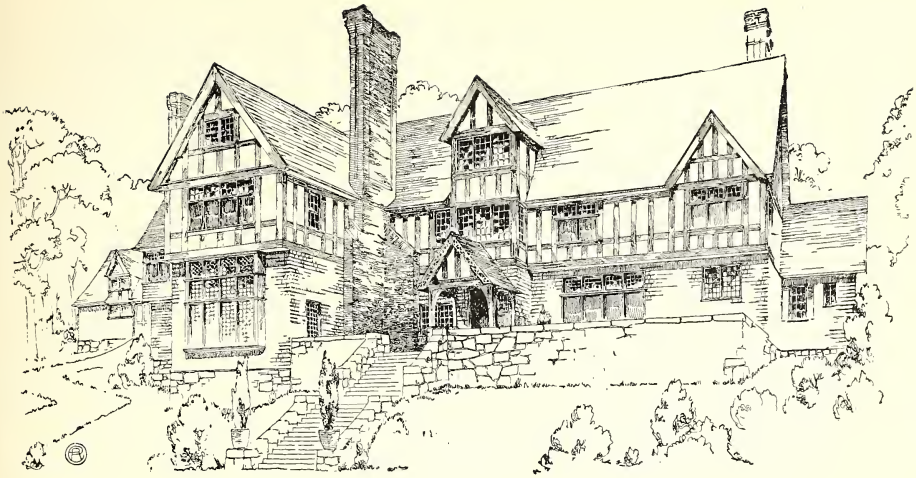
To see the sun rise on a summer morning from the old Common is one of the prettiest sights in all the world. First,

look out at five o'clock, we will say, and how cold and pale and gray is this little piece of the great world, as if in mourning for a lost friend! Then, before one is aware, a gracious benediction of light falls on the tall pasture hill behind the red chimneys where the cattle will by and by be grazing — a mere suggestion of kingly glory. Then a sparkling bit of brilliancy is seen just where the foliage of the two maples on the Common intersect; now a forecast of sunshine, but not really sunshine, tips these guardian maples with delicate golden lustre and sends a fine shaft of pale gold across the Common in front of the little white church all so silent and gentle in its loveliness.

Now the green bank opposite the Common, lined with apple trees which spread out over the deep cut of a road going down to the lower street, becomes familiarly bright, and the apple trees cast the first shadow of the day on the parsonage green. As the great round circlet of fire slowly and with gracious dignity as becomes its state urges its way upward above the brow of the long, lonely mountain side, tree after tree becomes illumined with its light. The white church and the delicate spire stand forth glorious in the new light. The stones of the churchyard gleam dimly out with their ancient epitaphs. The doctor's maples are now in purest cinnabar; the old Gray tavern peeps through the trees more boldly, the brown roads moist with dew lighten. Tiny floating cloudlets brim over with golden delight in the coming of their old friend, while down on the earth a stray, plump, lone black hen, which must have stayed out overnight, walks cheerfully about on the Common, picking up her share of choice bits such as the good God, creator of her humble being no less than of the glorious sun, has spread out for the comfort of His unforgotten creature.

Now tree branches stand out boldly confessed in full light, and the sun is fairly up and on his grand journey around the world, beginning, as it seems to us quite fit that he should, with the middle town of Whitefield.

PHOTO. BY ALBERT H. WARD.



HOUSE OF EUGENE FELLNER, BROOKLINE, MASS.
CRAM, WENTWORTH AND GOODHUE, ARCHITECTS.

# ARTISTIC DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.

*By Barr Ferree.*

THE development of artistic architecture in America began after the Philadelphia Centennial. Good architecture of a certain class we had before that time, it is true; but that exhibition pointed the way to culture that speedily penetrated all forms of art and of industry. The general movement toward higher artistic ideals inaugurated by the Centennial soon found expression in architecture. The present revival of the art — for notwithstanding many depressing manifestations we are living in a time of vast architectural interest if not strict revival — is not to be attributed solely to the action of the impulses started by the Philadelphia exhibition. The educated architect, trained especially for his profession and in a professional manner, is scarcely older in this country than that time. Not that all our present architects are the young men this statement would seem to imply; but the road to the practice of architecture is now almost wholly through the schools for preliminary study, or through the practical work of a trained architect's office; the result is much the same whether the preliminary schooling is had or not. The road through the carpenter's shop and the work bench, which in the past produced some faithful men, but few artists, has been closed for all time. The present revival has accomplished that if it has failed in other things.

The training of architects and the spread of artistic culture have gone hand in hand. Guided by the one, inspired by the other, people to whom the very word architecture was long unfamiliar now profess a more or less general acquaintance with the art, and when they build, insist on structures of a certain standard of artistic excellence, depending for the most part on the ability of the architect whom they employ, and on the taste, if not on the accuracy, of their own judgment. There is still a vast deal to be done. People of the broadest culture, of refined temperaments, are still paying for the erection of the most inartistic structures, and architects without the smallest artistic quality are still commanding lucrative practices. In a

HOUSE OF A. W. NICKERSON, DEDHAM, MASS.
SHEPLEY, RUTAN AND COOLIDGE, ARCHITECTS.

genuinely artistic age such things would be impossible. It is a significant indication of our own position in history that we can tolerate them and calmly rank them among the peculiarities, if not the glories, of our civilization.

But the sky is not wholly overcast. While there is much that is bad there is much that is good, and it is more comforting, and agreeable to boot, to find what pleasure we can in the good than to be constantly deploring the evil. It is unquestionably a most useful task to tell people how and wherein they have failed and how they might have bettered their state; but useful as such tasks are they sometimes blind us to the actual good there is around us, so that in the search for bad things we overlook the good and the honest, manful attempts to reach the good, because partial failure resulted from the effort.

The severest of the critics must admit the general spread of the artistic quality in American architecture. The days of bad things are not yet over, but they are rapidly diminishing. Important and costly work is generally placed in competent hands, though the structure of our architectural economy is such that the master of the country house is supposed to be likewise master of the high commercial building. But radical reforms work slowly, and we must take architecture as it is if we would understand its present status, and not as it ought to be. For it is easy enough to tell how it ought to be, but it is a very different matter to analyze it and estimate it at its present and actual worth.

Modern American architecture is more complicated and diffuse than the architecture of any contemporary nation or

HOUSE OF J. W. KENDRICK, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
MILLARD AND JOY, ARCHITECTS.

of any past epoch. Our buildings are more varied, our conditions more complex, our needs more numerous, our materials more diverse, our resources more abundant, and our artistic qualities and appreciation less acutely developed than with any other people o in any other time. With all these complexities we have the additional disadvantage of having no style of our own, but of being free to choose where we will or where temporary fashion may dictate. Our architecture necessarily reflects these complexities and is quite as confused and as indiscriminate in its growth, its development and its work as such multifarious conditions would suggest. The difficulties in the way of artistic work are, therefore, enormously enhanced by the conditions, by the vagaries of architects and of clients, the inclinations of the one, the ignorance of the other, the persistence with which each will seek to find the mote in the other's eye while oblivious of the beam in his own; and yet in the face of such adverse circumstances the last few years have seen a steady progress in the artistic development of American architecture, a constant growth in the materials used by the architect and in the standard of appreciation manifested by the client and the public at large. Good buildings are no longer scarce, though not so plentiful as one could wish; bad buildings are diminishing in number, though every now and then the most preposterous work will be produced by the most capable hands under conditions entirely favorable for good. The psychologist may still find material for experiment and philosophizing in the architecture of the present day if he will but turn his mind to it.

The artistic quality in American architecture may be viewed generally as a whole, or with reference to the individual claims of some few architects to be considered artists. The use of the word artist in this connection is not the same as when applied to the painter and the sculptor. The architect, even in his most artistic moods, cannot be a free, untrammelled artist as the painter may. His art is limited by harsh conditions, he has to do with unyielding materials and with circumstances and requirements over which he has no control, and which, often enough, prevent his giving even an artistic form to his building. But the

HOUSE OF EDWIN H. ABBOT, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LONGFELLOW, ALDEN AND HARLOW, ARCHITECTS.

true artist-architect, if I may use so barbarous a combination, will always leave the impress of his art upon whatever structure he undertakes. It may be seen in the detail, in the use of ornament, in the general arrangement, and in the plan, even though the final completed effect falls short of what he himself would wish it to be. A master of the art of architecture must always be a master. His work is permanent and enduring, and may be seen of all men. His responsibility is thus greater than his brother artists in painting and sculpture, whose works may perchance be destroyed, while his own remains to tell future generations of his work — perhaps of his failures.

HOUSE OF O. P. DENNIS, TACOMA, WASH.

O. P. DENNIS, ARCHITECT.

Of the artistic architect we have but a few, perhaps no more than can be counted on the fingers, perhaps no more than can be counted on those of one hand. But we are no worse off than other nations in this respect, for architecture is so largely a matter of business and of management, and success in it so often dependent on everything but artistic skill, that the truly artistic architect can only be a rarity even under the most favorable circumstances. And then there is the extraordinary fact that the best of architects, the men whose names are most familiar to the world, whose work is most in evidence and who have the most work to do and the most important, are constantly doing the things they ought not to do, and that in the most extraordinary fashion. But we have architecture in America that is not wholly the product of the artist-architect, work very good in itself, admirably suited for the purposes for which it is intended and dowered with a grace and beauty that lift it above the ordinary, though its creators may not all of them be properly called artists in the truest sense. It is

HOUSE OF FREDERICK BRADLEY, BROOKLINE, MASS.

GEORGE F. LORING, ARCHITECT.

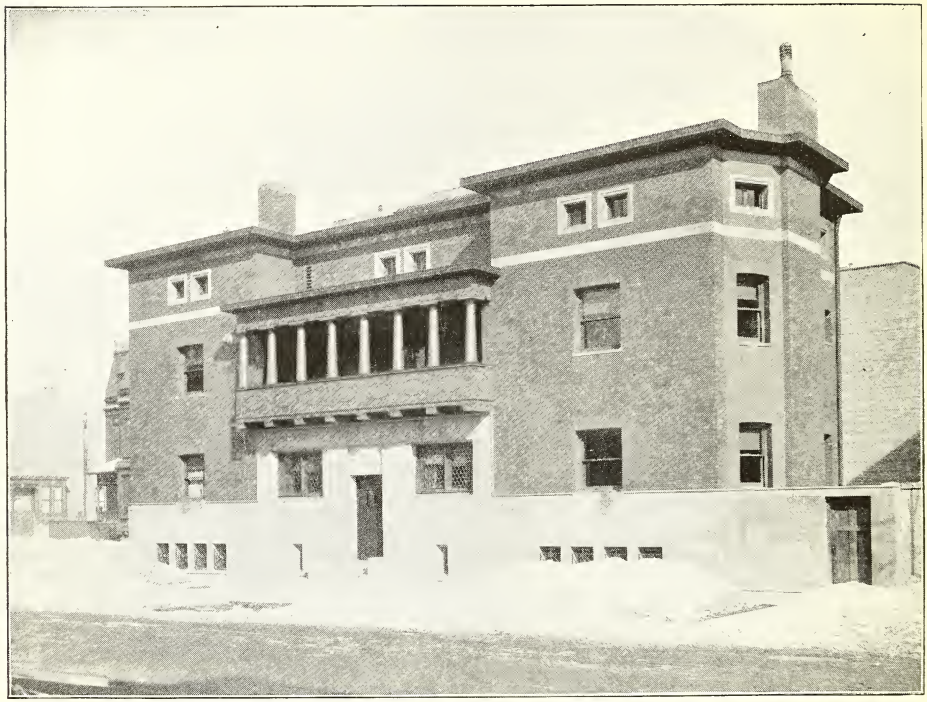
this ability of so many of our architects to produce interesting buildings which renders the outlook so hopeful and which makes American architecture in its best forms — and this, it should be remembered, is the latest — among the most interesting now to be found anywhere.

This artistic quality is manifested in many ways, but in none is it more abundantly seen than in the country house. American architects, with but one or two exceptions, have not yet accomplished the solution of commercial and business problems in an artistic manner; even the town house, when confined to the narrow limits of city lots, is not always the work of art it ought to be. Many of our churches are well done, and some of the other buildings, but in country houses very great excellence, if not absolute superiority, is universally conceded to the American. Here opportunities for individual work have been most frequent. The architect has not been restricted by the awkward conditions that limit his work in the city, and it is to this freedom from restraint that the success of the American country house is chiefly due.

The country house has an environment that invites artistic treatment and largely supplements it. The problems it presents are simple, yet of infinite variety, and the demand for buildings of this class has come primarily from well-to-do and cultured people who wished their houses to reflect their own culture, and to partake of that artistic feeling that has crept into so many elements of our life. The country house is made to order; it is not built in rows wholesale. Opportunities for speculative building have not been so frequent as in the cities, where it has well-nigh stifled individualism in house architecture. Everything favored a new departure in architecture, and about the time that the artistic movement set in in the country house people began to realize that the joys of living were not all to be found in the narrow, crowded limits of the city. The suburban town began to boom, and with it arose fresh opportunities for the architect. Country seats on a new scale began to develop, and those who already possessed houses in the country started in to make improvements and changes which not only resulted, often, in a complete metamorphosis of the old building,

HOUSE OF MRS. J. C. COONLEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

POND AND POND, ARCHITECTS.



HOUSE OF JAMES CHARNLEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

ADLER AND SULLIVAN, ARCHITECTS.

but which at the same time conformed to this new feature of country living. Our cities, in their turn, spread out further into the country. The suburban and the semi-detached house felt the change, and new fields were opened up that our architects have been swift to fill with their best work.

The movement began with the picturesque, which is quite distinct from the artistic, though sometimes confounded with it. The picturesque is the preliminary stage, the artistic the epoch of full development. Moreover, a thing may be picturesque without possessing any artistic quality. Still it was a preparation for the artistic that we needed; and while we have not yet wholly passed it, — for every day new work may be seen that is better described as picturesque than artistic, — we should not be hasty in condemning it. Its most conspicuous influence has been the development of a sort of rococo period of roofs, dormers and turrets, grouped more or less effectively, but sometimes with such results that nothing save the roof is visible, the house being so buried in its covering as to be quite insignificant. Multitudes of such designs have been made, multitudes of such houses built, and doubtless multitudes of people live in them, though it would certainly seem that outside the tropics, where such styles of dwellings are exceedingly fashionable, humanity needed more than a roof to be comfortable.

But that composition in roofing, in gables, in chimneys, in dormers, and in what not has been carried to excess is, perhaps, an indication of healthy interest rather than a sign of decay. It is a great thing when people whose occupation in life is not concerned with architecture can differentiate between different sorts of roofs, and grasp the effect of a chimney carried up on the outside of a house. It is not a great artistic advance, perhaps; but the moment people begin to think about the art of their houses a long step forward has been made. At all events

the feeling that helped overdo this useful member in the modern house — reverting once more to the roof — produced, in more capable hands, the finer artistic qualities in which the real strength of American country house architecture unquestionably rests.

And this artistic element is, first of all, an artistic appreciation of composition, of massing, of arrangement, of outline, of grouping of parts, of subordination of detail, of careful scrutiny of the whole work. It has been the obtaining of effects in architecture by architecture itself, without dependence on ornament or decoration or other accessory parts on which American architects, and many architects not Americans, too much depended in the past, and on which they still depend in certain classes of buildings. The substitution of building for ornament, of architecture for decoration, of mass for detail, amounts to nothing less than a return to the first principles of architecture, and the extraordinarily interesting results obtained under it, often artistic, frequently beautiful, are the greatest triumphs American architecture as a whole has yet obtained. That is, speaking from the artistic standpoint; for American architecture has made wondrous sanitary and hygienic advances in the last few years, which for general good to the human race quite outweigh artistic detail. This, however, is another story; but it is well to remember that while it is better to live in a house built and furnished in an absolutely healthy manner than in the most beautiful structure yet built that is not so characterized, it is best of all to live in a beautiful house that is provided, not with the latest sanitary devices and contrivances, for these are often faddish things that come and pass away, leaving no mark behind save the bills they have produced, but with every health-giving contrivance within reach of the builder. The artistic architect may not always appreciate what the sanitary engineer and health expert can do, but it is a distinguishing glory in American architecture that artistic and sanitary improvements have gone hand in hand.

And another strong point in this new domestic architecture of ours is that it is not confined to one part of the country.

HOUSE OF H. G. TAYLOR, CAMDEN, N. J.
WILSON EYRE, JR., ARCHITECT.

The North and the South, the East and the West abound with examples of the best types of this form of dwelling. In the New England and eastern states they are to be found both in the smaller towns and in isolated sites; in the far West, in Chicago, in St. Paul, in Minneapolis, in Denver and other great western cities the conditions of urban life are such that the city house itself partakes of the suburban character; and while the most interesting examples are not to be found in the West,—though

HOUSE OF MITCHELL HARRISON, CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA.

COPE AND STEWARDSON, ARCHITECTS.

many beautiful houses have been built there, — the opportunities for this sort of building are greater there than in the East. These buildings are the work of many hands, and they are a striking commentary upon the wide application of artistic ideals to the domestic dwelling by the architects of America. Among so much excellent material, it is perhaps invidious to single out two or three for special mention, and, indeed, to those familiar with this sort of building — and what intelligent American is not? — specific reference is not needed. But briefest mention may be made of one or two examples of the thoroughly artistic work American architects are doing in this special field of excellence and as an indication of its real value in the history of contemporary art.

HOUSE OF JOSEPH LEIDY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WILSON EYRE, JR., ARCHITECT.

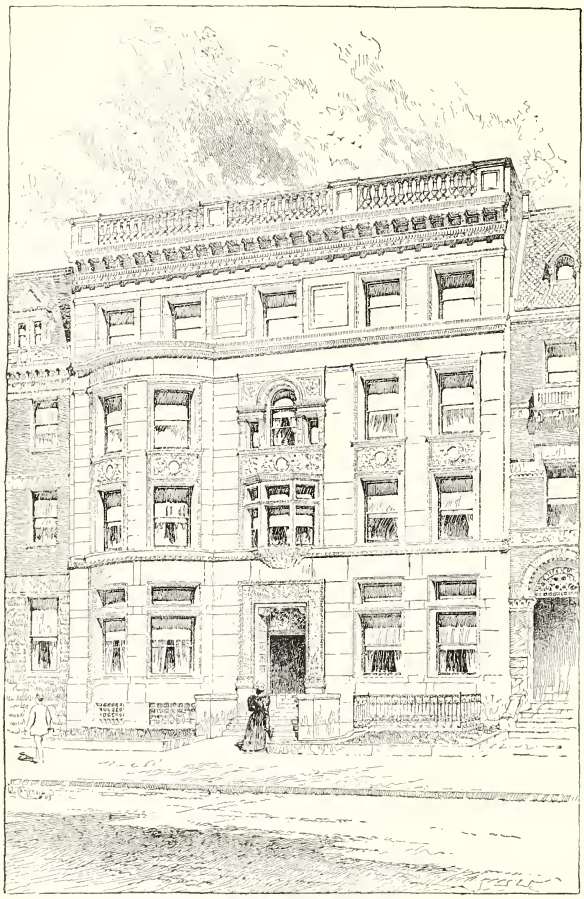
Such is the very charming house for A. W. Nickerson, Esq., at Dedham, Massachusetts, by Messrs. Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, a varied and interesting design, thoroughly illustrative of the many artistic country houses produced by the same men and, fortunately enough, not confined to a single district of our land. Such also is the house for Herbert Jaques, Esq., by Messrs. Andrew & Jaques, whose artistic work in this and other fields of building has a wide geographical distribution. Messrs. Peabody & Stearns and Messrs. Cram, Wentworth & Goodhue have also produced domestic work quite as charming and quite as worthy of being placed among the successful artistic building of their kind yet done in this country. Boston has, in truth, — for these are all Boston men, though their work is to be found in many a state and in many a town, — produced a school of architects skilled in the artistic designing of the country house that can scarcely be matched in all America. The suburban nature of the towns immediately surrounding the metropolis of New England, and the ample opportunities afforded thereby,

doubtless acted as a special incentive to the production of this style of building. The development of suburban towns near other great cities in the East has further helped in the same direction, while the influence of such communities as Lenox and other resorts in the Berkshire Hills, and of Tuxedo in New Jersey, has enormously encouraged the development of the finest grades of country architecture. It goes without saying that much of this building is costly; artistic houses, like artistic pictures, are expensive; but there is still a vast amount of building that comes within ordinary expenditure in these country houses that is endowed with a great deal of taste and beauty, and which in its effect is entirely able to be classed with more pretentious houses. So widespread is the movement, and so essential is some attempt at "art" now looked upon by even the ordinary builder and his speculative brother, that many new towns which have been developed under the movement countrywards now announce in their prospectuses that only buildings of a certain architectural standard (?) will be permitted within their limits. It may not result in a distinctive raising of the artistic quality of house building in America, but it is a straw that points current tendencies toward improvement. Fashion has not always been kind to architecture, but in this respect, at least, its influence has been beneficial.

By its importance in number and in example, the country house naturally takes the first place in the development of artistic composition in American architecture. Whether the artistic revival actually took root in this form of structure or not is immaterial. Here American architects have found their most numerous and most readily available opportunities, and here they have most frequently taken advantage of them. The American country house has a position of unique value in the history of current American architecture, and not only is it of importance at home, but its extraordinary development, its positive graces, its genuinely artistic nature, are readily and eagerly recognized by foreign architects, who, neither in England nor in France, have developed a type of domestic dwelling at once so beautiful and so graceful, so varied and so charming, so bounteous in its forms, so excellent in its plan and its adaptability to the needs and circumstances of modern life. Nothing is more dreary than the average modern French small country house, which is often scarce more than a covering to the people it shelters. It is only when the French architect has a large scheme to work out, a costly chateau to build, that he produces a design of any interest. In America, however, it is a notable

HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.

F. M. DAY, ARCHITECT.



HOUSE OF THOMAS E. PROCTOR, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

HARTWELL AND RICHARDSON, ARCHITECTS.

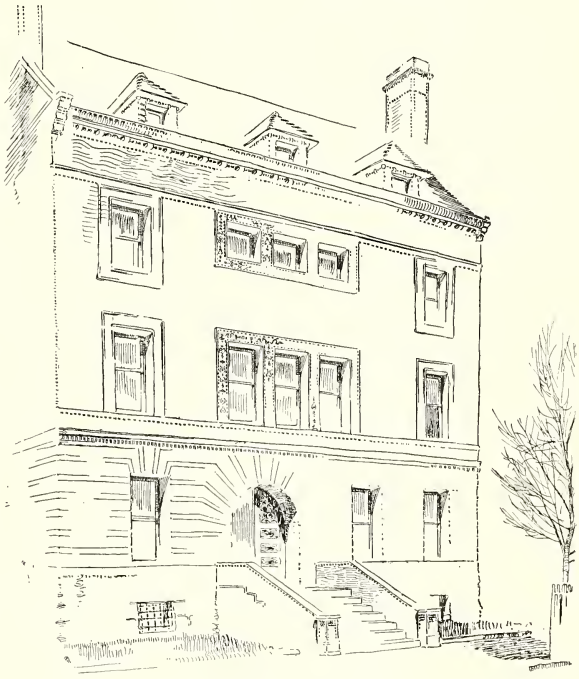
fact that much of the best work in the country house has been done in small buildings, where the cost has been relatively limited and the size moderate, the whole coming within the possibilities of people of moderate requirements.

From the country house it is but a step to the suburban and the demi-detached house of the city and the larger towns. In fact, so closely do they approximate that in many instances the difference is more one of location than of design. This is a phase of architecture with which almost every great city in the country, save New York and Philadelphia, is thoroughly familiar. The opportunities for artistic design in the suburban house are almost as large and as varied as in the country house, with which, as has been hinted, it is so closely connected as to be scarce more than a modification. There is a world of hope in these buildings, for they indicate the handiwork of the trained architect. The town builder and carpenter — who, strangely enough, are kept alive by the publication of books and periodicals nominally printed in the interests of architecture, but really doing the artistic architect a great deal of harm by creating the impression that good buildings may be made by copying indifferent plans, and that, in truth, the architect is not needed at all — are fast disappearing from the conduct of important undertakings in building. They have not yet loosed their hold upon small buildings, it is true ; but no one now thinks of putting costly work into such hands. That is one of the minor results the artistic movement has accomplished, though it is a survival that has not yet been wholly eliminated from our architectural system.

The results of this change of method have been most successful, for without trained architects there could have been no successful artistic revival. As in the country house, so in the suburban, the most noticeable result has been the subordination of detail of mass, the obtaining of effects by wall surfaces and by the simplest use of the simplest materials all applied in a sensible manner to sensible purposes. The value of mass in modern buildings was first made clear by Richardson, but the clumsy heavy walls of rough work affected by that architect have long since passed out of general use in America. Not without a struggle, it is true, for the success of Richardson's work was so tremendous that a widespread and often

unfortunate copying and following after him naturally resulted from it. The men who copied Richardson's style, however, fell, as many others have fallen, into the mistaken notion that in copying forms they were copying ideas. The innate artistic value of Richardson's work thus quite failed to appear in the work of those who mistook roughness and large materials for genuine art. The good sense that necessarily dominates domestic architecture finally recognized the value of surface in design without the roughness and eccentricity that Richardson himself used so much, and which in his hands was a very different thing from what it turned out to be in the hands of his would-be followers. Thus it happens that the most noticeable element of strength in the most artistic of recent domestic work is unadorned wall surface. Ornament and decoration are given naturally subordinate positions. The building speaks for itself as a building, and not for its value as a medium for the display of architectural variety. We do not have this in every good work, it is true, but we do have it in much that is good, and its value and the appreciation of it are growing day by day.

Here, as was the case with the country house, illustrations are perhaps superfluous; but one or two may be mentioned. The house for Frederick Bradley, Esq., at Brookline, Massachusetts, by Mr. George F. Loring, is a fair type, selected at random. The front shows two rounded masses lighted by windows placed in ample space of wall. The centre of the front is occupied by a simple porch with a triple window above it, and with two small windows in the attic story, and a dormer in the sloping roof. The architect has been most generous with his wall, on which he has depended for its chief effect with most charming though simple result. The side of the house is a little more broken in design, but scarcely more elaborate in detail. The house for Mrs. J. C. Coonley, by Messrs. Pond & Pond, on the Lake Shore Drive, is more pretentious, as befits the most aristocratic quarter of Chicago. It is a thoroughly restful design, with plain, simple windows and an abundance of wall. There is no attempt to "make" a design, to manufacture places for ornament, or to display the wealth of the owner save by the generous size of the house and the simplicity of its appointments. Perhaps more successful than either of these, though, indeed, no degrees of comparison are needed between designs of such relative artistic excellence as those in this brief series, is the house for James Charnley, Esq., by Messrs. Adler & Sullivan. It is impossible for the elements of a design to be simpler. The owner wanted a balcony for summer evenings; and a loggia forms the *motif* of the centre of the front in the upper story. Windows are placed exactly where they



HOUSE OF S. K. WARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HORNBLOWER AND MARSHALL, ARCHITECTS.

are wanted for the interior, and encased in ample and severe stretches of wall. And thus by the quiet interpretation of utilitarian necessities by an artistic spirit one of the most artistic and successful of American city houses has been designed.

For there is scarcely a hint of the suburban in this city dwelling, and with it we can turn to that important phase of the subject. The development of the artistic city house has been attended with much more difficulty than was the case with the country and suburban dwelling. While the house is still the simplest problem of city architecture, the conditions under which the larger part of city houses have been built have not been favorable to artistic architecture. The speculative builder has been the stumbling-block in the way, — he and the fashion of building dwellings in rows, on the assumption that every one would like the same sort of house every one else had and be pleased with it. Among the wealthier people this has been no objection at all, because they build their own houses in any event. But it cannot be said that Fifth Avenue in New York presents any effective argument in favor of individual building. Many of the houses are old, it is true, but it is likewise true that many of the most pretentious are wanting in artistic feeling and expression. The most conspicuous of the series, the block of dwellings built for Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, give no indication of artistic feeling by the architect, nor have they a corresponding advantage in expressing the vast wealth of their owners. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's house is exceedingly charming and graceful, and exhibits a refinement of artistic feeling that its architect has more recently displayed in his houses for Commodore Gerry and

HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.

CARRÈRE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.

for Mr. John Jacob Astor on the same great thoroughfare. In striking contrast to these buildings are the new houses for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. F. D. Huntington. Mr. Vanderbilt is now the owner of the largest city mansion in America; but his architect certainly did not manage to give it artistic grace or beauty, though it is an interesting piece of design. And it seems incredible that with almost unlimited resources at his command the same architect should have produced so mediocre a work as the dwelling of Mr. Huntington.

HOUSE OF W. F. APTHORP, BOSTON, MASS.

ROTCH AND TILDEN, ARCHITECTS.

But our business is not to find fault, but to take satisfaction in the good things in current work. These last important dwellings are valuable to us, however, because here, if anywhere, one might reasonably look for the most artistic results. The conditions under which they were built were freer than usually obtains in the case of city dwellings, and the practically unlimited amount of money to be spent on them certainly called for better results than were achieved. If the city house has failed of artistic success in its most important examples, it has still many beautiful and successful examples among less conspicuous structures. And in these buildings is found the same subdued treatment, the same utilization of mass, breadth of wall, subordination of parts to whole, with a thoroughly sympathetic feeling that has been noted in other artistic work. Some notable work of this kind has been done by Mr. Wilson Eyre in Philadelphia, where it has an added advantage of being environed with dull, uninteresting houses designed on one and the same model, and one that became fashionable many years since. A corner house on Walnut Street, Philadelphia, by this architect, is worthy of careful attention. The materials are simple: a low entrance flanked by a pointed window below, with plain rectangular windows above. The corner angle is cut off, and in the second and third stories a plain bold oriel

HOUSE OF H. T. BIRCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

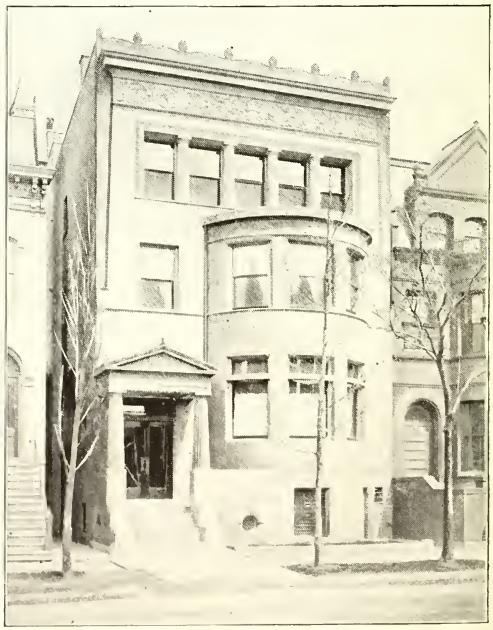
HENRY IVES COBB, ARCHITECT.

HOUSE IN DETROIT, MICH.

ROGERS AND MACFARLANE, ARCHITECTS.

is introduced, which forms the chief feature of the exterior. The corner of the fourth story shows a square ending, lighted by two open round arches that form a gallery. A house on Sansom Street, Philadelphia, by Mr. Eyre, more varied in form, is likewise marked by the same artistic appreciation and spirit, the same beautiful massing, from which the chief effect of the building is obtained, and which runs through all the work of this architect. Almost as successful in their way, and characterized by a similar artistic feeling, are some houses built by Messrs. Cope & Stewardson and Frank Miles Day, also in Philadelphia. These four men have produced between them the most artistic architecture in Philadelphia, and their work may be justly ranked among the most successful of its kind in America. Mr. Day's most notable work, perhaps, is his Art Club, a thoroughly artistic building. Mr. Eyre's University Club might be bracketed with this for artistic feeling, though somewhat marred by an affectation of form he is sometimes subject to.

But all the good houses in America are not found in Philadelphia, though the individual work of a quartet of architects there is sufficiently important to be noticeable. Boston and Chicago contain many residences of a very high artistic quality; and if they are not so plentiful in New York it has been chiefly because much of the house building of the metropolis has been done by that foe to artistic progress, the speculative builder. A house on Marlboro Street, Boston, and another on Commonwealth Avenue in the same city, both by Messrs. Hartwell & Richardson, are distinguished by a fine artistic feeling. In the former the result is obtained by the simplest means and with the use of the briefest ornament. The latter is a more pretentious dwelling and somewhat more ornate, but there are a skilful arrangement of windows and a just appreciation of artistic effects that result in a very successful building. The value of simple means in obtaining an artistic result cannot be better illustrated than in the house for W. F. Apthorp, Esq., in Boston, by Messrs.

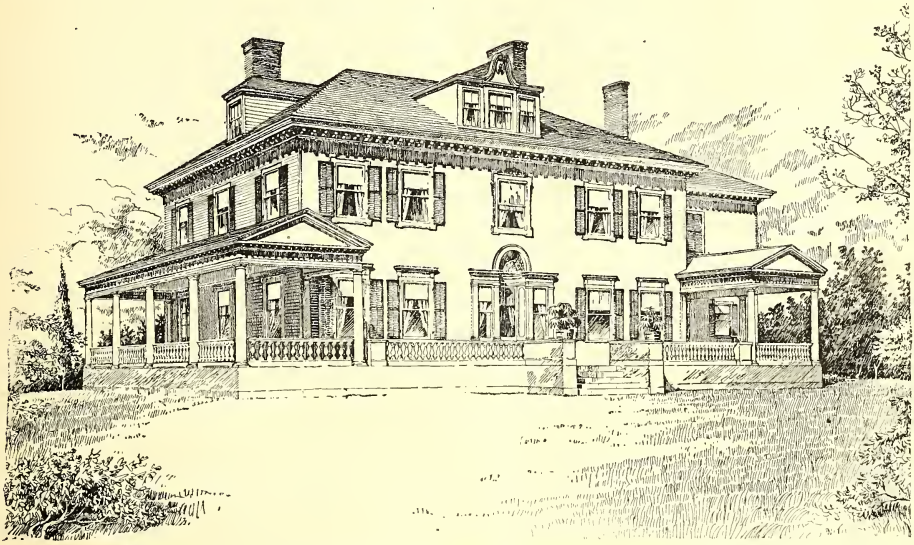


J. FOSTER RHODES HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

BEERS, CLAY AND DUTTON, ARCHITECTS.

Rotch & Tilden. A strong archway serves as the approach to the inner vestibule. A single bead around the outer edge of this arch is the sole ornament of the lower stories. There are two small windows in the first story, one on either side of the arched opening. Two windows in pairs form the feature of the second story. The third story is cut off from the lower part of the house by a simple string course; its windows, four in number, are separated by pilasters with plain capitals, and a plain and severe cornice completes the building, which is capped by a severe balustrade. The treatment of the side is scarcely more varied. Without any ornament, in the strictest sense, but by the artistic grouping of voids and solids, the architects of this very simple house have scored an enormous success. When one compares this house with any of the hundreds of dwellings built in New York's upper West Side by the speculative builder, one realizes to the full the difference between the artistic architect and the architect who does not care to cultivate that faculty, either through inappreciation of it, through business necessities, or inability to exercise it, if, perchance, it is not wholly absent from his mental make-up. Yet though the West Side of New York contains a number of types of bad design, the average of new buildings, taken as a whole, shows a marked improvement over earlier ones. Individual houses have increased in numbers, and a series of good groups have been built which are healthy signs of the times. But the speculative builder still flourishes, and while we have him with us a complete regeneration of our domestic architecture remains among the impossibilities.

The great lesson taught by the best new domestic architecture in our cities and in our country houses is simplicity. The artistic in architecture is not synonymous with multiplicity of ornament, with an overburdening with "art," spelled with a very large A and put in quotation marks, nor with endless variety. Composition and arrangement and feeling will accomplish more and with less apparent effort and with more permanent results than the most prodigal display. A striking characteristic of much of modern building is its lack of permanency. No building grows old so soon as a new building; like the small boy of the present generation, it becomes old and faded

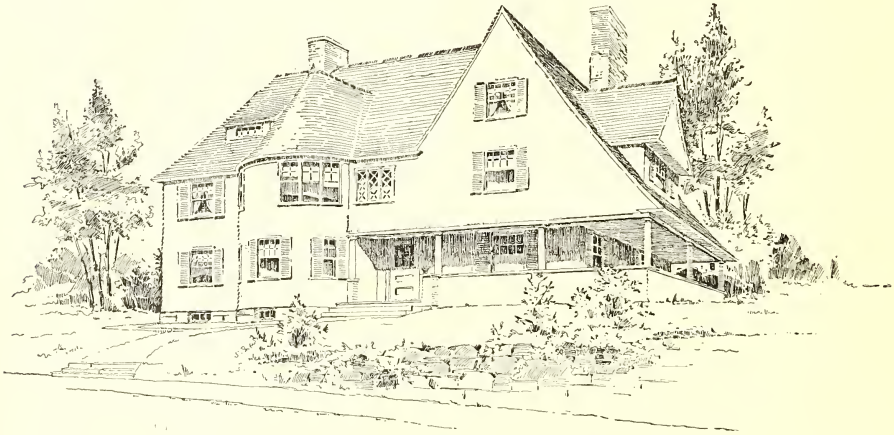


HOUSE OF F. A. FOSTER, WESTON, MASS.

JAMES T. KELLEY, ARCHITECT.

out before its elders show sign of increasing years. Our buildings are apt to be designed in the fashion of the hour, in accordance with the taste of the day or under the inspiration of the latest fad. Architecture for architecture is a cry the meaning of which is only now becoming understood. Already considerable advance has been made in this respect, and in no department of building is it more noticeable than in the dwelling-house. If our houses are less "pretty," as is frequently the case, they are more artistic. The difference is a great one, and exactly expresses the relationship between amateurism and artistic perception.

The dwelling-house, and more especially the country dwelling, is the form of building in which American architecture has made its most pronounced artistic success. Its progress here has been real and marked, and its future development must be watched with the greatest interest. There is a freedom from restraint in designing a country house that admirably falls in with the beauty of its situation. Artistically, it is the greatest distinction American architects have achieved, that they have so admirably solved this one problem. There is still much to be done before the same quality will have penetrated to other fields of labor. In many other groups of buildings much progress has been made, and an architect who has in the dwelling given evidence of artistic ability is quite likely never to fall back into an inartistic mood when undertaking other problems. The artistic dwelling points the way for similar improvement in other fields. A movement so widespread as to include the country house and the town mansion, the church, the commercial office building, and even the storage warehouse, the railroad station and other utilitarian structures, is not to be despised. Rather there is lasting hope in it for what is to come, and it may not be too sanguine to hope that we already stand upon the dawn of the day when the artistic architect and artistic architecture shall dominate the buildings of our land and time as once they dominated those of past times. It will not be for the same reason nor in the same manner as in the past, nor will they do their work with the same forms nor apply them in the same way; but they will modify them in compliance with the conditions of American life and work, and thus accomplish, with the aid of the spirit already astir among us, all that the most artistic architecture of any epoch accomplished. The movement, which has long since passed the earlier stages in the dwelling-house, must before long spread to every phase of building.



HOUSE OF E. F. WOODWORTH, CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

LORING AND PHIPPS, ARCHITECTS.

# IN THE PULLMAN CAR.

*By E. W. Sanborn.*

THE framers of our government guarded with jealous care against insidious foes. They planned a check and balance for every place of power of which they knew or could conceive. They sought especially to abolish every royal function; but they had no knowledge of the railroad or the railroad king. Much less could they imagine palaces rolling through the land on wheels, or the potentate who reigns within. Our system, with its scattered freeholders, was at first a true democracy. With the changes of modern life people moved to the cities. They began to leave the home, the unit and basis of free institutions, and crowded into hotels. Here they are dependents of an oligarchy, the "genial proprietor," the "gentlemanly clerk," the head-waiter and the chef. As our bounds extended, railway travel became a part of life, requiring its regular incidents of bed and board. So our hotel was placed on trucks and called the palace car. Here the dependence is complete, and power is centred in a monarch. For air, food, warmth and sleep we are at the mercy of the porter; and what is life without meat, or liberty without sleep, or the pursuit of happiness without breath?

I was reminded of these truisms while leaving New Orleans after the *Mardi Gras*. There were twenty crowded coaches, more or less, with the dining-car loosely attached at the farther end. There was also a driving rain; and as most of us were already hoarse with sub-tropic laryngitis, supper was to be served in our own car. After an appetizing delay, while the regular dinner was in progress, our porter appeared with a bill of fare. I looked over the card, and gave him an order, ending with Roquefort cheese. He listened with care, and seemed to be mentally checking off the items. But the mental process was an optical illusion. It was only in his power to recall the last words in a mangled form. He was absent half an hour, and came back to report that there was no "Great-cart cheese." I explained that Great-cart cheese had not figured in the order, which I repeated, weeding out minor items and remarking at the end that he need not bring any Roquefort cheese. He hurried out cheerfully, was gone but little over an hour, and returned to say, with real regret, that there was no use, there was no Great-cart cheese on board. I cried that I wanted food, food, meat, bread, anything; and I gasped out an imprecation on Great-cart cheese. He was much affected, and rushed out of the car. Late at night he limped back, with his coat torn and the gratifying news that they swore to throw him off the train if he showed himself again.

Early in the evening I had noticed a benevolent, elderly lady across the way, taking her supper from a hamper. There was now reached out from between the curtains a frilled hand with a drumstick and a pickle balanced on a sandwich. In trying to swallow these, after sputtering out some sort of thanks, the porter was forgotten. Toward morning, aroused by voices, I found that he was talking earnestly with the conductor, — that is the comfortable time chosen for conversation in the sleeping-car, — and from what could be heard it was clear that he was still exercised on the subject of "Great-cart" cheese.

As to our breathing privileges, the porter's power is not so obvious; for it is a feature of the palace car that the windows can often be opened. But the blast from a window rushes by without refreshing us, and wreaks itself on some shawled and shivering invalid. So it is that we breathe through those little gratings up in the ventilating shaft. These are under the dominion of the porter, who goes about with his sceptre, opening or closing (generally closing) at the

varied entreaties of the passengers. The cars are well fitted for the transportation of climate. Great lumps of the weather of Omaha, carelessly swept into the lee of the buffet, often make the round trip between that place and San Francisco. I have felt at times something sticking crosswise in the throat which suggested the air of Pullman, Illinois, or its suburb, Chicago.

Of the true office of a sleeping-car — the phrenological development of the patient — we can never be long unmindful. I have counted a dozen contusions caused by bumping the head against the overhanging berth. The only way to avoid this sort of injury is to wear a high hat. A silk hat is not a comfort in travel, and it is apt to be telescoped in rising suddenly; but it can be blocked at less expense than the human skull. I have seen a tall, dignified old gentleman, a judge of the Supreme Court of an eastern state, jump from his seat as nimbly as a schoolboy to greet an approaching lady, and have his silk hat jammed plumb down on his shoulders. We felt it a loss to be unable to study the play of his features and to judge from the movements of his mouth of the range of his vocabulary; but when he had freed himself from the hat, his face beamed pleasantly, and he made a courtly remark about the stunning effect of the lady's presence.

Sleep upon the rail has been the subject of much invidious comment; but it is something of which few of us ever have enough. We seldom give it thought until the porter is making up a berth for somebody else. Then all are conscious of needing rest at once. The porter gives his promise to everybody's "Make up my berth next;" and when our turn comes, he pushes by with majestic stride to prepare a section at the other end of the car. With sleepy impatience we watched that familiar, deliberate process which never loses, in spite of itself, a certain charm — the black porter in his white jacket letting down the adjoining berth, taking out the shiny partition and sliding it into place, pushing the lower seats together, exhuming the sheets and pillows from the crypts, letting down the "upper," reaching for the mattress and blankets. O that some one would remind the managers of sleeping-cars of the inevitable succession of the seasons, and inquire whether it would not be feasible to have semi-annual blankets, so that we need not swelter on Independence Night under the same superstructure beneath which we shiver at Christmas! The porter spreads the sheets with a sharp flip, and, leaning out of sight, slowly smooths them. He takes the blanket by its middle fold, reaches in again and tucks it down. He holds the pillow under his chin, slips on its case and carelessly tosses it into place. He hangs the curtains on their hooks, buttons them together, and passes to another section, and so to another, until all the passengers are duly filed in their respective pigeonholes.

The noise and shock on the sleeper are constant; but the really wakeful time is when the train stops at a large station. The nerves and muscles have been adapting themselves to the swing and rattle of the car, and you wake to the sudden stillness in an uncanny daze. Everything is a helpless blank. You clutch at random into the depths of memory for a clew to time and place. You are dimly conscious of the low roof overhead. For a moment you are in a little bed up under the eaves of the old farmhouse. Two or three breaths of the close air, and the mind takes another skip — to the long illness with the "grip." To soothe the dry throat, you lean over for the black medicine. The head bangs against the side of the car, — and you are again your own contemporary.

There is a distant and muffled talking outside. You hear the slow panting of the engine. You mow a swath in the moisture and dust of the pane, and gaze out. If on the way from New York to Boston, the station is Worcester where everybody wakes up. It is always Worcester, — but we always know it is Hartford. You grope around for your watch, which was carelessly put under the pillow, instead of under the mattress. A sinister-looking man from the upper berth got out a long way back, — and

your watch, you say to yourself, probably got out with him. No — you find it, — and discover that you had forgotten to wind it up. An endless, inexcusable freight train rumbles by. You hear the bellowing of the cattle, and think how quiet they would be if they could see you here, packed in your sarcophagus. Then comes dead silence. You begin to hear some one in the car talking with querulous persistence, and a gruff voice in brief response. Now the train softly starts. The sounds as the wheels cross the joints of rails are far apart at first and distinct. As each truck of a palace car has three wheels on a side, we ride to polka time instead of galop measure as in the common coach. As the speed increases, the sounds, "klunk-ker-klunk," are nearer together and more sharp and nervous. Soon the measure loses one of its beats and then another, and on straight-away stretches, where the train skims over the track, the passing of the rails is marked only by light clicks, which follow in quick succession, and you sink again into the comatose exhaustion which is the sleep of the sleeping-car. Next, the porter shakes your shoulder to say that this is Boston and in ten minutes the train will be run back to another yard two miles from all things.

This familiar trip is level and commonplace, and the thoughts of the sleeping-berth are hazy. How different is a wild route like the Baltimore and Ohio! Winding and doubling about the green Alleghanies in an upper berth, everything fixes the thoughts upon the immediate future — the demoniac speed around the sharp curves, the ringing screech of the wheels as their flanges grind against the rails, the lists and lurches and creaks and groans, the sudden jerks and shocks, the frightful sounds in tearing by a town. With broad fields on either side, one fails to note the rate of speed; but through a village there come the shrill, startling rush past buildings close at hand, the clanging alarm of the bell, the sharp shrieks of the engine, the petulant scream when the train treads on the toes of a switch, the reckless jolting over a network of sidings and crossings. The houses — things of repose and stability — whirl by close to our ears, with inarticulate cries of fright. Gradually these sounds become less frequent, and then cease altogether, and we have only the confused rattle of the train in the open country. Near the steep crest of the range we take another engine to push the long train from below. We can hear the two conferring over our restless heads — the short anxious inquiry up in front, and the deep encouraging answer from down the slope. Now and then the forward engine gives half a dozen quick gasps, as if afraid of losing its breath. Toward the divide the locomotives breathe together, settled down to their hard work.

At the summit the second engine drops away. The train moves light and faster, and we are soon whirling down the winding grade. The car reels and rocks like a ship at sea. Of a sudden comes a shaking up as on a corduroy road. It means that the wheels are on the ties and another second will plunge us over the bank. The jolting ceases. The only thought is whether we have dived out into a ravine or have taken a header from a bridge. We struggle up with heart wildly beating, and start to crawl through one of the ventilators at the top of the car. We see the porter blacking boots with unconcern, and so modify our plans, at the same time making up our mind to return by slow freight. In such a crisis there is always some remorseful experience to flash its image on the mind. I think generally of an occurrence in a church many years ago. Sitting with bowed head in a pew to which I had been ushered, I saw a silver "quarter" on the floor, and unobtrusively picked it up. A collection was already announced for ministerial relief. The offerings were taken in a deep opaque bag with a long handle. In feverish haste I made change for the quarter, and dropped into the bag, with all possible clatter, five pennies, reserving the balance toward another fund in which I was then interested, for the purchase of a pickerel pole. The amount involved was trifling; but the circumstances of the affair — taking place in a church, and I the guest of a confiding stranger — the worth of the cause

appealing to me — all tend to bring it to the surface when the conscience is jolted into action.

The palace car has yet another mood, — when it has slain the past and has bound its victims to the stake of the present, and lies in wait to assassinate the future. In tracing the devious paths of summer travel, it adapts itself to the leisurely habits of little country branches. When you hurry home in response to a telegram that the hands in your factory are on a strike, the train stops and stays at North Buttermilk. Everything before North Buttermilk is effaced. Between it and all which would come after in natural order a great gulf is fixed. Several ladies are going home. The other boarders are down to see them off. There is, as you note with surprise, a man in the party. He is aged and infirm, but has not lost the fire of youth. With old-time courtesy he insists on seeing the ladies to their seats, tottering in with their bags and bundles. They urge him to hurry out, but he has entered on certain courtly messages and will not be shut off. Even when the train moves, he starts with attempted indifference, turning back and trying to finish his talk. At last he pushes in anxious haste to the door. The ladies crane their heads out with worried exclamations. Strangers rush to the windows. The old gentleman strikes the platform with a mild shaking up, and recovers in time to wave a triumphant adieu. The train runs on beyond a switch, pauses reflectively, wheezes back, and makes arrangements to take the greater part of a freight train from a siding. While the arrangements are in progress, the friends who came to speed the parting guests gather again about the windows with assumed gayety. All the good-byes have been said and parting messages delivered. There are long and uneasy pauses. At length the train really starts, with gay puffings and brisk ringing of the bell.

"Now we're off. Good by! Don't forget."

"Good by! God bless you!"

With wavering gait out they go beyond the switch. Then they back down on another siding, leave the freight cars, puff out again and back to the first siding to take on two cattle-cars and a caboose.

There is one person less at ease than the friends who are parting in this cumulative fashion. That is a man who learned beforehand that we were going to stop fifteen minutes at North Buttermilk. While the train is backing and filling and bumping and thumping, he is exercising before the gentlemen's looking-glass, trying to shave.

Nowadays the palace car goes everywhere. You may find it waiting in aristocratic repose in a rough mining camp at the head of a wild canyon. You may see it in piny woods down south, creeping over some rickety trestle built years ago for light, low-ceiled, small-windowed cars and funny little engines with big smoke-stacks. You may climb up the "North Carliny" mountains, stopping for breath at stations with long lines of gaping mountaineers, every one with both hands, and nothing else, in his pockets; passing narrow cabins with tall outdoor chimneys. Perhaps it may be after one of the unusual snow-storms so usual down there, and every bough and twig of the forests, far down the deep, winding valleys, and far up the steep ravines, glitters white with dainty frost-work as you look on them from the palace car.

From the toy snow of Carolina hills you may ride to Dakota plains, where, for once, a little outer air gets into the car, as the mercury drops from the figure which means nothing down to figures which mean a great deal; when the polar blast hurls the fine, fierce snow in blinding masses straight against the train, and you feel it halt and reel, till at every drift its progress is more slow and labored, and passengers gather in anxious groups.

As for him who would see summer and winter, cosmos and chaos, side by side, in one quarter-section, let him come from California in June by the Central Pacific. To climb the western slope of the Sierra Nevada is to be taken blindfold from commonplace levels to strange heights. Toward the divide twenty miles of snow-sheds, like a close tunnel, cut off the outlook — only now and then a glimpse between the narrow spaces of

the wall of planks to assure the traveller that the scenery is what it is cracked up to be. In the pass crossing the broad, broken summit, the train makes a stop, where a gap in the snow-sheds allows an open view. How blessed to step out and feel the tingle of the mountain breath, and see what it is to which we have been lifted a mile and a half into the sky! Towering away north and south are gray, gloomy domes of ancient granite — the spine of the Sierras, the exposed vertebræ, bleached and petrified, of a forgotten world. Up their scarred sides are deep ridges of icy snow. Between the peaks are sunny, sheltered valleys. From the car window stretches away a fresh, green meadow, bright with life — the busy, bowed heads of feeding cattle, the hop and twitter of birds, and the hum of insects. At the other side, not far away from a long bank of sullen snow, rises, sharp and bleak and awful, the beetling pile of rock.

The palace car appreciates the varied scenery sweeping by its windows, and would not have it slighted. There is no danger of sleeping over. It is the porter's rule to finish early the duties of the morning; and a berth which wears into the day the drawn curtains of the night soon becomes conspicuous, suggesting illness, — presumably of a contagious type.

The upper berth in the sleeping-car has one advantage. A person whose centre of gravity is not too far forward can sit on the edge of the berth and lace up his shoes without being trodden on by the procession of passers-by. It is no light matter to be seated on the lower berth, distracted by a cramp in the toes, at the moment when the stout and near-sighted lady who occupied the berth above is in the act of making her descent.

We are indebted to the ladies for a valuable plan of supplementing the accommodations of the berths. You have noticed a vast, tent-like obstruction formed by closed curtains bulging clear across the aisle. A lady is dressing in the passageway under cover of the curtains. The duration of the blockade will depend on the number of the small buttons which her maid is engaged in adjusting at the back of the gown. In sharing the use of public conveniences, the altruism of "horrid men" for once stands out in conspicuous relief. The need for respecting the rights of others in the orderly despatch of business develops in most men a mechanical consideration of their fellows. But see the woman who is first to get possession of the lavatory at the women's end of the car. She hastens thither with a full change of raiment, manicure set, bath towel, perfumery, bay rum, bandoline, powder puff, fancy work, poodle, confectionery, novel, light lunch, and game of solitaire. While a dozen other women shiver in dishevelled distress, she proceeds, with unconscious serenity and gentle dignity, to give a careful shampoo to herself and poodle.

As the time comes for leaving the domain of the porter, he performs another rite symbolic of his control of our persons. He appears with his whisk broom. It is all right that he should take our outer wraps to the buffet and dust them there, for we are no longer dependent on the buffet; and one can bear a gentle brushing at any time and place. But the exhausted traveller shrinks from being raked and battered with a besom of bristles, when he knows that he must submit to the same indignity on reaching his hotel, and again when he is shown his room, and once more when he has had his shave, and anew when his boots are blacked, — the act in each case performed with an intensity meant to impress upon him the fact that the actors are not adequately paid by their responsible employers.

The doings of porters, however, — who for the most part have good intentions, — are seldom so trying as those of the being who haunts the train under the misleading guise of "newsboy." It is sad to see a substantial citizen painfully holding his knee in a constrained position to keep a grimy package of fossil caramels from dropping to the floor, or stooping conscientiously to pick it up. You shake your head at this dispenser of drugs; you tell him you will none of his stuff. It matters not; his system of accounts requires that he make every

passenger a depositary of his abominations, and with haughty unconcern he plunges them into your lap.

Out in the open air, we look back on the palace car with calm retrospection. We admire those perfected, vestibuled trains, with their roomy, well-appointed staterooms, dining-cars and reading-rooms, and we hope their essential features will come into common use and be within the reach of common people. But we wish that the architect of the original model had given less attention to heavy, protuberant mouldings and polished, funereal panels, and more attention to holes, — holes through which to siphon out carbonic acid gas or to dilute the same with air; we believe this would diminish blood poisoning and all pulmonary disorders. We believe that if less expense were lavished on bevelled mirrors and germ-generating carpets and irritating chunks of onyx, the cars would have no less of light and grace and comfort, and the porter might have more legitimate pay.

---

# SOME HALF-FORGOTTEN NEW ENGLAND SONGS.

*By Mary Barrows.*

"THOUGH a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of wisdom . . . yet a trowl, written by a tosspot several hundred years since was a matter worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole colleges by the ears. Nor is it such exquisite authors as Moore that are doomed to consume the oil of future antiquaries. Many a poor scribbler who is now apparently sent to oblivion by pastry cooks and cheesemongers, will rise again in fragments and flourish in learned immortality."

So wrote Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall." While it is true that the average New Englander is quite willing to leave to the colleges the researches concerning the songs of his ancestors, still there is hardly a person of New England parentage who has not stored in the dark corners of his mind some fragments of songs heard in days long gone by. Some chance allusion starts the train of reminiscences, and we are back in childhood, in the kitchen, perhaps, and we hear again the snatches of song from the busy mother, or on the grandfather's knee as, singing with more spirit than expression, he trots the eagerly listening child to some martial air. There is an almost endless variety of these pictures, and they follow closely on the memories of tales that were told us. I remember so well one particular ache that came to my youthful breast on hearing —

> "Where are you going, young pig, young pig?
> I'm going to the butcher's, I've grown so big;"

and the same thrill of misery was reproduced later when my mother sang of the "watcher" whose night was long and fearful. Too proud to show my deep emotion, I would crawl away to some sheltered spot, and on the shoulders of my faithful cat drop large tears at the inevitable woes of life.

In those days we did not often question the style or sentiment of the song. If it was a bit out of character with parental dignity or with the standard of morals to which we were amenable, we were told that it was something heard from some great uncle or aunt whose name always carried with it a mysterious suggestion of wicked worldliness. And so as we grew older we learned something of our (presumably) more Puritanic ancestors, which we had hardly imagined possible. I often think of the poor fly in amber. He little thought that his momentary indiscretion would bring him into the clutches of the person who points a moral at everybody. But there he is. The amber dropped away into darkness for a time, but the ruthless hand found it and bore it to the light. And so

it is with these old ballads which are handed down from generation to generation, a witness to the humor or sentimental tendencies of the singer as well as of the author. Never should we have thought from the daguerreotypes of our ancestors that behind those prim and stern masks of faces was concealed a spirit which enjoyed "Bonny Hodge" or "The Presbyterian Cat."

From the nature of the case, any one's contribution to the general collection of such songs must be heterogeneous. The immortality into which the accompanying ditties have come is anything but learned, the writer's object being not to give a historical disquisition on old ballads, but to present a few songs which are somewhat rare. One was made popular by the Hutchinson Family; another carries with it a breath from the furrows of merrie old England; and the rest come somewhere between in time and location. The first is called "A Trip to Cape Ann," and appeals especially to a child, it is so grotesque, — a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in its transformations.

"So we hunted and we hallooed,
And the first thing we did find
Was a barn in the meadow,
And that we left behind.
Look a' there, look a' there,
Look a' there, boys, look ye there.

"One said it was a barn;
The other said 'Nay;'
He said it was a meeting-house
With the steeple blown away.
Look a' there, etc.

"So we hunted and we hallooed,
And the next thing we did find
Was a frog in the mill pond,
And that we left behind.
Look a' there, etc.

"One said it was a frog;
The other said 'Nay;'
He said it was a canary bird
With the feathers washed away.
Look a' there, etc.

"So we hunted and we hallooed,
And the next thing we did find
Was the lighthouse at Cape Ann,
And that we left behind.
Look a' there, etc.

"One said it was a lighthouse;
The other said 'Nay;'
He said it was a sugar loaf
With the paper blown away.
Look a' there, etc.

"So we hunted and we hallooed,
And the next thing we did find
Was the moon in her element,
And that we left behind.
Look a' there, etc.

"One said it was the moon;
The other said 'Nay;'
He said it was a Yankee cheese
With one half cut away.
Look a' there, etc.

"So we hunted and we hallooed,
And the last thing we did find
Was an owl in the ivy-bush,
And that we left behind.
Look a' there, etc.

"One said it was an owl;
The other said 'Nay;'
He said it was the Evil One,
So we all three ran away.
Look a' there," etc.

The last stanza had a fearful charm in my early days.

A song associated with this, doubtless because of the owl's prominence, was one which can be found in that rare old book, "The Masonic Minstrel." * To-day it would be called a nonsense song; but to some convivial Mason it may have held a deeper meaning concerning nocturnal orgies.

"Of all the brave birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree;
For all day long she sits in her tree,
And when night comes, away flies she.
Te-whit, te-whoo, to whom drink'st thou?
Sir knave, to thee.

"This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave who drinketh now.
Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee such a jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves
And they gave me this jolly red nose."

Can it be that my stately-looking grandmother once sang this defiant bit of coquetry? —

"I am a young maiden forsaken,
But I've a contented mind;
I am a young maiden forsaken,
But I may find another as kind.
I may find another as kind, sir,
For this I'd have you to know,
I never was so unprovided for
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

* Another of the songs, "By the side of a murmuring stream," should be credited to the same source, but never having seen the book, the verbal accuracy of the quotations cannot be vouched for by the writer of the article. The airs given further on have never before been written out, so far as I can learn, and as the work has been done by one unfamiliar with such matters, it should not be judged too critically from a musical standpoint.

"I do not say but I loved him,
But I never was so blind
As to think that he had not an equal
Among the rest of mankind;
Among the rest of mankind, sir,
For this I'd have you to know,
I never was so unprovided for
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

"I do not say but he had once
The greater share of my heart,
And if he'd been true-hearted
I never intended to part.
But since he's altered his mind of late,
Why then, I say, let him go,
For I never was so unprovided for
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

"Young maidens of every station,
Oh, be of a contented mind.
Remember that men are deceitful
And wavering as the wind.
Every face creates a new fancy—
Ah, this by sad experience I know.
To live happy and free take pattern by me,
And have two or three strings to your bow."

Next comes a mild forerunner of the cumulative song with its enumeration of detail in which the youth of to-day delights, and from which we all have suffered so much.

"By the side of a murmuring stream,
As an elderly gentleman sat,
On the top of his head was a wig,
On the top of his wig was a hat.

"The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As this elderly gentleman sat,
And it bore from his head in a trice
And plunged in the river his hat.

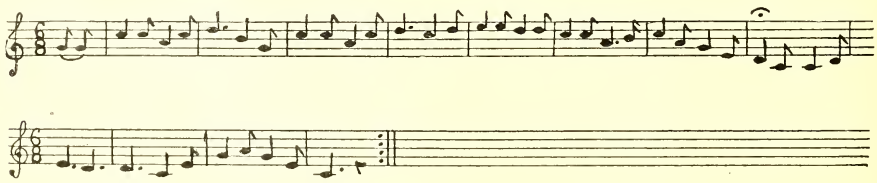
"The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
And he lost in the river his wig
In attempting to get out his hat.

"His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat,
And he flung in the river his cane
To swim with his wig and his hat.

"Cool reflection at length came across,
As this elderly gentleman sat,
And he thought he would follow the stream
In search of his wig, cane and hat.

"His head being thicker than common,
Overbalanced the rest of his fat,
And in plumped this son of a woman
To follow his wig, cane and hat."

Another of much the same type is an old drinking and card song. Sixty years ago a little girl in whose family cards were anathema heard it sung, and she carried it in her memory for years before she knew what the allusions meant—a proof of the fascination for children of the songs of their elders.



"The Jack will take the ten, and the ten will take the nine;
So we are all good company in drinking of good wine.
So here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you, my jovial soul;
Here's to you with all my heart, and with you I'll drink a quart;
And with you I'll spend a penny or two before that we do part.
So here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you, my jovial soul.

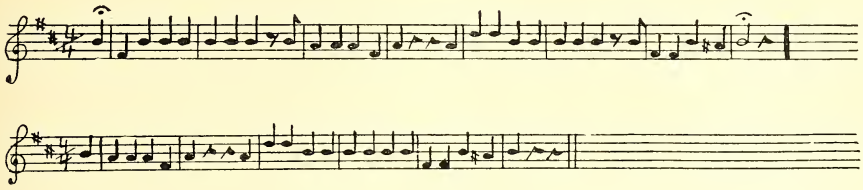
"The nine will take the eight, and the eight will take the seven;
So we are all good company, we'll drink until eleven, etc.

"The seven will take the six, and the six will take the five;
So we are all good company, we'll drink while we're alive, etc.

"The five will take the four, and the four will take the trey;
So we are all good company, we'll drink till break of day, etc.

"The deuce will take the ace, and the ace will take them all;
So we are all good company, we'll drink until next fall.
So here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you, my jovial soul;
Here's to you with all my heart, and with you I'll drink a quart;
And with you I'll spend a penny or two before that we do part.
So here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you, my jovial soul."

A true gem is "The Presbyterian Cat," written at a time when the blue laws brought the denomination named into high disfavor with the worldly. The dirge-like music always gave a shock to youthful sensibilities, and the grewsome tragedy concealed any confusion of the deacon and the cat as hanging on the apple tree. For years the satire of the piece was lost in sympathy for the cat.



"There was a Presbyterian cat,
As I have heard them say;
She caught a mouse about the house,
All on the Sabbath day;
All on the Sabbath day
She caught a mouse about the house, —
All on the Sabbath day.

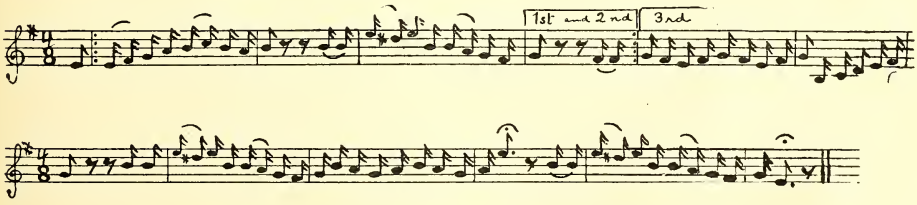
"'Now, puss, you naughty trollope,
How can you treat us so?
Do you intend that wife and I
Shall to destruction go?

"'Now since it is the Sabbath morn,
One day you shall remain;
But when next Monday morning comes,
You certain shall be slain.'

"So when next Monday morning came,
Poor pussy she was slain;
And hanging on an apple tree,
The deacon sot the Psalm.

"Now all you wicked hunting crew,
Lament poor pussy's fate;
Repent of all your evil deeds
Afore it is too late."

Last and perhaps best is "The Ballad of Bonny Hodge." It anticipates Stockton's lady-or-tiger methods, and leaves us to this day dependent on our faith in the universality of human characteristics for an assurance of Bonny Hodge's course of action.




"As Doll sat a-milking her cow,
Bonny Hodge he by chance came that way;
He left both his cart and his plow,
Her beauty so led him astray.
With rapture he leaped o'er the stile,
And said he never saw a maid so pretty, very pretty.
'I must kiss you,' he said with a smile.
But the nymph she replied, 'I won't let you,
I won't let you, I won't let you,'
But the nymph she replied, 'I won't let you.'

"The swain then replied with a frown,
'What harm is in kissing, I pray?
If you search the wide world all around,
You find it is done night and day.
The monarch who sits on his throne,
He kisses his queen all so pretty, very pretty.'
'That is true,' Doll replied, 'I own.'
'Then why did you say, "I won't let you," etc.
Then why did you say, "I won't let you"?'

"The cow then perceived in a trice
That Doll had neglected her call;
And thinking 'twas Cupid's advice,
Kicked over milk-pail, Doll, stool and all.
'If these be your tricks,' then cried Hodge,
'I'll away to my Betty, bonny Betty.'
'Curse the cow,' Doll replied in a rage,
'Come back, Bonny Hodge, and I'll let you,'" etc.

# THE CAPITAL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*By Frances M. Abbott.*

CONCORD is the ancient Penacook. The original occupants of the soil were the Pennakook or Penacook Indians. From this tribe the plantation took its first name. Penacook means *the crooked place*, the name suggested by the many twists and turns with which the Merrimack enfolds the fertile intervales at this point. The old Indian word is now limited to two places in town, Ward 1, a thriving suburb about five miles north of the city proper, and the beautiful lake back of Rattlesnake or Granite Hill, from which the city takes its water supply.

The traces of occupation by the Indians have nearly all vanished from Concord, and there are but two memorials of them which would be noticed by a stranger. One is the stone statue commemorating Mrs. Dustin's famous exploit in 1697, and the other is the plain granite shaft which marks the scene of the Bradley Massacre in 1746. Dustin's Island is situated at the junction of the Contoocook and Merrimack Rivers, near the village of Penacook, in the north part of Concord.

Every schoolboy has heard of the raid on Haverhill, Massachusetts, by the Indians March 15, 1697, — how Mr. Dustin fled to save the seven eldest children, how the house was burned, the week-old baby killed before its mother's eyes, and Mrs. Dustin and her nurse, Mary Neff, were taken captive and forced to march on foot a hundred miles through the winter wilderness till they reached Penacook. The party encamped for several days at Dustin's Island, as we call it now. In the middle of the night Mrs. Dustin arose, and with the help of Mary Neff and Samuel Lannardson, a captive boy from Worcester, Massachusetts, scalped ten Indians. They then made their way back by canoe down the river to Haverhill. On April 21 Mrs. Dustin appeared before the General Court of Massachusetts with her scalps, her tomahawks and the Indians' gun, and received a reward of fifty pounds. Her fame spread throughout the colonies, and the governor of Maryland sent her a present. Some years ago a stone statue of Mrs. Dustin was erected on the island. The sculpture is as bad as any in the large cities.

The Bradley Massacre, August 11, 1746, is more directly connected with the history of Concord. It occurred during the terrible French and Indian wars, and about twenty years after the settlement of the town. All the inhabitants had betaken themselves to the seven garrison houses. The Indians had come down from Canada and had ravaged Keene, Number Four (Charlestown) and other settlements in the state. The Concord massacre happened on Monday. It is said that the Indians were planning an attack on the Sabbath. They ambushed in an alder thicket near the log meeting-house, but when they saw the families walking into church, every man carrying his gun, they thought it prudent to withdraw. On Monday morning a party of men on horseback started for Hopkinton to get their corn ground. When about a mile and a half west of Concord (on the present well-travelled road to S. Paul's school) they were attacked by Indians hidden in the woods. Five of the eight men, Lieutenant Jonathan Bradley, Samuel Bradley, Obadiah Peters, John Bean and John Lufkin, were shot, stripped and horribly mutilated. It is supposed there were fifty or sixty Indians. Lieutenant Bradley first saw them; he cried out, "Lord, have mercy on me! Fight!" There are many men now living whose grandfathers heard the alarm gun sound from Parson Walker's wooden fort, and afterward saw

the mangled bodies brought into town in an ox-cart. The monument was erected in 1837 by Hon. Richard Bradley, grandson of Samuel Bradley. Richard's son, Moses Hazen Bradley, now occupies the old homestead.

It seems strange that the beautiful valley of the Merrimack did not earlier attract permanent settlers. The southeastern part of New Hampshire was for a long time under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and from 1659 to 1714 various petitions were made by people from Newbury, Salem and Chelmsford for grants of land where Concord now is; but "Pennecooke" was "soe furre remote" that settlers did not dare to move there, and the grants were forfeited.

On January 17, 1725–26 (the year then began in March), Massachusetts made a grant of the permanent township, seven miles square. Some of the conditions were that the land be allotted into one hundred and three equal shares; that one hundred persons or families be admitted as proprietors (the remaining three lots were for the meeting-house, the first settled minister, and the "use of the school forever"); and that each settler pay five pounds, and build a good house for his family within three years. The settlers were also to pay all expenses of cutting a road through the wilderness, and of laying out the lots by surveyors and chainmen.

On February 2, 1725–26, the committee of the General Court met at the house of Mr. Ebenezer Eastman in Haverhill, Massachusetts, for the purpose of admitting settlers.

Meanwhile Governor John Wentworth had taken alarm. In a message to the General Assembly of New Hampshire, held at Portsmouth April 11, 1726, he says: "The Massachusetts are daily encroaching on us. A late instance we have in voting a Township should be erected and settled at Pennycook, which will certainly be in the very bowels of this Province, and which will take in the most valuable part of our Lands."

The governor did not intend to part with the "bowels of this Province" without a struggle; and on May 20, 1727, a grant was made by New Hampshire for the township of Bow, which covered like a blanket the greater part of Penacook, Suncook and a portion of Hopkinton. If the grantees of Bow had been as earnest to settle as were the proprietors of Penacook, there might have been war on the spot; as it was, long and vexatious complications ensued.

Meanwhile, in 1733, Penacook plantation was changed by Massachusetts into an incorporated town known as Rumford, a name probably taken from some English parish. In 1737 the king determined the boundary line between the two states, so that Rumford became a part of New Hampshire. It was now a house divided against itself, for the township of Bow was chiefly owned by the civil authorities of New Hampshire. During the year 1774 the controversy was finally settled in favor of Rumford, but not until the Rev. Timothy Walker had made three journeys to England and, by means of his counsel, Sir William Murray, afterward Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, had laid the matter before the king. The name Concord was given to the town in reference to the unity and harmony of action that had distinguished the inhabitants of Penacook or Rumford in the defence of their rights.

The first settler of Concord is conceded to have been the proprietor, Ebenezer Eastman of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who brought his family here in 1727. Before they left their Massachusetts homes the proprietors agreed to build a block house "forty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth" to serve as a garrison and a meeting-house. This was put up in 1727; it had no windows, only portholes. In 1736 Edward Abbott, was "impowred to repair & fit up the Seats in the Meeting House, and make a Door to the Pulpit, and put up the Windows." It is doubtful if there were any pews unless constructed by individual owners.

There were several ministers among the proprietors, though none of them became permanent settlers. The records show that two of these, Rev. Bezaleel Toppan and Rev. Enoch Coffin, both of Newbury, were employed to preach at the plantation. But the inhabitants of "penny Cook" soon resolved to have a permanent

minister, and on November 18, 1730, Rev. Timothy Walker of Woburn, Massachusetts, was ordained and settled over church and town.

We now come to the history of the Old North Church, which in some respects is without a parallel in the country. During its existence of one hundred and sixty-five years it has had but five ministers, including the present pastor, Rev. F. D. Ayer, D. D. There have been four houses of worship, the first being the log meeting-house, which was used for twenty-four years. The second church building, in which preaching was held for ninety years, is the one in which the historic events to be noted occurred. This house was the scene of a notable episode in the birth of our nation, for here was held the convention which, on June 21, 1788, ratified the federal Constitution. The consent of nine states was needed, and as New Hampshire was the ninth state, her action on that day set the wheels of government in motion.

The Old North Church was the assembling place of the early state constitutional conventions and of the first legislature held in Concord. For nearly fifty years, beginning in 1784, when the venerable Meshech Weare was inaugurated President of the state, election sermons were preached here. Like all the old-time Puritan meeting-houses, this building was used for whatever civil or political gatherings involved the welfare of the people. A famous murder trial took place here in 1834; and in 1845 there occurred here a memorable debate between John P. Hale, the first anti-slavery United States senator, and General Franklin Pierce.

This old meeting-house was built in 1751. The timbers were of the best white oak, — and it is said that the "raising" took three days. As originally built, the meeting-house was sixty feet long, forty-six feet wide, and two stories high. The seats were rough benches, arranged on either side of the broad aisle; the men sat on one side, and the women on the other. After the Revolutionary War the meeting-house was enlarged and greatly improved, becoming a fine specimen of the church architecture of that period. A seven-angled projection of thirty feet was built out on the south or front side; east and west porches, a gallery and a steeple were added; and the inside was finished with square box pews, whose seats were hung on hinges. The people stood in prayer, and the seats used to fall with a clatter when the Amen came. There were fifty windows, each having forty panes of glass. The pulpit was twelve feet high, with the usual sounding-board overhead. In front was the deacons' seat, and the seat for aged men, occupied by deaf patriarchs in woollen caps. The singers' seats were in the gallery, and there also was the "nigger" pew. The church when finished was the largest in the state, and would seat twelve hundred people, eight hundred on the floor and four hundred in the gallery.

In 1802 a bell was hung in the steeple. The bell was ordered to be rung three times on week days, at seven, twelve and nine o'clock, besides the usual ringing for the Sunday services. The ringing of this bell and the care of the meeting-house were let out to the lowest bidder.

The custom of drinking was universal in those days. Mr. Woodbridge Odlin, an authority on the subject, says that any person at that time "would as soon have thought of getting his hay-crop secured without the aid of scythes and rakes as without the aid of New England rum. Four glasses per day was considered moderate drinking, and from that an indefinite number was indulged in. I know of only one adult male in town but who drank more or less, and as it sickened him when he took rum into his stomach, he was excused by his fellow-citizens."

The horse-block beside the meeting-house is worthy of note. It was an unusually large, symmetrical stone, nearly twenty-two feet in circumference, and was purchased, it is said, by the housewives of the parish, each of whom contributed a pound of butter in payment. In the old days, when women rode to church on pillions, the horse-block was an important adjunct to the meeting-house. The young people usually walked, and many of them went barefooted or with coarse shoes, carrying their stockings and their better shoes in their hands. There

was a pine tree near the Bradley mansion and a willow tree on the shore of Horseshoe Pond, where the youths and maidens used to stop to change their footgear before going into meeting.

As late as Dr. McFarland's pastorate, in the first quarter of this century, there were no sidewalks in town, and it was the good doctor's custom every year at the beginning of sleighing to give out this notice from the pulpit: "Persons who drive sleighs will please keep to the right and let those who are afoot have the middle of the road." It was during Dr. McFarland's ministry, in the year 1821, that the first heating apparatus, a box stove, was introduced into the old meeting-house. Many people objected to the innovation, preferring to freeze after the heroic manner of their ancestors.

Many notable events have happened in the Old North Church, but the scene which I like best to picture to my mind occurred just before the battle of Bennington. It was in the memorable year 1777. When the news of Burgoyne's expedition reached New Hampshire, an extra session of the General Assembly was immediately called at Exeter. Colonel Gordon Hutchins was representative from Concord. General John Stark, like Achilles sulking in his tent, had retired to his farm in Derryfield, now Manchester, having taken affront because he had been superseded in the continental service. It was on this occasion that John Langdon uttered those telling words: —

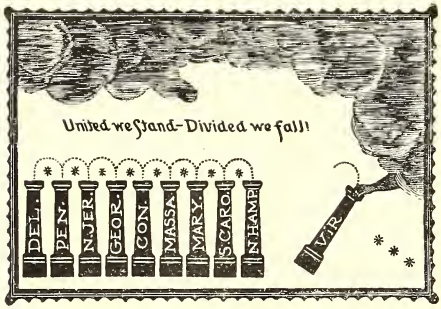
"I have £3000 in money and fifty hogsheads of rum, and I will pawn my house and plate for all they are worth if General Stark will take command of the New Hampshire troops to cut off Burgoyne. If we gain our independence, I shall be repaid; if not, it matters not what becomes of my property."

I cannot do better than to give the rest in the words of Dr. Bouton's "History of Concord:" "As soon as it was decided to raise volunteer companies and place them under command of General Stark, Colonel Hutchins mounted his horse, and, travelling all night with all possible haste, reached Concord on Sabbath afternoon. Dismounting at the meeting-house door, he walked up the aisle of the church while Mr. Walker was preaching. Mr. Walker paused in his sermon and said, 'Colonel Hutchins, are you the bearer of any message?' 'Yes,' replied the colonel. 'General Burgoyne with his army is on his march to Albany. General Stark has offered to take command of New Hampshire men, and if we all turn out we can cut off Burgoyne's march.' Whereupon Rev. Mr. Walker said, 'My hearers, those of you who are willing to go better leave at once.' At which word all the men in the meeting-house rose and went out. Many immediately enlisted. The whole night was spent in preparation, and a company was ready to march the next day. Phinehas Virgin said, 'I can't go, for I have no shoes,' to which Samuel Thompson, a shoemaker, replied, 'Don't be troubled about that, for you shall have a pair before morning.'"

It is to be regretted that we have not a fuller record of the most notable gathering ever held in the Old North Church, the momentous convention which ratified the Constitution in 1788. The convention had been called at Exeter in February; but the Federalists were so afraid that adoption could not be secured that they caused the adjournment of the convention to Concord the following June, hoping meanwhile to effect a change of sentiment. The convention assembled at the Old North Meeting-House on June 18. There were over a hundred delegates, among them Captain Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel. John Sullivan of Durham, John Langdon of Portsmouth, and Judge Livermore, who lived like a feudal lord on his estate at Plymouth, were among the leaders for adoption. Joshua Atherton of Amherst headed the opposition. There were two strong reasons why many delegates were unwilling to accept the Constitution; one, because it countenanced slavery, and the other, because the people had suffered so much from the provincial governors that they feared to delegate any power to a central authority. Joshua Atherton made a powerful speech against slavery, and especially against the importation of slaves from Africa, which the Constitution would continue until 1808.

The momentous vote was taken on

Saturday, June 21, at one o'clock in the afternoon. There is a pretty well-authenticated tradition that Judge Walker, fearing that adoption would not be secured, entertained some of the opposing members at dinner, and entertained them so well that they did not return till after the vote was taken. However this may be, the count stood, Yeas fifty-seven, Nays forty-seven,—and the United States was a fact. Mounted couriers




PILLARS OF STATE.
FROM THE NEW HAMPSHIRE "GAZETTE" OF JUNE 26, 1788.

were waiting outside the meeting-house to carry the news post haste to Poughkeepsie, where the New York convention was in session, and to Richmond, where Virginia was debating the question. The horseman reached Poughkeepsie in three days (on June 24), but the news did not get to Virginia till after the twenty-sixth, on which day that state, making the tenth, came into the Union.

The news of New Hampshire's action caused the greatest joy. The word got to Portsmouth Sunday morning, and later in the week they had a great celebration there, as they did also at Salem, Massachusetts. At Portsmouth they had a procession in which all trades and crafts were represented. In the evening the old State House was illumined with nine candles in every window, and a grand reception was given there. All the weekly papers published accounts of the event, and many of them came out with emblematic pictures of the nine pillars of state like the one here given.

The Old North Meeting-House continued to serve church and state alike till 1842. Some time before this the minister ceased to be supported by the town. This permitted the establishment of other denominations. The growth of population had also caused the old church to send out three colonies, the one at West Concord* in 1833, the South Church (now the largest in the city) in 1837, and the church at East Concord in 1842. The old meeting-house had become too large and old-fashioned for the changed congregation, and moreover it was left far from the centre of the growing town. In 1842 the original society put up its third house of worship farther south. This was destroyed by fire in 1873, whereupon the present brick building was erected on the same site, at a cost of over fifty thousand dollars, and dedicated March 1, 1876.

The old meeting-house became the property of the Methodist Biblical Institute, and its interior was made over into class-rooms for students. In 1866 the institute was moved to Boston, and became the theological school of Boston University. From that time the old meeting-house fell into evil ways, until it was a relief to those who remembered its ancient glory to see it translated by fire November 28, 1870. The beautiful site of the old church, a great triangle of green turf shaded by giant elms, is now the location of the Walker school, a fine brick building, in whose front is a tablet commemorative of past times.

The ministers of this honored church have filled an important place in town and state. Their pastorates have been as follows: Rev. Timothy Walker, November 18, 1730; died September 1, 1782,—pastorate, fifty-two years. Rev. Israel Evans, July 1, 1789; dismissed July 1, 1797,—pastorate, eight years. Rev. Asa McFarland, D. D., March 7, 1798; dismissed March 23, 1825,—pastorate, twenty-seven years. Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., March 23, 1825; dismissed September 12, 1867,—pastorate, forty-two years. Rev. Franklin D. Ayer, D. D., September 12, 1867,—pastorate, twenty-seven years to date. It will be seen that the North Church, on an average, installs three pastors a century.

* The Penacook church is an offshoot of the one at West Concord.

Rev. Timothy Walker, the first minister, exercised a dominating influence over the early town. Born in Woburn, Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard in 1725, he was called to the log meeting-house in the wilderness at a yearly salary of about $130.67 in our money. He was also allowed the same amount to build a parsonage. He had the best gun in the parish, which stood in the pulpit beside him during the French and Indian wars. The Walker parsonage, the most interesting house in town, was built in 1733–34, and is the oldest two-story dwelling between Haverhill, Massachusetts, and the Canada line. On Mr. Walker's death this house descended to his son, Judge Timothy Walker. It is now occupied by the original owner's great-grandson, Hon. Joseph B. Walker. Parson Walker's daughter Sarah married Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford.*

The second minister, Rev. Israel Evans, had the only short pastorate of the North Church. During most of the Revolution he served in the army, part of the time as chaplain of the New Hampshire Brigade. He left a large portion of his property to Dartmouth College to found the Evans professorship of oratory.

Dr. McFarland was the last minister settled over the town; in 1819, six years before the installation of his successor, the Toleration Act was passed. The ordination of Mr. McFarland was a matter of great interest. People came from twenty miles around, and near the meeting-house were erected stands for the

THE STATE HOUSE.

* For a sketch of this famous man and for the Rumford portraits, which hang in the Walker house, the reader is referred to the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, December, 1893.

THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.

sale of refreshments and spirituous liquors. It was like "'Lection Day." The council marched from town-house to church accompanied by a band of music; and "to crown the solemnity of the occasion, there was a splendid ball in the evening at Stickney's celebrated tavern."

Dr. Bouton was the last minister called to preach in the Old North Church. During his pastorate the church's colonies went forth. He was prominent in all educational and reform movements. His monumental work is the "History of Concord," published in 1856, one of the most comprehensive and entertaining of town histories, rich in the fruit of years of research among old documents, traditions and memorials of the early settlers.

Before passing from ancient to modern times, there are a few statements that may be of interest. As the town is built on a river, a ferry was one of the first necessities of the proprietors of Pennecooke. Rattlesnakes used to be one of the chief productions of this region. In 1726, before the proprietors left Massachusetts, they agreed and voted that three pence per tail for every rattlesnake's tail be paid by the intending settlers. After the proprietors arrived on the spot they probably found the snakes more formidable than they expected; for in 1733 rattlesnakes had doubled in price, fetching sixpence per tail. At this time twenty shillings were offered for a wolf's head, and a penny for a blackbird's. The snake crop continued to increase in value, and at the town meeting in 1740 it was voted that "Twelve Pence be paid for each Rattlesnake's Tail brought to One or more of the Select Men." The snakes were legislated upon nearly every year till the time of the Revolution.

Another question which always came before town meeting was, whether the

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

hogs should be allowed to run at large or be shut up. Their liberty was not finally annulled till 1810. Before this they could go "yoked and rung," but after this year they were absolutely forbidden to perambulate Main Street. The hog is the best known exterminator of the rattlesnake, though this fact may have had nothing to do with giving the swine free range.

In 1777 a regulating act was passed by the General Court, which empowered a committee to fix the price of articles of common need. The committee from Concord made a long list. Among the

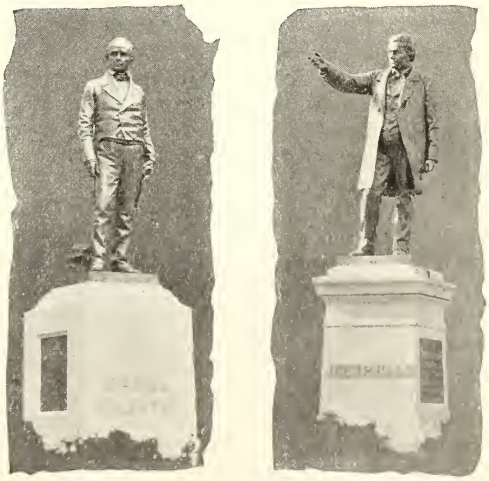
IN WHITE PARK.

items are, "Beef, grass fed, 3*d.* per lb.; Beef, stall fed, 4*d.* per lb.; Flip and Toddy, made of N. E. rum, 1*s.* per mug; Stockings, good yarn, per pair, 7*s.*" The most interesting apportionment and that best worth giving here as illustrating the time, is, "Farming labor, men, 3*s.* 6*d.* per *day;* Woman's common labor, 2*s.* 6*d.* per *week.*"

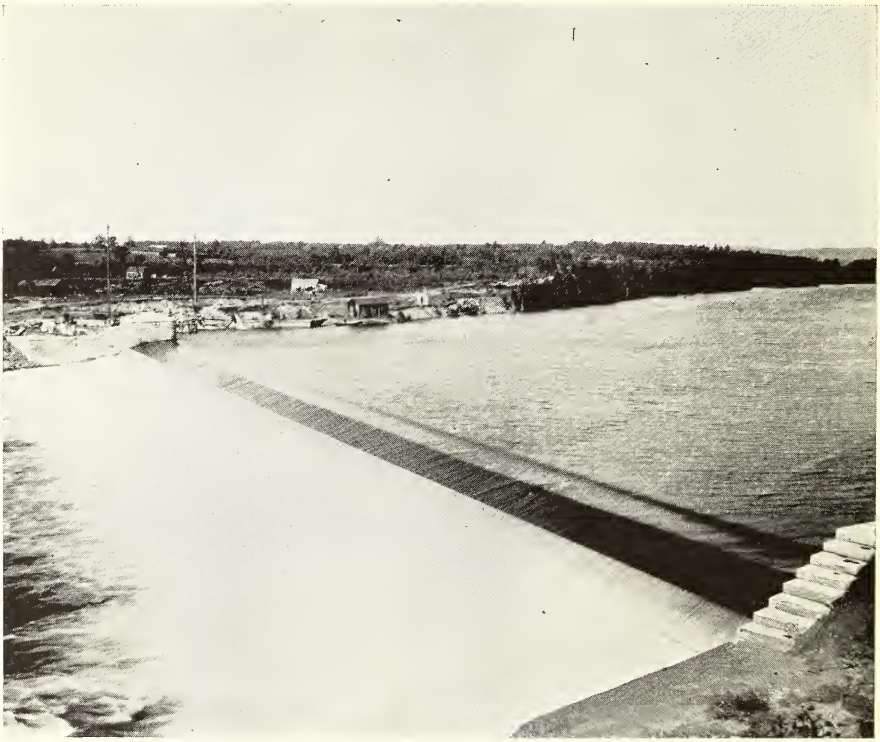
In 1791 four postal routes were established in New Hampshire. The first postmaster at Concord was Mr. George Hough. His compensation was "two pence to be advanced on the postage of every private letter." "Postage on all private letters six pence for every forty miles."

The men of Concord have always borne an honorable part in the wars for the defence of their country. Captain Ebenezer Eastman commanded a company at the siege of Louisburg. In 1755 his son, Captain Joseph Eastman, commanded a company against Crown Point. Amos Eastman was carried into Indian captivity with (General) John Stark in 1752. Many men of Rumford belonged to Rogers's Rangers, and suffered incredible hardships. At Bunker Hill, in (Colonel) John Stark's regiment, were three companies from Concord under the command of Captain Gordon Hutchins, Captain Joshua Abbott and Captain Aaron Kinsman. It is said that in the battle Captain Abbott's company was stationed on the extreme left without even the slight protection afforded by the rail fence or heaps of hay.

There are many historic houses in town. The Countess of Rumford mansion, now the Rolfe and Rumford Home for Orphan Girls, and the Walker parsonage



WEBSTER AND HALE STATUES.
IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE.



SEWALL'S FALLS.

are described and illustrated in the Rumford article already mentioned. The house of Colonel William A. Kent, one of the leading men of Concord, who maintained throughout his life a lavish and refined hospitality, is worthy of note. In this mansion Lafayette was entertained when he visited Concord in 1825. Daniel Webster was a frequent and intimate guest here; and in the north parlor Ralph Waldo Emerson married his first wife, Ellen Tucker, the step-daughter of Colonel Kent. The house, which now stands on South Spring Street, having been moved from its original location on Pleasant Street, retains much of its old-time elegance in carved cornice and panelling. It is now the home of Mr. W. A. Stone of the First National Bank.

Franklin Pierce lived in several houses in Concord while he was practising law here. After his term at the White House he returned to Concord and built the fine mansion on South Main Street now occupied by Colonel Joseph Wentworth. Here he spent the later years of his life, and here he died October 8, 1869. All of our older residents have pleasant recollections of him, and he was distinguished for his unfailing courtesy to high and low. His wife was the daughter of President Appleton of Bowdoin College. The early death of their two sons, one of whom was killed in a railroad accident just two months before the inauguration of his father, was a crushing bereavement, and during the remainder of her life Mrs. Pierce went but little into society.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, like Count Rumford and Ralph Waldo Emerson, married his first wife in Concord. Mr. Morse came to Concord about 1818, and established himself as a portrait painter. Many of his pictures painted here are now in existence, among them fine likenesses of Dr. McFarland and his wife. Mr. Morse, even at that time, had begun to display inventive ability, for there is a record that the town purchased

a new fire engine in 1818 which was one of his recent inventions. At a party at the house of Hon. Samuel Sparhawk, secretary of state, Mr. Morse met Miss Lucretia P. Walker, great-grand-daughter of the first minister, whom he afterward married.

The city of Concord is built on a side hill on the west side of the Merrimack. Main Street, the original thoroughfare of Pennecooke, is a noble elm-shaded highway, one hundred feet wide. From Main Street the city slopes westward to what used to be called Prospect Hill and the Whale's Back. The ridge of the hill, or the

STATE LIBRARY.

FOWLER LIBRARY.

West End, is comparatively modern, and many of the best residences in the city are rising there.

Concord is noted for its fine drives. The electric cars interfere more or less with driving on the principal streets, here as everywhere; but outside of the town the roads are beautiful. Bridges cross the river in the direction of Canterbury, Loudon and Pembroke. The favorite ten-mile drive is around the hills which enclose Long Pond or Penacook Lake. Mountain views are to be had at every open space. To the northwest lies Kearsarge, like a blue lion couchant, flanked on the right by Ragged Mountain's broken line and the "wave-like top of Cardigan." To the southwest one beholds the long, scalloped ridge of Crotched Mountain in Francestown, with the pale blue pyramids of Monadnock and Pack Monadnock. From hills looking toward the south one sees the twin domes of the Uncanoonucks, and toward the north the similar range of the Belknaps. The plateau on the top of Rattlesnake Hill, seven hundred feet high, commands the whole circle of the horizon. There, in addition to the mountains mentioned, can be seen mighty Moosilauke, "heaving like a whale about to dive," the sharp triangle of Lafayette, and the tops of the noble Sandwich range. Mount Washington is not visible from any part of the township of Concord, being cut off by intervening hills. A good view of this monarch of New England, however, can be had from

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Oak Hill in Loudon, seven miles to the eastward.

Concord has many fine public buildings. The State House, built of Concord granite, was completed in 1819. It was enlarged and much improved in 1864–66. It is a handsome building for its period, and contains many objects of interest. The hall is lined with cases containing our state battle-flags. The collections of pictures are notable, many of them dating from colonial times.

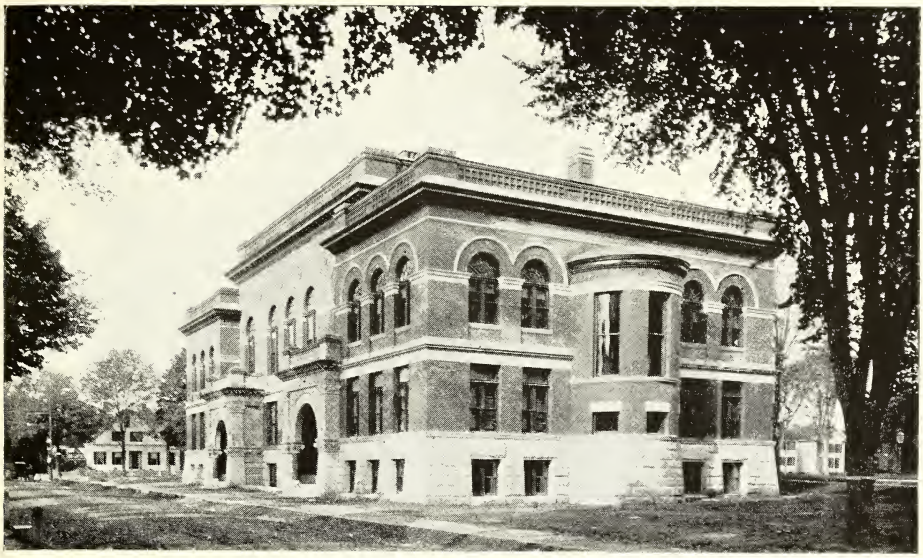
MARGARET PILLSBURY HOSPITAL.

In the park in front of the State House are three bronze statues, two of which are fine specimens of sculpture. The central figure is Webster, by Thomas Ball. It was presented by Benjamin Pierce Cheney of Boston in 1886. The unveiling was the occasion of a great celebration with a banquet, at which more than three hundred of the alumni of Dartmouth, Webster's College, participated. At the right is a statue of John P. Hale, by Ferdinand von Miller of Munich. It was presented by Hale's son-in-law, Senator William E. Chandler, in 1892. The figure of General Stark on the left is the result of a competitive contest, with judgment by state officials. The sculptor has depicted not the New Hampshire yeoman who fought bears and Indians, who immortalized the state at Bunker Hill and Bennington, but rather a French marquis. It will be gratifying to the friends of Franklin Pierce to know that a movement is now on foot to procure a bronze statue of the only President from New Hampshire.

The approach to the State House park is under a noble granite arch, erected in 1892 to the memory of our soldiers and sailors who died in defence of their country. In the square in the rear of the State House is the gem of the city, the Government building, containing the post office, a structure of rough hammered granite, which is not surpassed in architectural beauty by any building of its size in the country.

On Park Street, on the north side of the State House, is the new state li-

THE RAILROAD STATION.



THE HIGH SCHOOL.

brary, dedicated at the beginning of the present year. The exterior is of pink Conway granite. The interior is sumptuous. The floors are of mosaic, and the wainscoting and lofty mantelpieces are of the costliest Italian and other marbles. Iron, steel, marble, stone and cement are the only materials used in the building, except for the doors and window casings, which are of oak. Besides the library proper, there is a spacious room for the Supreme Court, with ample antechambers. The cost of the building was about $300,000.

Other notable buildings adjoin the State House. Among them are the new Episcopal diocesan residence, now the home of Bishop Niles, a man beloved by all without regard to sect, the new High School building, a fine structure, the new Unitarian church and the Episcopal, Baptist, Universalist and Baker Memorial (Methodist) churches. The city library also belongs in this neighborhood. It is housed in the Fowler library building, presented in 1888 by William P. and Clara M. Fowler of Boston, in memory of their parents, Judge and Mrs. Asa Fowler. St. Mary's school for girls occupies the Judge Fowler mansion on South Main Street.

Concord is rich in libraries, the third being that of the New Hampshire Historical Society, which occupies the ancient brick building once the North End Bank. This library is a museum of old books, papers, portraits, Indian curiosities and old-time relics of every sort.

Concord is the home of one of the most important boys' schools in America, S. Paul's, whose famous rector, Dr. H. A. Coit, a man of marvellous influence, died, universally mourned, a few months ago. S. Paul's is situated two miles west of the city proper. There are about three hundred students in the school, coming from prominent families in every part of the country. To describe the numerous buildings and to recount the history of the school would require a separate article. The chapel, just built, is a magnificent structure, said to contain the finest oak carving in America. The beautiful reredos was presented by the Vanderbilts.

Concord has two state institutions, the Asylum for the Insane, whose numerous buildings are located in a beautiful park on Pleasant Street, and the state prison, situated on the road to West Concord. It has also two fine buildings devoted to benevolent purposes, the Home for the Aged, started in the centennial year, and the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital,

presented by George A. Pillsbury, a former mayor of Concord, now engaged in flour milling at Minneapolis.

There are now thirteen church buildings in Concord proper, representing eight denominations. In the suburbs, Penacook has five religious societies, East Concord has two, West Concord, one. Including the chapel connected with S. Paul's school, there are twenty-two organized churches, nearly all with church buildings, within the township of Concord. None of these, except the Old North, came into existence till the present century.

THE BRADLEY HOMESTEAD.

The Quakers appeared even before the Act of Toleration was passed. They began to hold meetings in 1805. By 1840, however, so many of the Friends had gone from town that the meeting was dissolved. Worship according to the Episcopal form was begun in 1817; but for many years this church had no settled home. Its first church building was dedicated in 1840. The present church was built about twenty years later. The Baptists were the first people outside of the Old North to put up a church building. The church was organized in 1818, and their house of worship was dedicated in 1825, being now the oldest in town. The Unitarians formed a society in 1827, and dedicated their first church in 1829. The first pastor was Rev. Moses G. Thomas, who had married a daughter of Colonel Kent. Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose wife was Mrs. Thomas's stepsister, assisted at the ordination. This society has twice lost its buildings by fire. The present beautiful church was built in 1890.

RESIDENCE OF HON. B. A. KIMBALL.

The Methodists began to have occasional preaching as early as 1816, but their house of worship was not built till 1830. Some years ago the society divided, and the new organization established the Baker Memorial Church, named in honor of Bishop Baker, for many years a resident of Concord. The South Congregational Church was organized in 1836 by the dismission of sixty-seven members from the Old North. Its present church building is the largest in town. The Universalist society was organized in 1842. The present building is called the White Memorial Church. The Free-Will Baptist Church, now called the Curtis Memorial, was organized in 1844; and the Pleasant Street Baptist Church,

formed from the First Baptist, dedicated their house of worship in 1854. The Advent Society dates from 1843. About forty years ago the Roman Catholic service was established in Concord, and there is now a large church and parish. A French Catholic Church has recently been built.

The inhabitants of Concord have always taken a lively interest in the support of schools. Just after settling the minister, at an adjourned town meeting, March 31, 1731, the proprietors voted that ten pounds be levied for instructing the children in reading, and that the school be kept in two of the most convenient parts of the town. In 1822 the committee reported that about one thousand children and youth, or one third of the whole population of the town, attended school during the winter. Dr. Bouton says that the little children who went only in summer must have increased this number to nearly one half of the whole population, an extraordinary proportion. The number of pupils enrolled in our public schools at the present time is about two thousand, which is about one ninth or one tenth of our present population. The graded system was adopted in 1857, and the first class was graduated from the High School in 1860.

IN A GRANITE QUARRY, RATTLESNAKE HILL.

Concord became a city in 1853, having at that time about ten thousand inhabitants. It has now a population of eighteen thousand, the population of Boston in 1790. There are a few notable manufactories. The Abbot-Downing Car-

THE LOWER SCHOOL — S. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

riage Company, founded in 1813, built all the old Rocky Mountain coaches, and has sent its wagons to every part of the globe. The Durgin silverware establishment's products are sold by Tiffany and other large houses throughout the country. The Page Belting Company, the Porter shoe factory and the Holden woollen mills at West Concord and Penacook are all well known in the industrial world.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

There is a fine water power at Sewall's Falls, four miles north of the city. An expensive and thoroughly constructed dam was finished last year, and an electric plant has been put in, which furnishes light and power for the city. This work will probably be greatly developed in the future. It may be worth remarking that Sewall's Falls takes its name from old Judge Sewall of Salem, who was granted a farm of five hundred acres hereabout in Governor Endicott's day. His farm afterward became the property of the Penacook proprietors.

Concord granite is famous the world over. Its quarrying has been a prominent industry for the last half century. This granite was chosen as the material for the new Congressional Library building in Washington. The stone is chiefly taken from Rattlesnake Hill, which is almost one solid ledge of rock.

During the Civil War Concord was the general recruiting station for the state. The First, Third, Fifth, Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments encamped on the old fair ground on the Pine Plains, a mile east of the city. The state militia now holds its annual June muster there. Within a few days after President Lincoln's call for troops Captain E. E. Sturtevant, a police officer of Concord, recruited Company A of the First Regiment. The muster rolls of the city are

COLONEL KENT HOUSE.

not complete till after August, 1862; but from that time till the close of the war Concord furnished nearly one thousand men to the service. About thirty thousand men went from the state. There were eighteen regiments besides cavalry and sharp-shooters.

Perhaps Concord's most valuable contribution to the Civil War was Miss Harriet P. Dame, an army nurse whose record is without a parallel. For four years and eight months, from April, 1861, to Christmas, 1865, Miss Dame cared for the soldiers, most of the time as field nurse for the Second New Hampshire Volunteers. She endured all the privations of the soldiers, marched and camped with them, being oftentimes the only woman among a thousand men. She has nursed her "boys" through small-pox, she has worked all night on the field caring for the wounded, and she has buried the dead. In her eighty-first year she is still at her post in the Treasury Department at Washington, where she has been for the last quarter of a century. A woman absolutely free from self-seeking, she has earned the gratitude of all who know her, and she cares little for any other reward.

Concord is pre-eminently a city of homes. It has few very rich people, and

THE SOLDIERS' ARCH.

SOUTH (CONG'L) CHURCH.
UNITARIAN CHURCH.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
NORTH (CONG'L) CHURCH.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

PLEASANT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.
ST. JOHN'S (R. C.) CHURCH.
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

almost no poor people. The substantial citizens have saved or earned their money in a slow, careful manner, and the town is comparatively free from the baleful influences of suddenly acquired wealth. Although intellectually active, the town is conservative in habit. The old residents retain the noon dinner hour, and most adult households are served by one domestic. The social life has always been prominent and interesting. From its position as the capital, Concord has drawn to itself whatever is influential in the state. Most of the permanent state officials reside in town, and many of the governors, United States senators, Supreme Court judges and others connected with the local or the national government have had their homes here.

The old-time 'Lection in June used to be a great day. The coming of the legislature was anticipated for months, and all the parties were given at that season. The legislature now holds a biennial session, beginning in January of the odd years. 'Lection as a festivity or circus parade is a thing of the past; but, thanks to the wealth and liberality of recent governors, entertainments are not lacking during the session. New Hampshire is probably the only state in the Union where the governor comes to the capital, engages the chief hotel, and gives a reception with music, flowers and supper. It is a free and public entertainment. Invitations are put in the papers, and people come from all

parts of the state, from Coös to the sea. Ladies in full evening dress are jostled by newsboys in sweaters. While the leading society people are predominant and the general effect is brilliant, no one feels himself excluded by reason of race, clothes, or "previous condition of servitude."

The social customs of the town have undergone various changes from those of frontier life to those of a compact city. Probably the oldest resident can hardly remember when women took their work and their babies and went out to spend the afternoon; but many can recall the time when society began to keep late hours, and heads of families used to grumble at having to get into their "Sunday clothes" when they wanted to go to bed. But the tea-parties even of a generation ago are a thing of the past. Afternoon teas, with their three or four hundred invitations, clear off general obligations, in Concord as in Boston, while whist parties, musicales, lunches and dinners offer more intimate hospitality. Clubs, chiefly "of the female sect," are omnipresent, — most of them of a literary order. Perhaps the most distinctive are the eight permanent Shakespeare clubs, which have a Shakespeare room dedicated and set apart for their special use in the Fowler Library building.

MAIN STREET, NORTH END.

The benevolent organizations are numerous. The city feels special pride in the Concord Female Charitable Society, instituted in 1812 by Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, the wife of the third minister of Concord. Probably few societies in the country under woman's control have a longer record than this.

Many distinguished people have had their homes in Concord. Governor Isaac Hill, for many years the most influential Democrat in the state, an intimate friend of Andrew Jackson, lived and died here. The Websters, Ezekiel and Daniel, were much associated with Concord. Ezekiel Webster died in the Concord court room, April 10, 1829, while addressing the jury; and his widow now lives here at the age of more than ninety years. Other widely known people still among us are Parker Pillsbury, one of the last of the anti-slavery apostles, who resides with his son-in-law, Mayor P. B. Cogswell, and Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, who has a beautiful home on the S. Paul's road.

Truly things have changed in the century and a half. The Merrimack, "untamed by years, forever free," still pursues its devious way across the intervales. Sugar Ball, that beautiful hollow in the east bank where the bloody fight between the Mohawks and Penacooks occurred years before the white man came, now commands a view of a beautiful and prosperous city, a city which Rev. John Barnard never could have dreamed of when he preached Parson Walker's ordination sermon in 1730 and exhorted the "people always to live in love and peace — to rejoice and strengthen the hands of their minister by their *Concord*."

FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

# IN THE ORCHARD.

*By Herbert Randall.*

ALL the rosy air is dimpled
Through the smiling orchard trees,
And a rapturous incense floating
Wooes the downy honey-bees
As they wing the tinsel sunshine
Into just a slumbrous haze,
Heeding not the flying petals;
For the honeysuckle days
Follow closely after May-time.
So they whir, and drone, and tilt
In each blossom, till its sweetness
Into yesterday is spilt.
Like the flowers of love we cherish,
O, alas! how soon they fade!
And we wait another springtime
To enchant the saddened shade.

# A FAMOUS VERMONT EDITOR OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*By Mason A. Green.*

REV. SAMUEL WILLIAMS, LL. D., the courtly and learned pastor of the Congregational church in Rutland, Vermont, announced in his Thanksgiving sermon, December 4, 1794, his intention of withdrawing from active work in the ministry. He had been the first minister of the church. Rutland itself was less than twenty years old. Vermont had been but three years one of the states of the Union; but the little frontier commonwealth was a heroic post and a patriotic hope rather than a tower of strength in the political world. The contentions with New York over land titles, its exposed position in times of war, its physical features, which promised more to the artist and trapper than to the farmer, all had conspired to attract a hardy, adventurous, freedom-loving population. There was great need after the Revolution of the preacher and the teacher. The college-bred men of the state could be counted upon the fingers of the two hands. Ethan Allen could capture Ticonderoga, but he could not spell it.

Dr. Williams had been a college professor, and his reputation was not confined to the New World. The University of Edinburgh had given him the degree of LL. D., and he was a member of learned societies abroad.

His decision to withdraw from active work in the ministry filled the good people of the East Parish with consternation. It was a period of religious and political confusion. The temperament which multiplied Tories just before the Revolution produced after the war a kind of partisan who was destined to become a reproach to federalism. The more radical elements rushed to the other extreme and laid the foundation of the Jeffersonian democracy. With a hot-tempered crowd calling for less religion and less government, and a conservative class violently demanding more religion and more government, the whole tone of public opinion declined, and if we can trust contemporary writers, morals were in a sad way also.

At such a crisis the retirement from the pulpit of one of the most conspicuous clergymen of the state was an event of no ordinary moment. Dr. Williams was a Federalist; Rutland County was a republican, or, in modern phrase, democratic stronghold. Dr. Williams's reasons for withdrawal, moreover, bordered very closely upon the sensational. His congregation was small, his church unwarmed, the loose doors admitting drift snow half way down the aisle, and the words of the doctor in small clothes must have fallen with startling force from the pulpit. For six years and more he had preached without adding more than one person to the church membership, and that one his own wife. As to the spiritual condition of his flock and of the community he was very frank. In his Thanksgiving sermon he said: —

"Adverse appearances and events are to be regarded with humiliation and repentance. While we seem to be crowned with prosperity and success in our temporal and civil affairs, everything in our religious concerns seems to bear a contrary appearance and it is with much difficulty that the very form and appearance of religion can be kept up. Every attempt to spread among the people of this state the principles of civil liberty, of historical or scientific knowledge, seems to be received, much to their honor, with their greatest approbation and encouragement. But when the attempt is made to explain and confirm the great principles of natural and revealed religion, scarcely anybody will attend to it or regard it. I had flattered myself that when greater degrees of improvement and refinement should

be introduced among us there would be more decorum, regularity and decency in our religious assemblies and appearances. But I cannot discern any appearances of the kind. A minister for a considerable part of the time must preach almost to the bare walls, and see one part of public worship laid aside as if it depended upon the fancy or humor of the moment. In such things I find such discouragements that I cannot see a prospect of being very useful in an office treated with so much neglect and inattention. And though I do not mean to make any sudden resolutions, I have it in contemplation, when I have fulfilled my engagements with you, not to pursue a calling in which no good can be done unless the people will attend."

A Rutland minister of a later day, writing of this period, complained of "French infidelity," which he said "had seized the educated and influential classes in this region, and the consequences were plainly manifested in East Rutland."

It thus appears that Dr. Williams's resignation came at the very beginning of an era of religious and political disintegration. The doctor's son, Charles K. Williams, afterward governor of Vermont, once remarked of the period covering the last years of the last century and the beginning of the present, that he hazarded nothing in saying that "there was not a lawyer from Middlebury to Bennington who was a professor of religion or was willing to be known as personally a friend to Christianity; that their offices in this village were open on the Sabbath as on other days; that multitudes of people from this and the adjoining towns on that day frequented the taverns in Rutland, in the porticos and about the premises of which were groups of such persons as rum and infidelity brought together, vying with each other in blasphemy and ridicule of the few who passed by on their way to and from the house of God."

The minister who succeeded Dr. Williams in the Rutland pulpit left this record: —

"The place was in a broken state. Deism prevailed among many of its most public characters. Among those who inquired there was a division of sentiment, and a great part were deep in ignorance and error and sunk in sin. The institutions and ordinances of the gospel were regarded by only here and there one. Deplorable instances were exhibited of the prevalence of vice."

THE DR. WILLIAMS HOUSE, RUTLAND, VERMONT.

In effect Dr. Williams's conclusion was this: Things are in a demoralizing state in Rutland. I have tried preaching without success; I now propose to edit a paper.

Accordingly, with the aid of his first deacon, a man of means, he started the Rutland *Herald* four days after his Thanksgiving sermon; and this paper is

still published, having celebrated its hundredth birthday in the last December.

Samuel Williams furnishes an exception to every newspaper rule of that day. A majority of the early editors were practical printers, and often made up their editorials at the case with composing-stick in hand. Dr. Williams could not tell a composing-stick from a card-case. Most editors of the day spoke the Yankee dialect and wrecked their grammar in heated discussions. Dr. Williams's style was academic and faultless, his political declarations cautious and diplomatic, his reasoning philosophical and profound. The average editor of a village paper made his paper express the sentiments of the majority of the community to which he appealed for support. Dr. Williams spread a gentle garb of almost timid federalism before a community given to bitter political vituperations and personal abuse. And yet with all these antitheses in conditions, he put a vitality into an enterprise which developed eventually into an institution.

It is interesting to note Dr. Williams's antecedents. His father was Rev. Warham Williams of Waltham, Massachusetts, son of the famous Rev. John Williams who was captured with his family at Deerfield in 1704 and subsequently wrote the thrilling narrative, "The Redeemed Captive." Dr. Williams was also a descendant of Richard Mather, the progenitor of the great New England Mather family. He was a native of Waltham, having been born April 23, 1743, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1761. He was a hard student, and developed a special aptitude for science, for mathematics in particular. He took several prizes during his college course, and as a mark of favor was invited to accompany Professor Winthrop to Newfoundland in 1761, to witness the transit of Venus, and consequently was not present at the commencement exercises of that year, the year of his graduation.

On an old commencement programme now in the possession of Samuel Williams of Philadelphia, are seen curious notes in the doctor's handwriting. He had upon his graduation picked out six men of his class whom he judged "to be the most advantageous men to the commonwealth of any in the class, but not to be in the most honorable stations therein."

The first was Edward Wigglesworth, who was described by Williams as "a very good scholar, an agreeable companion, generous and friendly." Wigglesworth made a good military record as colonel in the Revolutionary War.

The second in Williams's list of notable members of his class was Jonathan Jackson, whom he describes as being of "a generous and free disposition, a very good genius and scholar, a lover of virtue in theory and practice." Jackson proved a very useful public servant. He was a member of the Provincial Congress of 1775, served in both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, and became state treasurer, as well as treasurer of Harvard College.

The third in the list was Samuel West, "an extraordinary genius and scholar, entertaining and improving, affecting much to be a gentleman."

The fourth was John Marsh, "a very good genius and scholar, a hard student, a moral disposition, very religious."

The fifth man was Sewall. There were three Sewalls in his class, and from Dr. Williams's notes one would infer that Stephen Sewall was meant. He is described as "an indifferent genius, a very hard student, a good scholar, very religious." Stephen Sewall was for twenty years Hancock professor of Hebrew at Harvard, and was the author of several college text-books.

The last in the list was Benjamin Caryl, "an extraordinary genius, a good scholar and companion."

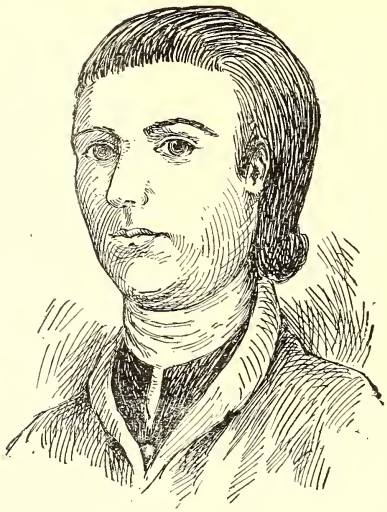
Williams was settled over the Congregational church at Bradford in December, 1765, and remained in that service until 1780. Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford, studied philosophy under him during the early part of this period; and several students took divinity courses with him.

In 1780 Williams was chosen Hollis professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Harvard, he being the third holder of that position. His lectures at Harvard attracted much attention; at one time not only students and

professors but also state officials and prominent citizens sat in his audiences.

In William Clogston's collection at Springfield, Massachusetts, is this note in Williams's handwriting: —

"I should think I had done much service to philosophy if I could represent it in as easy and familiar a manner as to introduce it into private conversation, engage the public attention and make it agreeable to the good sense and taste of the ladies in America."



SAMUEL WILLIAMS, LL. D.

FROM A MINIATURE.

Dr. Williams left Harvard rather unexpectedly. He was somewhat involved in debt, and removed to Vermont to mend his fortunes. After engaging to preach to the East Parish Church in Rutland, he took great interest in a project to found a state university, and he was an important factor in the struggle which ended in the founding of the university at Burlington. It was while preaching for the Rutland people and waiting for the development of the scheme for the university that he made his second sudden break and announced that he had concluded to retire from the active ministry.

It was in the second week in December, 1794, that the doctor issued the first number of the Rutland *Herald*. The paper was the regulation "pot-size," four-paged sheet of that day, and differed from other papers of its class mainly in its purer English and lack of bitter personalities.

Two pestiferous democrats, Colonel Matthew Lyon of Fair Haven and Anthony Haswell of Bennington, lived within easy range of Rutland. Both had made unsuccessful attempts to start papers in Rutland, and both lost no time, after the doctor started the *Herald*, in training their guns upon the Harvard professor. Williams was soon in hot water, for at an unguarded moment he permitted both of his antagonists, who by the way were fighting each other, to write personal communications to the *Herald*. Haswell and Lyon then attacked Williams through their own papers, and evidently enjoyed their success in drawing the doctor's fire. The *Herald* was forced to say: —

"In the *Vermont Gazette* of November 13 Mr. Haswell has printed and published an account of a conversation which he says took place between Dr. Williams and a gentleman of Bennington County. In whatever vein Mr. Haswell wrote or published that account, he labors under one serious difficulty. Every line of it is absolutely false. No such conversation ever took place between Dr. Williams and any person whatsoever, nor has the piece relating to Citizen Haswell and Negro Citizen Prince, asserted by said Haswell to have been published in the Rutland *Herald*, ever been printed in the *Herald*."

Similar attention Dr. Williams was compelled to pay Colonel Lyon. "We cannot but feel sorry," his sharp paragraph concluded, "when a candidate for Congress will dishonor himself by such little dirty tricks."

The *Herald's* rule of conduct had been thus laid down in the first number: —

"In political matters we shall be ready to publish any pieces which may be of use to communicate information, or can be considered as relating to the public; but on no occasion will we condescend to publish anything in the *Herald* of an immoral nature or tendency, or become the retailers of scandalous anecdotes or the dupes of electioneering politicians."

It is easier, however, to frame a precept than to follow it; and in the state of society and politics of that period it was not to be expected that Dr. Williams could keep his paper free from all entanglements. All things considered, the conduct of the first years of the paper under trying circumstances gave it a vitality which marked it for a long career. Williams gave a professional rather than a trade character to his work, subordinated partisan zeal to a patriotic purpose,

and thus founded a medium of news and opinion which did much to turn southern Vermont in the direction of Whig and republican principles.

Lyon and Matthews eventually ran foul of the alien and sedition laws; one served a term in Vergennes jail, and the other was locked up at Bennington. Both were welcomed on their liberation with firing of cannon, fireworks and other demonstrations of triumph. To Dr. Williams such scenes were demoralizing expressions of political vulgarity. He took newspaper work and politics very seriously. No judge on the bench could have been more scrupulous in his judgments.

The first important public issue that demanded Dr. Williams's attention was the Jay treaty with Great Britain, which the Democrats in Congress were obstructing by a refusal to appropriate funds for its execution. Political passion rose so high that the dissolution of the Union was openly discussed. Williams did not appear to be disturbed, and his editorials, few and short as they were, must have had a quieting effect upon his readers. In May, 1796, the *Herald* said: —

"The intelligence that comes from every quarter denotes an uncommon agitation of the public mind by the late measures of the federal representatives. In several papers there are strong intimations that it will soon be necessary to dissolve the federal union and not be embarrassed any longer with the debts and negroes of the southern states. Calm and prudent councils are certainly best in the present emergency. And it cannot be too often inculcated upon the citizens that their duty and safety requires that they pay a steady regard to civil and moral considerations in every movement they make. If it was ever necessary to look out for calm, prudent and judicious men for federal representatives, now is the time to think seriously of the business; a few hot, rash and party men in Congress, and the federal union will most probably be rent asunder from one end of the country to the other. Ye respectable body of American citizens, look out at your next election for men who have never sided with the rashness of parties and who have the spirit of wisdom and conciliation to correct the mischief which they have done, to avert the evils of war and preserve the union of your country."

Dr. Williams was a man of notable address and dignified bearing. John A. Graham, in a brochure on Vermont published in London in 1797, says of him: "He is the most enlightened man in the state in every branch of philosophy and polite learning. . . . Added to which he is a most excellent orator, and always speaks in a manner best adapted to the understanding and capacity of those whom he addresses. In politeness, ease and elegance of manners Dr. Williams is not inferior to the most polished European gentleman."

One cannot but admire the stalwart quality in a man of Williams's stamp, which held him to the difficult and obscure task of conducting at such a time and under such conditions a country newspaper. He saw the possibilities of the public press, and he devoted his energies and talents to turning that power into high, patriotic channels. In a little, one-story wooden building, ill-lighted and uncomfortable, he edited his paper, read the proof, took advertisements and subscriptions, receiving in pay corn, butter, pearl ashes, and, in fact, almost any marketable produce. At the same time he edited a periodical called the *Rural Magazine*. He published a history of Vermont shortly after starting the *Herald*. A short history of the American Revolution, which he wrote for the *Rural Magazine*, was subsequently printed separately, and for many years used as a child's reader in the schools of New England. His histories, like his newspaper work, were impartial and reliable.

Dr. Williams sold the *Herald* in 1805, and was for a time a lecturer at the state university in Burlington. Upon his return to Rutland he lived on Main Street in a house still standing, one of the oldest in the place. In those days it contained an enormous chimney with three fireplaces. Here in honorable retirement he lived with his family about him. A ready conversationalist, and learned beyond those about him, we can imagine him tapping his snuff-box before his fireplace in his old age, entertaining or instructing his friends, and using his influence for the elevation of the state of his adoption.

# GRANTHER'S SET-KITTLE.

*By Keziah Shelton.*

"SO Mary's gone, eh? Well she's worked just like her mother, and gone like her, you say, — just sat down and died, that was all!"

Yes, that was all, except that Mary died younger. Somehow the children of Granther Hobson's wife all died young. Somehow, our rude forefathers' descendants drop off in the forties and sixties. If ever sentiment dominated Granther Hobson's practicality, it was when he yielded to grandma's desire to make her kitchen more presentable than in his mother's day for its double duty of kitchen and dining-room. The dawn of farmhouse refinement in his household hurt him; but he yielded, against the remonstrance of his New England scruples, and at her earnest request removed the "set-kittle" from its old place near the cooking-stove to a shed kitchen which grandma and her invalid grandson had improvised out of a portion of the adjoining woodshed.

Granther's family consisted of a regular hired man, an occasional extra hand or two, an invalid grandson sent out from the city to recuperate, and grandma. Granther agreed with the neighbors that grandma had earned these leisurely last years of life. That this was grandma's last Monday on earth, was very far from his thoughts as with his usual kindness he built the wash-fire early under the big kettle where grandma boiled her clothes on Mondays and cooked potatoes and bran-mash for the pigs on other days as needed. But he looked regretfully at the kettle, and muttered: "It never oughter be'n moved."

As he trotted back and forth to the water hogshead outside the door and brought in pailful after pailful of rain-water to fill the kettle, he said argumentatively: "I tell you it was a mistake. It saved my mother lots o' steps. She could be cooking for the hogs and us at the same time. I hope she don't worry up there about Mirandy's high notions. Mother never minded eatin' dinner in the same room where hog-mash was a-b'ilin'. I hope she don't know; 'twould plague her dretfully. Mirandy's be'n a good wife, but she don't know how to save herself steps. I'm sorry I humored her about the set-kittle."

Dear old granther! He was good. It was not every house-father that drew the wash-water and helped empty it, — if he happened round. Younger women with growing children looked over to granther's enviously, for grandma had reached that Elysian period they hoped to find some day, "when we shall not have to work early and late with one foot on the cradle."

Even grandma, tired as she was, appreciated that with increasing years it was a mercy that she had less to do, and a greater mercy that there were now no little hands to put things out of order. Save on the company days and the weeks when granther had "extra hands," grandma had only four persons to cook, wash, iron, make and mend for, said the neighbors. "After having 'done' for a family of ten for twenty-five years, it must seem like playing house."

Granther kept fewer cows nowadays, so grandma made only butter, no cheese; he also kept only pigs enough to "clean up the orts and skim-milk and eat the small potatoes."

While granther built the fire and got the water heating, and then helped the hired man finish the chores at the barn, grandma had fried johnny-cakes, warmed over in some sausage and ham drippings the potatoes left yesterday, heated up some of yesterday's cold chicken in its gravy, boiled a tin potful of coffee highly sweetened with molasses, "het" a mince pie, and laid the table for four, — and having made her own bed between-whiles,

was now ready to blow the tin horn for breakfast. She had learned the New England slavery well; she never "lost a minute" resting. Imagine grandma hiring a cook and a chambermaid to do far less than she accomplished daily with one pair of hands!

Grandma never stood idly by the cooking-stove waiting for her services to be needed. In eighteen-forty housekeepers made the odd moments count. While cakes or potatoes were browning and getting ready to be turned and browned on the other side, tables were laid, corners brushed up, and the kitchen made fully tidy. When all that was liable to burn was safe and covered on the hearth or the back part of the stove to keep warm, there would generally be a delay; the boiling potatoes would need five minutes more to grow mealy at the heart, or the biscuits would not be quite the right tinge of brownness. "Mother's room" in those days always opened out of the kitchen; and here would be her opportunity to make her own bed and feel that by so doing no special time was lost. A lost moment in those days was of no small moment. The between-whiles were always improved. The common hand-basin in the kitchen sink saved labor in the bedroom care.

Granther sadly missed the old set-kettle as he seated himself at the table this Monday morning. He noticed how tired grandma looked, though her day's work was not fairly begun. To quote his own words: "Mother, you look tired as a dog, and ye ain't got a rag o' clothes into the tubs yet. I wish't I never'd moved that set-kittle; it would saved you half your work; it's the extra steps that are tellin' on ye."

Grandma denied this; but she ate hurriedly and waited on granther and the hired man first, so they could get back to their work. She paid little attention to the well-loved grandson; he being too ill to work out of doors, his time was of no account, and he could wait upon himself.

Having eaten as much as she felt she could spare time for, she moved the battered tin coffee-pot where granther could reach it easily, and without an "Excuse me" rushed away to the many things to be done which awaited her.

Granther's sensitiveness had never had time for cultivation. He had never heard that among respectable people marriage could be a "failure;" therefore when grandma rushed from the table or the room he had never questioned her manners nor her love for him. If any one had suggested to him that grandma did not love him as she might have loved another, granther would either have "shet him up" or knocked him down, — probably both.

Blessed old times! If they were hard times, their busy hours hindered such questionings as the devil now whispers in idle ears.

Grandma had got two more beds to make upstairs; then she would sort the clothes and put them into the tubs to soak in warm suds and soften the dirt. They could soak while she skimmed the milk, washed the pans and pails, cleared the breakfast-table, washed the dishes, and brushed up the crumbs from the floor, which she had swept while cooking breakfast. Having risen by "sun-up," half past eight saw all these minor duties done; and grandma was up to her elbows in the suds, vigorously rubbing up and down the fluted wash-board granther's begrimed shirt sleeves or the hired man's denim jumper or overalls. Zinc rubbing-boards and patent soap powders were unknown then, and many a splinter did grandma find in her tender fingers of a Monday afternoon. Grandma's fingers were not tender in the way her descendants know; but, oh, the pink tinge and the painful tenderness of hands that had been for hours in a suds made from home-made soft soap, and then in the open air pinning dozens of pieces on to the line! Let us hope that a period of rest was granted ere the labors of heaven began.

Of one thing we may be sure, — that these now long-rested grandmas look down from heaven with pleasure that their grand-daughters do not have to take a tub of water out to empty at the roots of *his* favorite tree. Some men very kindly furnished a small tub for the women folks to handle; others were not

so thoughtful. As washing day comes once a week, no wonder the lilac bushes throve, and the descendants' backs yet ache.

Grandma saw neighbor Trim's wife drawing wash-water at the well, and said to herself, "I never have to do that, nor get up in the morning to build my own fires; 'tain't many women have a husband like mine." It was such grateful, loving thoughts as these which kept grandma's face so free from wrinkles, and her heart so young, and helped her send the suds high in the air as she sang at the weekly washtub. At eleven o'clock she must have all the white clothes out of the boiler. That was allowing two hours and a half since she began; and a woman who is working for herself, not for three dollars a week, can have ready "a full line" in two hours and a half.

Just here let us pause. What would granther, what would the neighbors have thought, what would the whole town have said, if grandma had thought her work entitled her to even two dollars a week as her very own spending money?

At eleven, while the snow-white banners fluttered from the line in the sunlight and toyed with the wind's tender caresses or rude hustling, grandma rested herself by building a fire in the kitchen stove; and then, while the potato water was coming to the boiling point, she hurried down cellar for a pan of potatoes and cleaned them for dinner. At precisely half past eleven she dropped the potatoes into the boiling water, added a handful of salt and then poured three pints of hot water from the tea-kettle into the coffee left from breakfast and placed it on the hottest stove cover to boil the "grounds" over for dinner. This was country dinner coffee much later than eighteen-forty. Then she drew out into the middle of the room the round table, spread the clean but coarse cover, and laid plates for four, sliced some of the Saturday's boiled beef, cut white bread, brown bread and an apple pie, and felt, as she would have said, "quite rested, — and as the potatoes ain't quite done, guess I'll have time to hang out the colored clothes, now that the starch is cool." For even now we have failed to account for some odd moments, and in those grandma has rubbed out her two calico aprons and one gown (her weekly allowance) and the odds and ends that always form the "last tubful."

Donning her bonnet, she seized the basket of colored clothes, hung them rapidly on the line, spread some on the grass, and adorned the front picket fence with others. Then, hurrying back to the wash-house, she emptied the pails and carried out the small tubful, mopped the bespattered floor, and then blew the horn for dinner and proceeded at once to "take up" the potatoes, which were done to a turn, just as grandpa liked them, their jackets bursting and the mealy inside powdering the cracked edges.

As grandma sat down at the table, she forgot herself and put her hand against her left side. She usually avoided such movements; they worried kind-hearted granther. He noticed it, and spoke of its cause at once. "What, that side aching again? I tell you, 'twas a mistake takin' that set-kittle out o' this room; it's a-tellin' on you. I wish 'twas back this minute — I do; 'twould save you so many steps. I don't know why women will make their work so hard. You don't calkerlate right. And that makes me think, mother, — our Mary's doing worse than you do, and we must talk to her if she comes home next Sunday. She's just a be-settin' John to build on another room out back, and let her do the cookin' in the new room, so's to turn that great, nice kitchen into a dinin' and settin' room. That'll give her two fires to tend, to say nothin' of the waste of wood. Why, if she makes her work so hard, she'll break down faster'n you have. I can't understand women; they don't seem to know how to make their work easy. It's different with men. — Biny, do you know anything how Stubbs's new horse machines are workin'? I don't think much of new inventions; but after somebody proves they are worth somethin', I believe in givin' them a fair trial."

Grandma was too tired to pay much attention to sympathetic or other remarks, or to eat much; and besides she was still

mentally at work, wondering if she could make time that afternoon to sweep two of the chambers, besides sweeping the dooryard. She wanted also to get time to iron the colored clothes, so as to get double benefit from the fire that she would have to have to cook the supper. New England thrift hates to feel that a fire is serving only one purpose.

"Let's see," she was saying mentally, "I've got gingerbread and lemon pie. That with the cold baked beans and cold boiled dinner will be a plenty, if I eke out with some griddle-cakes. I must see if last Friday's buttermilk is still sweet enough to mix cakes with."

This last thought drove her hurriedly away from the second meal of the day without an "Excuse me." Yet this was not ill manners on dear grandma's part; for ill manners come from a selfish heart, and that lies behind a courtly polish as often as otherwise. But poor grandma might well have been that traditional old woman of whom everybody has heard, who told her guests: "I have no time to be polite."

Though grandma never said "Excuse me" to granther nor the "help," who sat like equals at her table, yet neither of them ever found a button missing, nor a hole in the stockings after they came from "the wash;" their favorite food came often to the table; and she never scolded at leaving her work to repair the accidents of the moment, which happened daily to "galluses" and coat buttons. When the first cold days came, as they usually do, like a surprise, it was grandma that found time in the between-whiles, as she cooked the breakfast, to "hunt up" comforters and mittens for the men folks. Though grandma might not offer a word of sympathy, for lack of time, yet if any of the household coughed three times in the course of the day, at night they were sure to find ready for them a sleeping-draught of hot "composition." Therefore it was no wonder that the help felt just like one of the family, or that Biny said to granther with the freedom of an equal, as grandma went away silently, intent upon tasting that buttermilk: —

"I tell you, she's gettin' pretty well broke up. A few years ago a small wash like that 'ere one out there wouldn't 'a' told on her like this has."

"You're right, Biny. I'm dretful sorry I moved that 'ere set-kittle. But I never could bear to go agin her in anything she'd sot her heart on. I'd give a good deal to have that kittle back where it belongs; 'twould make her wash-days easier;" and granther sighed lovingly, — for he "set a store" by grandma.

Rather than have her overtire herself thus, he would willingly have met the expense of having the masons come again and unset that kettle and reset it as in his mother's day, where it would save steps. It would also have been convenient as a reminder when another "genteel notion" needed crushing. But Granther said: —

"The kittle is sot where grandma wanted it, and *she's* sotter than *it*."

The buttermilk proved to be all right for the cakes; so grandma washed the dinner dishes, swept the two chambers which she had had to pass for lack of time on last week's regular sweeping-day, and then folded down the half-dry colored clothes, and laid them by to become evenly dampened. Then she said aloud to herself: —

"I guess I'll rest myself a-cleanin' up the dooryard a mite."

She donned her sun-bonnet and went out into the yard, carrying her oldest broom. But first she went across the road to the barn for a rake to "scratch up the coarse pieces." Experience had taught her which rakes she could use for this purpose; those with some teeth broken and others wholly gone granther had always pleasantly permitted grandma and the girls to use for clearing up the dooryard or raking off their flower gardens, — for granther was an indulgent man for his day and generation. By four o'clock she had the yard neatly raked and swept, and said in tones of satisfaction: —

"Now, I sha'n't feel ashamed if the girls all come home next Sunday; and I don't care even if Tom's wife comes, as far as the yard goes, — that looks well enough."

She set her rake against the house and,

gathering an apronful of the dryest sticks and bits from the heap she had raked together, she hurried into the house to kindle a fire with them and set the flat-irons heating. Methodically placing three sticks of wood on her kindling, she lighted it, and returned to the yard and carried the remainder of the litter to the wood-pile; the small stones, bits of crockery and other *débris* she carried out to the road and dumped into a hole in the gutter. Of course every few years the highway commissioner stormed loudly about clearing the gutters thus obstructed with old tinware and rubbish by the townsmen's wives; but the poor women did not have to listen to his scolding, and they did enjoy doing something once or twice a year that their own special *he* had not the right to criticise. Still they "never blamed him, — never, — but loved him all the same." Dear, faithful old souls! From on high can they see their grand-daughters' helpless ways? Can they hear their hopeless questionings?

At half past four, having put the rake back into the barn, grandma went into the house with an armful of hard wood. Not that granther or the hired man ever refused to keep the wood-box filled; but grandma had trained herself, as she early trained her daughters, to "never go out or come in, never go up or down stairs, empty-handed." "Learn to make your head save your heels," she said. By bringing in wood or water each time she or the girls had a spare minute or an empty hand, the time of the men folks was saved, — and time was money. Grandma always had two pails for well-water; and it was a strict rule that whoever chanced to go out unburdened was to look at the water-pails and, if the kettles on the stove were not full, to empty the pails into them; if the kettles were full, perhaps one pail would hold what was left in the two, and the other could be taken out and freshly filled. In this way on some days no one had to go out especially for well-water. Thrift was the rule, and there were always two birds killed with one stone in grandma's house. If she despised one thing more than another, it was "shiftlessness;" and neighbors Scott and Borax were "pretty small potatoes" in her eyes and granther's after they learned that they were actually keeping a sitting-room fire daily, and had bought a set of dominoes to entertain evening callers.

"Says I to Biny, when neighbor Comstock came into the field and told me how things was a-goin' on over there, 'Next thing you'll hear, the Scotts and Boraxes will have a mortgage on their farms; mortgages and style keeps company like sweethearts.' Things have come to a pretty pass, mother, when young folks don't know enough to talk to company, but have to stop their work and play with 'em. I'm glad our girls have got tongues and know how to use them, so 't they can keep at their sewin' and knittin' if some of the neighbors happen to drop in."

Grandma agreed with him. Young people do not view subjects from the same point of view that their elders do, and it must be confessed that Mary often wished that their sitting-room table held a checker-board or set of dominoes; she believed their absence was the reason that the Scott and Borax girls received more calls than she did. But when grandma's Mary was married to a "likely man" in comfortable circumstances, and "the Scott and Borax girls were still hanging on at home" playing dominoes and whist with non-marrying men, grandma and granther were more convinced than ever that "We've brought up ours as we'd oughter; we sha'n't be havin' any thirty-year-old girls tryin' to act kittenish, to catch some feller younger nor they be by ten year or more."

As grandma's flat-iron went thumping back and forth from right to left and left to right across the old table, she kept her "weather eye" on the clock, calculating just when she ought to stop and "stir up that buttermilk batter" for the supper cakes. At the same time she was thinking seriously of what granther had said at the dinner-table about Mary. "Can it be that after all her trainin' Mary is going to turn out a shiftless calkerlator? Why, John will never have a dollar to his name if Mary begins by settin' up a settin'-room stove. It will

make so much more work, too; she'll be all broke down in a few years."

Grandma was as granther often allowed, "good as gold, but *setter'n* —" He never finished that sentence; but its tenor was always understood by his listeners.

Grandma did not think herself shiftless because she was not content to have her set-kettle by the stove in the room where she cooked and ate just because her husband's mother had thought that the best place; but for her daughter to depart from *her* ways was different.

As grandma hung the hired man's blue denim jumper over the clothes-horse "to air," and washed her hands to cool them after ironing as well as to fit them to make the cakes for supper, she resolved to have a plain talk with Mary on Sunday.

"And I hope and pray that Tom's wife will not come home, too; she's too toppin' and hifalutin for me." Grandma could not forgive Tom's wife for having napkins at table for her own folks, when grandma had only just begun to use them for "great strangers." The last time Tom's wife had come home she brought Marseilles bibs for each of her children, — and grandma said: —

"That's a hint for me to fetch out my napkins. I never did wash napkins for my own folks, and I ain't a-goin' to begin. Lord, she needn't put on such airs. Don't I know who her folks was? She needn't put on airs over me. I've been nigh as poor as her folks was, — but never so shiftless. Pooh!"

Sunset found the remainder of the colored clothes ironed, the white ones dampened and "rolled down" for the irons next morning; the cakes were all fried, and grandma was impatiently wondering "if them men folks are goin' to stand at the fence and talk politics all night. I should think, when their chores were done," she said, "they would know enough to come to supper."

Grandma never blew the horn at night. The men left the fields early enough to milk the cows and feed the pigs before dark, and supper was invariably ready when they were; yet that was the only meal which they were late at. Each neighbor who passed was hailed, and politics and gossip flew over and among the pickets like battledoor and shuttlecock.

Their work was done, their hour of leisure had come; but grandma's day was not over. She had supper to clear away, dishes to wash, potatoes to clean for next morning's breakfast, and the churn must be thoroughly rinsed and filled with cold water, that the cream should not stick to it next morning — for Tuesdays and Fridays were "butter days."

Granther at last had out-talked the neighbors, and came and ate his supper. Then he went out and sat on the step-stone to have another chat with a couple of neighboring men over the coming town meeting. When he came in, he said, not unkindly: —

"You look tired, old woman. *I'm* goin' to bed."

"All right," grandma said quietly. She was used to it.

It was nine o'clock before grandma could follow. Granther was snoring the snore of the just, and she undressed as a mother might lest she awaken her babe, and gently crept into bed beside him. He stirred and murmured: —

"Poor mother, she's so tired! She don't know how to manage. I wish't the set-kittle was back; 'twould save steps."

True as steel, even in sleep, — *he* had never questioned whether marriage was a failure.

Grandma was too tired to sleep; she lay there, thankful for the good feather bed, thankful for her good, true husband, and wondering if it could be that she was getting lazy, — she did so thoroughly enjoy resting in bed!

On Tuesday grandma finished her ironing, boiled six bushels of small potatoes for the pigs, churned and "worked over" fourteen pounds of butter, and in the afternoon finished a pair of blue denim overalls for Biny. Wednesday her only extras were some window washing, cleaning the milk-cellar and cutting out a blue jumper to go with the trousers of the day before. Although she was said to

be "quite a steamboat when she gets started on sewing," she could not finish it that day.

Thursday she always called her "easy day," and she washed more windows, swept two of the shut-up rooms, and completed the jumper. Granther was the soul of generosity, and grandma had all she could earn. It was her boast that, in consequence, she had never seen the day, since her babies were out of her arms, that she had been out of money.

Friday and Saturday, with all the sweeping, extra cooking and week's mending, were nearly, yes quite, as full as Monday and Tuesday. On Friday came the second churning of the week, and Friday evening all the week's butter was moulded and stamped for granther to take to market early Saturday morning.

On this special Saturday night it was with an unusual sigh of relief that grandma sank exhausted into the depths of her well-filled feather bed. "I'm somehow dreadful tired," ran her thoughts; "but I sha'n't have to cook a single mouthful to-morrow, and I'm sure I've cooked enough ahead to go over washing and ironing day." Then she pleasantly fell to thinking over her "marcies," — how good and kind her husband was and always had been, how "different from other men," — as all contented wives do to this day. Only this very morning, hurried as he was in "getting off to market before sun-up," he had "not scolded a mite" when she told him that she needed a new pair of shoes and stood before him with the two-dollar bill that Biny had paid her for making him two pairs of overalls and jumpers. Despite her faith in his superiority and goodness of heart as compared with other men, she had felt a little wave of fear fluttering around her tired heart as he hesitated before replying. But grandma always tried to remember that wives caused many rebuffs to come because they lacked the tact to choose the right time. She knew that granther had a lot of farming tools to buy that day, and maybe she ought not to have bothered him about her shoes until his spring hurry was over. But last week she dared not speak, for he was going from market to an auction; the week before he was going to look at some oxen; and the market day before that he went with the low-gear to bring back grain. But as she lay patiently listening to his contented snore, she recalled how kindly he had said:—

"Good land! shoes again so quick? Women always want somethin'. Don't you need a spring bunnit or a new style gown? Hurry up, and give me the money, if you've got to have 'em, — I might as well bother to-day as any time."

Grandma thought how many men would have been grumpy and almost begrudged her the shoes. And as she lay there aching with a lifetime's weariness, she was so glad of the seventy-five cents change which he brought back and which now lay safely tied in a corner of her handkerchief in the upper bureau drawer. The bringing back of that change proved "what a noble man granther was. Catch neighbor Johnson doing that." Grandma could truly say that every cent she had earned in her leisure, after doing granther's house and farm work, she had had to clothe herself with, or to buy house furnishings; he had never taken or claimed a cent of it. He was a just man.

But though grandma's mind was full of sweet, loyal thoughts, she could not sleep. What could be the matter? The old doctor had told her that sleeplessness was caused by lack of healthful exercise. But surely she was tired enough to sleep. Hour after hour she lay awake and wondered whether, if she had managed better, she could have "worked in that black dress Mis' Ketchum wanted made. Maybe I hadn't oughter turned it off." Then she thought up the lecture she must give Mary to-morrow about that dining-room nonsense; and then — she fell asleep.

After breakfast and the Sunday's milk work were done, she and granther went to a neighbor's funeral. The text was, "Set thine house in order, for you know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh." Somehow the sermon touched very closely poor, tired-out grandma. When her "rest" came, would her house be in order? She scarcely

spoke as she and granther rode home. Granther went to the barn to "put the horse out;" and grandma walked slowly up the narrow path to the kitchen door. Granther watched her feeble motions, and saw his duty clearly at last, and drove into the barn, saying firmly: —

"I'll do it, if it costs fifty dollars! Mother's getting old, and I *must* make the work easier for her, even if I go agin her will. Washin' 'way out in that other room makes too many steps. I'll have the masons here this very week, to move that set-kittle back where it belongs."

Grandma entered the house, and dropped into her wooden rocker by the front window, and fell a-thinking, — thinking as she had done the night before, only this time the refrain was: "Is *my* house set in order?"

Mary and her husband drove up to the gate just as granther was coming from the barn. Calling Biny to take care of John's span of bays, they all went up the house-path together. John was loudly declaring that he was "most starved for some of mother's custard pie and Dutch cheese."

"Mother, *mother!* What *is* the matter?"

The poor tired lips only muttered: "Set *thine* house in order, — *no* dining-room, Mary! — only in order, Mary, — don't forget — in order — set," — and the bonneted head fell back, and the lips never moved again.

They bore her into her bedroom, and sent for the old doctor, who asked, "Has she been troubled or overworked?"

"No," sobbed the heart-broken husband. "She got all through house-clean-in' early in March, and for a month back has been kinder layin' off and a-takin' on it easy before the summer work come on. There's only four on us this season, and we ain't be'n making more'n thirty weight of butter a-week, as all the cows ain't 'come in' yet; and mother's found lots o' time to take in sewin'. I ain't noticed, — yes, I have too, — that is, we did, Biny and me, last wash-day, — that ma looked clean tuckered out. I wish't I'd 'a' had that set-kittle put back long ago. It's been a-killin' her, — so many steps."

"Mother's" tired hands had dropped their work for the last time. When Thursday, mother's "easy day," came, the same country parson took for his text, "Set thine house in order," and enlarged upon its being her parting message. As they turned from the newly made grave in the tiny "God's-acre" below the orchard, Granther sobbed out: —

"Oh, Mary, oh, John, if I'd only 'a' had that set-kittle moved back in season, your ma might 'a' be'n alive!"

---

# GOOD OLD FAMILIES.

*By William Henry Winslow.*

HAS the reader seen a portly volume published not long ago in one of our cities containing professedly the actual pedigrees of a select body of American citizens claimed by the author to be of royal descent? The book is dry if taken too seriously, — of the sort which no gentleman's library should be without, — and possibly this is why it seems to have found its way to so many library tables, where it may be seen, sometimes with a paper-knife carelessly left between the leaves in the most interesting place — to the owner. I came upon it accidentally and, glancing at the index, observed — I trust without any loss of composure or evidence of annoyance — my own patronymic following the name of a famous king. To be sure, the evolution seemed slightly forced, reminding one of the vaguely traditional steps of descent of the Pickenses from Pepin: — Pepin, Pippin, Pipkin, Pikin, Pickens; and yet the learned genealogist must have known how grave a responsibility rests upon one who

catalogues principalities and powers as another might the Smiths and Robinsons of a city directory.

While idly searching for the names of those of whom I knew something, amused at the whimsical combinations of personalities and antecedents, I learned that a former neighbor, a radical gentleman not unknown in public life, is a scion of no less a stock than Charlemagne's, — which leads me to hope that when we next exchange bows I may not forget to impart to mine something of playful dignity, as who should say: We know we are descended from monarchs, but for all that we shall not presume upon it. The most scrupulous and timid of men, a nervous recluse, is shown to be removed by a little matter of twenty-five generations from that typical progenitor, William the Conqueror, and it is whispered that he seriously plumes himself upon his cousinship with Her Imperial Majesty of Great Britain and India; and yet were the fiery Norman to appear in his habit as he lived, and claim relationship, our friend would probably call the police and flee for his life. Another alert gentleman, who was never known to let his cakes burn, has Alfred the Great for his much-removed grandfather. Jones, hail-fellow well met with everybody, has had his plain name transmuted by some base alchemy from one which we breathe with awe; and a serene and delicate matron of Quaker antecedents appears as the representative of the most bumptious and warlike of French kings.

Do we smile at such incongruities? Yet do we not see those whose names are writ in the blue books, the golden books, the peerages, through a slightly fantastic medium, through which the Joneses themselves shine with something of the light which never was on sea or land?

It might be supposed that, in a society like ours, the words *aristocracy* and *democracy*, certainly the latter, would be used somewhat in the original sense of Herodotus and Thucydides, that is, the rule of the best and the rule of the people. As a matter of fact we know that ninety-nine persons of a hundred use one of these words to describe the well-placed people, the "swells," and the other for the "low-down," the masses. The newspapers add to the confusion by such phrases as "the aristocracy of wealth," "the aristocracy of culture," "the aristocracy of fashion," while nobody ever hears of "the democracy of culture" and so forth. Admirable is the thoughtfulness of the press in gratifying at infinite pains and expense the artless eagerness to know all that happens in "aristocratic circles." One opens his *Weekly Puck's Girdle*, and is informed in choice capitals of the inward conditions of royalty concerning shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, the prepossessions of great personages in favor of the "stick-pin" and white gaiters for wedding occasions, also whether a true American should or should not greet a true grandee with a simple "How d'ye do, sir!" — and similar matters of general concern.

Perhaps we are told that a worn-out aristocracy, — I misuse the word under protest, — in ceasing to be imposing, does not fail to entertain, and that its mission is to amuse the young democracy, — a grandpapa's gold-headed cane comes at last to be the children's hobby-horse. But how is it that the youthful democracy may to-day be seen experimenting with it as a cane again, even making believe that it is a gold stick-in-waiting, meanwhile offering its dollars and its daughters to St. George's dragon, whose head or heads, it would appear, never could have come off, or who unlike the hydra must have been fireproof, — or how should he be devouring virgins even now? There are those indeed who insist that at this minute, in our beloved country, the proud baron, the suzerain of the feudal age, the founder of good old families, still lives and thrives, when — shade of Bulwer-Lytton! — we had rested in the belief that the world had seen the last of him.

Now we think of it, there is Neville, the great stock-operator. Surely he is spoken of as a bear, and he carries a bear on his seal-ring, the veritable bear and ragged staff of the Warwick arms. His good sword and armor, not of course worn nowadays in public, must yet serve for a good deal of quiet fighting, to say nothing of the deadly encounters of the stock exchange.

The old baron had an eye for a gallant steed, and delighted in tournament, when, with lance in rest, and light fantastic pot on head, decorated with his lady's scarf, he raised a dust and lowered his rivals. To-day Neville plays polo in the simple costume of his choice, joining in the fray under the eyes of the fair, like his prototype, and wearing her favors, but with a difference, in his buttonhole. The baron was a mighty hunter, and his representative follows the fearful fox, or tracks the strong anise to its lair. Courtesy to the weaker sex was ever an article of his faith, — and now with what an air he doffs his lighter beaver to the ladies! In the old days he was curious in heraldry, and brave in silver and gold upon helmet and breastplate and horse accoutrements. In these times a Neville must content himself with his *ursus major* on his note-paper and his watch, his dressing-case and hair-brush, silver and china, harness and livery buttons, prayer-book and pocketbook. Another way of making known one's ancestral prepossessions is by means of stained glass, as may be seen in a brisk manufacturing town, whose principal personage — who may be called Charles Stewart Potts — has with simple logic taken to himself the well-known device of the Merry Monarch of the house of Stuart, an oak tree proper, bearing a crowned head regardant, interlaced, and the motto *arbor vitæ*, which blazes in his hall window and cheers the wayfarer who is not particular about his color.

Surely the conviction can hardly be resisted that, though changed, the imperious baron still lives. The parallel between the old and the new types might be continued by pointing out their fancy for weapons and trophies of the chase, as well as for turreted houses a world too large — formerly of stone without and wood within, now mostly built of wood without and masonry within. Neither are the old baron's predatory habits wanting; witness the man who appropriates railroads as his predecessor did convoys of merchandise, to say nothing of the silver lords.

What constitutes your old family? Who belongs to it? Why, it may be asked, should one not be proud of it? X's family, referred to as springing from William of Normandy, may be taken as a good example of an old family; and X, in common with humbler persons of no family to speak of, had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so forth, which implies — astonishing as it appears — an ancestral multitude of more than thirty-three millions in William's own day. To feel a sincere pride in this number of ancestors, no matter how blue their circulation, would overtax even a Vere de Vere. But William's descendants, reckoning inversely, must far outnumber these millions, the result of simply doubling; so that after all it must be the exception not to have the blood of the Norman in one's veins. As each one of us has on the average seventy-seven thousand drops of blood, the ancestry computed above having approximately thirty-three and a half million times this number, one's individual share of Norman blood would be extremely small.

Yet the man of Normandy is a parvenu of yesterday beside the historical founders of the Chinese and Japanese dynasties; and our common, greatest of grandfathers, known as Adam, overtops again, it must be admitted, every other father and founder, and is the head of the oldest family of all, as Tennyson has reminded us, — in fact the only one, that to which every mother's son belongs.

Herein is small reason for pride. Very humble rather should we be that, being born upon this planet of ours to carry forward the work of the medley procession called the human family, we can do so little and do that little so imperfectly. But for gratitude there is room and to spare; and if the family tree has neither murderers nor robbers dangling from its visible branches, but bears wholesomer fruit, showing no more than the inevitable proportion of lesser criminals, having here and there a thrifty graft and fair promise for the future, then may we be thankful that we and ours are not as some other men are — not in the Pharisaical spirit, but in that of Bunyan, who, seeing an unhappy miscreant led to the gallows, exclaimed: "Save for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan."

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

At this most beautiful season of the year, when May is ripening into June, a hundred people from New England and New York and Philadelphia turn their faces southward, to meet among the roses at the most beautiful point of the historic Peninsula in Virginia the hundreds who gather from the southland for the annual Commencement of the Hampton Institute. Those from the South are chiefly graduates of the school; by strenuous effort and strict economy and generous help, they passed three years perhaps at Hampton once, and now come back for the glad reunion and to tell how it has fared with them in the church, in the little school, or on the farm. Those from the North are chiefly the stanch friends of the Institute, some of them men who stood strongly by General Armstrong in his brave endeavor almost from the beginning. It is a glad reunion for these too, — the week at Hampton in the May days one of the red-letter weeks of the year.

The ways to Hampton are beautiful, and Hampton itself is surpassingly beautiful when one comes to it at the end of the ways; so that if there were no Hampton Institute at Hampton, the visit would still be a delight. One goes from Washington by rail perhaps, past Alexandria and on through Fredericksburg and the places marched over so often by the Army of the Potomac, through Richmond, with its wealth of memories, and old Williamsburg, with its almost greater memories; or one takes the evening boat from Washington down the Potomac, or from Baltimore down the Chesapeake, coming to Fortress Monroe in the morning. Perhaps one loves the sea and takes the Norfolk steamer from Boston or New York. But very pleasant it is — the pleasantest way we are sure as yet, because it has been our way — to take the train through the Delaware peach orchards and down the length of the "Eastern Sho'" of Maryland and Virginia to Cape Charles, and so to Fortress Monroe by the steamer at sunset. A monotonous country — yes; but there is thrift and promise in it, a real resurrection, and an aspect of brotherliness between white and black which it is pleasant to see; and the background of thrift and democracy does not interfere with the picture of infinite leisure presented by the inevitable group of negroes at each successive station. The constant repetition of the picture through the afternoon is a rest and refreshment of high power to the congested New England mind; the man or woman threatened with nervous collapse might well go to the "Eastern Sho'" for this acute salvation. But the great charm of the journey is the ride across the Chesapeake as the sun goes down and the coming to Fortress Monroe in the twilight — the bright light from the lighthouse first flashing across the waters, the gray ramparts emerging by and by at the horizon, the sound of the bugles now, first distant and then near, and at last the brilliancy and bustle of the *Hygeia* and the wharf. There in the Roads, amidst the sundry craft of industry, lies a great man-of-war, always surprising, like the great fort itself and the bugles and the piles of cannon-balls, in the midst of a scene so peaceful. The steamers to and from Norfolk, all ablaze with lights, are crowding at this hour. Your own gives its shrill whistle and is gone. The enterprising boy with the carriage, or the new electric car, takes you in charge; and in twenty minutes you are at beautiful, historic Hampton.

***

If there be one place in America richer in history than any other, a place where history has been most closely compacted, that place is the little peninsula between the James River and the York in Virginia, ending at Hampton and Old Point Comfort. On a midsummer day in 1498, a month before Columbus first set foot on the American continent, Americus Vespucius, on his first voyage, coasting the shore of the present United States, as has been made clear to us in this latest time by Varnhagen and Mr. Fiske, and not the shore of South America, as has been wrongly believed, sailed into the mouth of the Chesapeake, "the mother of waters," and dropped his anchor in Hampton Roads, "the best harbor in the world." Here he remained during the whole month of July, hospitably treated by the natives; and from Hampton Roads he sailed back to Europe, by way of the Bermudas, to tell the first story of these shores. How great and wonderful the contrast between the day when the bold navigator found his lonely way into these waters and the spring days of 1893 when the warships of all nations were gathered here for the greatest naval review the world has ever seen!

On an April day in 1607, Captain John Smith, with the first permanent English colony to settle in America, driven north from Roanoke by the storms, took shelter in this same Hampton Roads; and all were so charmed by the beauty of the country — the shores covered with "flowers of divers colors," the "goodly trees" in full foliage — that here they decided to stay. As their ships approached the western shore of the Chesapeake, the storm had spent its force, and they called the place Point Comfort. A little farther, at the very site of the present Hampton, they landed. It would have been well if they had stayed there, instead of pitching their tents and building their cabins on the low, wet soil of Jamestown up the river. Of all the heroic figures who have made the history of the Peninsula illustrious, there is none who so strikingly prefigures Armstrong, the hero of the later day, as Captain John Smith. He was like him in courage, in energy, in his exhaustless resources, in his hatred of laziness. He hated a lazy man with a ceaseless hatred; and it was

because he hated him so hotly and disciplined him so sharply, that he saved the colony. He believed in the gospel of work, like Armstrong; and he believed too, like Armstrong, in the gospel of brotherhood and lending a hand. "We are not born for ourselves, but each to help the other," said Captain John Smith.

It is not possible here even to glance at the vicissitudes of the Jamestown colony. But has not John Esten Cooke brought out inimitably the tragedy and romance of the whole story? A dozen years after Captain John Smith settled at Jamestown, there sailed into Hampton Roads a Dutch ship from the coast of Africa, laden with negro slaves. These were quickly bought by the planters on the Peninsula; and thus negro slavery was introduced into Virginia, within cannon shot of the present Hampton Institute, at almost the very time that the *Mayflower* was sailing into Plymouth harbor and the Pilgrims signed the compact which fixed upon the Massachusetts shore the most democratic state in Christendom. Of all the poetical justices and ironical contrivances of fate in our history, none is more memorable than that which made the very spot where men were first made slaves among us the spot which, after the penalty of the long sin was paid, should be the very centre of the work of making men of slaves.

But if the Peninsula cradled slavery, it was the Peninsula, as well as Faneuil Hall, which cradled liberty and revolution. It was in the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, in those days the southern Boston, that Patrick Henry in 1765 reminded parliament and the king that Charles the First had his Cromwell and George the Third might profit by remembering it. No word so bold as that had till then been spoken. The Virginia historian claims with reason that the war began then and there. "Virginia rang the alarm bell," said a writer of the North; and General Gage wrote in Boston, "Virginia gave the signal to the continent." George the Third's Cromwell was one of the very burgesses to whom Patrick Henry spoke. He doubtless thought the word a rash and reckless one, But ten years later, under the elm at Cambridge, he drew his sword to lead the hosts of revolution.

Wherever it began, in Williamsburg or in Boston, with Patrick Henry or with Samuel Adams, it was on the Peninsula, at Yorktown, that Washington, helped by Lafayette and the armies of France, ended it. The white shaft which rises to the sky from the battlefield is only a dozen miles away from where Washington and the burgesses of Virginia, on that May day in 1765, heard Patrick Henry speak.

As in the Revolution, so in the Civil War. The Peninsula was the great theatre of the Civil War. From the day when General Butler occupied Fortress Monroe to the day when Grant took Richmond, there was no hour which did not hear the cannon. There is no mile which was not fought over; no place — Big Bethel, Williamsburg, Chickahominy, Malvern Hill — which does not name a battle. It was here, where slavery began, that, by another bit of fatal irony, the slave was first declared "contraband." In Hampton Roads, by the very doors of the present Hampton Institute, was fought the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, which holds place with Gettysburg as one of the great decisive moments of the war. From the Peninsula, at last, Grant laid siege to Richmond; and up the river Lincoln sailed to enter the captured city.

***

THE war liberated a race. But the education of the race was a work as necessary and as great as the liberation of the race. In this holy new war, in this completion of emancipation, General Armstrong was the Grant and the Lincoln; and of his heroic effort also the historic Peninsula has been the scene. We do not need to tell the story of Hampton. It has been told again and again.* We do not need to praise General Armstrong. Of all the heroic figures in the great history of the Peninsula, none is more heroic than he, — as adventurous as Vespucius, as intrepid as Captain John Smith, as fiery and zealous as Patrick Henry, as devoted as Washington, as chivalric as Lafayette, as persistent and patient as Grant. "Think what he has done!" exclaimed Phillips Brooks at the great Hampton meeting in the Old South Meeting-House, when General Armstrong was struck down. "It has been given to him to lay a firmer grasp upon the problem which especially confronts and has peculiarly appalled our country than any other man. We have all been tending, in the study of this problem, to the thought that the key to it lies in education. General Armstrong is the man who has distinctly applied that key. He is the man who has proved that which we believe. He has done the thing which we have been talking about."

It is of Armstrong that the pilgrims to the Peninsula in these May days chiefly think, the most zealous historians and antiquarians of them all, rather than of any other hero in the Peninsula's long list; and all of them have at heart the perfecting of a living monument to him. We write books now about Americus Vespucius; we paint pictures now of Captain John Smith; we make statues now of Washington and Grant. While Armstrong was still alive and with us, the high resolve was made that his monument should be built in the completion and perpetuation of the great work to which he gave his life, and which was dearer to him a thousand times than any statue or any painted window.

***

WHEN Armstrong died, they found among his papers a few words of advice and exhortation for his friends and the school, so pregnant and so characteristic that they have become a very part of the Hampton Bible, a new book in the New Testament of every student and every teacher there. Fitting every phase of the life and problems of the school, quoted on almost every occasion, they serve to keep the hero's memory green in the best way in which that ever can be done, by being made an incitement to the better

* See article on "General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute" in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for June, 1892; also Editor's Table, July, 1892.

doing of the new duty of to-day. These "last words" of Armstrong — for so they call this will and testament — were as follows. They reveal as nothing else can do the Hampton spirit — the spirit which informs every Hampton worker and which communicates itself electrically to every visitor who goes thither but for a week in the May days.

***

"Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and, perhaps, to say the things that I should wish known should I suddenly die.

"I wish to be buried in the School graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next.

"I wish no monument or fuss whatever over my grave; only a simple headstone — no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and the date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory — a soldier's funeral.

"I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work of the School shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifices for it, it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources — the best investment of time, strength and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God.

"In the School, the great thing is not to quarrel; to pull all together; to refrain from hasty, unwise words and actions; to unselfishly and wisely seek the best good of all; and to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate — whose heads are not level; no matter how much knowledge or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.

"I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life usually lies deep down — we hardly know ourselves — God only does. I trust his mercy. The shorter one's creed the better. 'Simply to Thy cross I cling' is enough for me.

"I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawaiian home, for war experiences and college days at Williams: and for life and work at Hampton. Hampton has blessed me in so many ways: along with it have come the choicest people of the country for my friends and helpers, and then, such a grand chance to do something directly for those set free by the war, and, indirectly, for those who were conquered; and Indian work has been another great privilege.

"Few men have had the chance that I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life — have been, seemingly, guided in everything.

"Prayer is the greatest power in the world. It keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant; yet has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this a universal truth — what comfort is there in any but the broadest truths?

"I am most curious to get a glimpse of the next world. How will it all seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death. It is friendly.

"The only pain that comes at the thought of it is for my true, faithful wife, and blessed, dear children. But they will be brave about it all, and, in the end, stronger. They are my greatest comfort.

"Hampton must not go down. See to it, you who are true to the black and red children of the land, and to just ideas of education.

"The loyalty of my old soldiers, and of my students, has been an unspeakable comfort.

"It pays to follow one's best light — to put God and country first; ourselves afterward.

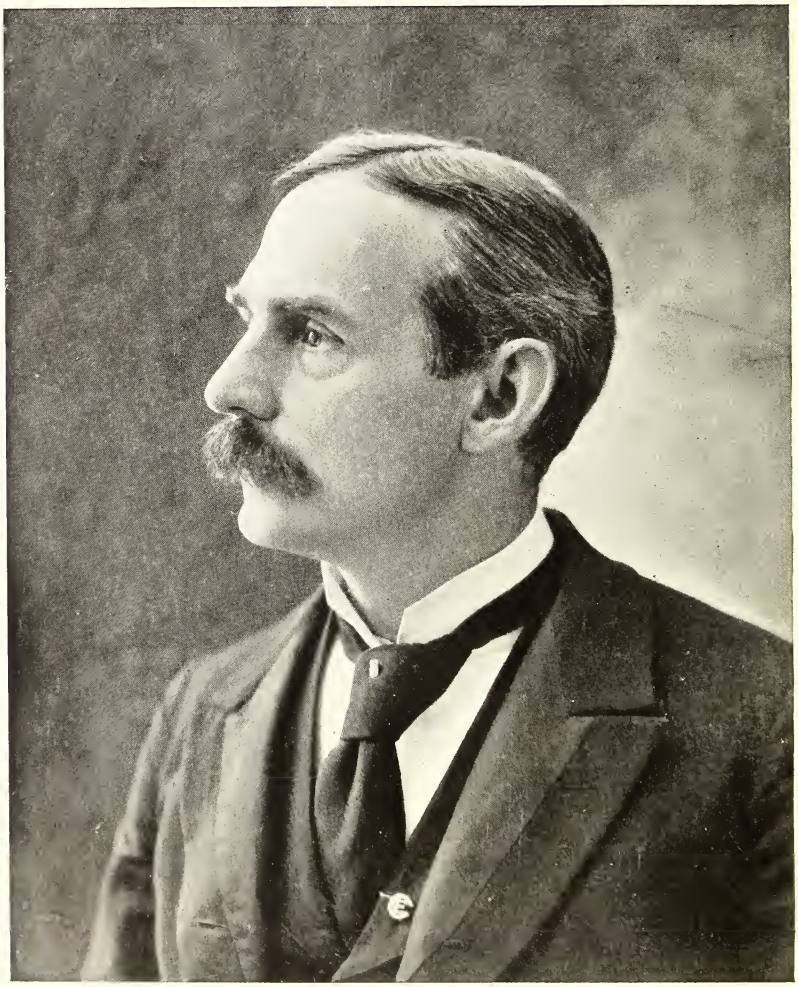
"Taps has just sounded."

***

Few more impressive books have ever been published in our country than that entitled "Twenty-two Years' Work at Hampton," issued from the school press two years ago. It is chiefly made up of brief biographies, "instantaneous views," of the students, seven or eight hundred of them, who have graduated from Hampton in these years. We cannot think of any pages crowded fuller of pathos and heroism, of sacrifice and consecration, of triumph over appalling hardship, and of solemn hope, than the pages of this Hampton book. Surely, we say, there is something here that has endurance and the future in it, transcending the life of any man. And Armstrong said the same. "In twenty-two years," he said, "the school has attained a life of its own. It would be poor organization and development that would not, in that time, have reached this point. It might once have been, but it is not now, run by 'one man' power. The change will come, and the school will be ready for it."

The school was ready. To it the passing of Armstrong brought no paralysis, even for a moment, but only new consecration, a firmer closing of the ranks, and thoughts of larger activities. The memory of the great leader is no overshadowing and debilitating memory, but a memory which makes every Hampton man and woman feel his fellow and equal in the work, each man more manly, each woman stronger and more resolute. The loyalty to Mr. Frissell is as absolute as the reverence for Armstrong, the conviction universal that the new leader is the providential man. He had long been the real director before Armstrong's death made him the formal head; and he is fitted as conspicuously for leadership in the era of good housekeeping and expansion upon which Hampton is now entering as Armstrong for his great work of foundation and inspiration. Surrounded by those who have stood shoulder to shoulder with Armstrong and himself for years, all working together in an atmosphere where duty has always been another word for joy, watched and upheld by the best men and women in the country, what may he not hope to accomplish for the education and development of the negro in America before his mantle falls upon another as Armstrong's fell on him?

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., 7 Federal Court, Boston, Mass.



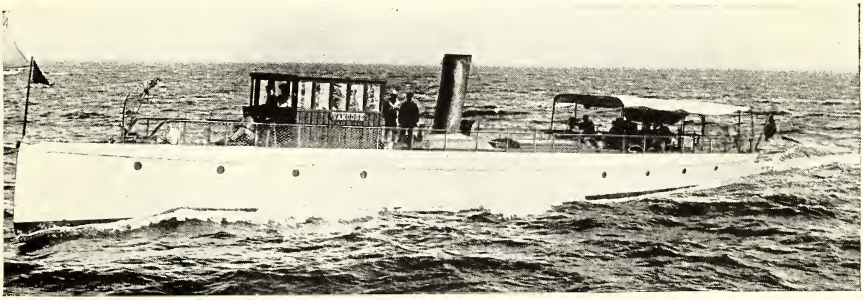
Francis E. Clark

FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. JULY, 1895. VOL. XII. No. 5.



"VAMOOSE."

## THE HERRESHOFFS AND THEIR BOATS.

*By Henry Robinson Palmer.*

Illustrated from photographs by N. L. Stebbins.

WHILE the new yacht *Defender* has been in process of construction at Bristol, Rhode Island, public attention has been attracted in no small measure to that town and to the man who has designed and built the craft. It is only a few years ago that Edward Burgess was regarded as the greatest yacht designer of the day; and when he died, in 1891, the prediction was freely made that his equal would not soon be developed. Other men might be found who would design fast yachts, but the chances were that if the British yachtsmen should challenge for the *America's* trophy again, the cup would presently be on its way to the other side of the ocean. At least that was the conclusion at which a great many pessimistic observers arrived when they learned of the untimely death of the man who had created the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower* and the *Volunteer*. But almost at the moment of Mr. Burgess's death the victories of the *Gloriana* were pointing unmistakably to "Nat" Herreshoff as the designer upon whom the task of producing another international champion might profitably be imposed.

The Herreshoffs have been boat-builders and sailors for generations, and the

designer of the *Defender* has made and sailed craft of all sorts and sizes from his boyhood up. On their paternal side, as the name indicates, the family are of German descent, one of their ancestors having emigrated to this country in the last century and entered the employment of John Brown, a famous merchant of Providence. Subsequently he married Miss Sarah Brown; and thus the present generation of Herreshoffs at Bristol are enabled to trace their ancestry back to Chad Brown, one of the original settlers of the state, who took up his abode in Rhode Island shortly after the arrival there of Roger Williams. During the Revolution the Browns were known far and wide through the colonies for their intense and serviceable patriotism. It was John Brown who

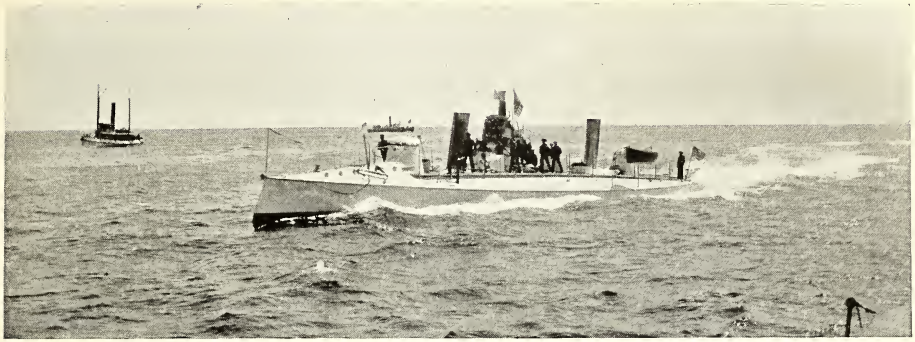
JOHN B. HERRESHOFF.

provided the boats, on the night of the memorable burning of the *Gaspee* in 1772, to carry the plotters down the river to where the British vessel lay fast aground; and after the war it was one of his vessels which first bore the stars and stripes into Chinese waters. His interest in everything pertaining to the sea was naturally great, for he had a fleet of forty ships. It is related of him that he frequently went down the bay to meet these incoming vessels, having that fondness for the water which has manifested itself in so many of his descendants. From the same family of Browns, it may be added, came the benefactions which led the corporation of Rhode Island College to change the name of that institution to Brown University.

The grandfather of the present Herreshoffs turned to agriculture in his later years, and settled on "Popasquash" or "Pappoosesquaw" Point, across the harbor from Bristol. His son, Charles Frederick, the father of the designer of the *Defender*, was born there in 1809, and

NATHANIEL G. HERRESHOFF.

like his sons after him early showed a great love for the sea. At twelve he was master of a sail-boat which he had himself constructed, and which he could sail with the skill of a veteran helmsman; and two years later he was known throughout the vicinity as an expert mechanic and sailor. He graduated from Brown at an age that seems strangely early to us of a later generation, and returning to Bristol, found his chief delight in building and sailing boats. Many of these were very fast and won more than a local reputation; and even after the present Herreshoff Manufacturing Company had been formed the active members of the firm received much valuable assistance and counsel from the elder Herreshoff. He

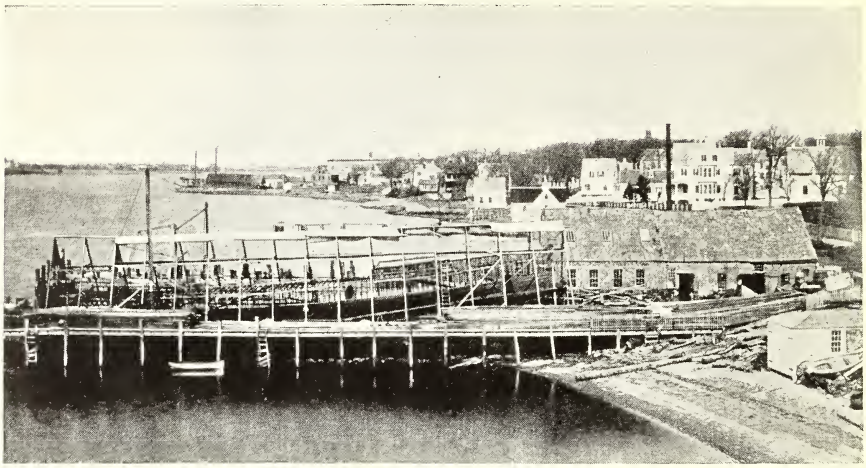


"CUSHING."

died a few years ago, and is remembered as a cultured and attractive old man, "who never said ill of anybody," to quote Captain Albert C. Bennett of Bristol, his life-long friend. One amusing story relating to his boat-building career is that he always named his craft "Julia," in honor of his wife. No amount of argument could induce him to give any of them another title. Mrs. Herreshoff is still living at Bristol, and occupies the homestead on Hope Street, opposite the shops of the company. She traces her descent from the Boston Lewises, a sea-going family; so that John B. and "Nat" Herreshoff, her sons, come fairly by their love of the water, on both sides of the house.

Charles Frederick Herreshoff had nine children, seven sons and two daughters, all of whom are yet living. The two daughters are Mrs. Chesebro and Miss Sarah Herreshoff, both making their home at Bristol, the latter with Mrs. Herreshoff at the homestead. Charles Frederick, one of the sons, lives at the yet older family homestead on Popasquash Point, being a farmer, but interesting himself in boat-building and sailing as well; and Lewis lives with his mother and sister. He is of a literary turn of mind, and has written many articles for the newspaper periodicals and magazines, although he has been totally blind for some years. Some strange malady of the eyes has overtaken no less than four members of the family, among them John B. Herreshoff, the president of the boat-building company, who was stricken at the age of fifteen. Julian Herreshoff has conducted a school of languages at Providence, and alternates in his residence between that city and Bristol. His musical taste and talent are perhaps his chief characteristics. The other sons are Francis, James B., who studied at Brown University and has attained a considerable reputation as a chemist and engineer, John B., already referred to, and Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, the designer of the yacht which in all probability will defend the *America's* cup against the British challenger next fall.

The president of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, John Brown Herreshoff, was born in 1841, and, like his father before him, manifested an early interest in boats. He was an expert sailor in his early teens, and if blindness had not overtaken him at the age of fifteen he might have become a phenomenal marine designer. As it is, he has a wonderful knowledge of speed qualities in a boat, and by passing his hand over a model can tell more about its value than most men who have the use of their eyes. His part in the company, however, is chiefly of a business character. He can carry accounts in his head to a surprising degree; and one story that is told of his experience with the representatives of a South American country who had been despatched to New York to contract for three American-built torpedo boats illustrates his mastery over details. The South Americans summoned him to New York to figure on the craft, and after describing them to the blind man, asked him what his price would be for the construction of them. "I shall require



THE HERRESHOFF BROTHERS' FIRST SHOP.

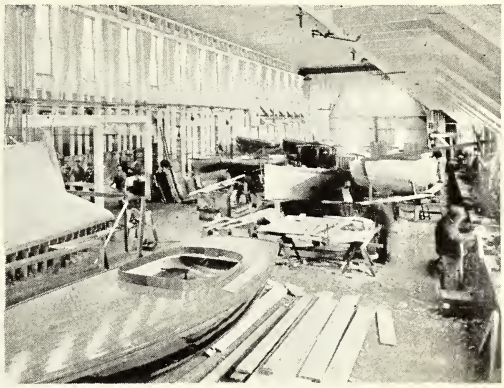
some time to consider the matter," said Mr. Herreshoff. "But how much time?" he was asked. The craft were of a novel pattern and possessed some features that made the task of calculating their expense especially difficult. "Half an hour," said the builder; and at the expiration of that interval he presented figures that were so satisfactory to the South Americans that the boats were ordered. In due time they were built and delivered according to the agreement.

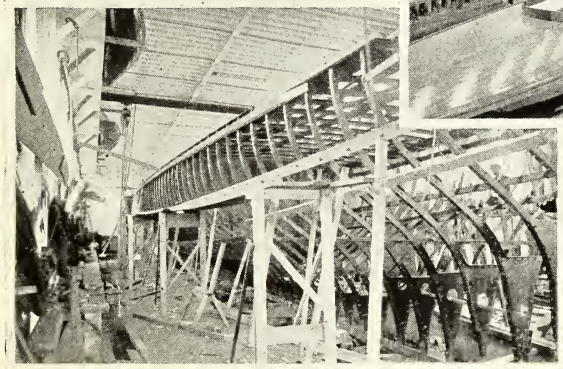
Mr. Herreshoff has been married twice, and has one daughter by his first wife. He lives in a comfortable home on High Street, Bristol, at the head of Burnside Street, near by the machine shops of the company and within sight of the workshops at which the crack sailing yachts are built. He is a familiar figure on the streets of the town, going about freely, but always accompanied by an attendant, sometimes a member of the family. He makes frequent journeys away from home

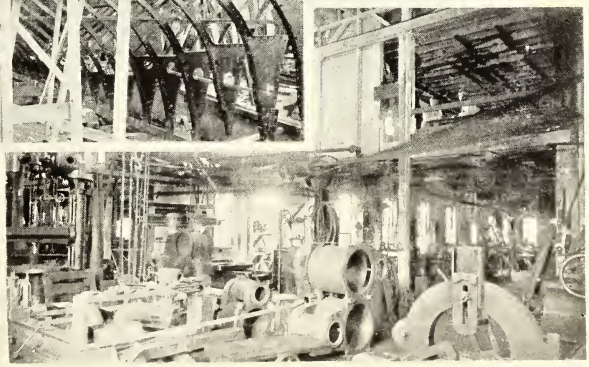
THE PRESENT SHOPS.

in connection with the business of the company, and in spite of his affliction is as shrewd a business man as could be found in many a long day. His advice is sought in the construction of most of the boats that are built at the Herreshoff works; but it is upon "Nat" that the burden of the designing and constructing comes. Indeed, so far as the *Defender* is concerned, it is doubtful if the members of the syndicate who ordered her have had any transaction with the president of the company. It is with the younger brother that they have had their dealings, and to him will be due whatever credit may accrue to the boat.

John B. Herreshoff has now been building boats more than thirty years; and in that time a great fleet of vessels, steamers and sailing craft has been launched at Bristol.







INTERIOR OF THE HERRESHOFF SHOPS.

It would be next to impossible to enumerate all these boats, nor would the public be interested in the recital, any more than the average youthful student is anxious to master the Homeric Catalogue of Ships. But there have been certain epoch-making craft produced at the Herreshoff yards which are worth the study of every intelligent American. Nobody can note the record of the *Gloriana* and the *Wasp* without feeling that the Bristol designers have done something more than copy and elaborate the work of their predecessors. They have not merely availed themselves of the achievements of Mr. Burgess and those who went before him, but have struck a new vein, so to speak, and one which has already produced most plentifully.

While his elder brother was building up his business gradually at Bristol, "Nat" Herreshoff was preparing himself for his future career there by study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a prenticeship at the Corliss Engine Works in Providence, where he had a hand in the construction of the great engine which moved the machinery at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, and a course in engineering abroad. He visited some of the best-known ship-yards in Europe, and on his return to this country was well qualified to enter upon the work that has since kept him so busily employed in his

"SHADOW."

native town. But all his boyhood had contributed to this result. Like his brothers and his father before them, he had been a boat-builder and a sailor while scarcely in his teens, and even as a little child, if he could not be found about the house, he was sure to be discovered at play on the shore of the harbor. During his boyhood he employed himself much of the time in guiding his blind brother, and the constant association of the two naturally resulted in a mutual understanding which has been of great value to them in the years of their business partnership.

It was shortly after his return to Bristol in 1877, when he was about twenty-nine years of age, that "Nat" Herreshoff brought out his famous catamarans. Catamarans had been constructed before; but he made use of a novel idea in the method of joining the two sections of which these queer craft are composed, and revolutionized their construction. Hitherto they had consisted of two hulls united by an unjointed series of braces; but he introduced a joint, by means of which the hulls acted almost independently of each other. They accommodated themselves to the waves in much better fashion; and the result was that "Captain Nat" beat nearly every craft he encountered. One day he lay in wait off the mouth of Bristol harbor for the steamer from Newport. When she came abreast, the wind blowing briskly up the bay at the time, he headed his novel yacht in the same direction, and beat the steamer to Providence so badly that the fame of his boat spread far and wide. It is said that on one occasion he made twenty-one miles in an hour over a measured course in one of these catamarans. At another time, on the occasion of a yacht race off Sandy Hook, he hung about the starting line with his double craft until all the contestants had gotten far down the course. One of the crew on board the boat which the older Herreshoff, the father of "Captain Nat," was sailing, says that they saw the queer craft putting out long after they had set off on the race, and watched its progress with interest. Nearer and nearer she came, and before long had passed not only this particular boat but every yacht in the fleet. This was one of "Nat's" quiet little jokes.

He is very quiet, by the way, and seems to like his own company better than the association of many friends. His head is evidently full of new plans, and he does not have to depend on anybody but himself for entertainment.

Judging by the number of new ideas he has evolved and published to the world in the course of his eighteen years of work at Bristol, he must be "thinking up" something new during most of his waking moments. He walks along the street with his head inclined forward, as if he were in search of some novel notion, though there is a local saying that he acquired the habit from watching his rivals in his races, craning his head in order to see them from under the boom.

Captain Bennett, already referred to, a Bristol veteran who went to sea for the first time as long ago as 1826, and has crossed the ocean sixty-four times in sailing vessels in the course of his long career, has sailed with the Herreshoffs, father and son, a greater number of times, probably, than any other one man. He says he never saw "Nat" excited in a race but once. It was in a race in Gowanus Bay, and the future designer of the *Defender* was at the helm. The breeze slackened, and it was thought advisable to raise a top-sail, but in the course of this operation one of the corners got away from the crew, and the sail went flapping high into the air. Captain Nat took off his cap and flung it down on the deck, and the language in which he indulged himself for a moment is said to have been extremely forcible. "But that's the only time," says Captain Bennett, "that I ever saw him when he seemed to be excited." As the yachting public knows very well, he is uniformly cool and

"GLORIANA."

"WASP."

careful in a race, sailing his craft for "all she is worth," and making few errors.

On one occasion he was steering the *Ianthe* in a race in the vicinity of New York, when the breeze almost deserted the boats and left them idly moving in the direction of home, but at a snail's pace. There were two or more classes of yachts in the fleet, but the skipper of the *Ianthe*, steering wide of his comrades, ran into a little breeze he had seen far to starboard, and beat all the classes over the finish line. It is by carefully observing the possibilities open to the wide-awake helmsman in every race that he has won his great reputation as a sailor.

Captain Nat's home at Bristol is a comfortable one. The house is a spacious structure at the foot of Hope Street, not far from the workshops of the company, and with its back to the street. It has been said that its isolation and the fact that it fronts the water are indicative of the attitude of its owner toward the general public. He likes to be let alone, and his chief inspiration has always come and always will come from the sea. His windows look far down Narragansett Bay, with Popasquash Point stretching to the south, and Prudence Island in the foreground. It is a picturesque bit of scenery, and as Captain Nat has an interesting family it is no wonder that he is satisfied with his home. Five of his six children are boys; and some day, he says, he is going to man a boat of his own construction with these youthful representatives of the Herreshoff family. Mrs. Herreshoff was Miss Clara De Wolf of Bristol.

One of his most famous inventions is his coil boiler. He has given much attention to the designing of the machinery for the steam craft he and his brother have built, and in the course of his long years of work and experiment has made many improvements in the engines with which they have been equipped. One of the earlier Herreshoff steamers to make a name for itself was the *Stiletto*, which created a sensation ten years ago. She was a long, narrow craft, and so promising were her speed trials that she sought out the *Mary Powell* on the Hudson and challenged her to a race. The *Powell* had long been known as the fastest steamboat in this country, but the *Stiletto* kept on even terms with her, and at the end

of the course, if memory serves, she ran across the bow of her big rival. The speed of this audacious little vessel pleased the government officials, and they purchased her for a torpedo boat. She has never been fitted out with torpedoes, but has served the authorities at Washington as a despatch boat, as has the *Cushing* also, which was ordered for the Navy from the Herreshoffs on account of the fine work of the *Stiletto*. The *Cushing* is said to have struck a thirty-mile gait on one occasion, and on her official trial trip covered twenty-three or twenty-four knots an hour. She is 138 feet in length, with a beam of 14.6, draught, 3.7, horse-power, 1720, and tonnage, 115. She carries three guns, and her cost is put at $83,000.

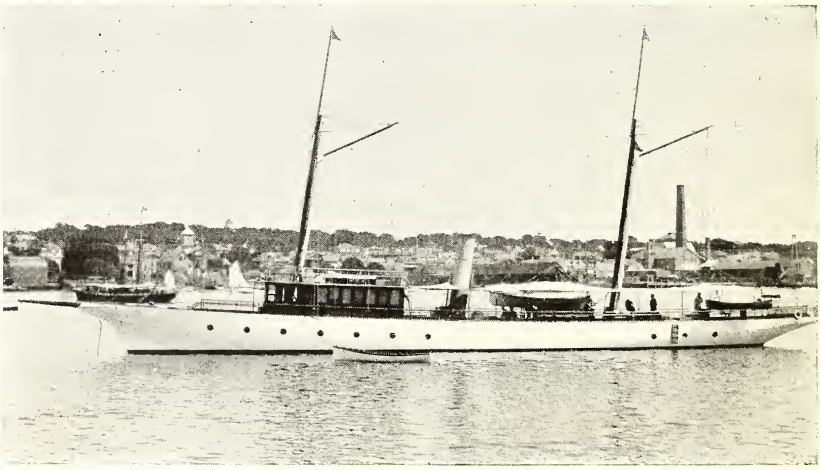
Among the other famous steam productions of the Herreshoffs are the yachts *Now Then*, *Say When*, *One Hundred*, all of these three craft being built primarily for speed qualities; the *Henrietta* and the *Vamoose*, the latter ordered by Mr. Hearst of California. The *Vamoose* has been called the fastest steam yacht in the world, and it is certain that she is at least one of the very fastest. Efforts have been made time and again to race her against the speedy *Norwood*, but the match has never occurred. Probably if she were beaten, "Nat" Herreshoff would stop work on his sailing craft long enough to attempt the construction of a steamer that would be unquestionably the fastest yacht afloat. The construction of steamers, it should be noted, was for many years his chief concern. His work at the Institute of Technology, the Corliss shops and abroad had all been calculated to increase his interest in steam craft and make him more proficient in building them and their machinery. As long ago as 1876 he produced a torpedo boat for the torpedo school at Newport, which was only sixty feet in length, but achieved a speed of twenty miles an hour. The officers of the school called it the *Lightning*, and compared with the average naval vessel of the day it deserved its title. It is

"VIGILANT."

recalled that on the trial trip of the craft the designer was at the engine, showing that he could manage a steamer as well as a sail boat, if the necessity arose. Indeed it has been said that he knows more about high-speed engines than any one else in the country.

His years of study along this line away from Bristol were supplemented by several years of valuable experience there, during which the government stationed a staff of officers at the Herreshoff works for the purpose of experimenting with high-speed machinery, no other firm in the country making a specialty of that grade of production at the time. Chief Engineer Benjamin F. Isherwood and a number of naval colleagues were at Bristol intermittently for four years, studying compound and triple expansion engines, the arrangement with the Herreshoffs amounting practically to a partnership between them and the Navy Department. The government furnished the expert knowledge required for the investigations, and the Herreshoffs supplied the shops and the other requisite facilities. There can be no doubt of the value to the younger Herreshoff of these years of association with the government experts. He had already become a master mechanic with few equals, and the hints he received in the course of his intimate acquaintance with the experienced investigators from Washington left him superior, in his own particular line, to any other American boat-builder. It is no wonder, when we consider his natural genius, that his steam craft have proved speedy vessels.

There is money in the construction of fast steam yachts; and that fact probably accounts for the comparatively recent development of the big sailing yacht at the Herreshoff yard. John B. Herreshoff is a shrewd business man, and he has been more anxious to put by something for a rainy day than to win glory for himself or his brother by building swift sailing vessels. It is said that when a yacht was needed to meet the *Genesta*, back in 1885, Mr. Herreshoff was approached and asked for figures on such a boat. The price he set was $30,000, as the story goes, and the prospective purchasers, considering the amount too high, placed their order with Edward Burgess, who designed the *Puritan* for them. What seems strangest about this story is that $30,000 should have been regarded as too great a price to pay for a cup-defender. The Vanderbilt-Iselin-Morgan syndicate will be out of pocket many times that amount when they have settled for the new aluminum and bronze vessel from Bristol.



"BALLYMENA."

During his long years of work in build-

"COLONIA."

"Nat" Herreshoff yearned, without doubt, for the time to arrive when he would be able to show the world what he could do with a big racer of modern design. And as all things come to him who waits, this opportunity at length arrived. Now that the Herreshoffs are possessed of a reasonable competence, the designer is able to give as much time as he desires to the development of any notion that may come into his head, though it ought to be added that in the case of the *Defender* the notion pays very well.

The "cat yawl" is a Bristol variety of boat. Not that there are no cat yawls anywhere else, but at Bristol they flourish like the traditional green bay tree. Captain Nat built one of these for Commodore Edwin D. Morgan some years ago, and so pleased was the latter that he ordered a twenty-six-footer constructed along the same general lines. As the result, the *Pelican* was launched in December, 1890, and on the seventh of that month the designer and his brother Lewis made a trial trip in her, although the gale in which they sailed was one of the severest of the winter. The craft proved stiff and fast, and it was seen at once that her model was a success. The

ing boilers and hulls for steam yachts, Captain Nat was by no means uninterested in sailing craft. He kept storing up ideas for future development, and no doubt he felt that some time he would have an opportunity to turn to the construction of a sailing yacht of sufficient size to bring him into the first rank among the designers of such boats. He had been known before as a successful sailboat designer; his *Shadow* of the early seventies had taken more prizes, perhaps, than any other sailing craft ever built. But there is a certain prestige attaching to the construction of a successful big yacht that does not attach to the construction of smaller racing vessels. Edward Burgess's name became widely known for the first time when he had created his fast ninety-footer, although he had been building fast boats for a good many years.

"HANDSEL."

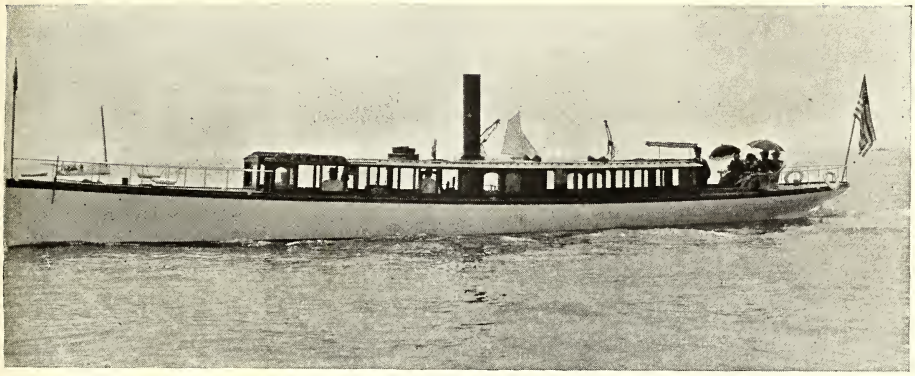
history of this boat is important because the *Gloriana*, racer of glorious memories, was the direct outgrowth of the *Pelican*.

Mr. Morgan recommended the Herreshoffs to Royal Phelps Carroll, who was intending to build a boat for the season of 1891, and the result was that the order for a forty-six-footer, the future *Gloriana*, was placed at Bristol. Meanwhile Mr. Carroll married and went to Europe, and this event changed his plans for the season to such an extent that the new yacht was ultimately constructed for Mr. Morgan. It has been said that the *Gloriana* was a lucky accident; but those who are familiar with the care and thought that the designer put into her are aware that such a notion is entirely erroneous. Here was a turning-point in the career of Captain Nat. If he failed to build a fast boat, it would be said of him that his forte was the construction of steam craft, and that he would best stick to that branch of marine architecture in the future, at least so far as craft of large size were concerned. On the other hand, if he should produce a boat far and away superior to the existing vessels of her class, unlimited possibilities would open up before him. And that, in a word, was precisely what he did. The *Gloriana* was a success from the start, and at the end of the season was confessedly the swiftest and ablest boat of her size on this side of the ocean, if not in the world.

The launch of the famous craft took place early in May, Mr. Morgan having gone to Bristol in a special car to witness the event. Four or five hundred people watched her as she glided into the harbor; and while her model was seen to be peculiar, there was something about it that suggested speed even to the untrained eye. Her name was suggested by a line in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," "That greater, glorious queene of faery land;" and when she won the race against the *Beatrix* off Newport in August, her trophy was a beautiful silver cup designed and made by the Whitings, on which a feminine figure was engraved, representing Her Majesty of the faery race.

"CLARA."

The *Gloriana's* chief characteristics are her raking stem and overhang stern, which make her look very different, viewed broadside on, from the racing yachts of former days. Instead of the perpendicular bow of her predecessors,



"POLLY."

it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that she has almost nothing forward, everything being reduced to the minimum at this point in order to give the least possible resistance while she is gliding through the water. She seems to sweep over the sea rather than push it to either side of her, and her deep keel enables her to get a "grip" far down below the surface, while at the same time her displacement is not increased. It might be supposed that with almost no forefoot it would be difficult to keep her from falling off in a strong wind; but the reverse is true. She hugs the breeze in a way to delight the soul of the old salt, and minds her tiller as quickly as could be desired. In her first race around the Scotland lightship, when she started home on a reach, Captain Nat, who was at the tiller, called a member of the crew aft to assist him in case of necessity. But no necessity arose. The boat responded to the slightest touch, and the skipper sailed her the entire distance home with only one hand.

The season of 1891 will long be remembered for the series of races between the forty-six-footers. This class of yachts had succeeded, in natural sequence, the forty-footers, and the contests between them were among the most interesting in the history of the sport. It is worth while to notice that among all the aspirants for honors, only one boat of any importance, the Burgess yacht *Beatrix*, was a centreboard. On account of this fact it was desired, from the beginning of the season, that the *Gloriana* should encounter her; and as race after race occurred and they did not come together, the popular interest in their ultimate meeting increased. In the first race in which the *Gloriana* started, on June 16, she was pitted against the *Nautilus*, *Mineola* and *Jessica*. The regatta was under the auspices of the Atlantic Yacht Club; and the Bristol craft beat the *Mineola*, her nearest competitor, by eight minutes and seventeen seconds. Two days later, in the New York Yacht Club regatta, there were six starters, but the *Gloriana* won from all her rivals. Two of the contestants were designed by Burgess, two were Fife boats, and a fifth was from the Wintringham shops; but the second boat at the finish was half an hour behind the Herreshoff wonder. In this race there were wind and rain in plenty, the breeze blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

On the twentieth of June occurred the Seawanaka Corinthian Yacht Club regatta over the lower bay course off New York. A heavy mist overspread the water, and the yachts were invisible at a short distance. The rivals in this race were the *Nautilus* (Wintringham), *Jessica* (Fife), and *Gloriana*, the *Jessica* getting away nearly two minutes ahead of the Bristol boat, but the latter soon forging to the front and ultimately winning. On the succeeding Monday, the *Sayonara*, another Burgess craft, the *Jessica* and the *Uvira* contested with the *Gloriana*, and were handily beaten; and on Tues-

day, in a light breeze, the undefeated yacht won a fifth time, securing a handsome cup, valued at $500, which had been offered as a prize by Vice-Commodore David Banks of the Atlantic Yacht Club. In these races Captain Nat was constantly in evidence, and a large degree of the success of the boat may be attributed to his wise seamanship, although in later seasons, without his presence, she has continued her former successful record.

In her sixth race, on August 7, for the Goelet cup, off Newport, the *Gloriana* won again; and on August 13 she secured another $500 trophy by defeating all the other boats of her class in a race designed especially for the forty-six-footers, though her margin on this occasion was only twenty-eight seconds. But as yet the *Beatrix*, which had been winning races in eastern waters, had not made her appearance against the Herreshoff boat, so that when the two finally met in the *Gloriana's* eighth race off Newport on the seventeenth of the month, popular interest was at its height. Captain Nat was again at the helm, and again the glorious craft crossed the finish line a winner, beating the Burgess boat *Oweene* by a little more than a minute, and the *Beatrix* by more than five minutes. This was the only time that the two rivals met during the season; but it was sufficient to give the *Gloriana* the undisputed championship in her class. She had won eight straight races, and in so doing had called general attention to her designer.

In the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for September, 1891, a writer referring to Burgess, who had just then passed away, quoted this stanza: —

"CONSUELO."

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

But there were already indications that the dead designer's work would be carried forward to triumphs which he could scarcely have predicted. It was at the time of the *Gloriana's* great successes that a newspaper man went to Bristol to see "Nat" Herreshoff, and came away with this impression of him:

"The Bristol inventor by no outward sign shows the pride or exultation which would be justifiable in view of his success. He is the same quiet, business-like, industrious man that he was last April, when the *Gloriana* was on the ways and an 'unknown quantity.' If he has changed the style of yacht architecture for the whole world, one would never suspect that he realized the magnitude of what he has accomplished." Thus at the moment of Edward Burgess's untimely death, Herreshoff, who was of the same age as the Boston designer, was at the threshold of his widest fame. The one had put aside his pencil and paper forever, while the other was beginning to attract the notice of yachtsmen all over the world.

The success of the *Gloriana* revolutionized yacht-building. Everybody went in for the receding bow which had been made so familiar during her career, and the overhang stern, which in her had been carried to the extreme. In the fall of 1891 the *Dilemma*, a fin-keel boat and obviously an attempt to utilize the good points of the *Gloriana* in a superior creation, was launched at Bristol, and in the succeeding year the "new *Gloriana*," or *Wasp*, as she was ultimately named, was built for Mr. Archibald Rogers. The *Dilemma* proved to be a fast boat, and had a successful career until a few months ago, when she was wrecked at the entrance to a Long Island harbor. A local designer has reconstructed her since this catastrophe, being compelled to reproduce one entire side, and it will be interesting to note whether or not he has succeeded in preserving her original lines sufficiently to allow her to win races as before.

The career of the *Wasp* during the season of 1892 was in large measure a repetition of that of the *Gloriana* in 1891. She met the latter frequently, and in a majority of instances won from her simply because she embodied the result of the observations of the designer on board the *Gloriana* during her first season. The *Wasp* retained the good points of her predecessor, and [illegible] certain new ones which made her easily the fastest forty-six-footer ever produced. She is larger than the *Gloriana*, though belonging in the same class, her length being between seventy-one and seventy-two feet over all, while the *Gloriana* is a few inches shorter. Her keel runs practically parallel to the water line along its entire distance, and at the forward end there is an abrupt break, the broadside view showing a direct rise for several feet, after which the stem continues to the bow in a straight line. The water lines forward are fuller than they would be if the stem were permitted to reach direct to the keel, and the stem has a greater rake even than that of the *Gloriana*, the lead being farther aft. The races between the two craft have afforded much interest in every season since they first came together; and last year, out of fourteen meetings, the *Wasp* came off victorious ten times. Thus it is fair to argue that yacht designing, despite the critics who called the *Gloriana* a lucky accident, is a real science and art at Bristol.

Early in 1893 Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll had the satisfaction of seeing at last a Herreshoff boat of his own afloat. She was eighty-four feet on the water line, and a hundred and twenty-six over all, emphasizing thus the peculiarities of the smaller yachts that had preceded her on the ways at Bristol. She was designed to win the new international trophy abroad, the Royal Victoria cup, and to bring back to this country the Cape May and Brenton Reef trophies, which had been won in 1887 by the British cutter *Genesta*. The preliminary trials of the *Navahoe* were not entirely encouraging, and her subsequent career in British waters was not equal to the hopes of her designer and owner. But one of her contests was as remarkable a race as was ever sailed. She started with the *Britannia* on the twelfth of September, in competition for the Brenton Reef cup, the course being from the Needles to Cherbourg, France, and return, a total distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Wind and sea were both heavy, and during most of the race the yachts were within a minute of each other. It had been predicted

that the American craft would be at her worst in just this kind of weather, but she won the race by two minutes and a half second, and the trophy in consequence. Her competitors at various times during the summer were the *Britannia*, the *Valkyrie*, the *Satanita*, the *Calluna* and the *Iverna*, and out of nineteen starts she won but three first prizes. Six seconds were placed to her credit, however, five thirds and two fourths, and in one race she was disabled. The percentage of victories won by the *Britannia* was 52.63, of the *Valkyrie*, 41.66, and of the *Navahoe*, 15.78.

After this experience the American yachtsmen began to regard the situation in respect to the approaching international regatta with increased seriousness. The *Vigilant*, another Herreshoff boat, had proved her superiority to her competitors on this side of the ocean; and yet the Herreshoff *Navahoe* had not shown up encouragingly in British waters. The *Valkyrie* left England on August 23 to sail for the cup in the autumn races off New York, and observers were not lacking on this side of the ocean who predicted her success. But the *Vigilant* had given great promise in her preliminary contests. Four boats had been built for the purpose of defending the trophy, — the *Pilgrim*, launched at Wilmington for Stewart A. Binney of Boston; the *Jubilee*, a South Boston fin and centreboard combination boat, designed by John B. Paine and owned by General Paine, the veteran yachtsman; the *Colonia*, ordered from the Herreshoffs by a New York syndicate with Archibald Rogers at the head; and the *Vigilant*, launched at the Herreshoff yard on June 14, and owned by another syndicate including Commodore Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin. The *Vigilant* is a centreboard yacht, combining with that type, however, some of the best features of the keel model, and having a coating of Tobin bronze. The *Colonia* is a larger *Wasp*, being of the familiar keel variety of later seasons and possessing great depth. Following are some statistics of the four craft: —

| | Length over all. | Beam. ft. in. | Draught. ft. in. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vigilant, | 124 feet. | 26 | 14 |
| Colonia, | 123 " | 24 | 16 |
| Jubilee, | 123 " | 22 6 | 13 6 |
| Pilgrim, | 122 " | 23 | 22 6 |

During the early season the *Vigilant* had indicated her superiority as an all-around boat, although the *Colonia* showed up well, and many people believed that with some slight changes in her rig the *Jubilee* might exhibit her heels to her rivals. The official trial races began on September 7, off Sandy Hook, when the *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* were disabled, and the *Vigilant* won on actual time, the race going to the *Colonia* by six seconds, however, on time allowance. The course in this contest was fifteen miles to windward from Scotland lightship, around the stakeboat and home. Two days later, in the second trial, the course was a triangular one, ten miles to each leg. The *Vigilant* won over the *Pilgrim*, her nearest competitor, by two minutes, nineteen seconds, and the *Colonia* was fourth. In the third and last race the course was the same as in the first. The *Vigilant* won with ease, and the *Colonia* came in second, about seven minutes behind. The *Vigilant* was accordingly chosen to defend the *America's* cup against the *Valkyrie;* and the Herreshoffs had the satisfaction of seeing their other boat, the *Colonia*, selected as the alternate defender. That was considerable glory for one season, despite the comparative failure of the *Navahoe* to accomplish the purpose for which she had been built; but there were greater glories to come. Captain Nat was anxious to show the British yachtsmen that his latest creation was superior to the *Valkyrie*, notwithstanding the defeats of the Carroll boat.

The length of the *Vigilant* on the load water line was officially determined as being 86.19 feet, while that of the *Valkyrie* was 85.50. Thus the American boat was compelled to allow her rival one minute and forty-eight seconds in each contest. The first of the series occurred off Sandy Hook on the seventh of October, the attempt to sail two days previously having ended in failure. The course was fifteen miles to windward and

return, but unsteady wind rendered the race a series of alternate beats and reaches. Captain Nat was at the helm of the American craft, and at the finish she was five minutes and forty-eight seconds ahead of her competitor, corrected time. Such a fleet of steam and sailing vessels as were on hand to witness this contest had perhaps never before been assembled; and when the victorious yacht crossed the line a winner by nearly six minutes, she was greeted with an uproarious demonstration.

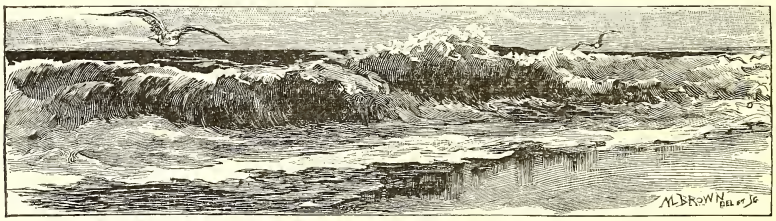
The second race of the series was the most successful one from the Herreshoff point of view. The wind was strong at the start, and increased until it blew at a rate of thirty-two miles an hour at the finish. The course sailed was a triangular one, and at the end the *Vigilant* was ten minutes, thirty-five seconds in the lead. When the day for the third race arrived, the sea was high and choppy and the east wind was blowing half a gale. The yachts were sent to windward fifteen miles and return, and the *Valkyrie* was ahead of her rival at the turning mark. On the run home, however, the Yankee craft began to gain, and at the finish she was forty seconds ahead on corrected time. The *Valkyrie* sustained several mishaps on the homeward run, and if she had not split her silk spinnaker at a critical moment there is no telling how the race would have resulted. Lord Dunraven, her owner, was not satisfied with the result of the series; but the *Vigilant* had won in three straight contests, and the cup stayed on this side of the sea. There are a great many "ifs" in yacht racing, but the boat which holds together at critical moments is entitled to some credit, whatever it may be supposed her competitor would have accomplished if she had not met with this or that misfortune.

The career of the *Vigilant* last year is familiar. Mr. George J. Gould purchased her to race in British waters, and in June she crossed the ocean in the short time of fourteen days, seven hours and fifty minutes, — the best time, it is said, ever made by a sailing yacht over the same distance, with one exception; the exception, moreover, was when the *Henrietta* beat the *Fleetwing* in a race across the ocean, with all possible sail set, of course, while the *Vigilant* proceeded under short canvas. The American champion was distinctly a disappointment on the other side of the sea. Captain Herreshoff was at her helm in many of the races she entered, but owing to one cause or another she came in first in only four contests, while the *Britannia*, which was unquestionably the swiftest British yacht of the season, owing to the sinking of the *Valkyrie*, won twelve firsts. It would be profitless to discuss the reasons for the failure of the American yacht on these occasions; but in general it may be said that she was built for sailing in American waters, free from the shifting winds and currents of inland bays, and that in her career in the United Kingdom she was constantly at a disadvantage on this account, the British skippers knowing their ground thoroughly, and the British boats having been constructed with a view to racing under just such conditions as prevail over most of the English, Scotch and Irish courses.

This year the construction of the *Defender*, the yacht which in all likelihood will meet Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III.* in the fall, has drawn the eyes of the yachting world again to Bristol. The greatest secrecy has been maintained regarding her lines; but it is known that she is a keel craft of great beauty, plated above the water line with aluminum for lightness and below with manganese bronze. She has been ordered by a syndicate composed of Messrs. Iselin, Morgan and Vanderbilt; and her cost has been estimated as high as $180,000. She has a bow that is cut away even more than her predecessors at the Bristol shops, and her stern is in large measure of the familiar type of recent seasons. She is an improved *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, *Colonia* and *Vigilant* all in one; and if she does not sail away from the latter yacht in the preliminary races this summer the public will be treated to a genuine surprise. She measures about eighty-nine feet on the water line, and her spread of canvas will undoubtedly be greater than that of the *Vigilant*. Captain "Hank" Haff, the hero of numberless yacht races, will

be in command of her; and her crew, which is composed of "down-easters" from Maine, will be as fine a lot of American seamen as can be found anywhere. For weeks they have been cruising on the *Colonia* in preparation for the races of the season; and by the time the *Defender* enters her first contest they will be able to work together with precision and confidence.

Thus the latest and finest product of the Herreshoff works and of the keen mind of Captain Nat Herreshoff enters upon her career. Her surroundings during the months which have brought her into being have been humble, for the Herreshoff shops are not pretentious structures by any means. But she is, to all appearances, the greatest sailing yacht ever designed, and we shall all be grievously disappointed if she does not prove her title to the international championship. May prosperous winds go with her, and her races prove her, as our fondest hopes already proclaim her, the unquestioned Queen of the Seas!



# TEARS AND SMILES.

*By Julie M. Lippmann.*

She wept, —
And when men saw her tears, —
Tears shed for trifles light as chaff, —
They scarcely sought to hide their sneers,
Or smother their contemptuous laugh.
They watched the drops that downward crept
(Confessions all
Of weakness, that were better kept
Than thus let fall),
And said: "How like a woman, she, —
So full of fault and frailty!"

She smiled, —
And when men saw her smile,
And thought on her long martyrdom,
So sad it seemed, the piteous wile, —
That, try their best, the tears would come.
They watched the light that lingered where
Grief might have been,
And reverenced the courage rare
They read therein,
And said: "How like a woman, she, —
So strong in her self-mastery!"

## SPRING AND SUMMER.

*By Mary Handerson Ela.*

WHEN apple trees bloom pink and white,
And maple-buds are swelling;
When mating-birds in pure delight
Their tales of love are telling, —
Love springs anew in many a heart;
Old joys return, and old wounds smart.
Ah! yes; for all things have a part
In nature's glad renewal.

When summer spreads her mantle green,
And flowers to fruit are changing;
When busy mother-birds are seen
Through all the tree-tops ranging, —
With warmth and beauty everywhere,
No saddest heart can quite despair.
Ah! no; for every life can share
In nature's rich renewal.

---

## THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

*By Charles F. Dole.*

THE history of religion in America is woven out of various and curious strands. Of these the strongest thread is what has been called "evangelicalism." Evangelical Christianity is really a phase of the strain of Puritanism, as old as the nature of man, which in every period of renewed interest in religion aims to draw its sharp, rigid lines about the few faithful believers. Thus the English Puritanism, out of which the settlement of New England grew, was precisely such an attempt to draw the lines of a veritable church against a loose, indifferent and compromising world. Our ancestors who emigrated to Holland and founded the Plymouth Colony would hardly recognize the national English Church as a real church.

Modern evangelicalism is another phase of the ancient Puritan spirit. It is a call for genuineness and reality in religion. It is the attempt to define who are religious and to shut out of the church those whose membership would add no strength and mean no vital piety.

The old battle was not won merely by coming to America. As early as 1662 there had come to be a large number of persons whom the strict Puritan conditions excluded from church membership. They probably outnumbered the church members, perhaps as five to one. Theoretically they were heathen: their children could not be baptized. Yet they were often persons of correct life who did not dream of doubting the evangelical system of doctrines. The famous "half-way covenant" permitted these persons to enter as it were the vestibule of the church, so far at least as to be able to offer their children in baptism. Somewhat later certain ministers, and especially the eminent and pious Stoddard of Northampton, invited these half-way Christians to the communion,

trusting the service would prove a "means of grace." The State Church of Massachusetts had now obviously become like the Established Church of England, from which the Puritans had withdrawn. In other words, the "world" had entered the church. For a merely intellectual assent to the creed and a moral deportment without spirituality or vital religion opened the easy door to its communion. Naturally the stricter creed itself disintegrated in this mild atmosphere of good-natured toleration. "Unconverted ministers," which I take to mean men without earnest belief, were said to be numerous. One who has looked over several hundreds of the sermons of the eighteenth century describes them as generally dull and pointless.

The exceptional revival preaching of Edwards and Whitefield was a new trumpet call to Puritanism. The strict lines were drawn anew. The church of the half-way covenant, like all the State Churches abroad, had assumed that any one born and baptized a Christian was a Christian still, and evidence should be shown to the contrary. The Puritan or evangelical revivalist shifted the presumption. A man, though born of Christian parents, and however properly reared and baptized, of however exemplary conduct, was assumed to be an unregenerate enemy of God till definite evidence could be brought to the contrary. This is the key to the understanding of the evangelical type of Christianity.

Individualism had been a characteristic note of the Protestant Reformation. The individual was not only stirred to think and judge for himself: moral responsibility was also urged upon him. He could not be saved in the multitude by his church and its forms. Each man must be saved alone. For every soul, therefore, there was a decisive choice and a moment of salvation. Heretofore the man was lost; now he was saved. The personal experience of Luther and the philosophical system of Calvin alike brought the individual face to face with God.

The doctrinal basis which underlay evangelicalism may be briefly characterized. The main facts assumed were a world ruined and the human race lost through disobedience; mankind in a state of chronic rebellion or alienation from God; eternal doom hanging over every soul; an atonement made by the suffering of Jesus Christ, the second person of the Trinity, whereby it became possible for peace to be made with the offended Majesty; conversion, through which a soul passed in a moment from death to life; and regeneration or the working of the Spirit of God to change the hitherto rebellious will. The system could allow no easy theory of gradual education, or the growth of a soul into the life of religion.

It would be difficult to show in a paragraph what it was in the Arminian heresy against which so great horror was felt by the more orthodox party in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was probably dimly apprehended to represent a new and more humane tendency, the spirit of toleration, and somewhat more than the age approved of the mercy and love of God. At its best it expressed a compromise theology, with which no philosophic thinker could be permanently satisfied. At its worst it stood for a dry and unfruitful system of morals. But Arminius himself insisted as distinctly as Calvin on the main facts of the lost world, the unregenerate human nature and the atonement of the Son of God.* The success of the great Methodist Church, almost wholly Arminian, is sufficient proof of the Puritan or evangelical character of this theology whenever vitalized by the spirit of religion.

The great fact in the evangelical system is the "experience of religion." This human life is a probation for the chance of getting religion. Eternity hangs upon this crisis. All preaching is in the main with a view to bringing men to this experience. The test of a church is in the answer to the question whether or not men are converted. It is an experience definite, mysterious, like a miracle, tremendous in its consequences. It is impossible that it could pass without leaving unmistakable tokens.

* One may read a sermon of Chauncey's, the great Boston Arminian, calculated to frighten sinners and in fact most Christians also, almost as profoundly as Edwards's famous "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

Due examination therefore will show whether or not any alleged experience is valid, and whether a person is fit to be received into the church. A converted man must be assumed to have felt something of the weight and remorse of infinite sin, to acknowledge his desert to suffer forever in hell, to feel the need of an infinite atonement, such as a God only could make, to be possessed with grateful love toward his Saviour, with peace and joy in being saved. So far at least his experience and his creed must fit each other.

The evangelical movement was not only religious and doctrinal; it was highly ethical also. The Christian was a new creature, in harmony with the good will of the world. His life and conduct ought to show this by marked signs, purity, truthfulness, temperance, benevolence. It had early shocked and scandalized the Puritan spirit that dissolute men were in the church. The true church should therefore enforce discipline. Prove any course of conduct or fashion to be wordly; show card-playing, theatre-going or dancing to be inconsistent with the life of one who has only lately stood under doom of the wrath of God, whose chief work henceforth ought to be to save sinners from similar doom; such conduct and fashions must straightway be abolished.

The evangelical system proposes one solemn and cardinal purpose for every converted man. Others are where he was, still enemies to God. The one thing to live for is to save souls. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" is the universal command. He must tell the news of salvation to his friends and neighbors. He must hold his time and means in trust to help send his gospel everywhere.

What will happen when men possessed with burning zeal to save souls go forth to preach the news of men's lost condition and the simple and affecting means of escape? Since God hears his people's prayers, why should not enthusiastic believers look for immediate and startling results? This is the evangelical theory of revivals. God may be expected to pour out his Spirit. Communities and multitudes may be expected to be moved by a common impulse. As with many other theories, the expectation has tended to bring its fulfilment.

Such is the evangelical system in its main outlines, coherent, definite, practical, intense, requiring pure hearts, courage, disinterestedness, faith, in fact the highest ethical qualities. Such is its mighty ideal and purpose, to save every sinning soul and convert the world to Christ. If it draws the lines rigidly, it is in order the more surely to bring all men at last into its fold; as an army bent on victory may first drum its shirks and cowards out of the camp.

There was need enough in the period that followed the Revolutionary War for a revival of religion. The war had left its demoralizing effects like a long and dangerous fever. The whiskey riots in Pennsylvania and Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts tell the story of the low civilization of the native American population long before emigration had crowded our cities with foreign ignorance. The nation that chose a man of the notorious and dissolute character of Aaron Burr as Vice-President could have had no nice moral sense or high standards, whether private or political.

Everywhere among the better educated class were men called infidels, the Robert Ingersolls of the day, who plumed themselves on holding the opinions of the French philosophy. Just before the close of the last century there were only four students in Yale College who professed to be Christians. There seems to have been a prevalent dread of religion and unpopularity in professing it. The "insane extravagances," as an evangelical writer calls them, which had attended the revivals of the eighteenth century had brought religion into doubt and odium.

The attendance at church at this time must have been small. Whereas now there are nearly three ministers to each two thousand of the population, there was then only one minister to the same number. Many churches were without settled ministers. There were sections of the country in the new settlements

almost without churches and often with a coarse, low and immoral population. Finney, the noted revivalist, whose parents moved to Oneida County, New York, when he was two years old, says that up to the age of twenty-six he never lived in a "praying," that is, a religious, community, except when at school in Connecticut. Neither did the dull and formal preaching there interest him in the least. He taught school in New Jersey, where he scarcely heard more than half a dozen sermons in English in three years. When finally he began the practice of law in a New York town and attended a Presbyterian church, he saw no evidence that the minister was "converted," so dry, lifeless and mechanical were his sermons.

This condition of things had its roots far back, as early as the settlement of New England. All the evidence goes to show that there was never a golden age in the religious history of Massachusetts. Heroic as the men were who exiled themselves for conscience' sake from comfortable English livings to the wilderness of the new world, the pitiable story of Williams and Wheelwright and President Dunster and Anne Hutchinson shows the dogged narrowness and disputatiousness of the average piety of the early colonists. It may have been a religion after the standard of Samuel and Elijah, but these strenuous Boston saints had not yet discovered what Professor Drummond finely characterizes as "the greatest thing in the world."

Even such saints as these were only the few out of the whole body of emigrants. From many hundreds (one authority puts it as high as fifteen hundred) who came to Boston with Governor Winthrop, we presently find but sixty-four men and half as many women to constitute the First Church in Boston. With the colonists who came for the sake of religion came over many others, servants and hirelings. Men came to seek their fortunes by fishing, farming and trade. Some are spoken of as "depraved men," whom a spirit of wild adventure had brought, like our western frontiersmen. There has always been a sturdy secular strain in our English stock, that has never been really converted to Christianity from the days of our heathen ancestors. Such were the men in many a parish, who had to be compelled to go to church by laws and fines, so irksome was the support of other people's religion.

By all accounts, the general level of morals and religion seems to have lapsed after the first more intense Puritan generation. Search the old parish records. Read the kind of coarse offences for which church members had to be disciplined. See the parish authorities in arrears for their ministers' stipends, or levying their brutal tax on the cows of unwilling parishioners. Read the bills for rum at parish festivities. Presently we hear of a terrible crop of drunkards among the deacons and ministers. Yes, there was chronic need of some kind of revival both of morals and religion when the nineteenth century dawned. The need was all the more pressingly felt because of the industrial and commercial depression which had followed the war. It is in such periods that men's attention is more readily called to the consideration of religion.

There is always present in society, unless it has sunk into hopeless decay, more or less elastic moral fibre. It might easily be shown that the leaders of the evangelical movement came of this superior moral stock. In one of the most interesting chapters in the life of Horace Bushnell, he describes the better side of the "homespun" farmhouse life — very plain, but pure and earnest — in which he spent his boyhood. In many an obscure cottage among the hills this pure quality was latent, waiting to be stirred and used. The evangelical system of doctrine was specially adapted to stimulate it. It emphasized two great facts, — the profound moral need of the times and the ideal of a new and higher life. It preached sin and it pointed to a God who, though stern, was conceived of as infinitely righteous. It also urged the necessity of immediate action.

Certain thinkers and theologians were heralds of the new movement. Dr. Samuel Hopkins, the minister of Newport, Rhode Island, and Dr. Emmons, minister of the little town of Franklin,

Massachusetts, exerted in their day a prodigious influence through their published works. Both of them taught a system of doctrine precisely calculated to produce a quite soldierly type of consecrated character among their disciples. All who could pass Dr. Hopkins's test of conversion must be ready to be "damned for the glory of God." These men were not only logicians; they were both brave pioneers in attacking the barbarism of slavery. Hopkins's efforts made it illegal in Rhode Island in 1784.

In 1795 Timothy Dwight took the presidency of Yale College. The college, which had been lately graduating men who despised religion, now began to send out ministers and missionaries by the score. No one could come under the teaching of this earnest president and not respect the sincerity of his religion. Lyman Beecher was one of his students. Though of the stanchest moral character from birth, he experienced such a religious awakening that he writes of his previous condition that he had been as "ignorant as a beast of the state of his heart." It seemed to him as though he was on the verge of a new era. "I felt," he says, "as if the conversion of the world to Christ was near." His first settlement was over a Presbyterian church on Long Island. In 1810 he became minister of the Congregational church in Litchfield, Connecticut. He was called in 1826 to combat Unitarianism from the pulpit of the Hanover Street Church in Boston. Wherever he went revivals attended his preaching. The freethinkers of the day, often quite shallow minds, who had only known the negation of religion in the lifeless formalism of the average preaching, or the fanaticism of occasional ranters, had a new problem presented in the obvious genuineness, heartiness and comparative humanity of this fresh type of religion. Whatever we think of his methods or doctrines, here was effective dynamite, precisely calculated to produce moral and spiritual upheaval. There can be no doubt that New England was distinctly purer and more vital for the work of the men of whom Lyman Beecher stands as a conspicuous type.

Finney, who began to preach in 1821, was even more direct and untrammelled by conventionalities. He was educated as a lawyer and had entered the bar before his conversion. Renouncing the prospects of his profession, he at once began to preach, without any theological training beyond what he found in his Bible read in the light of his Presbyterian traditions. In fact, he was under continual suspicion of heresy and Arminianism on the part of more regularly educated, but narrower and less earnest and direct ministers. Mr. Theodore D. Weld, a well-known Unitarian, who knew him intimately, says that he never saw his equal, not only for logical argument and moving eloquence, but even more for humanity, disinterestedness and the utter unconsciousness of self. He assures us that Mr. Finney's preaching was attended with wide-reaching and most beneficent moral results. Finney insisted on reality. Religion ought to mark a conscious difference in a man's character, his interests and the purpose of his life. Wherever Mr. Finney's influence went, among lawyers, business men, students, ministers, he helped to set new standards. Himself an ardent and fearless anti-slavery reformer, a founder of Oberlin College, — free to blacks and whites, men and women, — he helped effectively toward training the conscience of the generation which by the blood and tears of the Civil War put an end to American slavery.

All along the line the evangelical movement was marked by the advancing banners of humanitarian reform. Already in 1812 Lyman Beecher with other earnest men, impressed by the enormity and mischief of the drinking habits of the age, was at work to rouse public sentiment to form the first temperance societies in western Massachusetts and Connecticut. Wherever revivals were, the new standard of temperance went also.

The Massachusetts Missionary Society was started in 1799 in behalf of the more sparsely settled towns and the new settlements in the district of Maine. "Father Sewall" of Maine was an example of the sturdy pioneer minister, like an ancient prophet, who traversed a great preaching

circuit of scattered hamlets and was known as one of the characters of his day. In his case the smallest possible cost paid for the utmost missionary service.

The Boston City Missionary Society was founded in 1816. Other similar societies to care for the poor and destitute in the large towns followed.

Before the opening of the century Bibles had been comparatively scarce and costly; multitudes of families possessed no Bible. In 1804 the Bible Society was formed and began to work out the far-reaching purpose that a Bible should be placed in every home in the world.

As in the case of most pioneers, the early efforts of John Eliot and the Mayhews to Christianize the Indians had seemed pathetically to fail. In 1810, despite the general indifference of church members and ministers, a few devoted people established the American Board, a society designed never to rest from its labors while an isle of the sea remained without its gospel. It sounded its call for volunteers to give their lives to exile and the unknown risks of foreign climates and barbarous nations. Children were brought up in thousands of homes on the stories of men and women, like Lyman, the martyr of Sumatra, who were braving death for the sake of their religion. Generosity, chivalry, consecration and loyalty were developed and stimulated by constantly growing demands.

Meanwhile the rapid growth of the country called for renewed activity in home missionary work and church extension. The American Home Missionary Society was founded in 1826. The American Missionary Association was started in 1846 by men of decided anti-slavery sentiment. Since the Civil War it has devoted itself largely to the condition of the freedmen. These and other societies have served to diffuse the New England spirit of energy and moral vigor, and have been very liberally sustained by New England men and money.

The traditions of the Puritan churches had always favored a thorough education. The Protestant Reformation indeed had tended to much speculation and theorizing. For want of other subjects of thought the early New England mind had struggled especially with dogmatic studies. Besides the preachers like Beecher and Finney, were the theologians as Emmons and Hopkins, who formulated systems of doctrine and gathered groups of disciples about them. As early as 1807, however, the deepening evangelical movement seemed to require a special school for the training of strictly and devotedly orthodox ministers. The Andover Theological School was founded with this distinct purpose. Other similar schools were established later at New Haven, Hartford, East Windsor, Bangor and Oberlin. Colleges, as Amherst and Williams, were also endowed to throw decided evangelical influences around student life. Revivals have been a common feature in the history of these colleges. Thus the evangelical leaders organized their system of education from the first with reference to their cardinal purpose of converting men to be Christians.

The establishment of Sunday schools may be considered a part of the great general humanitarian movement of the century. The growing sentiment of kindliness demanded first that better care should be taken of the children of the poor. It was seen too that whatever was to be done for the grown man must be begun with the child. The evangelical purpose has seized upon this obvious principle. The Sunday school has therefore been carefully organized to make Christians of the children, and so to reenforce the church. It has been held that the teachers and officers should be converted persons themselves, and that the test of their success is in the conversion of their classes. A great and elaborate system has been gradually built up with international series of Bible lessons to make the Sunday school more effective. All is subservient to the one master purpose. The work is extended to remote prairie settlements and to the islands on the coast of Maine and Florida.

More recently societies of Christian Endeavor have grown up with marvellous rapidity. Their intent is specially to interest the young in the Christian life.

The individual society is a sort of young people's church in which boys and girls learn the conduct of prayer meetings.

The prayer meeting has always been one of the characteristic features of the evangelical movement. It was more democratic than the regular church service. With frequent singing and extempore exhortation and prayer, its informal methods tended to the expression of religious feeling. Its chief end was to foster the religious life; the burden of its prayers was to receive "an outpouring of the Spirit;" its results were measured by revivals and conversions and the numbers of those brought into the church. At the lowest ebb of religious vitality the prayer meeting served to bring together the little nucleus of men and women who might pray and work for a revival. If at times it has been made a hotbed to force the growth of a spiritual feeling, it has at least stood for actual effort put forth, often by very earnest and genuine people, for the sake of their faith.

We have treated the evangelical movement so far mainly with reference to the Congregational body, with the history of which it has been longest associated in New England. The Presbyterians had established themselves in the middle states and in the South early in the colonial period, and among much the same class of settlers as the Congregationalists of New England. The history of the development of the evangelical spirit among them is like the history of the Congregationalists. It goes back to the same general pietistic movement in which Edwards, Whitefield and the Wesleys were pioneer spirits. This movement was already well under way among the Presbyterians at the beginning of the century. There had been the same lifelessness among them as in other religious bodies. It appears to have been unaccompanied, however, by any activity of thought. In New England, where Independency or Congregationalism had early occupied the ground and had proved to be congenial to the individualistic temper of the people, the more closely organized Presbyterian system has never flourished. It is interesting, however, to note that the Federal Street Church in Boston, of which Dr. Channing was the minister, was started as a Presbyterian church, though it appears to have been too isolated to be able to stand alone amidst the peculiar influences of Boston. So far as New England Presbyterians have increased slightly in numbers, the gain has been due almost wholly to immigration from Scotland and from Presbyterian communities in the provinces of the Dominion.

Methodists had been regularly organized in America a little before the opening of the century. Their church was peculiarly an evangelizing agency with its mission to save souls. It had been driven out of the mother church of England because evangelical ideas and doctrines were incongruous with the loose discipline of the State Church. Its advent was not welcome to the staid, cautious and somewhat unenthusiastic "standing order" in New England. Nevertheless the earnestness, the humanity and self-sacrifice, the missionary zeal which unpopularity and opposition only quickened, the close discipline and splendid organization which Wesley had imposed, together with the essentially simple and democratic spirit of the movement, were precisely adapted to carry the ardent new type of religion, somewhat like the Salvation Army to-day, into frontier settlements as well as among the humbler classes of the older towns. The Methodists were presently in every hamlet. Their methods and their warmer temper have also been a considerable influence upon all the other religious bodies around them. It is possible, on the other hand, that the cooler religious climate of New England has served to check the original Methodist ardor and lately to prevent any considerable growth in the churches of this section.

The Baptists played the part of dissenters in the early New England life, and yet they were distinctly and consistently evangelical from the beginning, besides being independents in their organization and as simple as the Congregationalists in their worship. They insisted that the church member must be a regenerate or religious man. Otherwise baptism itself was a farce. No parents

nor godfathers could make one a Christian. The early Baptists had been poor and despised and often persecuted. This fact commended them the more in democratic communities where considerable exclusiveness found place in the pewed and cushioned churches of old and well-to-do families. The Baptist churches of New England shared in the wave of religious enthusiasm that came in at the beginning of the century. But though their gain in numbers has been large and their meeting-houses are numerous, the conditions elsewhere, and especially in the South, have been more favorable to their progress. They have followed the usual evangelical methods such as revivals and prayer meetings. They have felt the force of the educational activity of the age, and in Brown University and Newton Seminary they command an excellent equipment for their ministry.

It is not necessary to say much of other evangelical forms of faith such as the Free-Will or Arminian Baptists and the Christians, which have only a scattered holding in New England and comparatively slight influence upon the history of religious life and thought.

It is hard to know how to class Roman Catholics and Episcopalians with respect to the progress of evangelical Christianity. These great communions hold the same general doctrines which make the creeds of the evangelical churches. The Episcopal Church was built largely with Calvinistic mortar. Nothing could be more evangelical than the solemn wail of "the lost world" in its baptismal service. It has always had an evangelical element among its communicants and ministers.

The early Puritan judgment, however, seems to be correct, that the practice of both these churches was fatal to the evangelical character of their creeds. They admit freely to membership on the ground of mere forms and sacraments, quite aside from the moral character of their communicants, and without inquiry whether the individual has become truly regenerate. They fail to make any actual distinction between the church and the world, the regenerate and the unregenerate. They do not therefore insist upon conversion or a personal experience of religion. In fact they have served as a check and incubus upon the evangelical movement. They have both provided an easy religion which lets worldly people off with a formal allegiance. The Episcopal Church in particular has permitted under its ample shelter the slow growth of a philosophy entirely opposite to evangelicalism. Thus the rather heterogeneous elements, including free thought, the secular spirit and a worldly life, which the comprehensive Unitarian organization provided for in eastern Massachusetts, were accommodated and welcomed in the well-established and fashionable Episcopal churches of Connecticut, New York and Virginia, precisely as the same elements have been comprised in the Church of England. Persons of sensitive nature have been let alone and not required to experience religion perforce on pain of eternal damnation, or to disclose their inner experiences in public meetings.

The considerable growth, therefore, of the Episcopal Church in New England has largely followed the lines of wealth and fashion. Wherever the English-speaking race go, from Newfoundland to Australia, the Episcopalian finds himself in good company. His church has a dignified history, a time-honored creed and an orderly service. These facts make it obviously attractive to certain classes of persons.

The rapid increase of the Catholic Church is for a different reason. This church in New England is almost wholly a foreign importation, brought over bodily through the coming of Irish, French and, later, Italians and others.

We do not need to add much by way of summary as regards the numerical and pecuniary growth of the evangelical churches. Their costly edifices, their millions of communicants, their Sunday schools in every neighborhood and settlement, their missionary operations dotting every continent, their Bibles sown broadcast in every language, their numerous and highly endowed colleges and theological schools, their flourishing newspapers of every shade of religious opinion, tell the well-known story. The Methodists alone in 1880 claimed three

and a half million church members in the United States. The evangelical membership had grown since 1800 much faster than the population of the country. The various foreign missionary boards up to that date had received more than fifty-seven millions of dollars in contributions. Home missionary societies had received over seventy-two millions; one hundred and sixty million copies of the Bible had been distributed. There has been no moral, humanitarian or patriotic enterprise which has not had tap roots in the evangelical churches. The more vital the evangelical type has been, the more its support could be relied upon in behalf of man. The later period has been specially characterized by care, thought, effort, expense and sympathy for the young. The numerous buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association in all our cities bespeak this growing interest. The great Chautauqua system for home education and reading is a sign of the same interest.

Moreover the different evangelical bodies, which began the century with many jealousies, have been irresistibly drawing together by a common impulse and purpose. Efforts like the Evangelical Alliance looking toward closer organization may be as yet premature or superficial, but they mark the rising tide of brotherly feeling in which all share.

We need to make certain important qualifications upon the success of the evangelical movement. It may have seemed as if this movement was the work of a multitude. Nothing could be a greater mistake. There was only one Lyman Beecher; there was only one Finney. At every point the number of the men and women who thoroughly and believingly represented the evangelical faith was a little "remnant." One of the speakers at the ordination of Dr. Spears, a noted revival preacher in a Connecticut town, told him that his people were "made up of three sorts: the first were infidels, the second set were hypocrites, and, thirdly, there were a few Christians." This was a brutal way of expressing the truth that evangelicalism, except for the moment of revival excitement, never carried the real belief or life of any but the few. The money and the generosity were always of the few. It seems a great sum that evangelical Christians should raise two or three millions of dollars in a year to save the souls of the heathen. It is not more than perhaps a quarter of a dollar apiece from each communicant. The nation whose Christian believers could raise for all its home and foreign missionary purposes possibly ten millions of dollars, spends seven or eight hundred millions in the same year for liquor.

The story of the progress of evangelicalism has been marked by controversy and division. Again and again the supposed regenerate human nature inside the church has shown the old unregenerate symptoms. Even good men have quarrelled over party shibboleths and denounced each other as heretics. Because the New Haven theological teaching was thought by many to be unsound, another expensive institution had to be started at East Windsor.* Revivals have been checked by dry doctrinal discussions, such as that which hung along for many years between old-school and new-school Calvinism. Even the coming of Mr. Finney into New England was vigorously opposed by Nettleton, another noted revivalist, as well as by Dr. Beecher. But Dr. Beecher himself aroused the suspicion of the Andover theologians. Thus the Church repeatedly got off the track of the great evangelical purpose. The real wonder is, in this material world, busy to get and spend and enjoy, with crude human nature and subtly mingled elements of ambition and selfishness, that a few men in earnest and disinterested, with a vital faith and a gospel, have been able to accomplish so much and to impart something of their moral and spiritual momentum to the multitudes about them.

It is necessary to state briefly what relation the Unitarian or liberal movement in religion bears to the history of evangelicalism. The ground on which Unitarian societies first came to take specific issue from their evangelical neighbors was not purely, if hardly at all, on account of mere dogmatic difference on

* Now removed to Hartford.

account of the Trinity or "the five points of Calvinism." It will be remembered that such differences had subsisted within the Massachusetts churches for more than one generation. The real issue was practical rather than theological. The world is not made up of only two distinct classes of men, saints and sinners, the regenerate and the unregenerate. It is made up of many different grades shading into each other by imperceptible lines. There are the few bad at one end and the few good at the other extreme, with a great mixed, indifferent and unawakened mass between. Men are thus much like children in the various stages of school life. Piety itself is not of one type, but of diverse types. Besides the intense and emotional, specially susceptible therefore to revivalistic appeals, is a type of religion no less real as judged by its fruits, more even and quiet in its motions, less enthusiastic in expression, but equally faithful, conscientious and earnest. Besides those who can possibly point to the hour when they first wakened to a religious interest are others, like James Freeman Clarke, who can never remember the time when they did not feel the glad sunshine of their faith in God. These different types and statures cannot be drawn down upon one Procrustean bed.

As soon as the evangelical party pressed to require one type, not only of thought, but also of religious experience, there were mixed reasons compelling a differentiation of faiths. Some of these reasons, as in every human movement, were very poor. The merely formal people, the worldly and fashionable set who dreaded enthusiasm; the indifferent class who are always advising to "let well enough alone;" the busy secular-minded set, not without a vein of masculine common sense, whose most intelligible definition of religion is "that which pays one hundred cents on the dollar;" the men also of doubtful lives who stood in wholesome dread of the preaching and the stern moral requirements of any vital religion, — all these were natural broad-churchmen.

There was intellectual reason enough for a new differentiation. The strict individualism of the exclusive party was on its way early in the century to meet the new and nobler social spirit — the idea of the solidarity of the race, unwilling to be saved alone, or saved at all by a process that damned the millions of the poor and ignorant. The curious evangelical system of doctrines was already drifting, like some tall polar iceberg, where a warmer atmosphere encircled it and began to dissolve its sharp lines. The irresistible *zeitgeist* was breathing on men. A new science, new heavens and earth, a new philosophy, higher ethical standards and ideals were appearing. The men of the new generation must have a more righteous God to believe in than the God who had satisfied the ages of war and persecution. The few here and there already thought and saw this at the dawn of the century. Would that there had been enough of them in 1800 or 1819 to impress their distinct character upon the Unitarian movement!

Perhaps some have supposed that the rise of Unitarianism produced an evangelical reaction. There were undoubtedly both action and reaction on both sides. But we have shown that the evangelical was the larger, stronger and earlier movement. Organized Unitarianism was mainly at first a reaction from this incoming tide. We have seen that all the more distinctive evangelical enterprises were already well launched long before there was a Unitarian association in 1825. Read Mr. Frothingham's book, "Boston Unitarianism," if you want to know why it was not in the nature of the moderate and fastidious Unitarians of that period to take the aggressive. A writer in the *Christian Examiner* (Unitarian), as late as 1826, says that "Unitarianism was not heartily and intelligently embraced by one half of the Unitarian societies, nor by one third of the ministers of the other half." The number of churches accounted Unitarian at this time was a little over a hundred in Massachusetts, with perhaps twenty more in all the rest of the country. Under these circumstances there was no missionary propaganda or gospel to be effectively presented in the face of the distinct message of the great evangelical party.

It has been assumed that Unitarianism had a clear advantage in the possession of a large proportion of the wealth, the culture and the intellect of the older towns. The truth is, however, that the handling and Christianizing of wealth and intellect is the most difficult task that religion undertakes. The liberal movement was destined eventually to prove that the best life of this world, so far from being opposed to God and religion, can only be won by religious men and understood from the religious point of view. Even now few appreciate the fine and arduous nature of this task or the earnest character of the faith which alone can accomplish it. Religious development was in too early a stage throughout the first half of the century for either party to work except blindly in this direction.

The influence upon the evangelical movement of the legal decisions, as in the well-known Dedham case, which gave to the Unitarians in many instances church as well as parish property, is a curious illustration of the working of the ethical laws in religious history. Whatever may be said of the technical legality of these decisions, they will scarcely stand the test of equity and the Golden Rule. That the Unitarian churches should have been content to abide such arbitrament shows the need that then existed of a higher moral standard and a truer Christian spirit. Though outwardly they seemed to profit by the appeal to the courts, it is easy now to see that they were the real losers in this unhappy and unbrotherly quarrel over houses and lands. Public sympathy was turned the way of the sufferers. The chivalry and generosity of the other party were stimulated, — the very qualities by which religion thrives. It is a pity for the Unitarian side of the record that no clear and persuasive voices were raised among them to require at least an equitable division of church silver and church funds.

The peculiar differentiation between the orthodox and liberal parties served for a long while on both sides to alter the normal proportions in the elements which make a healthy church. The evangelical churches, wherever the great schism prevailed, lost something in the qualities of thoughtfulness, wisdom and sturdy common sense to look religion, like every other subject, directly in the face and ask fearless questions of it. There was an evangelical reaction toward emotional excess; there was a timidity verging close upon scepticism, fearful lest truth, if discovered, would depose faith. The advice to young men not to read certain "dangerous" books has been too common.

The Unitarian churches lost in some instances a large share of the more intense and religious element. Some had scarcely any communicants left. But they had for a while a comparative excess of intellectual people, whose demand was for quiet, cultured and elaborate preaching. On one side of the gulf was the balance of enthusiasm, on the other side the balance of reason. No church could give the best results of religion where the balance of the great factors of life was thus violently disturbed. Obviously, however, the enthusiasm, though unchecked by reason, was likely to effect more, and if the main direction was right, to prove on the whole more beneficent also than the cooler reason without the life force of earnestness to drive the wheels of action.

We are ready for an interpretation of the evangelical movement. Religion is a spirit. But like the pure light, it depends at every stage on the medium through which it shines. If it shines through clouds or fog, if it falls through ground or colored or poor and faulty glass, the light suffers accordingly. So with the spirit of religion. Men's different theologies have been so many distortions, colors and prismatic effects that the varying human medium produced. Only the pure and transparent medium of perfect life in a perfect mind can present the white light of the truth both to warm and to shine.

It is easy already to see the imperfectness in the medium. The grotesque doctrine of "triangularism," for example, taught the triple damnation of man, first, by Adam's sin; secondly, by the depraved nature which all men inherit; and, thirdly, by each man's sinful acts. If a gleam of

truth got through this form of the teaching about sin, all to-day will agree that the medium was opaque with malarial fog.

So with the Hopkinsian Calvinism, which taught that a Christian ought to be willing "to be damned for the glory of God." Our generation, getting the same truth through a clearer quality of glass, translates it to mean that the true son of God must learn to scorn a merely selfish or idle immortality.

It was impossible for men still possessed with the dry scholasticism into which the Lutheran Reformation lapsed, reared in the barbarous criminal codes of the eighteenth century, in whose veins ran the poison of rum, the slave trade and the witchcraft delusion, to furnish, except in rare fragments, the clear glass which religion needs to shine through. The evangelical theology fitted its age and the minds of the men who could hold it. It was a phase of the thought about God such as unscientific, credulous and superstitious men could receive. It is good to believe that in spite of its distortions it transmitted both light and heat.

The history of evangelical Christianity has been the slow process by which men learned to get clearer glass to see the truth. They started with drawing exclusive lines, requiring one type of experience and insisting on a single kind of evidence of religious validity. But admission to evangelical churches has now become as easy as in the days of the half-way covenant. It is no longer a real and operative belief that true, just and benevolent persons, for the mere lack of passing the theological line of conversion, are enemies of God. The life of Horace Bushnell represents the appearance of "the new theology" in orthodox churches. We have here no timid Arminianism. The old Unitarianism of proof texts did not throw the ball of progress so far as this brave and radical thinker from the orthodox side. In many a pulpit and on the wings of the press of great religious papers the new theology at last goes freely over the land.

This is true, however, according to the degree of civilization and enlightenment of a community. It is not true in the South, where slavery kept back the progress of the spiritual life. It is not true among thoughtless and superficial people, who easily hold unreal forms of faith. It is not true of the John Wards of each age, unable to translate their own intense experiences into more than one local dialect. It is none the less true as the deeper movement of the age. Nothing can better illustrate the prevalent change from the stern and solemn preaching of Nettleton, with its tremendous and heart-rending requirements, than the easy and almost flippant revivalism of Mr. Moody.

What is more to the point, the milder methods, the wider tolerance, the gentler persuasion, the humane treatment of sinners as erring children and not as rebels in arms, is an obvious success. The light and truth of God, manifested in the love of human hearts, was ever the essential "power unto salvation."

It remains to be seen, as the human medium becomes clearer to carry the light, that the old differences, the distortions and colors in the glass, disappear. Through the purer glass all tend to see alike. What is better, they feel the same warmth. If it happened in the beginning of the century that the men on the liberal side got truth more distinctly, it is not certain that they got the heat rays better, if as well as the men on the opposite side. For besides the distortion that ignorance and narrow minds give to the light, there is an evil opaqueness that worldliness, pride and caste make to deaden the vital sympathies and quench earnestness. Thank God then for the pure enthusiasts, the glowing prophets, the men and women, always too feebly supported, of large and live humanitarian zeal, Channing and Parker, Tuckerman and Barnard, Samuel May and James Freeman Clarke, who, with many good men and true on the evangelical side, have given consecrated lives to help lift the level of faith, to draw men's converging lines together and bring at last the heat and the light to one focus.

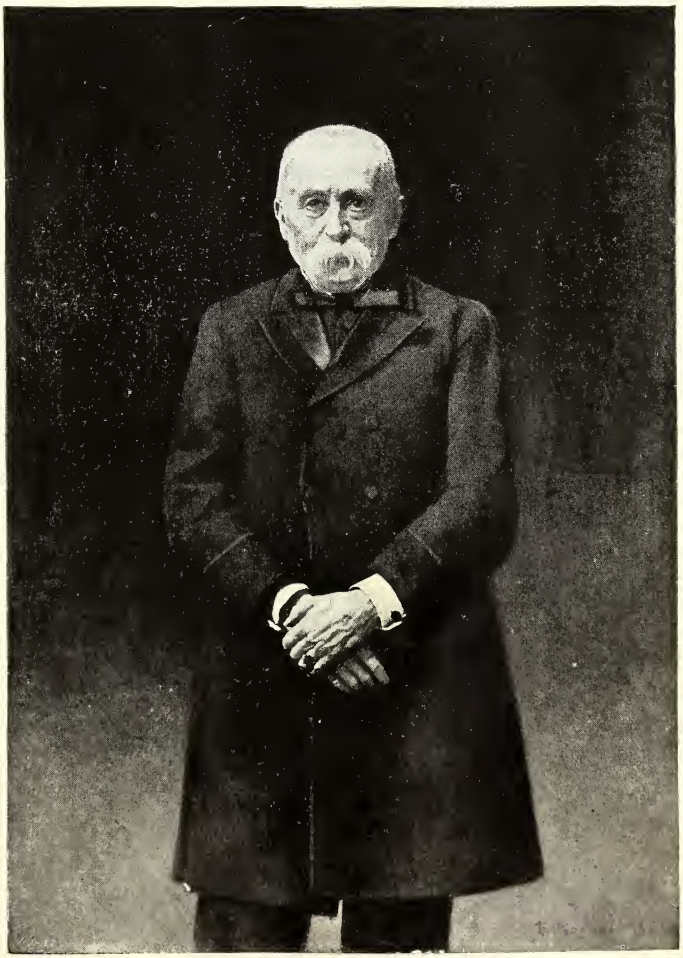
# THE WALTERS ART GALLERY.

*By Milton Reizenstein.*

BALTIMORE can with some justice lay claim to being the centre of culture in the South, for it fosters more strongly, perhaps, than any other single city in the southern states, music, literature, painting and the kindred arts. It certainly is the centre of learning; the Johns Hopkins University, the University of Maryland, the Woman's College and a number of less widely known institutions for professional and liberal education bear evidence of that. It has been the home of literary men and women, and of artists of greater or less note, and it has libraries and other facilities for public education, such as the Enoch Pratt Free Library and the library of the Peabody Institute, which institute also boasts a conservatory of music of considerable distinction, an art collection, and an annual series of excellent lectures.

In two respects Baltimore's offering to the lover of art is unique. There is presented at certain times the inestimable privilege of viewing what is probably the finest collection of Oriental porcelains and bronzes in the world; and, in the same place, a collection of the works of the great painters of this century, which for completeness and importance is probably nowhere surpassed. And all this is due to one man.

Baltimore feels a conscious pride in the Walters Art Gallery as one of those noble things in which the city has a share and a sense of possession, and when the collector and late owner, Mr. William T. Walters, died last November, public



WILLIAM T. WALTERS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BONNAT.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN.

BY ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

anxiety was at fever heat lest the city should lose the greatest of its art treasures. But these fears were soon set at rest, for Mr. Henry Walters, who has inherited his father's love for art, purchased his sister's interest in the magnificent collection, and New York's hopes of absorbing it in the Metropolitan Museum of Art were disappointed.

Number Five Mount Vernon Place, where this gallery is located, is an unpretentious-looking three-story dwelling such as Baltimore can show by the hundred. Its brick walls are painted a dull gray, and its exterior presents an humble appearance contrasted with its pretentious neighbors of brown stone and marble which line the street in this aristocratic section of the city. It is one of those old-fashioned all-embracing residences that have been the homes of old Maryland families for many years. In front of it lies an open square, with green grass plots, among which cemented paths lead one successively to six large pieces of bronze which the former resident of the gray-fronted dwelling presented to his fellow citizens. These statues represent "War," "Peace," "Force," "Order," and a colossal lion, all the work of Barye, and "Military Courage," embodied in the seated figure of a warrior, by Dubois. Approaching the house, the visitor stops with delight before the doors, a dream of delicate wood carving and bronze.

The gallery is open to the public on all the Wednesdays of February, March and April, the Saturdays of April, February twenty-second and Easter Monday. The admission is fifty cents. The proceeds are devoted to charity.

The visitors enter a long narrow hallway which contains the statues "First Disappointment" and "Infant Flora" by E. D. Palmer of Albany, New York, and "The Woman of Samaria" by W. H. Rinehart, a sculptor whose capabilities Mr. W. T. Walters discovered and supplied means for developing. To the left of this hallway are the drawing-rooms, library and dining-room. These are filled with cabinets rich in exquisite specimens of Dresden ware, Venetian glass and Sèvres, carved ivory vases and bric-a-brac of chalcedony, lapis-lazuli, onyx, jasper and agate; here are to be found cameos exquisitely wrought, old silver, gold mountings inlaid with precious stones, and *bijouterie* indescribable.

The long hallway and the suite of apartments to its left end together in the first of the four rooms that compose the art gallery proper. This well-lighted room was formerly used as the picture

SAPPHO.

BY ALMA-TADEMA.

THE VIRGIN OF THE DELIVERANCE.

BY HEBERT.

gallery before the growth of the collection necessitated the building of the present gallery in the rear of the house. Here are magnificent examples of Japanese and Chinese porcelains and potteries, lacquers, swords, bronzes, carvings and cloisonné. These specimens of Oriental art represent the closest study of the beautiful productions of the East and the most careful selection in purchasing. All around the sides of the room are tall cabinets, while great cases with glass tops occupy the floor space, leaving just enough room to walk between them.

The cabinets contain pieces of great rarity as well as of intrinsic beauty. For example, there is a disk of white porcelain rising from a wavy base of sea-green, such as was placed in the temples to symbolize either the moon rising from the waves or the circular mirror which, according to legend, had the power to reflect objects placed behind it. In the first case on the right are a number of finely moulded incense-burners whose fragile open-work tops bear evidence of the quality of the paste from which they are fashioned and the skill and care lavished upon their creation. But no single piece in this room attracts more attention than the Japanese *koro* or incense-burner, which stands in its centre, — a huge bronze weighing three thousand pounds, standing with its brass-bound wooden pedestal fully eight feet high. The *koro* was cast in five pieces about the year 1700, and is covered with writhing dragons, some in relief and all beautifully executed. This bronze stood in the Sacred Temple of Kanyeizi, in Uyeno, Tokio, for over one hundred and fifty years, until the revolution of 1867 reduced the revenues of the priests and forced them to part with some of their treasures. It was secured for Mr. Walters at that time through the efforts of an agent in Tokio.

To attempt to describe in detail the objects which deserve attention here would be futile outside of an illustrated volume of considerable size. Mr. Walters did indeed have under way the compilation of such a work at the time of his death. There are over four thousand objects in this part of the collection, comprising some fourteen hundred Chinese and four

hundred Japanese porcelains and potteries; two hundred specimens wholly or partly of gold, silver, iron, copper or other metal; the same number of bronzes; one hundred and fifty swords; four hundred *seppa*, *habaki* and *kojiri* (appliances of the sword); three hundred sword guards; five hundred ivory objects, and the same number of lacquers.

Turning from this vast array one enters a little room to the left containing water colors and designs. Here hangs the original sketch of Millet's great work, "The Angelus." The original sketch for "The Shepherd at the Fold by Moonlight" is also here, as well as "The Sower" and "The Shepherdess."

Henriquel Dupont had a great desire to engrave Correggio's "Marriage of St. Catherine," but the authorities declined to allow the original to be removed from the Louvre. Not discouraged, Dupont labored for ten months in the Louvre before he felt sure that he had caught the spirit of the original. That drawing, obtained by Mr. Walters direct from the artist, now hangs in this room. There are many other drawings and water colors of interest which one may but barely mention. Here are Rosa Bonheur's "Andalusian Bulls" and "The Conversation;" several works by Bida; no less than seventeen landscapes and still-life pictures by Léon Bonvin; Breton's "Repose;" "Marseilles," "Venice, Sunset," "Venice, Morning," "Venice, Evening" and "Tunny Fishing," all by Félix Ziem; "Dante and Beatrice" by Ary Scheffer; Fortuny's "Don Quixote" and "The Mendicant;" a number of studies from the pencil and brush of Meissonier, including two portrait sketches of himself; C. Green's amusing water color of a Derby finish, "Here They Come! Here They Come!" There are also two water colors by Alma-Tadema, "'Twixt Venus and Bacchus" and "Xanthe and Phaon." The latter has a pretty little story connected with it. It appears that Alma-Tadema painted a picture which he called "The Question." George Ebers, the novelist, saw it, and was so impressed by its beauty that he wrote his charming idyl of the same title with it as inspiration. When Mr. Walters was in London in 1884, he asked Alma-Tadema to paint him a picture of the group in "The Question." The artist then read Ebers's novel, and selected the names of the hero and heroine as the title of his work. It represents the young people on the marble seat on which their fate

SYRIA—THE NIGHT WATCH.

BY BRITON RIVIERE.

was decided and which Ebers tells us "was called by the grandchildren of the wedded pair, who lived to old age in love and harmony, 'the bench of the question.'"

Recrossing the large room containing the main Oriental collection, the visitor passes into another small room formed by the covered way that connects the two main galleries. Here one finds chiefly bronzes; but there are two cases filling the middle space which contain groups of what are perhaps the most exquisitely colored porcelains in the whole collection. They are Chinese, and are mostly in reds, including the three delicate variations known as *sang-de-bœuf*, coral and peach or "peach-blow." There has been a great deal written and said about Mr. Walters's purchase of the celebrated Peach-blow Vase for $18,000; but the purchase was always denied. The vases on which these colors are shown are small, distinctly classical in shape and extremely graceful in outline.

The cases around the bridge-room are filled with some two hundred bronzes, nearly all Japanese,—vases, water-basins, candlesticks and incense-burners, made originally for temples; flower-vases, paper-weights, small figures representing divinities, storks, dragons, crabs, lobsters, tortoises and other objects.

Pushing aside the heavy portières at the end of the bridge-room, one finds one's self in the main gallery, where almost two hundred paintings line the well-lighted walls. The room is rectangular, and the centre is occupied by divans and sofas, separated by two long cases containing beautiful examples of lacquer and enamel. The walls are tapestried, and a soft carpet covers the floor.

THE DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

BY GEROME.

Very few of the paintings bear a date earlier than 1850, the gallery being one essentially representative of modern art. The taste of the collector was not confined to one country or to one school of painting. All the modern masters were included. France is represented by the works of Gérôme, Scheffer, Vernet, Delacroix, Delaroche, Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Fromentin, Daubigny, Dupré,

LOST ILLUSIONS.

BY CHARLES GLEYRE.

Troyon, Couture, Meissonier, Cabanel, Decamps, Gleyre, Isabey, Saint Jean, Plassan, Hebert, Schreyer, De Neuville, Détaille, Jacque and Ziem. England sends Millais, Alma-Tadema, Boughton and Rivière; Germany the two Achenbachs, Preyer, Munkacsy, Mueller, Petten Koffen, Kurzbauer; the art of Belgium is shown by Leys, Willems, Van Marcke, Gallait and Clays; the Franco-Spanish school by Jiminez, Fortuny, Villegas and Zamacois. America is by no means forgotten. There are paintings by F. E. Church, Eastman Johnson, A. B. Durand, C. L. Elliott, Gilbert Stuart, and one by F. Hopkinson Smith, recently acquired, entitled "Over a Balcony." Nor do the names mentioned by any means exhaust the list.

Near the entrance to this gallery, in the centre of the end wall, hangs one of the masterpieces of the collection. It is Corot's famous "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," a work which occupied the artist for several years, as he frequently mentions it in letters dated from 1851 to 1853. The canvas is one of the largest in the gallery, being four feet in width and eight feet in height. In a letter to Dutilleux dated September 23, 1851, Corot writes, "I am at the moment working up an historical landscape embellished with a St. Sebastian succored by some holy women. And with care and work I hope, under the guidance of Heaven, to make a lovely picture."

Eugène Delacroix, whose own pictures "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee," "The Combat," and the superb "Christ on the Cross" adorn the gallery, said in regard to Corot's "St. Sebastian" that it was "the most sincerely religious picture of the nineteenth century." In explaining Corot's technique, Théophile Sylvestre, in his "Histoire des Artists Vivants," selects this picture as a typical example. "Two holy women," he says, "draw out the arrows from the body of the martyr and support him in his agony. He lies in the heart of a mysterious wood, in the shadow of mighty trees growing at the base of a hill which rises like a Calvary. His executioners have abandoned the martyr in this gloomy spot where no prying eye could discover them, and are just seen, their horses in a walk, passing over a little summit into a valley which suddenly plunges below the line of the horizon. But the two holy women have heard the groans of the victim and have watched the departure of his torturers. Two angels, light as butterflies and bright as spirits, fly through the shivering leaves bearing the palm and crown. Corot has poured out all his talent and all his heart

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS — THE LAST PRAYER.

BY GEROME.

into this picture, so religious, so touching."

The picture was first exhibited in the Salon of 1853, then altered somewhat and exhibited in the Universal Exposition of 1867, and after undergoing several important changes, was presented by Corot to the lottery held in the Opera House in Paris in aid of the orphans left by the Franco-Prussian war. After changing hands several times, it came to the Walters art gallery from the collection of Mr. Barlow of England.

On the wall at the opposite end of the room hangs the famous "Hemicycle" of Delaroche, a smaller copy of the painting with which that artist covered the semicircular wall in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. The painting there, which is fifty feet in length and fifteen in height and contains seventy-five figures, was executed by Delaroche and his pupils, who together took four years to complete it. Sad to relate, it was partly destroyed by fire, and repaired without Delaroche's supervision. The "Hemicycle" in the Walters gallery, which is one hundred inches long by sixteen broad, was painted by the brush of Delaroche alone. He himself said of it, "If my name be known to posterity, it will be through this picture." It was from this painting that Henriquel Dupont executed his engraving. The subject is a convocation in the Temple of Immortality of famous architects, sculptors and painters from the time of Pericles to that of Louis XIV. The picture naturally divides itself into three parts, the groups of artists occupying the two ends, while in the centre is a throne on which are seated Apelles, Ictinus and Phidias. Below them are four symbolic figures representing the art of Greece, of Rome, of mediæval Christianity and of the Renaissance. The arrangement of the figures, their selection, the groupings and individual attitudes, difficult as such tasks were, were executed with consummate skill, judgment and taste. The coloring is most accurate and delicate, while at the same time strong and true. It is a grand conception grandly executed.

Occupying the place of honor in the centre of the long north wall of the gallery are two large paintings. The lower of the two is Alma-Tadema's "Claudius," and represents the return of the Prætorian Guards to the palace the day after the murder of the Emperor Caligula. Accompanied by a number of women, they are ransacking the palace, and have just discovered Claudius, pale with fear, trying to hide himself behind a curtain. The dead body of Caligula still lies on the marble floor, which is splashed with blood. The officer who has found him whom they intend to make their emperor is bowing in half-ironical humility before the cowering wretch. It is the beginning of the end of Rome. Alma-Tadema has seized the highest possible dramatic moment, and he has shown himself an artist as well as a master of technique in the treatment of mosaics, marbles and draperies.

An artist's brush must be gifted to portray the movement and color of the battle and of the march. Two excellent portrayers of military life, Détaille and De Neuville, are represented, — the former by "The Picket" and "Ready to March," the latter by "Information," "In the Trenches" and "The Attack at Dawn." All resemble each other somewhat as regards coloring, figures and general method of treatment. It is the last named picture, which occupies the place above Alma-Tadema's "Claudius," that commands the special attention of the lover of a stirring war picture. "The Attack at Dawn" is a large picture (86 x 57), and is dated 1877. A detachment of Mobiles and Turcos of the army of Bourbaki, retreating on Switzerland, is being surprised by a Prussian column in a village in the Jura shortly after daybreak. The Prussians are at the end of the village street firing at the French, who are rushing out of their quarters, some only partly clothed, gun in hand, making little attempt to form, but shooting from behind wagons, walls or the stone steps of the inn to the left of the picture. A bugler sounds the alarm. Officers and men are hurrying. All is excitement. A wounded soldier has fallen against a door, which the startled peasant inside has pushed open far enough to protrude his bearded, frightened face. One can almost hear

THE HEMICYCLE.

the shouts and the shots and smell the powder.

Opposite these two pictures, occupying a similar place on the south wall, hangs Baron Ley's large painting, "The Edict of Charles V.: Introducing the Inquisition into the Netherlands." It represents a crowded market-place in a Dutch town, where a herald, escorted by men-at-arms and by the judicial and administrative representatives of the sovereign, holds the fatal document in his hands. The faces of the townspeople betray anxious expectancy. The style of the painting is that of the German and Flemish masters of the century in which the events he is depicting occurred.

A striking picture, made familiar by copies and engravings, is "Syria — The Night Watch." It is the work of Briton Rivière, a member of the Royal Academy. It represents a part of some ruined temple in Syria. The moonlight falls over the ruins, and a lion, followed by several lionesses, gaunt, hungry and watchful, is prowling about the apparently deserted place.

Several of the pictures of Alma-Tadema have already been mentioned. One of the strongest in the collection is his "Sappho." The charm of the work lies in the genius with which the artist has reproduced for us his vivid impressions of scenes and events of the buried past, and in the coloring and minuteness of execution. Alma-Tadema has also in the gallery his "Triumph of Titus" and "My Sister is Not In." On the north wall of the gallery, not far from the middle, hangs the well-known "The Duel after the Masquerade" of J. L. Gérôme (21 x 15).

Another of Gérôme's magnificent works here is "Christian Martyrs — The Last Prayer." It is a large canvas (59 x 34), and the satisfactory working out of the conception was only accomplished after the picture had been on the artist's easel for the twenty years from 1863 to 1883. Although preserving his first idea, Gérôme really repainted the picture three times, besides making minor changes in effect and composition. In a letter dated July 15, 1883, addressed to Mr. Walters, he writes: "The scene is laid in the 'Circus Maximus,' which might readily be mistaken for an amphitheatre, as in the picture only the end of the circus and not the straight sides is visible. But you will see on the left the 'Meta' which ends the 'Spina' and is the goal around which the chariots made their turns in the races, as I have indicated by the tracks of the wheels in the sand. . . . In the time of the Cæsars, Christians were cruelly persecuted, and many were sentenced to be devoured by wild beasts. This is the subject of my picture. As they were religious enthusiasts, to die was a joy, and they cared little for the animals, their only thought being to remain firm to the last. . . . The Roman prisons were terrible dungeons, and Christians being often long confined before the sacrifice, when led into the circus were emaciated by disease and covered only with rags. Their hearts alone remained strong, their faith alone remained unshaken. In the middle distance I have placed those destined to be burned alive. They were

BY DELAROCHE.

usually tied upon crosses and smeared with pitch to feed the flames. . . . It was the custom to starve the wild beasts for several days beforehand, and they were admitted to the arena up inclined planes. Coming from the dark dens below, their first feeling was of *astonishment* upon facing the bright daylight and the great mass of people surrounding them. They did then as does today the Spanish bull when turned into the arena. Entering with a bound, he suddenly halts in the very middle of a stride. This moment I have endeavored to represent. I consider this picture one of my most studied works, the one for which I have given myself most trouble."

While Gérôme's "Christian Martyrs" was so long in completion, Théodore Rousseau's "L'Effet de Givre," or 'Winter Solitude," as it has been called, occupied the painter but eight days. It is a view of the hills of Valmondois as seen a mile away across the Oise at the end of a frosty day. Half melted, the snow lies on the hillocks in the foreground; the sky is leaden; the dying sun struggles to pierce the heavy clouds with its sullen blood-red glow. It is a solitude cold, dreary, tragic. And for twenty years its grandeur and meaning were unappreciated. From the hands of Paul Perier, an admirer of Rousseau, who bought it simply to make it sell, it passed into those of a dealer. He traded it with Troyon for a study of sheep, and at Troyon's sale it was for the first time understood.

Meissonier's "1814" is one of those grand works of art that never pall upon one — one of those material embodiments of genius. It needs a glass to show fully the splendid details of this eloquent painting, so familiar from photograph and etching to the lovers of this artist's work. The sky is heavy with clouds. Bonaparte, mounted on a white horse, his gray overcoat thrown open, allowing his uniform to be seen, has left his staff behind and has ascended a knoll overlooking the field of the morrow's battle. It is the great Napoleon, the leader of men and the conqueror of Europe, thoughtfully, anxiously looking with fathomless eyes into the future. This was one of Mr. Walters's favorite pictures.

Charles Gleyre's beautiful painting, "Lost Illusions," is a striking example of this artist's best work. It was in March, 1835, that, according to his own diary, the vision which gave him this conception appeared to him, but it was not until 1843 that he made it permanent in color. "It was during a beautiful twilight on the Nile, abreast of Abydos," he wrote in his diary. "The sky was so pure, the water so calm, that, after the brain excitement to which I had abandoned myself all the day, it would have been difficult for me to have said whether I was sailing on the stream or through the air's infinite space. As I turned toward the setting sun, I thought I saw, in fact I did see, a bark most happy in form, in which were a group of angels, clothed with such elegance and posed in such calm and noble attitudes, that I was enchanted. Insensibly they approached, and I was able to distinguish their voices: they chanted a chorus of divine music. The bark stopped just

beyond a cluster of palms planted on the bank. The sparkling surface of the river repeated so exactly these charming objects that they seemed doubled. Never during my life shall I forget it. The triple harmony of form, color and sound was complete."

One of the best preserved of the paintings of Turner stands on a chair in this main gallery, convenient to the close inspection of the connoisseur. It is a painting of the "Grand Canal." The very atmosphere of Venice, soft and hazy, is present, the familiar buildings, the gondolas reflected in the water on which they lightly float. One artist characterized it as "my idea of heaven," and a critic called it "a matchless example" of the great artist. It is a picture that lingers in the memory like that of Gleyre.

There hangs Jalabert's beautiful "Christian Martyr," the body of a fair young girl floating down stream, another victim of the merciless persecutor; here is Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, well known as having formerly belonged to the Robert Gilmor collection of Baltimore; close by are Hebert's beautiful "Virgin of the Deliverance" and Louis Gallait's sweet picture, "Oblivion of Sorrows"—two wandering young musicians, the brother soothing the worn-out sister to sleep with his violin. Here is Boughton's "The Waning Honeymoon"—the young pair seated under a tree, he reading a book, she pouting. One sees elsewhere Fortuny's brilliantly colored painting representing some Hindoo snake charmers, with a sacred marabout looking solemnly on. There hangs a beautiful forest alley painted by Corot, called "Very Early Spring;" here, high up on the south wall, Hughes Merle's grand conception of Hester Prynne wearing "The Scarlet Letter;" and near at hand one of Villegas' bright pictures. The sublime "Christ on the Cross" and "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee" by Delacroix were always favorites of the late Mr. Walters, and occupy a prominent place in the galleries. Van Marcke's "The Approach of the Storm," a group of cattle being driven home to avoid the tempest in the driving black clouds; Vernet's stirring "Italian Brigands Surprised by Papal Troops;" Munkacsy's "The Story of the Battle;" Dagnan-Bouveret's "The Accident," a piece of intensely realistic, if somewhat ghastly, painting, a fitting companion to Decamps' weird and creepy "The Suicide," can only be mentioned. Millet's "Sheepfold by Moonlight" alone deserves an article devoted to the praise of its beauties—the mist, the effect of vastness and solitude introduced into twenty inches' width of canvas.

CORREGGIO'S "MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE."

ENGRAVED BY DUPONT.

But a description of the gems in the picture gallery would be more than altogether lacking in completeness without mention of the collection of seventeen miniatures, including the late collector's last purchase—a group of nine miniatures bought from a grandson of Marshal Bertrand. Many of the miniatures are by Isabey, although Saint, Fuger,

Sauvage, Talani, Richard Cosway, Muneret, Camino and Pierre Adolphe Hall are also represented. The value of the Bertrand group lies, aside from its intrinsic beauty and artistic excellence, in the fact that it includes the portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Empress Josephine, Queen Hortense, the Empress Marie Louise, Queen Marie Antoinette, and others of lesser note, painted from life and therefore of great historic interest. These nine miniatures were among the objects inherited by Bertrand from Napoleon at St. Helena. One of the Napoleon miniatures represents him in the uniform of a grenadier "de la Garde," and came originally from the Princess de Massena, cousin of Cardinal Fesch. A miniature of "Madame Elizabeth," sister of Louis XVI., is painted on the cover of a snuff-box which contains a lock of the hair of Marie Antoinette on the inside lid. The box was the property of the Duchess de Fitzjames, an intimate friend of the queen. The miniature of the Empress Josephine by Saint, which the Empress presented directly to Bertrand, represents her as she appears in David's great picture of "The Coronation," wearing the imperial diadem and ornamented with the beautiful pearl earrings and necklace. Hall's miniature of Queen Marie Antoinette is an especially fine one and commands the admiration of all who see it.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.
BY COROT.

The gallery contains several portraits of Mr. Walters, the finest being the one by Léon Bonnat, dated 1883. To every art lover a sketch of the life of the man who did so much, directly and indirectly, to foster and develop the love of the beautiful, cannot fail to be of more than passing interest.

William Thompson Walters came of good Scotch-Irish stock, his ancestors having settled in Pennsylvania nearly a century before his birth in the little town of Liverpool in May, 1819. After enjoying the advantages of a common school education, he was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated with the degree of civil engineer. Upon his return to his home he was put in charge of a smelting establishment in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania. It is said that the first iron ever manufactured with mineral coal in this country was made there under his management.

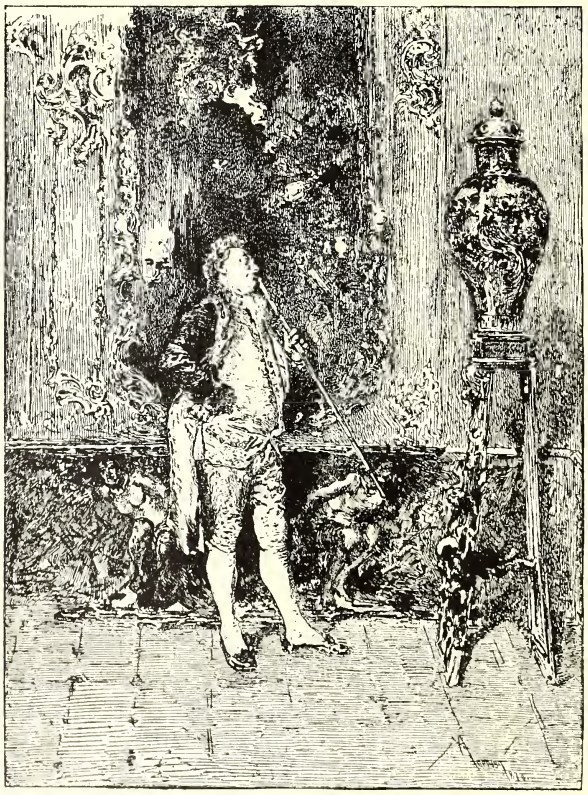
It was in 1841 that Mr. Walters settled in Baltimore. This was about the time of the opening of the Tidewater Canal from Columbia to Havre de Grace. His father, Henry Walters, a banker, had built one of the first warehouses on this canal; and with his father's assistance

and his own shrewdness William Walters succeeded in controlling a large share of the Pennsylvania produce trade, having previously established himself in a general commission business. But this field was too narrow for the young merchant, and in 1847 he established in Baltimore the firm of William T. Walters & Co., dealers in foreign and domestic wines and spirits.

Even during these early years, while engaged in amassing his fortune, Mr. Walters had time for art. His mother, who was a woman of sterling qualities, had given her son excellent advice. "The busy portions of a young man's life," she had said, "are taken up fully enough to keep him out of mischief or from contamination. It is his leisure time and surplus money that must be provided for, and a young man can employ this time and money in no better way than by devoting them to accumulating and appreciating the noble works of literature and of art."

He began by buying inexpensive prints. The first purchase of an art work of any pretensions was in 1847, and Odier's "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" was the nucleus about which his collection of art treasures afterward gathered.

Mr. Walters was a pioneer in the establishment of a steamship line between Baltimore and Savannah, and was president of that company, as well as director of nearly every line running from Baltimore to the South. After the war he, with a few others, gained control of the roads that constitute the present Atlantic Coast Line, of which he became president and the largest individual holder of its stocks and bonds. Other interests with which he was identified



THE RARE VASE.

BY FORTUNY.

were the Safe Deposit and Trust Company of Baltimore, of which he was vice-president; the Southern Investment Company, of which he was one of the organizers, and various Baltimore banks, of the stocks of which he was a large holder.

But it was in his love for art that his personality was most interesting. Every moment not given to business he had given, true to his tastes in earlier years, to the study of art and to the perfecting of his artistic tastes. As his pecuniary circumstances admitted, he purchased a painting or a rare bit of porcelain or bronze. It was in 1861 that he was at last able to put into execution his long-cherished plan to pay an extended visit to Europe and to devote himself to a thorough study of the history of art and especially of contemporary art. For four years — from 1861 to 1865 — he remained in Europe, and many an artist found in him a patron and a friend. In 1867 he visited the French Exposition, and made several purchases. At the Vienna Exposition of 1873, to which he was accredited as a commissioner of the United States government, and at the Paris Exposition of 1878, he gathered more treasures for his rapidly growing collection, — porcelains, bronzes, enamels, and the perfection of the goldsmith's art, as well as paintings.

ORDER.

BRONZE BY BARYE.

It was not, however, to his private collection only that this enthusiast devoted his powers. He was chairman of the purchasing committee of the Corcoran Art Museum in Washington, having been appointed one of the trustees by W. W. Corcoran, by whom the museum was endowed. He was an honorary trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and a member of the board of trustees and chairman of the art committee of the Peabody Institute.

Mr. Walters was retiring, and at times reserved. He shrank from publicity of any kind, and was happiest when strolling among his grapes and flowers at "St. Mary's," his country home, just out of Baltimore, or when in his gallery in the city.

It would be almost impossible to estimate the money value of such a collection as the Walters. The inventory made at the time of Mr. Walters's death was $188,000. Mr. Henry Walters, the present owner of the gallery, has inherited his father's artistic tastes, and has been adding various treasures to the collection as opportunity offered. There is little doubt that the galleries will grow even richer as the years go on.

THE STORM.

BY DIAZ.

# THE REFORMER.

*By Philip Becker Goetz.*

AMONG the crowds, the lords, the potentates,
He moves unmarked by ready cap and knee;
Adown that shoulder sweeps no purple free, —
Yet on that sovereign eye the dark world waits.

# ESTHER.

*By Robert Beverly Hale.*

## I. The Sargents.

IVE miles from the shore of Connecticut lies the little town of Sargent's Falls. It is prettier than most factory towns; for the great mill is built of stone and covered with ivy, and the houses of the laborers are out of sight from the main street. On the other hand, there are several gaudy new shops with hideous advertisements painted on their sides and roofs, and there is a grimy railroad station. The Baptist and Congregational churches, too, standing on opposite sides of the street, vie with each other in godly ugliness. But the splendid great elm trees which have made the ugly spots in New England beautiful are not wanting at Sargent's Mills. They stand guard on each side of the village street; and station, shops and churches are forgotten in the charm of that stately avenue with its noble irregular pillars on each side and its swaying arches of black and green above. The little Monotaug River, too, is not without its charm. The surface of the mill-pond above the factory reflects the white petals of countless water-lilies, and the stream below murmurs softly as it steals under the branches, complaining of the tortures it suffered from the mill. But what the villagers are most proud of is the great Sargent estate, just outside the village; and the first question they ask a stranger is: "Have you seen Chestnut Park?"

The Sargents have lived at Chestnut Park since the latter part of the seventeenth century. They are one of the few American families which have maintained a distinct character through the lapse of two centuries. Whether by chance, or because there is more in heredity than we think, the present head of the family does not differ greatly from the John Sargent who removed from New Haven to what is now Sargent's Mills in 1673; and the intermediate Sargents have seldom varied considerably from the original type. "*Usque ad mortem*" is the family motto; and the Sargents always understood those words to mean "loyal till death" long before they knew anything else about Latin. In 1775 a Sargent forsook his king for his country; but his hair turned white in the struggle. He was shot by an English bullet at Long Island because he did not choose to run away. The present John Sargent was disabled three times during the Civil War; but he always recovered in a wonderfully short time, and set out for the front the day before he recovered; so that when, the day before Lee surrendered, Sheridan sent Custer to cut Lee off from Appomattox Station, John Sargent was there at the head of his men, fighting for hours with an empty right sleeve and his sword in his left hand.

The Sargents are slow to make friends, and slower to forget them. Four times has the family fortune disappeared in hopeless efforts to save a broken friend or a fallen cause; and four times has it grown again, made larger than ever by the family's untiring energy and calm common sense. Chivalrous devotion and business capacity work peacefully side by side in the Sargent brain. Chestnut Park has been twice sold, but neither time did it stay away from the family more than two years.

In appearance the Sargents belie their character. They are tall and slender, with drooping heads and dreamy eyes, which look as if the last thing their owners could do was to make money or die for a cause. Yet those two things are what the Sargents have been doing for two hundred years.

In 18—, I suppose that Geraldine Sargent was as lovely a girl as there was in Connecticut. She was tall and slender,

like most of the Sargents; but instead of dropping her head forward, she held it aloft like a queen. She had beautiful fair hair and noble features, which were human enough to save them from seeming too severely classical. Her motions, too, though stately, were, if necessary, quick as lightning. She was wonderfully skilful at outdoor sports, and could ride any horse, no matter how vicious, with spirit and judgment, — though as to that the Sargents have always been good riders. Geraldine was very fond of nature, in love with it, in fact, and spent hours by herself in the woods or on the hills. She was not one of the fashionable girls who bring a breath of the city into the wilderness: she seemed as much a part of the landscape as a tree or a flower. She had a mellow mezzo-soprano voice, which had been so well trained that it had acquired the perfect simplicity which so many lose never to regain. She was well-read, too, and had an active, inquiring mind; but in spite of her ability and accomplishments she never gave herself airs, and in spite of her beauty and the admiration it excited she was not unbecomingly conscious. Though she was charming to all, she was devoted to few; in fact, none of the Sargents was ever known to be indiscriminately affectionate.

Geraldine had been to school in New York, and after she was grown up had spent a winter there and another in Boston. She had had a very large number of proposals of marriage, through no fault of her own, and had refused them all with dignity tempered with kindness. Her sister Esther said Geraldine was like Matthew Arnold's Urania, and was fond of quoting:

> "She smiles and smiles and will not sigh
> While we for hopeless passion die:
> Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
> Were but men nobler than they are."

The only two men whom Geraldine had hesitated in refusing were a strange pair, — a Scotch earl and the Baptist minister of Sargent's Falls. She liked them both, not at all because one was a minister, or the other an earl, but because they were both strong personalities and perfect gentlemen. She finally refused them both because they were not sufficiently superior to herself. She wanted to make the most of her life, and if she was to be married at all it must be to a man who would lead her, not drag behind. She was very happy as she was. Her brothers and sisters all looked up to her, and the whole village was proud of her. She spent her time in improving her mind and body, and in conversation with her family, whom she loved dearly, and a large number of visitors, who were almost always interesting. Some day, perhaps, she would meet a man whom she could love. Meanwhile it was very pleasant living on at Chestnut Park; and even when young people are twenty-five years old, "meanwhile" is a very important and determining consideration. Esther was twenty-nine. She was tall, too, but stouter than a Sargent ought to be, and not nearly so graceful as her sister. She had fair hair, almost as pretty as Geraldine's, and a large, intelligent face, which a student of character would have liked better than a student of beauty. She wore glasses, — very pretty ones without rims, but still they injured her appearance. Like Geraldine, she excelled in riding and outdoor sports; but she had not Geraldine's grace and charming ease of motion. She was as strong as most men and utterly fearless. She was not so contemplative or studious as Geraldine, but she was far more efficient. It was understood between the two that Geraldine was fond of nature and Esther of people. In that particular she was no true Sargent; she made friends too easily. It was astonishing how many good turns she could do in a day. And yet she never suffered herself to be made use of by egotists. She always maintained her dignity, and whenever she did a kindness it was evident that she did it of her own free will, not because she was afraid to say no. To a stranger who saw her for the first time beside her sister, she seemed plain and completely devoid of charm. To her own family she was a necessity; and when one of the boys was sick there was no cordial like the sight of Esther's face, no medicine like the touch of Esther's hand. When she went away to make a visit, her family not only

missed her, — they were really unhappy till she came back again; and once when she had been in Europe for three months and the steamship drew near the wharf at New York, there was her whole family without an exception standing on the pier to catch the first sight of the dear face and hands and feet and dress and eyeglasses which were the outward manifestation of the dearer Esther whom not one of them could live without.

But though Esther was adored at home and worshipped in the village, marriageable young men of her own age almost never took much interest in her. She had no charm except for those who loved her already; and Geraldine was so perfectly charming that not many could pass her by and look at Esther. In fact the few admirers that she had were almost all of them cast-off suitors of Geraldine's, who could not help, even now that all hope was gone, casting wistful glances at the beautiful girl's captivating face and queenly beauty. But Esther's ideal of a man was as high as Geraldine's, and there was little chance that her sister's damaged goods would please her. In fact she had pretty much given up thoughts of marrying. She knew she was not fascinating, and she was well aware that there was but a small likelihood that a man whom she could love would fall in love with her. Meanwhile she was perfectly satisfied. Since she had grown up she had been her father's right hand. He took charge of the mill, and she took charge of the mill hands and the village. She had the gift of helping the poor and uneducated without degrading them from the rank of freeborn men and women. The library at Sargent's Mills was not large; but the townspeople had the feeling that they had made it, and that the Sargents had only done their share. Esther almost always helped the poor with her wisdom, seldom with her money. The degree to which she was adored by the villagers was unparalleled; but they never regarded her as a charitable rich woman, but as their best friend. There could be no strike at Sargent's Mills, for every laborer knew that Mr. Sargent would raise wages in a minute if Miss Sargent asked him, and knew that she would ask him if wages ought to be higher. Esther had her finger constantly on the village pulse, and she knew well when discontent was brewing. The leaders of the workingmen were her intimate friends, and many were the serious talks she had with them. Sometimes wages rose, sometimes they fell; but in either case the laborers knew that they had what they deserved. Esther was a natural doctor, and she had studied medicine and nursing for two years in New York. She was often of inestimable service when the village doctor was called away and a sudden illness occurred in his absence.

The villagers were immensely proud of Geraldine, but Esther was so deep in their hearts that she was almost a part of them. On a certain sunshiny Fourth of July half the townspeople rushed to their windows to see Miss Geraldine drive by in her dog-cart, and you could hear one say to another: "Ah, Miss Geraldine's a queen! There's a true Sargent for you! Look at her bow to old Peter Henley!" Twelve hours later, when the last Potter child had the croup and the doctor was at Weycasset, and the poor father stood listening at the window, he heard a thunder of hoofs come smashing along the road, breaking the endless silence of the night. Black Harry, the Sargents' thoroughbred, came surging up to the five-foot gate, took it in the dark without a scratch, and reared up on his haunches. And then old Potter turned to his wife, fell on his knees, and wept aloud. "Oh, thank God, thank God, Sarah!" he cried. "Here's Miss Esther!"

It was a cloudy morning in the spring of 18—. Mr. John Sargent was sitting in his private room near the entrance of the mill, writing a letter, when he was interrupted by one of the clerks, who ushered in a young man. Mr. Sargent rose to greet him.

"I think I have not seen you before," he said.

"No," replied the stranger. "I'm John Carlyle."

"Of course you are," said Mr. Sargent, shaking his hand for the second time.

"You're not unlike what your father was in the old days. How is he? He wrote me that you were coming, and that you would explain what you wanted. What can I do for you? Anything to the half of my kingdom!"

"Father is going to reorganize the Chesterfield Paper Mills," said Carlyle, "and I have promised to manage them for a year so as to set them going. I should like to spend a month here and learn the business."

Mr. Sargent looked at his visitor curiously. "How much do you know already about the paper business?" he asked.

"Nothing at all."

A very slight smile crossed the mill-owner's face at the idea of learning the paper business in a month; but slight as it was, the stranger did not fail to perceive it. He was a young man of medium height, with black hair and eyes. His pronounced features and Roman nose gave evidence of a character full of energy.

Mr. Sargent rang a bell and sent a clerk to find Mr. Osborne. That gentleman appeared, and bowed to the manufacturer with the deference which the Sargents never failed to inspire in those who saw them constantly.

"Mr. Carlyle," said Mr. Sargent, "this is Mr. Francis Osborne, our assistant superintendent. Mr. Osborne, Mr. Carlyle wishes to learn the business. He is going to be here a month, and I shall be glad to have you help him to the extent of your power, even if you are obliged to neglect some of your other work."

Mr. Osborne bowed again, and Carlyle announced himself ready to begin at once.

"But tell me where you are staying," said Mr. Sargent.

"Nowhere yet, sir. I have just left the train."

"I should count it a great favor if you would put up at Chestnut Park. You will be more comfortable there than at a boarding house; and really I cannot allow your father's son to go anywhere else."

When Francis Osborne reached home that evening, his pretty little wife was waiting for him at the gate as usual.

"Why, what's the matter, Frank?" she inquired anxiously. "You look all tired out!"

"I am, dear," said Osborne, kissing her. They walked together into the house, and Osborne threw himself into a chair. "You see, Kate," he went on, "there came a young man named Carlyle, who wanted to know the paper business, and Mr. Sargent turned him over to me. Well, that young man's a devil, Kate. I never saw a fellow with such a grasp of things, — never. I took him in and showed him one of the machines, and said the regulation things, you know, and was about to move on, when suddenly he begins to ask questions. He'd understood and remembered every word I said. When he'd fairly paralyzed me with questions, half of which I couldn't answer, and had to refer him to Mr. Sargent, well, then he whips out a box of compasses and things, and draws a plan of that machine exactly. You wouldn't think a man could do it in a day, and it took him half an hour. Then he hunts me up again, and says he: "Please correct me if I make a mistake." Then he explains to me exactly the way the machine works from beginning to end; and he can say in three words what another'd say in ten. Well, then he asks me if he can take the place of the man who's running that machine; and in half an hour more he was running it as if he had worked on it all his life. His hands are bundles of nerves, — he can do anything with them. Well, he sits down and writes a long account of the machine in his note-book, with a suggestion as to how it might be improved, and then — clear the track! — he hales me off to another machine! And that lasted all day. But you ought to see him. Splendid black eyes that look right through you, — and his head grandly set on his shoulders! He's the sort a man would follow through fire!"

At the end of the day, John Carlyle walked to Chestnut Park alone, for Mr. Sargent had gone home early. Although his father had described the place to him,

he was surprised at the happy combination of art and nature which made Chestnut Park beautiful. The magnificent trees which gave the estate its name surpassed his expectations, and the hedges of wild rhododendron which separated the different parts of the ground served to prevent the appearance of excessive care which the closely cut lawns and exquisite flower beds might otherwise have given. The house was of stone. It was very large, and seemed old-fashioned on the outside, but when John was shown in, he found the interior sufficiently modern to be perfectly comfortable. The front door led into a great hall, from which the doorways opened to the dining-room, the parlors, and Mr. Sargent's study. He found the family waiting to receive him. Mrs. Sargent greeted him with stately cordiality.

"We have been ready for you several years, Mr. Carlyle. You should have come to us before."

Carlyle bowed. "I'm only a laborer," he said, "and have but little time for visiting." He could say no more, for Geraldine was advancing.

"Father says you're to stay with us till you learn the paper business," she began, her eyes dancing. "I hope you're stupid, Mr. Carlyle."

John bowed and laughed. Esther shook hands with him and said she was glad to see him. Mr. Sargent welcomed him again heartily, and Val showed him to his room, whence he quickly reappeared for dinner. After dinner they sat and talked; and then Geraldine sang while Esther played her accompaniments. When she had finished, Val, who had a way of making embarrassing remarks, asked Carlyle aloud how he liked Geraldine's voice.

"Better than any other voice I ever heard," said John frankly.

Geraldine laughed. "Have you heard Eames and Nordica and Scalchi and Patti?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied seriously, "I have heard them all. I suppose they all sing far better than you, but I like your voice better than any voice among them."

"Aren't you pleased with our visitor?" Mr. Sargent inquired of his wife when John had gone up to bed, which he did early.

"Why, yes," she replied; "but I think his manner a little brusque."

"He has a splendid head," said Geraldine.

"You say that because he says you sing better than Patti," cried Val. "His head's splendid enough, but he's a little fellow, no taller than mother."

"Well, mother's five feet eight," Geraldine replied; "and that's a good height for a man. He's fine-looking. Don't you think so, Esther?"

"Yes," said Esther; and the Sargent family began to talk about something else.

It was a happy month, which passed only too swiftly. On Decoration Day, when Everett and Conrad came home from Yale, John, who was not used to riding, was nearly killed by being thrown from an unruly horse, which he insisted upon riding beside Geraldine; but the accident did not prevent him from appearing at the mill the next day. He did not miss a moment from working hours till his month was out.

His last working day was a Saturday; but the Sargents urged him to stay on over Sunday, and he was quite willing to do so. On Sunday afternoon he went with Geraldine for a long walk over the hills. Geraldine never went by the road. She knew every foot-way, every forest path and every cart-track for miles around; and she could show one charming views and secret nooks to which the oldest inhabitant was a stranger. The country about Sargent's Mills was full of hills and hollows and beautiful little ponds buried among the trees. John had not lived for a month under the same roof that covered Geraldine without falling under the spell of her beauty and charming individuality; and he was very happy now as he followed her from hill to pond and from pond to the brook in the woods.

"You are always *doing* something, Mr. Carlyle," Geraldine said, as they stood on the top of a high hill, looking at a distant view of the ocean.

"I take it," said John, smiling, "that I'm always trying to do something, and you are always trying to be something."

"I wonder which of us is right,' Geraldine replied. "You don't wonder, I suppose. You're like Esther in one way. She's always trying to accomplish something as her first duty. But it's very little that one can do, and one's first duty, it seems to me, is to develop one's self. After all, one's self is the important thing. You can't even be self-denying unless you first cultivate a self to deny."

"But can't you cultivate yourself by accomplishing something?" John asked.

"No, you can't," she replied decisively. after a pause. "If you're always *doing* something, you get into a rut and stay there. We're given our abilities, just as we're given our muscles, to make use of them all. What a development a man would have who only exercised one set of muscles!"

"Yet the blacksmith does better on the whole than the professional athlete," said John.

"That's arguing in a circle, Mr. Carlyle. Of course the blacksmith does better if what we want is iron shoes on horses; but that's the point at issue. What I think we want is systematic and harmonious development; and to my mind the athlete is doing his duty more than the blacksmith."

John never pressed Geraldine hard, for her arrays of words and ideas were beautiful rather than formidable, and he knew well that his heavy artillery would spoil the review. So he did not ask her how the world would live if every one developed and no one worked, nor whether care for the well-being of others was not a most important thing to develop. He let her talk on so that her sweet voice might harmonize with the trees and the pond and the ocean and her own beautiful face. For John Carlyle could rest when he chose, — and he chose now.

John went away the next morning by the early train.

"It's really hard to have to let you go," said Mr. Sargent as he shook hands with him, "now that we're all so fond of you. The first day you came," he added, "I thought you were foolish to hope to learn paper-making in a month. Now I don't think so."

"You and Mrs. Sargent have given me a real home," John said earnestly.

"If it is a home, then you must spend all your vacations here," Mrs. Sargent said.

Geraldine blushed as she bade him good by. "I haven't shown you half our pretty walks," she said. "You must be sure to come soon again. And meanwhile you must develop yourself," she added, laughing.

"Good by, Mr. Carlyle," Esther said. "We shall be lonely without you."

John drove away in the trap, looking back at each break in the trees, and waving his handkerchief till the house was out of sight. He had come to feel so much at home at Chestnut Park that he could not realize that he was leaving it for a long time. He was almost unconscious of the houses which he passed, as he was driven through the village, until, as they were passing a little Queen Anne cottage, some one called his name. It was Osborne.

"I want to speak to Mr. Carlyle," he cried; and the groom drew up. "I have a great respect for you, Mr. Carlyle," Osborne said hurriedly as he came to his side, "and I wanted to give you some little testimonial of it." He disengaged his silver watch and chain from his waistcoat. "This old watch can be depended on," he went on. "It's only a silver one, and of course I shouldn't expect you to wear it all the time; but when your other one is being repaired it may prove of use to you. You will find it can be depended upon," he repeated, "and I hope you will believe the same of the man who gave it to you. You can depend on that watch, Mr. Carlyle, and on me, every time." And before John could finish his few hurried thanks, Osborne had turned and run back into the house.

John thought a good deal about this incident as he swept homeward in the train. It confirmed his theory that those are the most devoted to you who have done the most for you. Osborne had been invaluable to him for a whole month, and now, instead of expecting

anything from him, the poor fellow gave him a watch. John decided to save a good place for Osborne in his new paper-mill.

But his thoughts were almost entirely of the Sargents. They were certainly the most interesting family he had ever met. He thought most of Geraldine, — he could not help that. He was not in love with her; but if he went back again he was not sure that he should not be. He could not tell whether he liked her just because she was beautiful, or really was attached to herself. Why did he not like Esther as much? Because she wore eye-glasses? Nonsense! She was not so fascinating in any way. But he prided himself on not liking merely fascinating people. Geraldine had a good mind, he said to himself, besides being fascinating, and there was no reason why he should not like her. As to Esther, — he did like her in a way. But Geraldine haunted him.

Geraldine haunted him. The reorganization of the Chesterfield Mills was a work which delighted him, all the more because it taxed his abilities to the utmost. Plenty of workmen were to be had, but John was hard to suit. Often his choice seemed singular; he got together an unruly set of men, who indeed knew their business well, but who could only be kept in order with an iron hand. The iron hand was there, and the men were reduced to discipline, but only after a great deal of trouble and delay. There was no time for vacations or excursions to Chestnut Park. Gradually, however, the heterogeneous elements began to work together. The machinery of the mill worked steadily and merrily, and John sat watchfully in the office, in a certain way the dread, but yet the idol of his men. A hundred thoughts swept continually through his brain, — of improvements in machinery, reforms in the village, political schemes and private hopes. And through all his thoughts and schemes and hopes Geraldine haunted him.

It was almost a year before John visited Chestnut Park again. He came in an earlier train than that which he had intended to take, so that no one was at the station to meet him, and he walked up to the Park. As he made his way along the avenue from the gate to the house, he caught sight of a pink dress, partly hidden by a rhododendron hedge. Pink was Geraldine's favorite color, and he stole to the hedge to get a sight of her. But it was not Geraldine; it was Esther, sitting on the grass with a little child perhaps three years old. Her back was turned to him, but he could see her bright hair glistering in the sun, and could hear her quiet voice evidently teaching the child some lesson.

"Now say it after Cousin Esther, Jennie," she said. "How do you do, Mr. John Carlyle?"

The child looked puzzled.

"Can't you say it, dear?" Esther went on. "Walk up to me as if I were he, and say: 'How do you do, Mr. John Carlyle?'"

The child collected herself, walked up to Esther, and said in a sweet little voice: "How d'y' do, Mrs. John Carlyle?"

John could not contain himself; he gave a great laugh. Esther turned and saw him, and laughed too, while a blush covered her face. It was a moment before they recovered themselves enough to shake hands. Then they greeted each other warmly, still laughing, and all three went into the house, John carrying Jennie on his shoulder.

Geraldine was visiting in New London, and in the three days which elapsed before her return John saw a great deal of Esther. He went with her to visit a little club formed by some of the mill hands, and marvelled at the tact with which she managed the rough men. He had never before seen any one who could do such things as well as himself, but he was obliged to admit that Esther was in some ways his superior. He could make himself feared and loved, but she won everybody's entire confidence. She not only knew the names, but the secret history of every family in the village.

It was something new for John to talk to a woman on equal terms; but he could talk no other way to Esther. He could not feel toward her as he did toward other women. She had no feminine

weaknesses to make allowances for. Even physically she was perfectly able to take care of herself; and if he helped her over stone walls it was certainly not because she could not get over alone. Yet she was a woman through and through, as her influence in the household showed. John suddenly found himself, like all the members of Esther's family, always wondering where she was, and feeling a sense of comfort when she came into the room. Her face and figure began to be dear to him, because they were the face and figure of some one sweeter and better than himself.

"'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways."

After John had been staying at Chestnut Park for four days, Geraldine came home. Geraldine and Esther! Which did he care for the more, after all? He had been half in love with Geraldine throughout those ten months of unremitting labor at Chesterfield; and now was he going to leave her for her sister, just because he had seen Esther intimately for three days? The night after Geraldine's arrival he lay awake for hours trying to think out his own feelings. Evidently he could never have been much in love with Geraldine, he said to himself, if Esther could shake her dominion over him in three days. Geraldine was just as beautiful as ever, just as charming; she had welcomed him like an old friend, she had sung like an angel; but he had not looked at her for the whole evening as he used to do last year. Occasionally he felt Geraldine's spell as he had felt it ten months before; but it only required three words from a sweet voice at the other side of the room to break the enchantment and establish a new charm. John was ashamed of himself. He had always prided himself on not being a fool; and of all things he hated a vacillating man the worst. He was sure he could never have been the least bit in love with Geraldine; that was certain. And having arrived at this incorrect conclusion, he turned over and went to sleep.

The next morning Esther and he went on a walk to Ingram Centre. Esther was as eager to walk in the public highway as Geraldine was to avoid it. She liked to meet a neighboring farmer and talk with him and hear of his anxieties and pleasures as much as Geraldine enjoyed standing on a hill with the wind blowing in her face while she drank in a view of the distant sea.

"I have to keep up with the neighborhood, you know," she said as they started on after condoling with Joshua Gedney, one of these farmers. "It's my business."

"You don't seem to go in for self-culture so much as Miss Geraldine."

"Has Geraldine been giving you her favorite doctrines?" she inquired. "I hope you don't think she lives up to them. She does go in for cultivating herself; but she's unselfish, too, — very unselfish. I sometimes wish she wouldn't preach individualism so much; for people think she's really in earnest."

"I don't think there's any danger of people having a bad opinion of Miss Geraldine. Every one seems to adore her."

They passed an open wagon containing an old man, a pretty young woman and a little girl. The old man took off his hat, the young woman bowed and smiled with that look which gratitude gives, and the child held out its arms to Esther. "Good morning, Miss Esther," they all said in their different voices; and as they passed the child turned and said, "Nice Miss Esther."

John thought of the mixture of fear and admiration with which he was greeted at the Chesterfield Mills, and was sad at the difference. "How do you make every one love you so, Miss Esther?" he cried impulsively. "Young and old, poor and rich, your own family and strangers. Why, the very trees there are kissing their hands to you."

"Oh, not that," said Esther, smiling. "It's Geraldine whom the trees love."

"Yes, the trees love her, but the people love you. You are a wonderful woman, Miss Esther."

Esther blushed. "Do you like to be praised?" she asked.

"No, I don't know that I do; but no one can help praising you."

"I thought better of you, Mr. Carlyle. Can you not put the golden rule into practice?"

When John rode away from Sargent's Falls, he was no longer in doubt whether he preferred Esther or Geraldine. He worshipped Esther. He was only twenty-five, and she was twenty-nine; but he would not have cared if she was forty. She was too good for him; that was the only trouble. To him she had even become more beautiful than Geraldine; her face seemed like an angel's face. The judicial man of the world was gone, and John loved wildly like a boy of eighteen. He would win her if he had to swim through oceans and dig through mountains, he murmured to himself. Yet he could scarcely conceive that a creature who loved every one as Esther did could ever love him as he loved her. So he thought nothing about the future, but shut his eyes and kept calling her picture before him in the blue and white dress which she wore when she said good by to him.

When John came to the Park a month later, he made it very evident that he was Esther's lover. He saw as much of her as he could without being impolite to the rest of the family; and he studied her every word and look that he might make himself agreeable to her. At first Esther tried to escape his attentions, thinking they were dictated by politeness and that he would prefer to be with Geraldine. When it became clear that she was the special object of his regard, she received his advances with dignity.

John Carlyle was a very satisfactory lover. He did not rave nor tear his hair; he managed to behave like a devoted man and a sensible one at the same time. As soon as he found that Esther hated compliments, he discontinued them. Without talking too much about himself, he told Esther about his past life and about his plans for the future. Each day he loved her more and more. As he lay on his bed at night, it seemed impossible to live without her, and too much to hope that he should ever live with her. Even if she consented, it seemed to him that her family and all Sargent's Mills would spring to arms to drive off the false stranger who wanted to carry away their good angel.

"How beautiful the sky is!" exclaimed John as he lay back on the grass in the shade of the rhododendrons. Esther was sewing close by. "I wish I could rest more and have time to look at things the way Miss Geraldine does," he continued. "I work too much, — and I think perhaps you do, Miss Esther."

"I don't work too much," Esther replied; "but it's true that I ought to notice nature more. See that bird. I don't know what it is. Geraldine would know it in a minute and imitate its note so that you couldn't tell the real from her imitation."

"Well, Miss Geraldine is more fortunate than most of us," said John. "She has a theory of life, while the rest of us live from hand to mouth. But one trouble of being a woman is that when you marry, your theory of life goes to thunder."

"Moral: don't marry?" asked Esther, smiling.

"Oh, no," John answered perfectly seriously. "I approve of marrying, — if you marry the right person." He paused a moment, and then said with decision, "I know the person I ought to marry."

"I hope it isn't too great a trial, Mr. Carlyle. If you ought, you ought, you know."

"Esther!"

She turned and looked at him with a half smile and her eyes full of tears. Then she began to sew again.

"Esther! How long since you began to call me that?"

For a moment John could say or do nothing. Heaven had come to him so suddenly that he did not know how to receive it. He stretched his arms out to her; but he trembled as he touched her, for he felt that she was better than he, and that it was sacrilege. But Esther was very human that afternoon, and did not behave in the least like an angel.

"Well, how long have you been in love with me?" she said at last. She

was sewing again, but did not seem to experience the least inconvenience from having his arm around her.

"Since the second time I came to visit here."

"Well, that's just the time I began," said Esther, pulling out a stitch. "But I thought ever since I first saw you that you were the finest man I knew."

"Esther!"

It was very sweet for the two young people, the consciousness that they loved each other. Throughout their lives they had been accustomed to slight present pleasure for future profit; and now it was intoxicating to throw away the past and the future and wrap themselves in the sweet present. It was almost too much happiness to think that that afternoon was but the type of a whole lifetime. At last the long shadows of the rhododendrons told Esther that it was time to go in to tea.

"Now, John," she said, as she rose and folded up her sewing, "let's tell them right away. I'm not ashamed of you; on the contrary, I'm very proud of you, Mr. Carlyle," — and she courtesied very low. Then, growing serious, she added, "I hope mother won't feel very badly to lose me. I'm afraid she will."

After supper Geraldine took a walk over the hills. It seemed very hot and stuffy in the house. She took the same paths that she had led John over a year before; and at every place where he and she had stopped for a while, she stopped again. It grew dark; but Geraldine knew the woods as well in darkness as in daylight. When she came to the high hill which overlooked the ocean, she rested for a time and looked out to sea. The moon had risen some hours before, and though it was screened by a strip of clouds, it cast a trembling sheet of light across the water. Geraldine sat on a stone with her head on her hand. The frogs were chanting in chorus in the pond at the foot of the hill, and a whip-poor-will was outdoing himself at his never-ending song. At last she spoke aloud in a quiet, passionless voice.

"*Usque ad mortem*," she said.

Then she rose and walked silently home through long woodland alleys carpeted with dancing light and shade by the heartless moon.

(*To be continued.*)

---

# CAPRICE.

*By Frank Roe Batchelder.*

EYES that deny her speech so cold and stern,
And lips that seem not servants to her heart, —
Oh, tell me, do her words but play a part
For conscience' sake, and truth, while she doth yearn
To grant that favor I have sought to earn
By love alone, — by no dissembled art, —
So that my step might make her pulse to start,
And, going, she should fondly say, "Return!"
Humbly I bow to my dear lady's will;
If she would seem to scorn me, I believe,
Accepting her rebuff; and still — and still —
She cannot mean that I for long should grieve.
Her speech I fear not, while I see her face;
Silence alone could make me doubt her grace.

# MYSTICS AMONG THE NEW ENGLAND HILLS.

*By Dian Calvert.*

THE currents of thought sometimes set in unforeseen and strange directions and affect minds apparently the most unpromising. No ordinary observer would be incited to search for disciples of occult and visionary beliefs among the bleak hills of northern New England where the circumstances of life are so rigorous that the practical man alone would be expected to flourish and the imaginative nature is usually looked upon as an anomaly. Still less would he have dreamed of finding mystics there twenty-five years prior to the age of theosophy in Boston. Nevertheless such mystics were there, seeing visions and receiving illuminations. The elderly men and women of to-day, who were in early youth then, relate strange stories of the actors in this religious drama, and especially of its two leading characters. "They were theosophists," you hear it said; they claimed direct illumination by the Divine Spirit, — this was their chief doctrine. If you say that theosophy is an Oriental doctrine, you will receive a description of certain musty old volumes of foreign publication which were in the possession of the stranger who came thither bringing with him "the strange doctrine," as the farmers called it.

Their delineation of that leader in the movement, who was their own townsman, outlines his personality with sharp distinctness. A true son of the hills, possessing all the strong qualities of body and mind befitting a descendant of the settlers of an isolated community in New England, in morals strict, in religion "God-fearing," as his old orthodox parson described him, generous and, like his fellows, self-restrained to the point of absolute repression of his feelings, there must have existed beneath his calm exterior a living volcano of feeling, only awaiting the touch of the right influence to pour itself out in flames of ecstatic enthusiasm.

His intellectual life was that of his townsmen generally, lacking in culture and running in narrow channels, but having a clearness and vigor of its own. Of occult sciences and systems of thought he knew no more than he knew of the stars above him. From early manhood he pursued his calling of milling for the farmers, and in it acquired the reputation of an upright and generous man, which is accorded him to this day. He had no personal ambitions. His limited prosperity completely satisfied him; his satisfaction was never touched by the corrosive love of gold.

Once in the early morning he received a summons to his mill from a thinly clad boy who bore a weight of corn which, compared with his small shoulders, was like the burden of Atlas. The little fellow was astonished by the miller's neglect to "take toll."

"Why didn't you take your toll?" he asked.

"Why should I take the poor man's meat which the Lord has given him?" said the miller so sternly that the boy was a little alarmed, and only ventured to reply humbly, "Thank you, sir."

"Don't thank me for doing right, but learn to remember the poor when you are a rich man," was the reply, with an emphasis which made the boy understand that the miller was rich in his own estimation.

But his idyllic life was interrupted; his grave content in the stern creed which his warm heart interpreted into gentle living was changed to an insatiable thirst for unhindered communion with the Divinity whom he had hitherto worshipped afar off. Unannounced and unknown even by reputation, there came one day to the little hill town a man who declared himself to be a prophet

sent of God to prepare a chosen people for him. He affirmed that he was the depositary of important revelations, which he was commissioned to make known to the worthy wherever he might find them. There were of course collateral articles of belief extending from the main point of the prophet's teaching; but the dogma that he was an inspired leader and that whosoever accepted and perfectly followed him as such was worthy to share in his revelations he taught to be of supreme importance.

Naturally his appearance and pretensions excited a ripple of wonder in this quiet community. He possessed an unlimited supply of fiery rhetoric with which to maintain his assumptions; and after a few attempts at argument on his astonishing claims, the elders in the church grew wary of encountering him, not caring to expose themselves to his philippics.

The writer remembers having seen the prophet once in his extreme old age, and can testify to his autocratic manner and striking appearance even in his decadence. Long, light locks veiled his shoulders; his blue eyes were of piercing brilliancy; while the lines of his face suggested an iron will and keen discernment. The latter quality he must have possessed in high degree, else he would not have seen beneath the miller's unemotional exterior the facile nature he could shape to his own purposes. No one knew by what artful approaches he scaled the bulwark of the miller's orthodox prejudices. The result only was seen.

The news of the miller's conversion to the prophet's teachings stirred the church to its depths. Parson and people together remonstrated, and appealed to the miller's reason with simple yet profound logic; but their arguments were unavailing. It was suggested that the prophet's motives might be mercenary. At that the miller's indignation flashed out in wrathful lightnings, and his neighbors caught their first glimpse of the long-repressed fire of his nature. After that they looked on, for the most part, in silent amazement, while he drifted ever farther away from their orthodox moorings upon a misty sea of vague speculation lighted only by the fatuous glimmerings of visions and dreams.

The prophet expressed no hope nor desire for a large following. Many there were who could not attain to his standard. Nevertheless he must discharge his duty in proclaiming the truth to the benighted people. Having gained the co-operation of the miller, who entered upon the work of proselyting with ardor, the prophet began his campaign by an onslaught on the churches. In the course of this warfare, which, though desultory, was protracted many years, he became an object of actual terror to mild-natured clergymen of the vicinity. Before his impetuous advances nothing was possible but an ignominious quarrel or a humiliating retreat. On a certain Sabbath morning, which yet lives in the recollection of the aged, when the parson of the village church went down the aisle to ascend the pulpit, he paused in amazement at seeing the prophet already in possession of it, calmly turning the leaves of the Bible as in search of his text. For a moment the eyes of prophet and parson met. Then the parson said with gentle courtesy, for he was a peace-loving parson: —

"Sir, if you wish to address my people, you shall have the privilege of doing so after the usual service is concluded."

"False shepherd!" shouted the prophet, "the servant of God waits for no man. The oracles of God shall be delivered despite the idol shepherd!"

A murmur of indignation swelled in the audience, and the white-haired squire rose to the defence of his pastor. But the latter silenced him with a gesture of his hand and the words, "Peace, brethren. Those who desire to join in the usual service will please follow me to my house;" and with imperturbable dignity he led the way down the aisle. Nearly all the congregation followed their leader, while the curious few who remained were electrified by the prophet's immediate announcement of one of their familiar hymns, the first two lines of which he declaimed in sonorous tones, perfectly distinct to the retreating parson and his flock: —

> "Let us arise in all our might
> And put the hosts of hell to flight."

Similar incidents, varying with different circumstances, frequently enlivened the religious services in town during the early years of the prophet's residence there, while occasionally even the miller scattered assemblies of worshippers with a vigorous harangue. The miller clung to his Bible, declaring that he found therein the strongest evidences of his faith in "illumination by the Spirit," and despite his religious vagaries he never lost the respect and confidence of his townsmen, while the prophet never won them.

Their followers were a little band, mostly intimate friends of the miller, who were consoled for their numerical weakness by the prophet's flattering declaration that only a few of the noblest were called up to the heights of illumination. It was for them to ascend higher and higher, while their neighbors were stumbling through life in the darkness below, fortunate if they were not led eternally astray by their "idol shepherds." Even of the elect few, only the miller was the recipient of revelations, and he always subordinated himself to the prophet; the others were content to bathe themselves in the reflected glory of their leaders' experiences and to be guided by them even in all personal matters.

A few years subsequent to the prophet's arrival in town his wife went the way of all mankind. After his mourning was ended he made a ceremonious visit to one of his devoted followers who had a daughter of fair face and gentle heart. He made known the object of his visit to the parents by stating impressively that the Spirit had commanded him to seek the maiden for his wife. The parents had some private misgivings, which, however, they cautiously repressed; but the young lady, when consulted, vehemently refused to become the prophet's wife. Tradition whispers that her most weighty objection took the shape of a thriving young farmer in the vicinity. When the parents timidly acquainted the prophet with their daughter's decision, suggesting her youth and simplicity as the grounds of her failure to appreciate the honor, the prophet without hesitation exposed to the girl and her parents the awful wickedness of her refusal, and explained to them that even he would have no power to save her from the consequences of sinning against such illumination. At this the alarmed parents added their entreaties to the prophet's demand, and the young woman sought safety in a speedy union with him.

Whether this occurrence served to undermine the miller's faith in his guide is uncertain; but it is certain that soon after he was compelled to face the fact that the whole of his worldly possessions were held as security for the prophet's indebtedness, while the latter's supposed property had vanished into nothingness in most puzzling fashion. Loath as he was to harbor the lightest suspicion of the prophet's saintliness, he was compelled to consider irrefutable facts. Confronting the prophet with the evidence, he was met by an outburst of denunciation the fury of which almost appalled him. In vain did he plead for an honest statement of the prophet's affairs. The latter would brook no demands for explanation, but affirmed his right to unquestioning confidence and obedience. When the miller reminded him that such a course in the past had reduced him to his present poverty, the prophet responded that the laborer was worthy of his hire and that the miller's sacrifice of his little estate was but a meagre return for the spiritual benefits conferred upon him. Unspeakably shocked and nearly heartbroken at this unveiling of the prophet's character, the miller left him.

Great as was the loss of the savings of thirty years to the miller, whose life was rapidly passing its prime, this was but slight compared with the bitterness of soul which followed the shattering of his idol. It would be thought that the consequence of his awakening would have been his conviction that the prophet's teachings were as delusive as the prophet had shown himself to be. Such, however, was not the case. He believed with the firmness of a Savonarola that the truth was unaffected by its medium, and his imaginative spirit clung loyally to its allegiance. He did not spare the prophet, but exposed his perfidy to their

little world without hesitation. This resulted in a schism in the group of disciples, most of them following the miller, for whom public sympathy was strong.

Life to him thereafter was a never-ceasing struggle. An ordinary man would have been overwhelmed by the difficulties which beset him; but the miller had one of those natures which are often found exercising a vast heroism in the most depressing positions, even in defeat putting to shame the petty victories of many whom the world calls successful.

Yet in his case, as in so many, the pathetic and the absurd went hand in hand. The sight of the now gray-haired man suddenly pausing in his battle with the weeds in the middle of a field of potatoes, and becoming rigid, with bared head uplifted to the unclouded glow of the June sun, continuing in that attitude for a quarter of an hour without uttering a word or making the slightest movement, filled his companions with amusement; but the amusement became pity as the miller resumed his work quietly, remarking that God had just vouchsafed him a gracious revelation.

As the years went by it was observed that he was developing an acrimonious spirit toward the world at large. He had hoped for the gradual conversion of Christian people to his belief. Disappointed in this, he came to the conclusion that they were irrecoverably apostate from the truth. It began to be whispered that his troubles had overthrown his reason. He was often held up to the rising generation as an object lesson in the dangers of prying into the unknowable.

During his mental decadence the old man's heart was filled to overflowing with joy by the birth of a son. Now, he declared, all the vain strivings of his past were made clear to him. He had been intended but as the forerunner of a new dispensation. The child was the new saviour of mankind. He was God-given, and should be so filled with the Spirit as to be fully equipped for the work which he, the father, had never been able to accomplish. It was with mingled incredulity and horror that his neighbors learned that he asserted the child to be a new Jesus. But these feelings were soon merged in universal compassion for the pitiable wreck which their old townsman presented to them in his grotesque fancies and prophecies. Their good sense taught them that this was the logical outcome of the absolute concentration of his mind upon the one theme for half his lifetime. Thenceforward he was to them an object of gentle commiseration. His followers had dwindled to a meagre half dozen, their number having been lessened by death and removals; but those who remained were as ardent devotees as their leader.

The last of the miller's singular acts which attracted general curiosity was the formal appointment of a day on which he would publicly preach his own funeral sermon in his home. His explanation of this unique performance was that there was no one else capable of preaching it in accordance with the faith which he had kept, and that he wished to improve this final opportunity for testimony on earth. There is no account of this remarkable service extant. It was attended only by the faithful few, to whom it was an awe-inspiring sacrament, and some curious young people of the vicinity, who found in it a source of lasting mirth.

At this time the miller was confined to his home by the infirmities of age; and a few months later his life went out in a thickening cloud of phantasms. The prophet had settled into oblivion long before, unloved and unremembered save by those of his own household, or by his neighbors, who remembered him only to censure him. The sentiment which his childish old age aroused in them was one contrasting sharply with the respectful esteem which they never ceased to feel toward the miller, even in his dotage. To the last the miller's reputation for virtue and practical kindness had been kept fresh.

Prophet and miller are now alike but memories fading into the lengthening past; their disciples are scattered and unknown; their history is but another instance of the tendency of human reason to lose itself in the quest for what cannot be brought within its comprehension.

# THE COTTON MILLS IN THE SOUTH.

*By Edward Porritt.*

THERE is at the present time a notable development of cotton manufacturing in the South, close to the cotton fields, — especially in Georgia and the Carolinas; and there is a notable interest in this development in New England. Not a little New England capital has already been invested in some of the new southern enterprises; and in Massachusetts especially there has been much discussion, both among mill owners and among working men, of the conditions of manufacture and labor in the South, as affecting a possible large transfer thither of the cotton industries of the North. The matter is one of such interest and importance, viewed from either side, that it is worthy of a careful study in this place.

As to the causes accounting for this recent great development of cotton manufacturing in the South, it is possible to cite either southern or New England testimony. I have heard both. I have talked with mill superintendents in Carolina and in Georgia; and in March last I listened to the case which the Arkwright Club laid before the Committee on Commercial Affairs at the State House in Boston. The only important difference in the two points of view is that the southern manufacturers lay stress on the advantages which accrue from the water powers, while the Arkwright Club witnesses made no mention of them in reciting to the legislative committee what are, in their opinion, the advantages of the South. Except as regards this point, there is a general agreement between southern cotton-mill superintendents and those of New England as to the causes for the recent great development of the cotton industry in Georgia and the Carolinas.

If a southern cotton-mill superintendent were asked to set down what he considers are the advantages of the South, the probability is that he would place them in something like this order: Cheap white labor, nearness to the raw material, the absence of labor politicians and labor unions, long working days and few holidays, light taxation, and, finally, the possibilities connected with the water powers.

Nearly all these causes were reviewed before the legislative committee in Boston from the point of view both of the labor organizations of Massachusetts and the cotton-mill superintendents. In fact to an outsider the proceedings before the committee seemed to be largely in the nature of a contest between the trade unionists and the Massachusetts manufacturers.

The trade unionists were heard first. They took up the position that New England has no need to fear southern competition, and that the cry concerning the South is raised by the mill superintendents with a view to inducing the legislature to stay its hand in labor legislation. From this standpoint the representatives of the trade unions laid their case before the committee. To support it they relied for the most part on figures showing the growth of the cotton industry in Massachusetts since 1870. They admitted that there were few labor laws in the South, but argued that it would be a question of only a few years before all the southern cotton-manufacturing states have labor laws as drastic as those now existing in New England.

The representatives of the labor organizations were emphatic in their contention that Massachusetts has nothing to fear from the fact that, as regards factory legislation, the state is at the head of all the cotton-manufacturing states. They hold that climatic conditions and skilled labor have given Massachusetts its present position in the cotton industry, and that it can safely rely on these advan-

tages in any competition with the new mills of the South. "Short hours," said Mr. Robert Howard, speaking for the Fall River Mule Spinners' Association, "are not driving the trade away from Massachusetts. No state has made such wonderful progress in cotton manufacturing as this state since 1874, when the hours of labor were reduced to ten daily. Carroll D. Wright says Massachusetts made a gain in spindles between 1870 and 1880 of 1,517,236 and 30,741 looms. This was a greater gain in spindles and looms than all the other New England states combined, though during six years of that decade Massachusetts manufacturing establishments had been working under a ten-hour law. The census of 1880 also shows that the value of cotton goods manufactured in the New England states in 1870 was $125,000,000. In 1880 it was $143,000,000, or a gain of $18,000,000 in 1880 over 1870, and $12,000,000 of the $18,000,000 was netted by Massachusetts manufacturers, though they had been running their mills six years out of ten under a ten-hours law. This speaks well for a reduction in the hours of labor. If the cotton trade is leaving Massachusetts, how can you account for the great increase of spindles and looms? In 1880 there were 4,236,084 spindles in the state. The last return shows 7,160,480, or an increase of 2,834,396 in the past fourteen years. Fall River at the passage of the ten-hour law in 1874 had in its factories 1,258,508 spindles. It now has about 2,700,000, and New England has seventy per cent of the spindles of the country." "I think," added Mr. Howard, "that from the perusal of statistics Massachusetts has little to fear from the competition of the South."

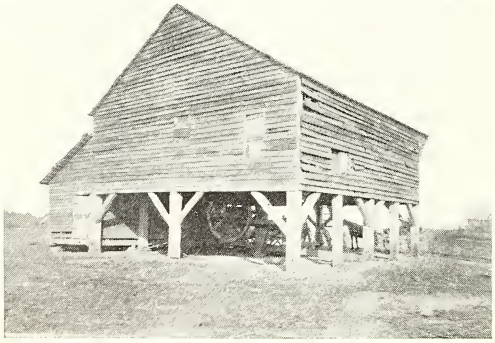
The Arkwright Club witnesses addressed themselves to the general question, "Can cotton goods be made cheaper in the South than in New England?" and insisted that the answer was in the affirmative. "What are the facts?" asked Mr. Jefferson Coolidge. "For a great many years past," he said, "the South has been trying to manufacture cotton goods. They put up small mills in various localities, but they did not know how to make cotton goods. The mills were put up in unsuitable climates, and the consequence was their success was small; their increase was small, and the amount of goods made was so insignificant that New England did not feel the competition. We were in an era of prosperity. At last, however, it was found that there was a region in the South where mills could be built, where the climate was good, and where help was to be found in great plenty, and very intelligent. It was found that mills in these localities were profitable; and the consequence was that very soon there was an increase in the number of mills. A great many new mills were built, and other mills were doubled. And what is the real difference in cost between these southern mills and ours? You have first of all cotton. Cotton grows at the doors of the southern mills and costs them one half cent to three quarters of a cent a pound less than it does us. After cotton comes coal. Go down south and you will find that coal costs eighty cents to one and a half dollars a ton. In Lowell the same coal costs three and a half to four and a half dollars. In the item of coal alone in the mills I represent, the difference of price would mean a saving of $60,000 a year. Then you come to taxes. We are taxed enormously. In the South cotton mills go free from taxation for several years in order that the industry may be encouraged."

Coming next to the question of labor, which Mr. Coolidge described as the most important of all, he affirmed that labor at the South is about thirty per cent lower than in New England; besides that, the mills are run an hour or two hours longer than in the New England states, and in consequence general expenses are reduced to that extent. "The quality of the labor," continued Mr. Coolidge, "is excellent. It is taken from the mountains of Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, from parts of the South which were originally settled by Scotch and Welsh people. As long as slavery lasted these people had never anything to do, because they were unwilling to compete with the negroes. They

COTTON, — FROM FLOWER TO BALL.

have never been able to earn any money, and a dollar to them seems as large as a cart-wheel. The next thing in favor of the South is that there is no annoyance in the mills from trade unions. They do not exist in the South, and they cannot exist at the present time, and probably will not come into existence until more labor is required than can be found in the mountain regions of the South. Then, undoubtedly, the South will have the same difficulty that we have. Now they have no legislative difficulties in the South; while here an enormous number of bills are carried through the legislature, or threatened every year, to the annoyance and expense of manufacturers. It has been said that the South cannot

make fine goods. There never was a greater mistake. The proportion of labor to the whole cost in fine goods is twice as great as in coarse goods. The South has thus an immense advantage in labor in coarse goods, and will have double that advantage in fine goods. Then it is also said that the climate in the South is too dry. There never was such a bugaboo as this talk about a climate being too dry. In New England we are not all making fine yarns such as have to be woven in a cellar. Much of the yarn used is not above forty-five; much of it is fourteen and fifteen and up to twenty. If any one will take the trouble to go into a cotton mill, he will find jets of steam over the looms to keep the air perfectly moist. These appliances are in every way perfectly satisfactory and make the atmosphere just as good for cotton weaving as it would be out on the ocean. Besides, the climate of the South is as moist as our climate here in New England. When we suffer it is not from want of moisture, but on the cold days in winter, when the northern winds so fill the air with electricity that yarns stand out on end and break everywhere. They do not have such days in the South. There is nothing in the argument about climate. We felt no danger from the South until 1880. In that year I called the attention of my stockholders to the position in the South. Then the cloud was no bigger than a man's hand; but it was there and was threatening us. In 1889 and again in 1891 I spoke of it to my stockholders; but since 1891 it has been useless to point it out, for everybody could see it."



AN OLD COTTON-GIN HOUSE.

The greatest emphasis is laid by the manufacturers on the fact that there are no labor laws worth speaking about in the South. Mr. W. C. Lovering, who had opened the argument for the Arkwright Club, was most outspoken. He told the committee that there was too much legislation in Massachusetts; and this contention was further pushed home by Mr. Joseph Healey of Fall River, who assured the committee that he had always looked upon the State House in Boston as the headquarters of the labor unions. "I think it is a pretty well settled fact," said Mr. Healey, "that no mills are now building in New England. If there are any, I think you will find them simply extensions to mills already in operation with a view to putting them in more perfect condition, in order that they may compete more successfully. In the South a large number of mills are now building, and there is sufficient conclusive evidence to show that for the time being at least there are more advantages in the South than in New England. All the talk about the superiority of the New England operatives and its climatic advantages falls to the ground in view of the fact that mills which have these advantages are going away." The labor men had told them that when the South had exhausted its surplus labor, labor unions and labor laws would begin to affect southern mills as they now do those of New England. "We admit that," said Mr. Healey, "but what do I care if between the time legislation reaches the southern mills and the present time my business is ruined? I do not care whether the working day is ten hours or nine hours, provided it is made the same for everybody. Then we would all stand on one level. But now the man in the South is not afraid of legislation, because it comes to him last. The man who is afraid is the man to whom legislation comes first; he is the man who has to carry the load."

According to the Arkwright Club figures, since 1892 the number of spindles in the Carolinas and Georgia has increased by three hundred and forty-five

HOEING COTTON IN THE FIELD.

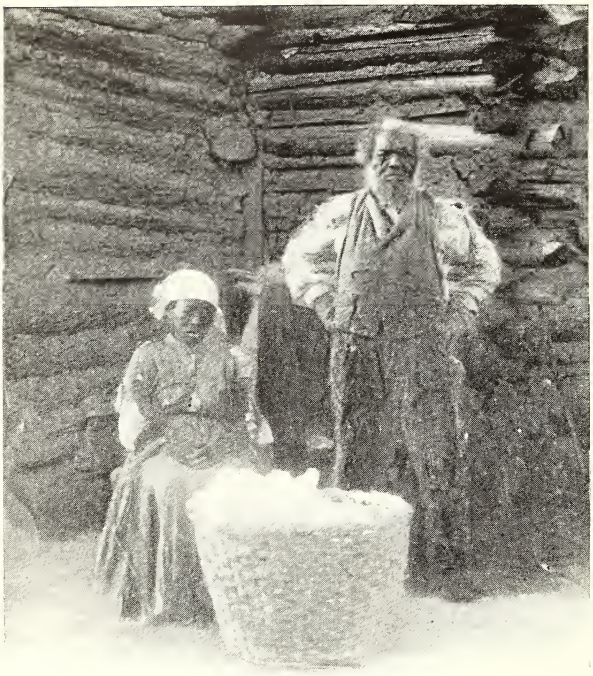
thousand, or rather more than twenty per cent;* while the number of spindles in Massachusetts has increased by three hundred and twelve thousand, or less than five per cent. In short the whole case of the manufacturers of Massachusetts at this juncture is, that the cotton industry is growing, "but the growth is in states far distant from ours, where legislative restrictions are few and continued exemption from annoying labor laws is eagerly promised."

Leaving now the New England discussion, let us glance briefly at the actual conditions of cotton manufacturing in the South as the northern visitor finds them.

If I were asked to plan a trip for a party of excursionists who desired to see what the South has been doing in recent years in cotton manufacturing, and to learn to what extent the southern states are likely to become competitors of New England in the cotton industry, I should make Spartanburg, South Carolina, the first objective point. Spartanburg is the principal town in a county in which, according to a computation made in April last, there are 320,686 spindles, 8,908 looms, and some 6,430, people engaged in cotton manufacturing. It is the Fall River or the Oldham of South Carolina. From Spartanburg the party should go to Columbia, the state capital; from Columbia to Augusta; and next from Augusta northward to Atlanta, which is at once the political and commercial capital of the state of Georgia. Visits to these places would by no means exhaust the cotton-manufacturing centres in the South. North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama are all sharing in the new activity in manufacturing. But Spartanburg, Columbia, Augusta and Atlanta are representative cities so far as the cotton industry goes, and a visitor who makes a round of them can see the industry under its newer conditions.

Much of the recent development of the industry in the South is along the rivers and canals, and most of the newer mills, those built within the past five or seven years, are on these waterways. In Atlanta and at Spartanburg there are mills driven in the old-fashioned manner by steam; so that by visiting these cities, as well as Columbia and Augusta, it is possible to see the industry under the older and the newer conditions. Apart from the fact that Spartanburg contains a number of modern mills driven by steam, it is the point from which any of the dozen great mills and mill villages on the Pacolet River can be reached. The mill village of Pacolet, where there are two of the largest mills in South Carolina, is about an hour and a half's drive through the pine woods and the cotton fields which lie between it and

*_The Tradesman_ of Chattanooga, in a cotton-trade special number published on April 15, reported the total number of spindles in the South as 3,001,340, and the number of looms as 70,874. According to the same authority there were, in 1890, 1,699,082 spindles and 38,865 looms in fourteen southern states.



OLD-TIME COTTON PICKERS.

Spartanburg. Pacolet is on the railroad from Columbia to Asheville; but the pleasantest way of reaching it is by road. The mills are in the valley. The Pacolet is a broad, full and rapid stream coming down from the mountains and ultimately reaching the Atlantic by the Santee River. The village is on the bluffs, at a much higher altitude than the mills. It has two churches and a schoolhouse. The houses of the mill people are well built and commodious; each stands in a good-sized lot; and altogether Pacolet is one of the prettiest and most advantageously situated of the mill villages in South Carolina. It is isolated, and nine or ten miles from town, and none but mill people live there. In these respects, however, Pacolet is no worse off than many mill communities in New England, or than some of the bleak moorland mill villages in Lancashire. The country in the neighborhood is hilly; much of it is beautifully wooded; and as to the Pacolet River, it is as attractive to the fisherman and to the lover of scenery as the streams of Connecticut or Massachusetts.

All the houses are owned by the mill corporation; so is the land for a considerable distance about the mills. No one can settle in the village except by the good will of the mill corporation. The resident doctor is chosen by the mill superintendent; so are the school teachers. No saloons are allowed in the village. Those of the mill people who do not do their marketing at Spartanburg obtain their supplies at the store carried on by the mill corporation. When the mills were first established, house accommodation was provided by the mill company. For every member of a family at work in the mill, one room was assigned free of rent. Thus a family with four members at work, young or old, was assigned a four-roomed cottage. Where a family of four work people chose to accommodate themselves in a three-roomed tenement, a dollar a month was allowed from the mill treasury in lieu of the additional room to which the family was entitled. This system led to some overcrowding, as many of the families were willing to pinch themselves on house accommodation in order to secure a little extra money. But this form of temptation to overcrowding, and in fact the whole of the arrangements in regard to house accommodation existing between the mill corporation and its work people, came to an end when, in April, 1893, the eleven hours day law came into operation in South Carolina. Prior to this time the people in the mills had worked from sunrise to sunset each and every day of the week except Sunday. This working day from sunrise to sunset is a relic of the plantation system, which still holds good in the case of hired laborers, white or colored, on the farms and plantations in the South, and also in some

of the cotton-manufacturing states in which there has been no labor legislation.

Georgia led the way in labor legislation in 1890. When the eleven hours day law was adopted in South Carolina three years later, the mill corporations in the country districts did not reduce wages; but instead of doing so they adopted a system of charging rent for their houses; so that the shortening of the working week from seventy-two hours to sixty-six has since 1893 been costing each operative twenty-five cents a week.

Although usually none but mill people live in these isolated mill villages like those on the Pacolet, mill superintendents assured me that they were seldom short of help, as in most of the villages there is a surplus labor equal to about ten per cent of the entire labor required in the mill. All the factory work people are white. I saw colored people working as porters in the cloth rooms, and as laborers about the cotton houses; but I do not remember seeing a single colored man or woman, boy or girl at work in the mills. The white people draw the color line very strictly. Much of the work that is done by children could be done by colored children, for colored children are prematurely sharp; but the colored boys and girls are as yet getting no opportunity of showing that they can take any useful part in the cotton industry. With the racial feeling in the South as it is, it is hardly practicable for a mill owner to give the colored people a trial. If he determined on an experiment of this kind, he would have to make up his mind to draw all his mill people entirely from the colored race. White and colored will not work side by side in the mills.

The only place where I saw the two races working side by side at machinery was in the State Penitentiary at Columbia. There white and colored convicts stand together at the hosiery machines, and, as far as I could judge, turned out about the same quantity of work. In the penitentiary, however, conditions are vastly different from those in the cotton mills. In a gallery at one end of the hosiery room there sits all day long an armed guard; while on the floor of the room there is a sufficient force of overseers to see that all hands are kept steadily at work.

In the early days of modern cotton manufacturing in the South, white people were disposed to look down on work in the mills. Something of that feeling, I was told, is still left; but it must soon die out in the rural districts; for the wages and conditions of life in the mill villages put people in a much better position than that of the majority of small mortgage-laden farmers in the South. It is from the farmer or the "cracker" class that the mill operatives are largely drawn. They apparently make good work people; for the southern mills import no labor. These new-comers to the mills require to serve some little apprenticeship, but they are quickly through this training, and soon earning what to them appears good wages. Fifty cents a day is the average wage for laborers hired by the day on the farms and plantations in South Carolina. Seven or eight dollars a month, with a cabin and rations of corn-meal and bacon, are the wages paid to laborers hired by the year. In the

A PICKER'S CABIN.

mills about Spartanburg wages average per day in the

| | |
|---|---|
| Spinning room, | 46.61 cents |
| Weaving " | 84.69 " |
| Carding " | 67.43 " |
| Slashing " | 82.31 " |
| Cloth " | 73.47 " |
| Repair shop | 95.56 " |
| Entire mill | 67.85 " |

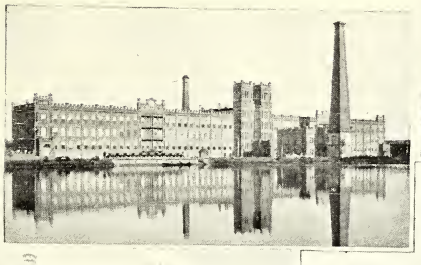
The average pay per hand per month of twenty-six days is $17.64. In the newer and larger mills it is mostly the fault of the work people if they lose any time. The only holidays are the Fourth of July and Christmas Day.

The mills on the Pacolet afford a good idea of the way in which the rivers are being used in the cotton industry. At the upper mill at Pacolet village there is a dam giving a fall of twelve or fifteen feet and a canal about a hundred yards long and ten or twelve yards wide. Half a mile lower down there is another mill and another dam; but at this mill a canal of only about one third the length of that at the upper mill is needed to carry the water to the great wheel which furnishes the power to the machinery. The Pacolet River, by reason of its great volume of water, its fall and the character of its banks, lends itself excellently to mill sites; and it turns more cotton spindles and weaving looms than any other mountain stream of South Carolina. Other rivers in the mountain country of the Carolinas are perhaps equal to as much of this kind of work as the Pacolet. It is claimed for the Atkins River in North Carolina that it has water power sufficient to run half the mills in the South; but the Pacolet seems at present to be the busiest of the mountain streams of the Carolinas.

The mills at Pacolet are splendidly equipped. They contain 52,900 spindles, 1,946 looms, and give employment to 1,200 work people. Much of the cotton they use is grown at their doors, and is bought direct from the farmers. As one drives over the country about Spartanburg, one frequently comes across printed signs at the cross-roads to the effect that cotton may be sold at the neighboring mills. The large mills do not obtain anything like all the cotton they need in their own neighborhood. Much of their supply has to be brought from a distance by rail. The mills at Pacolet village are two or three miles from a main line of railroad, but after the second mill was built there two or three years ago, a branch line was constructed to bring the mills into connection with the railroad system.

Up to the present time the finest mill in South Carolina is at Columbia. It stands about two miles to the westward of the city, on the bank of what is known as the Congaree Canal. This canal taps the Congaree River at a point about seven miles above the city, and is capable of bringing down a volume of water second as regards power, it is said, only to that in use at Niagara. There is a fall of forty-one feet between the dam at the head of the canal and the point at which the new cotton mill is located. The

INTAKE OF SAVANNAH CANAL, NEAR AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.



AUGUSTA FACTORY.

ENTERPRISE FACTORY.

SIBLEY MILLS.

COURTYARD OF RIVERSIDE WASTE MILLS.

KING MILLS.

GLOBE YARN MILLS.

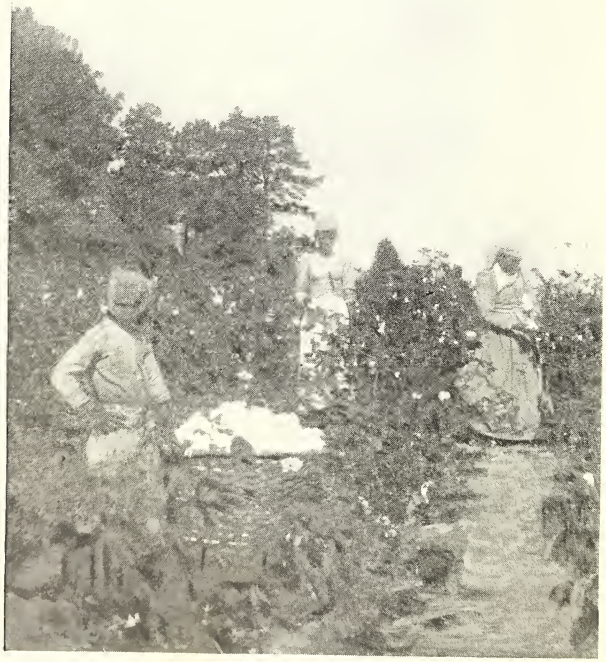
waterway is one hundred and fifty feet wide at the top, one hundred and ten feet wide at the bottom, and of an average depth of ten feet. The Columbia mill is driven by electricity, generated at a power house on the strip of land which lies between the canal and the Congaree River. The power house is thus on the western side of the canal. The mill is on its eastern bank. The cable conveying the electricity from the power house to the mill is carried across the canal on an iron bridge.

No plans were made for the Columbia mill until its architect and its superintendent had been over the most modern mills in England and in the other cotton-manufacturing countries of Europe. All the machinery is of the latest pattern, and much of it was imported from Lancashire. The mill building is perhaps the finest in the South. It contains 30,000 spindles. For roominess, loftiness and airiness, and for appliances for ventilation and for carrying off dust, it would satisfy even the exacting requirements of the new factory laws which at the time of writing are before the House of Commons in England, laws which are much in advance of any factory enactments hitherto adopted in any part of the world.

As is the case in the mill villages on the Pacolet, the corporation owning the Columbia mill provides house accommodation for its work people. Its mill village is situated across the river in West Columbia. It has a church and a park, and has been built on a plan as generous as that of the mill. There is no lack of house accommodation for working people in the city of Columbia; but the owners of the new mill regard it as an advantage to have their work people forming a community of themselves. All southern mill superintendents are not of the opinion that it is an advantage, so far as labor is concerned, to have the mill in an isolated situation. One of the mill superintendents in Atlanta, a pioneer of the new industry, who had had charge of mills in urban and rural districts, expressed to me a decided preference for a mill in a large town. "Then," he said, "I can ring the bell in the morning and get all the help I want. And to make money in the cotton trade," he added,

"one must have every wheel going, and always going."

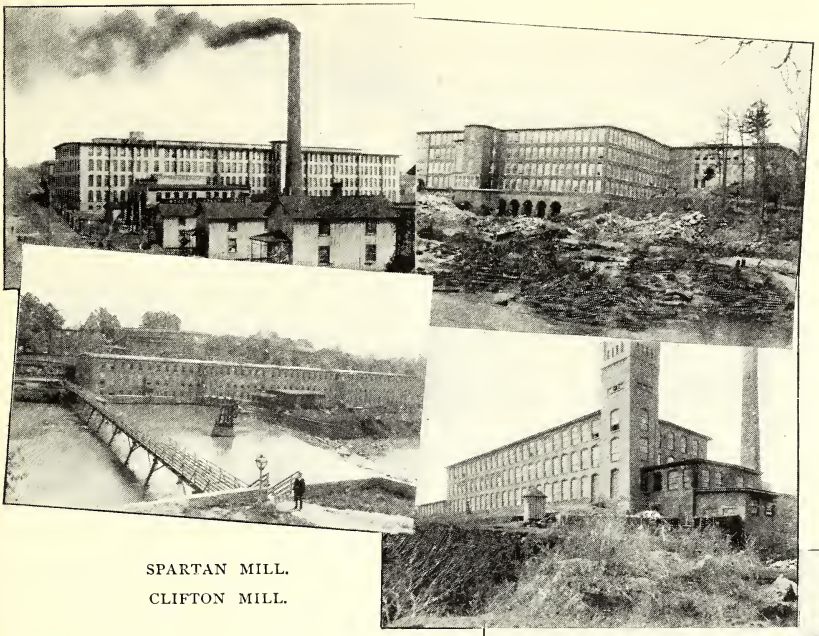
No community in the South has given a heartier welcome to the new industry than the city of Columbia, although not much Columbia capital is invested in the mill at West Columbia. It is largely a Baltimore concern. But the business men of Columbia had long looked to the time when the Congaree Canal should be full of water and the great mills on its banks at work. Columbia as regards natural beauty and climate is second to none of the southern state capitals. It stands on a high ground; its State House commands a view for miles around, and the streets and avenues of the city are as wide as those of Washington. The city was laid out on ample lines; but its development has not been such as to give it the finish and dignity which are called for by the original plan. Still, although many of the streets are unpaved, and some of them disfigured by open sewers, others are made beautiful by lines of well-grown shade trees and pretty lawns; and Columbia needs only the addition of commercial to its existing political importance to make it one of the most desirable of southern cities. The establishment of the cotton industry at West Columbia is looked upon as the beginning of a movement toward this end.



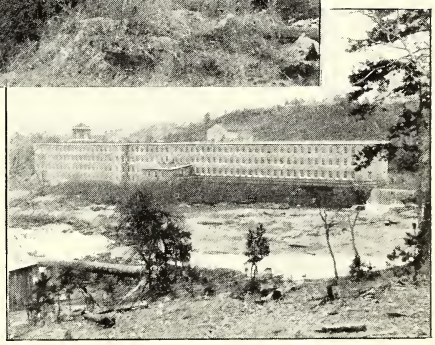
PICKING COTTON.

Augusta, Georgia, is interesting as a cotton-mill centre, chiefly on account of the Savannah Canal, on the banks of which most of the mills are situated. The Savannah Canal is nine miles long and in three levels. The intake from the Savannah River is a few miles above Augusta. At some places the canal assumes the proportions of a small lake, and it carries down to Augusta a never-failing body of water, which provides power for a score of mills and then falls again into the Savannah River. According to local statistics, the canal now furnishes a motive force equal to 12,200 horse power. Less than 9,000 horse power is now in use, of which nearly one third is used by three great cotton mills. These and the smaller cotton mills in Augusta have in the aggregate 208,700 spindles and 5,300 looms. Most of this machinery is driven by the canal; and Augusta long ago began to realize the advantages of the foresight of General Oglethorpe, who, when he founded the city in 1735, directed that it should be laid out at the foot of the falls, and at the head of the navigation of the Savannah River.

One phase of this new question of the East and the South — returning in conclusion to the general subject — has an international interest. Massachusetts now stands in respect to the South as England stands to India. The factory laws of Massachusetts are nearer those of England than are those of any other state. Between the factory laws affecting Lancashire and those of India there is quite



SPARTAN MILL.
CLIFTON MILL.



ENOREE MILL.
WHITNEY MILL.
PACOLET MILL.

as much difference as between those of Massachusetts and those of Carolina and Georgia; and India, like Georgia and Carolina, has no trade unions and no labor politicians. In India, as in the South, a manufacturer does much as he pleases. For years past the mill owners and the mill work people of Lancashire have joined forces in pleading with the India Department for some assimilation of factory legislation in the two countries. The Lancashire people do not ask that any existing laws in England shall be repealed, but that those of India shall be brought up to the Lancashire level. No results, however, have attended these appeals to the India Department in London. They go unheeded, as any suggestions made in New England are likely to go unheeded in the southern legislatures.

Lancashire, like Massachusetts, is the industrial district in which labor laws have come first; and manufacturers of cotton goods in India, like those in the South, have equipped their mills with the best modern machinery, and are taking the fullest advantage of the fact that labor laws are reaching them last. People in the cotton trade in India are easy in the conviction that, whatever they may do as to factory laws, whether they stay practically without them as at present, or whether they go forward a little, England cannot go back. There is apparently something of the same kind of feeling in the South toward New England.

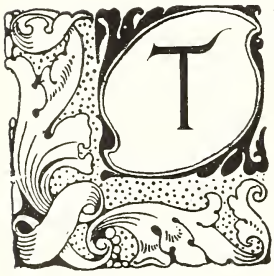
England and the continental nations of Europe two or three years ago sought to settle matters concerning labor at an international congress convened by the Emperor of Germany. Only in the present session of the English Parliament measures are being discussed with a view to fulfilling some of the suggestions approved by England through her representatives at the international congress at Berne. One of these solely

affects the cotton and woollen trades, and if carried out will bring about the beginning of the end of the system of child labor in England, which dates back to the commencement of the cotton factory era. Some of the European States were backward in accepting the Emperor William's invitation to the conference. Others instructed their delegates to give no pledges. At the present time, when southern cotton mills are driving as hard as they can go, and the South is in the enjoyment of a new prosperity, the southern cotton states would be even less disposed to go into an interstate conference than were some of the European nations to discuss international labor problems at the suggestion of the Emperor of Germany.

---

# THE LEADERS OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

*By Rev. James L. Hill, D. D.*



THE Christian Endeavor movement had its beginning in New England. The first Christian Endeavor Society was organized in Portland, Maine. The founder of that first society is to-day the president of the United Society. The great Christian Endeavor convention of the present year, which will doubtless be the most important convention in the history of the movement, is to be held in the New England capital. There is therefore every reason why an account of the leaders of the movement should appear at this time in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

---

The leaders of the Christian Endeavor movement were raised up by Providence for a definite and very important purpose. They were trained for their work in an extraordinary school. Their methods have been notable, and the result of their work is now a name and a praise in all the earth. They possessed or acquired a peculiar fitness for their labor, and the times served them. A field existed for their endeavor such as cannot again be found; and they unfolded such a capacity for friendship and so reached out their hands on the right and left that a multitude of the choicest workers came to stand with them, and an uprising of the young has been developed whose influence will be felt till the last syllable of recorded time. One of the features of the future which makes one wish for length of days is the fruitage or returns from the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, whose first generation is now being re-enforced by a mightier increment in the second. The Juniors are now re-enacting the earlier enthusiasms of the first stirring days. Something like a new crusade has swept over the Christian world. The movement has passed the stage of experiment; there has never been a day when it was so prosperous, so vital, so loyal to the church, and so fruitful as at this hour; and the best things of Christian Endeavor lie beyond.

As a chief condition of well-being, people have been often urged to choose good parents from whom to be born. The Christian Endeavor movement was well born. Father Endeavor Clark, as he is affectionately called, was Heaven-appointed to stand in the goodly succession of Robert Raikes, the originator of the Sunday school, and George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. In the year 1781 Sunday schools were formed, and are holding on their way with undiminished force. Half a century exactly intervened, and the Young Men's Christian Association was

THE OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

1. Francis E. Clark, D. D., *Pres't.*
2. John Willis Baer, *Gen. Sec'y.*
3. William Shaw, *Treas.*
4. Rev. J. Z. Tyler, D. D.
5. Rev. Ralph W. Brokaw.
6. Rev. W. J. Darby, D. D.
7. Rev. H. B. Grose.
8. Bishop Samuel Fallows, D. D.
9. Rev. J. F. Cowan.
10. Rev. M. Rhodes, D. D.
11. Rev. J. T. Beckley, D. D.
12. Rev. M. M. Binford.
13. Rev. James L. Hill, D. D.
14. Rev. Charles A. Dickinson.
15. Rev. William Patterson.
16. Rev. J. M. Lowden.
17. Prof. James Lewis Howe, Ph. D.
18. Rev. Canon J. B. Richardson.
19. Rev. H. C. Farrar, D. D.
20. Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D.
21. Rev. W. W. Andrews, Ph. D.
22. Rev. N. Boynton.
23. William R. Harper, LL. D.
24. Hon. John Wanamaker.
25. Rev. Gilby C. Kelly, D. D.
26. W. J. Van Patten.
27. Rev. David J. Burrell, D. D.
28. Fred. H. Kidder, *Auditor.*
29. Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D.
30. Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D.
31. Rev. Rufus W. Miller.
32. Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D.
33. W. H. Pennell.
34. Rev. W. H. McMillan, D. D.
35. Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D.
36. Williston Church, Portland, Me.

JOHN WILLIS BAER.

SECRETARY UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

organized to meet its splendid opportunities. In the fulness of time, when conditions were ripe and everything was opportune, when just a century had elapsed from the birth of the Sunday school, this great uprising of the young came on.

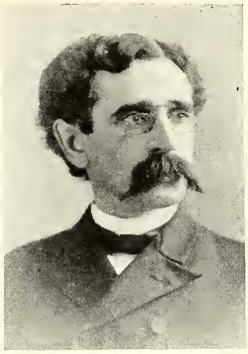
One thinks twice to-day before he introduces references to the unsavory doctrine of election. It is an unpopular doctrine. Yet nothing impresses the student of biography and history so much as the truth that the agencies which are conspicuous in the world's crises become so by a sort of divine election. How can we contemplate the career of Luther or of Lincoln without feeling that with the crisis came, unseen and unanticipated, but by some form of foreordination, the man?

There are several distinct characteristics of Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Society of Christian Endeavor, which fit him for unquestioned leadership. First, he has an open mind. He is ready to learn; he is hospitable to ideas; he is sensitive to impressions. If the humblest coadjutor has anything upon his mind, he knows of one man with whom he will get a hearing. Dr. Clark knows how to confer. The average man knows what he himself wants, and goes into a conference to seek to make things fall his way. He knows nothing about counsel. Other people's ideas do him no good. He ends a conference as he began. Next, Dr. Clark has, in a larger degree than any other great religious leader of the time, the capacity of friendship. He never works alone. If he is attacked by some hot-headed iconoclast with ill-considered speech, the most casual adherent of the society in the most remote corner of the earth feels that he is himself attacked, and will rise and let himself be heard. Dr. Clark is also leader by virtue of his historic connection with the society. He was made president of the United Society by a spontaneous process like that of the old Franks, who raised one of their number on their shields and said, "Be thou our chief." He is one of the most popular men

WILLIAM SHAW.

TREASURER UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

living. The receptions given him by the Christian Endeavor people everywhere are most enthusiastic. At Reading, Pennsylvania, recently, a reception committee of fifty members met him at the station, and sang Christian Endeavor hymns on their way to the convention hall, on reaching which the entire assemblage stood upon their chairs and with waving handkerchiefs saluted him as he came up the aisle to the platform. At Peoria a young lady in a reception could not stop in the crush to speak, but she slipped a card into Dr. Clark's hand, on which was written this benediction: "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."



REV. CHARLES PERRY MILLS.

REV. SMITH BAKER.

Dr. Clark's instincts serve him better than many people's reasoning. He sees things steadily and sees them whole. By intuition he discerns the true base line for his thought and action. He holds all his forces in order and harmony, which in such a work is no small achievement. He knows how to prevent hot-boxes on his rapid train of religious enterprise by avoiding the friction that is incident to speed and many cars. He has nothing of that rashness which strains his relations with the community by constantly precipitating the unexpected.

Moreover, being a leader, Dr. Clark leads. He does not wait to be prodded. Take for example the good citizenship movement. At a banquet at the Parker House in Boston, when a large company of the foremost Christian workers in the vicinity had come together, no other feature of the work received such frequent mention or such enthusiastic applause. No outside constraint was brought to bear upon Dr. Clark to induce him tardily to launch this project. It sprang early, fresh and spontaneous from his heart and brain. We hail this present municipal revival as of God. Christians must be patriots. The Church has not engaged in making good citizens as she should. The Christian is a citizen of two kingdoms, and owes duties to both. He may pray right, but he often votes wrong or not at all. The public conscience is even now but half awake; cities still exist in which a horde of unscrupulous adventurers have taken possession of the political machinery. Each needs, like New York, a Dr. Parkhurst, a veritable cyclone without noise or storm. But the revival of civic righteousness seen in so many places is something of the most hopeful significance. At the bottom of it is now a religious power. A force of two million young people has come to exist with a new indignation at drunkeries, corruption and misrule, that will soon have to be reckoned with. The good citizenship movement among the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society daily

PROFESSOR AMOS R. WELLS.

"increases in stature and in favor with God and man."

One great quality in Dr. Clark's leadership is faith. With this, he is an intensely practical man. When he cannot take two steps, he takes one. He is a man of perfect poise. He can never be "stampeded."

Dr. Clark is a man of good judgment. Many persons complain of a poor memory, but who ever heard a man complain of having a poor judgment? Almost every man assumes that his judgment is as good as another's. In this men deceive themselves. Dr. Clark proved his good judgment conspicuously in his choice of general secretary. A good opportunity was here afforded for a case of misfit. The general secretary is engaged in constant correspondence with all parts of the world. A few ill-conceived letters would be like a mine under the society's work, and long ago there would have been an explosion. Dr. Clark happened upon Secretary Baer almost casually. He was in business, enviably placed, with a prospect of wealth. Dr. Clark alone found him and alone measured him; and his opinion was allowed to stand against all comers. No one now doubts the wisdom of the appointment.

SAMUEL B. CAPEN, CHAIRMAN.

John Willis Baer is a rare man. His mind is alert; he is not easily beguiled; in executive power he is a wonder; he is consecrated clear through; he has got on the harness for the work of life. He is like a horse in blinders in the directness with which he paces the road toward a definite objective point, troubled by no side shows, — only he has no blinders. He is like President Jackson's man, who made a fortune by "minding his own business." He surpasses presidents and ambassadors in avoiding entangling alliances. Suggestions pile in upon him, but he quickly sifts them and quietly disposes of the chaff.

ROBERT H. MAGWOOD, SECRETARY.

WILLIAM SHAW, TREASURER.

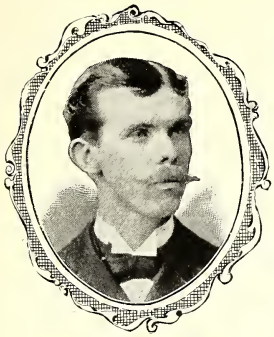
FRANK F. DAVIDSON, AUDITOR.

Dr. Clark, too, found Mr. Shaw. The writer was a witness when a window stood between, with Mr. Shaw standing engaged in business within. Dr. Clark entered. "Come thou with us." And he came. Nobody ever questioned his peculiar fitness for the office of treasurer of the United Society and manager of its publishing department. He is clear, careful, safe, untiring, trustworthy, trusted. He has perfect health, he is deeply religious, he is brotherly, and wholly devoted to work among the young.

G. W. COLEMAN, VICE-CHAIRMAN.

Dr. Clark was fortunate in some of his earliest associates. First of all is Rev. Charles A.

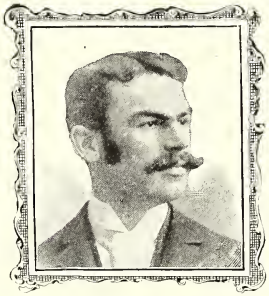
INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION COMMITTEE, 1895.



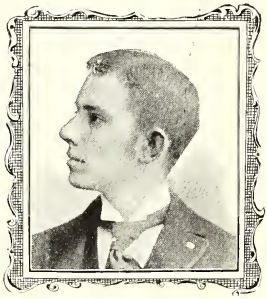
ARTHUR J. CROCKET, HALLS.

Dickinson of the great institutional church in Boston, the Berkeley Temple. Doubtless the Lord might have made a man of finer and sweeter spirit, but doubtless he never did. In this study of leaders, Mr. Dickinson is one of the most attractive subjects. His genius is fine and subtle. He began by being a poet; his hymns now in some of our most popular collections are of no mean quality. He is imaginative, and sees ideally. His successes where others fail must be attributed to this. He sees a situation in advance of its reality, sees a great thing where the unimaginative sees nothing; and then he invites others to stand where he stands and see what he sees. Church life can never be again what it was before Mr. Dickinson began his work, which is addressed to the salvation of the whole man. Every parish cannot have an institutional church, but every church is being more or less influenced by the institutional idea. In planning for the expansion and extension of the Christian Endeavor idea, Mr. Dickinson has been blessed almost with second sight.

CHARLES H. KILBORN, PRINTING.



HARRY G. DIXON, DECORATION.



W. F. BARTHOLOMEW, PRESS.

CHARLES E. ALLEN, EXCURSION.

GEORGE K. SOMERBY, MUSIC.

Like Mr. Dickinson, his neighbor, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, accompanied Dr. Clark upon the campaign in England to extend the Christian Endeavor idea. This visit was most opportune. The English people were in an attitude of expectation. Something to supplement the Sunday-school work seemed necessary. Various expedients were about to be tried. To a degree unknown in this country guilds and Christian bands of sundry sorts and names were found to exist. "Why," exclaimed an enthusiastic participant in one of the conferences, "cannot all these

EDWARD A. GILMAN, RECEPTION.

F. W. WALSH, JR., ACCOMMODATION.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION COMMITTEE, 1895.

auxiliary organizations of ours be united by the Society of Endeavor?" This unifying power greatly commends the society abroad. It accounts in part for

MRS. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

the great growth in Canada. It ought to be said incidentally that it is fortunate for the international features of the work that Dr. Clark was born in Canada. It may have given *éclat* to the ovations he received in Australia, that he was a native of a colony like itself. At any rate, the vine which was planted on one side of the wall has, like Joseph's, grown over it and hung its boughs and clusters on the other side; but it is still the same vine nourished from the same root.

Dr. Boynton has "the unerring first touch." His success depends in unusual degree upon the tone and vigor in which his mind is kept. His speech has an impetuosity in it by which his audience is swept along in the direction in which he is working. He abounds in metaphor and illustration, which he has dug out of every kind of quarry. He is a wide reader, and has his information at his fingers' ends. He is a remarkably keen observer. He does not attempt to address an imaginary audience, but the one that is just then before him. He says what he means to say and then stops. No one ever complains of his being tedious. He has *bonhomie*, and so has popularity and friendships; people respond to a warm and spontaneous nature.

The Society of Endeavor did not simply happen. Indeed there is no such thing as an accident. There must always be some reason for everything. If the Society of Endeavor commends itself to the whole world — and societies are now being reported in Norway and Sweden, in Germany, France, Spain, Africa, Japan, China, in the most unlooked-for countries and in the islands of the sea, among more than thirty denominations — and if it sets the step for all religious organizations of young people, there must be something notable which gives it form and vitality and steadiness and permanence. As in the growth of a stalk of corn each section makes a close jointure with the next below it as well as with the next above it, so has it been with this society. Its noble history is a romance of Providence. Yet readers desire biography, — and this is proper.

MRS. GEO. W. COLEMAN.

MRS. LILLIAN WILCOX MILLER.

As we cannot here, however, even name some of the most interesting characters who have left their impress upon our cause, we must present only those who are representative of their class. We will advance five groups of workers. Could we make it seven, we should treat of the educational groups, typified by President Harper, whose

achievements in organizing Chicago University upon certain absolutely new principles in the educational world have made that institution one of the age-marks of the century. Such men as he have commended the Christian Endeavor movement to the intelligent, aspiring, ambitious and Bible-loving young men and women of the land. The Society of Endeavor has therefore always been so fortunate, in entering a church or a community, as to attract and include the best and most thoughtful classes among the young. We should have been glad also to introduce the editorial contingent, typified by such men as Professor Amos R. Wells, the office editor of the *Golden Rule*, who is every week saying more things to more young people than any other man in the realm of distinctively religious journalism. We should have dwelt upon Rev. Knight Chaplin, who is a representative English leader in this movement, the editor of the Endeavor paper for Great Britain, and who is sent hither this summer with the salutations of the young people of England.

We have spoken of the groups of officers at the society's headquarters, and of the men who carried on the early campaign in England in the summer of 1891. Our third group is composed of representative trustees. It is hard to choose. This would not be the year, however, to omit Dr. John Henry Barrows. He was chairman of the World's Parliament of Religions held in connection with the Columbian Exposition. Since then a lectureship upon Comparative Religion has been founded in India, which he was to be the first invited to fill. Dr. Barrows's peculiar function is to preach. It is at the altar that his lips are touched. His sentences are polished shafts. There is something magnetic about his personal presence. He is noticeably tall and lithe in form. His physique does not indicate such enormous endurance as he seems to possess. His labors in connection with the World's Parliament of Religions and in writing its history were something prodigious. Another representative trustee is Hon. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, who, when given a tumultuous welcome by the Christian Endeavor convention in that city, was called The Beloved John. There are few men who to the degree of Mr. Wanamaker carry with them a grace and attraction which gain the good will of others and develop personal sympathy. He was once heard to say in Boston that he would rather do business than eat. On account of his very success he is much admired by the business boys and young men of the society.

Nor will the Christian Endeavor cause ever be discharged of its obligation to another of her trustees, Hon. William J. Van Patten, now mayor of Burlington, Vermont. He not only believed in the society, but, being a man of wealth, he has always been willing to show how much he believed in it. He began early to circulate Dr. Clark's books, and in the day of small things put himself behind the extension of the new literature of the movement.

But by far the largest force in this great movement is unofficial. Its name is legion. Rev. Charles Perry Mills of Newburyport formed the next society after Dr. Clark's, and has been eloquent and valiant in championing the cause and expounding its principles from the beginning. When he set himself to work upon Dr. Clark's model, he could have little thought that he would be the initial follower in so long a procession.

Another powerful man is Dr. Smith Baker of East Boston. With the ingenuousness of his great heart he is accustomed to say that he is an apostle born out of due time. He makes the point, and it has telling effect, that he was not at the first swept off his feet by the new enthusiasm. He waited and watched; like Thomas, he almost doubted. But when he was converted, like Peter, he strengthened the brethren.

Passing from the gentlemen of the cloth, we name one who would be by common consent the model layman, the model merchant, the model citizen, Samuel B. Capen of Boston. When a great cause like municipal reform needs momentum, he is the man to give it. Life with him is no holiday. His present position is no sinecure. He is chairman of

the committee of arrangements for this year's great convention in Boston.

The Christian Endeavor cause is singularly indebted to its great conventions. They have won its friends. They have strengthened its enthusiasm. They have challenged the admiration of the country. Each one has stood for a great idea. The coming convention will doubtless surpass any delegated gathering of young people ever convened in all Christian history. One's heart beats quick with excitement as he anticipates the massing of more than half a hundred thousand young persons whose lives are all before them, having a common purpose and a common cause.

The last group of leaders to be named shall be women. As the society stands for interdenominational comity and for the principles of good citizenship, so it stands for the co-operation of the sexes in Christian work. Our colleges everywhere are introducing coeducation. Conservative Harvard has now her Radcliffe. The Society of Endeavor is in harmony with this great movement of the age. The primal indebtedness for woman's help in the work is to Mrs. Francis E. Clark. Her labors were built into the foundations, and her influence has been potent. Of late she has displayed admirable gifts in stating the new principles and in extending their influence. During her journey around the world in company with her husband, and since their return, her pen and tongue and personal presence have been a distinct and most happy factor in the work. A large class of young ladies from energetic and consecrated families have been drawn into Christian Endeavor. Some of the choicest workers to be found in connection with the Church's enlarged labors are to-day serving as superintendents of Junior work in our several states. They are as fine a group of spirits as this generation has produced. The societies everywhere bear the marks of the finish and the fineness, the painstaking and the intelligence of women. Among these noble thousands it is difficult to discriminate. Mrs. Alice May Scudder is surely not one of the least conspicuous of the workers, particularly among the Juniors. She is the wife of Rev. John L. Scudder, who has marked his ministry in Jersey City by the upbuilding of the large and influential institutional church in that place. She has tact, grace of speech, discernment, personal attractiveness and the spirit of work. Mrs. George W. Coleman has the same characteristics, and is equally prominent in Junior work and in missionary extension. She established her earliest fame as a Sunday-school worker. Her husband, one of the most energetic and successful of our younger business men, is very popular in all Endeavor circles, and is vice-chairman of the committee of arrangements for the Boston convention. He has placed his mark indelibly upon the work in Massachusetts by his rare executive qualities.

In the earliest days of the Junior movement nothing was held to be so desirable as to exhibit here and there a model society. Thus in its practical working the truest and most effective methods could be studied and then published to the world. Mrs. Lillian Wilcox Miller, undertaking this work in Medford, was singularly successful, and from her position as news editor of the *Golden Rule* she had a wide field in which to make her methods known. The particular excellence in conducting a society consists in what may be called the "mutual" method, which proceeds upon the principle that that is the best society in which the Juniors themselves do most of the work. This is opposed to the "lecture" system formerly in vogue in teaching the younger boys and girls. Such perfection did Mrs. Miller achieve in this work that Dr. Clark once expressed the wish that her society might become the model for the Junior societies of the world.

But more conspicuous than any earthly leadership is the divine. This great uprising has obviously a providential occasion. Out of the war came the Christian Commission. The Young Men's Christian Association started up in unexampled activity. When all conditions were auspicious, the Society of Endeavor came into being. It has renewed decaying churches. It has become the life of many Christian communities

where the religious organizations had become ineffective. It was found that many among the masses who did not go to church had at an earlier period been identified with the Sunday school. How were these to be held? Pastors must in some way stop the leakage. It was noted that those who were given something to do were the likeliest to continue their connection with religious services. And herein lies the secret of the Society of Endeavor. It is in the happy proportion by which it combines religious life as shown in devotional meetings, on the one hand, and religious activity as shown in its committee work, on the other. What industrial training is in the world of education, that the Society of Endeavor is in the religious realm. It teaches young people how to engage in religious activities by engaging in them. Religion ceases to be a mere science to be handed out from a book or by lectures from a teacher. It becomes an art, which is acquired only by practice.

At the foot of the Himalaya Mountains there are places where they obtain fruit all the year through. In their mild winter it ripens on the plain, and when the fierce summer has scorched the lowland vegetation, they bring down the berries plump and cool from the upper elevations. There are plans of religious work entertained by many good people which provide only for an occasional harvest. Their efforts are spasmodic. Their endeavor is put forth as if once for all. Such work draws the public gaze; it has a large measure of *éclat.* But there is now being revealed another, perhaps a more excellent way. Unlike the vine with its annual harvest, or the aloe plant, which puts its entire life into its centenary flower, the Society of Endeavor is like "the tree of life which yielded her fruit every month."

---

# AN ANNIVERSARY.

*By A. H. Thorndike.*

MRS. REMINGTON CONWAY had invited a few friends to tea. The "tea," which consisted in part of a huge chicken pie, lobster salad and apple dumplings, had been disposed of. Most of the men gathered in a corner to smoke and talk horse, crops and Hockanum politics; the women, accompanied by the minister and the "professor" at the academy, retired to the parlor and idled over the photograph albums or chatted of the minister's youngest, who was sick with the whooping-cough. As Mrs. Remington surveyed the scene she smiled with the pleasant consciousness of a successful hostess; and her smile was reflected from every countenance in a general glow of happy contentment born of chicken pie and dumplings. Everybody was in that delightful, receptive, after-dinner state of mind which relishes discussion. The intellect of Hockanum was there; it was only necessary to start a subject. Mrs. Remington was a massive, well-proportioned woman, and her voice was as impressive as her figure. When she spoke everybody paused to listen.

"Don't you think, Mr. Tillotson," she said, picking out the professor at random, "that there are moments in every one's life which impress themselves on one's memory with a peculiar significance, — moments in your life, I mean, which you can never forget, which tower above everything else like the pyramids of Egypt, — yes, like the Egyptian pyramids?"

She paused. The school teacher acquiesced; every one nodded; Granny Hodgkins heaved a sigh.

"I think the number is usually three," she went on, — "yes, three, I think. There are three moments I shall always remember. Each one is perfectly real to me now. The Court of Honor at the World's Fair in Chicago, — I can shut my eyes and see it now just as it was the first

time I saw it, all lit up with electricity. Yes, it was magnificent. Then there was one Sunday when I was a little girl and we were all at church singing 'Jerusalem the Golden.' I can see that choir now and everybody singing. And the other is the moment just after I was married and we turned from the altar and faced the congregation. Remington, don't you remember that?"

Remington was just entering the door from the dining-room. His bald head flushed with pleasure, — the few scattered hairs seemed to wave with joy; his eyes squinted mirthfully; his lips parted in a smile that disclosed three lonely front teeth, — even they glistened. His whole visage seemed to be doing its best to bespeak fond recollection and marital pride.

"Yes, Sophia," he said, "it was jest thirty-two years ago to-night; I declare it don't seem more'n a year or two since we set out on this matrimonial pathway. We feel pretty young and spry yet."

"Thirty-two years! It doesn't seem possible," said the minister, a bland little man. "It must be nearly thirty years then since I came to Hockanum. It's wonderful what changes have taken place. There wasn't any railroad then; Deacon Wilder's barn used to set just where the depot is now. The meeting-house was built three years after I came, and the old bridge was blown away that same year."

"What are you talking about?" interrupted Squire Hubbard. "Thirty-two years! Nonsense! Sophia, you ought to know better. Great Jupiter! how old will they think I am? Why, I used to trot you on my knee when you wore pinafores, — and I was bald-headed then."

Every one laughed, except a thin-faced matron in the corner. Her face was as free from humor as the back side of a tombstone. Her dress was plain black.

"It is just twenty-two years ago to-night that my first husband died."

She spoke slowly, and looked pointedly at a tiny sandy-complexioned man in the further corner, who smiled apologetically — Mr. Samson, her second husband.

"Thirty-seven years ago come Wednesday," said Granny Hodgkins, "my brother Eleazer fell through the ice and was drowned."

"Twenty-nine years ago at this time," said Major Fairbanks, "we were going into winter quarters before Richmond, and a dreary time we had of it. I caught the malaria then, which I've had more or less ever since."

So they went on. There were deaths and births and marriages that had fallen on or near that date; there were barn-raisings and house-warmings; and two cold snaps and one revival dated their beginnings from that very day. Mr. Remington listened to all these with the most intense interest, turning his head to face each new speaker, each time with a look of fresh surprise and pleasure. Once or twice he attempted to speak, but some one else always got in the first word. His wife listened attentively, too; but she was by no means to be deprived of her share in the conversation.

"Isn't it curious," she observed, interrupting the reminiscences, "how so many events collide, I might say, on a single day? Take a single moment of time, and how differently it affects each one! For some there is joy, and for others grief; but for every one each day arouses some remembrance. It seems just like a piano — doesn't it? — with all the different strings; each day touches a different one, and each instrument has different strings. Doesn't it — just like a piano? This day, I venture to say, has a particular significance to each one here. Hasn't it to you, Hester?"

Hester Emerson was the assistant teacher at the academy; a little dark-eyed woman of thirty, with a weary look that might stand for faded beauty or for disappointment. There was a curve of pride, too, in her lips, and something half-defiant in her face, that would have made you look at her a second time. Then you would have wondered what she was doing there. She didn't look like the Hockanum breed. The rest were indigenous, but she was surely a foreign slip. Perhaps Mrs. Remington had detected an amused look in her eyes, and had therefore stopped with the abrupt question.

"Oh, no," Miss Emerson replied, "I don't think there is. Something may have happened, — but I am sure I don't remember."

Big, broad-shouldered John Graves had leaned forward from his chair as she started to speak, and his great blue eyes somehow encountered hers. The color mounted to her face; she hesitated. "No, nothing," she said; "that is, nothing I'd care to tell about."

"They never found his body at all; the current sucked it under," said Granny Hodgkins, who pursued a subject slowly, but persistently.

"Come to think of it, it was on this very day, 1663, that the Indian massacre occurred," observed the professor, who had been long trying to think of something sapient.

"Let's think of something a little more recent," said the squire. "Don't you all remember that big sleigh-ride we had a few years ago — whole town — young and old? By Jupiter! that was three weeks before Christmas — this must be the anniversary."

"That was twelve years ago," said John Graves, looking again toward Hester Emerson.

"Yes, just twelve," added Mr. Samson, looking at his wife.

"How all these events weave together!" said Mrs. Remington. "I feel impressed that this day must have an important historical significance. Don't you believe that a certain day is often fateful or propitious — brings with it, I mean, a recurrence of opportunities or disasters,— yes a recurrence with the years?"

"Life," observed the major, "is like a pack of cards. Sometimes there is a recurrence, as you call it, but flushes ain't often."

"My rheumatism always comes on about the same time in January," said the minister, covering up the unhallowed allusion.

"I have often thought," continued Mrs. Remington, "that there is some definite day in each one's life which is decisive. Every one has a day which determines his career — when there is a definite choice before him. It is his New Year's Day. I venture to say that we all have certain days which we remember as our own, — yes, remember and celebrate as our own."

"There is something in that. Every man has a sort of calendar of his own from which he reckons his progress," said John Graves.

"You all know the day I celebrate," said the major, squaring himself up. "I got to drinking hard in the war, and it was like to become the ruin of me. Some of you remember that twenty-two years ago the nineteenth of next May I gave it up for good. That made a new man of me, and I've always celebrated that day with as big a dinner as I can provide. Some folks think it queer, but I don't see any reason to be ashamed of it."

"No reason in the world," cried the squire, "as long as you give so good a dinner and always invite me."

"No reason, I'm sure," added Mr. Samson.

"He was six years younger than me," said Granny Hodgkins, "and would have been thirty-four years old that January if he had lived."

"Speaking of the importance of particular days in our lives," said the minister with an assumption of reflectiveness, "is it not astonishing when we old fellows look back and see how differently we have turned out from what we ever dreamed? Perhaps we can't always mark the exact turning-point, but in some way God has directed our lives differently from what we have willed. Thirty years ago, if you had told me I should now still be minister of the church in Hockanum, I should have laughed at you. Man doth not order his ways."

"Will you repeat that remark, pastor?" said Mr. Remington. "I just stepped into the other room to shut the damper. — "Well, I declare," he exclaimed, after the minister had repeated his thought, "that's gospel truth."

"I have a theory," interjected the squire, "that, give a man good health and a wife with an amiable disposition, he ought to get about what he wants out of the world. With a woman I suppose it's different."

"I think it is," said Hester Emerson quietly. "When I was a girl I used to

dream it was possible for any one who was really in earnest to do good, to accomplish something that would outlast her life a little while. But there are so many hindrances, and some have so much better chances than others. The few succeed, but the many fail."

"How true that is!" said Mrs. Remington, her voice waxing louder. "How many with just as much ability as those who become famous are forced to languish unheard of! You know what the poet says: —

> 'Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

But I believe that their failure is mostly due to their neglecting the decisive day."

"Sophia," inquired her husband, "where does that poetry occur? Oh, yes, Gray's 'Elegy.' I was thinking it was — er — 'Paradise Lost.'"

"After all, is it failure?" asked the minister. "This life is only a preparation. It isn't so much what we do as what we are. The rose is the same whether it falls to pieces in the desert or on beauty's breast."

"What a beautiful thought!" exclaimed Mrs. Remington.

"There may be some consolation in that," said Hester; "but failure affects the character."

"I think I'll write a sermon on that theme," said the minister, still rapt on his own simile.

"What are you young folks all thinking about?" cried the squire. "Where is love, where is marriage, where is happiness? Remember we are celebrating a wedding anniversary. What is success or failure, sir," — he was looking at the minister, — "compared with a happy home? Give a man a wife he loves, and a child or two, and who wants to be President?" The squire drew out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead and covertly whisked the handkerchief across his eyes. He had long been a widower and was childless.

John Graves's face brightened while the squire was speaking; he looked again toward Hester. Mrs. Samson applied a handkerchief freely and openly to her eyes. Mr. Samson and Mr. Remington murmured their approval. Then for a moment every one was silent. Certain dreams of what they might have been, old forgotten ambitions, hopes so long relinquished that their disappointments had lost their sting, love's springtime fancies — all came back. Away fled the every-day hum-drum cares. Potatoes and onions and tobacco, raised-cake recipes, whooping-cough remedies, all were forgotten. Sophia's parlor, with its tidy-decked chairs and well-loaded what-nots, became a temple where the spirits of days gone by sang their old melodies, some old joys, some old griefs; but to most these spirits brought no real sadness. To most there still remained a genial satisfaction with their present state, a knowledge that the balance was on the right side, an appreciation of the advantages of Hockanum society. The influence of the chicken pie was still predominant.

"It is time for us to go," said Mrs. Samson abruptly; she was always the first to break up a pleasant party. She rose and bowed, and Mr. Samson followed suit.

"We shall all remember this anniversary," said Mrs. Remington, also rising. "I am convinced that this day is important. In fact I feel a premonition that something is about to happen, — something of importance to our community. Yes, that is my premonition."

The party was breaking up. Granny Hodgkins was awakened from a sound sleep and bundled into a sleigh. "Poor Eleazer!" she said, as the horse started, "poor Eleazer! It was jest sich a night as this." The other guests were putting on their wraps and making their farewell compliments. Mr. Remington received these, standing in the doorway.

"Yes, we'll commemorate the day so long as Sophia and I ain't divorced. I invite you all to be on hand a year from to-night."

John Graves waited by the door until Hester Emerson came out. He mumbled a few words, she nodded, and they walked together up the broad, elm-lined street. The bare branches made a network through which the clear stars shone. The half-rounded moon looked down on them over a long pathway of shimmering snow.

"After all our babble, the calm beauty of such a night does seem to command silence, doesn't it?" she asked.

John Graves nodded. "Yes, I like to be out of doors a clear night," he said. "It is so open, so plain, so grand, that it makes you almost believe life is that way, without troubles and stumbling-places,— clear and beautiful."

She looked up, a little surprised at so much fancy from him. He was looking straight ahead. His lips moved as if trying to frame his emotions into speech. She knew well what was coming. Their hearts had gone together back into the past.

"Hester," he said, "do you remember that night just twelve years ago? I thought perhaps you did once to-night when our eyes met. It was a good deal like this — the night of the sleighing party they talked about."

"Yes, I remember," she answered softly.

He looked down at her. The color had mounted to her cheeks again; they were not ordinarily so rosy, nor the eyes so bright as twelve years ago. The lips were a little thinner now, and the whole face was saddened by the years. But time had made no change there for him. He worshipped her as he had always worshipped her, with all the love of his great honest heart — love less impetuous, maybe, but not one whit diminished. The bright-eyed school-girl and the saddened old maid were one in his dream.

"I don't know as there is any good going over it," he said hesitatingly. "I told you then that I loved you. I haven't ever spoken of it since. I knew then that you were far above me, but I had to speak out for that once. You went off to college, and I thought it was all over with me; but I never gave you up. Now since you've been back here I've been hoping that you could feel differently from what you did then. Can't you change it — Hester?"

She slowly shook her head. "Not the way you want. I was young then — we are getting old now, aren't we, John? — and I was tired and sick of Hockanum. I wanted to get away out of sight and hearing of it — to learn something and be somebody. I hated all the people here, they were so flat and stupid. I thought then that you were just like them. I know a good deal better than that now. I believe in you, John; I know how true and honorable you are. Oh, I wish I could say something to drive away the pain I have caused you and the shame I feel for the way I spoke; but I can't change it."

"I don't know as there's been much pain for me."

He spoke sadly in spite of his words. She stole a glance at his face; its sunshine and hope seemed suddenly gone out.

"The happiest moments I have had have been thinking of you — and hoping. I can't change either. I shall never trouble you again, never speak of it; but I shall always feel the same. I know I ought not to expect that you could care for me. I'm a farmer still; I suppose I always shall be. It seems my duty to stick by the old place. You said you'd never marry a farmer."

"Oh, it isn't that," she cried. "I don't care anything about your being a farmer. It's too late. As Sophia said, I had my one day twelve years ago. Perhaps I should have been happier, but — that's the way with everything. It's too late now."

"The day has come around again," said John, "the same day. I had hoped it wouldn't be a black day for me this time."

Hester Emerson straightened to her full height. A flush of pride drove the twelve tired years in an instant from her face. For the moment there was something splendid in her beauty. Her voice was full and high; the words came swift and earnest.

"John, I would not marry you for very shame. I was a foolish school-girl, who thought she knew more than those about her. I have frittered away twelve years, and here I am back again where I was when I started — teaching school and taking care of my mother. I am too dissatisfied and sick with myself to impose on another. All this time you have been working, doing your duty and trying to get comfort in admiring a silly girl who

thought herself too good for you. She knows now that she is too poor for you. You will get over it, John; you must."

"You could make me very happy," he said simply.

They had reached her gate, and he stood half leaning against the post as he spoke. All she had said only confused him. The tide of hope was ebbing away, and he must try to bear up like a man. The flash of her eyes, the sudden courage in her face, seemed only to remove her further from him. She had no need of him.

"Every year I have remembered this night. I have spent it mostly asking myself if I had grown any worthier of you, — and — and dreaming a little. When we were talking of days at Sophia's I made up my mind to speak once more. No, — of course you couldn't love me. It seems somehow as if you didn't want to be loved — as if you had rather be lonely and by yourself."

As he spoke, all the fire left her eyes, the pride faded from her cheeks, and she looked up through tears. In the eyes which looked down into hers she suddenly felt sympathy with the humiliated hope, the disappointed yearning of her own life. She who had vaguely dreamed of conquering the world knew herself defeated and weak. Once she laughed at love, unless he came a royal ambassador to her, a queen. Now she felt tired, and there came an overpowering desire to cling to some one stronger than herself. And there he stood beside her, — simple, true and strong.

"John," she said, "for five years I've been dying for somebody to love me."

His face lightened. He took a step toward her, his arms half started from his side.

"Stop. You said you would never ask me again. Let me ask you. John — John — will you take — me?"

It could have been only a little later — the moon travelled with incredible swiftness, they both said — that they were saying good night for positively the last time.

"And it might have been twelve years ago," she said. "Oh, what a fool I was!"

"It's good enough as it is, without any complaining," said John.

"I have a premonition," said Mrs. Remington Conway to her husband as he was fixing the fires for the night, "that John Graves will marry Hester Emerson after all. I had that in view when I invited them both to tea. A little tact will often change destiny — yes, change destiny."

"Sophia," said Remington, setting down the coal-hod, "you are an amazing woman."

---

# MT. MONADNOCK AND THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

*Mary Chandler Jones.*

I KNOW a mountain that stands all alone,
King of the vassal hills which round him keep
A waiting silence. Night and morning heap
Their drifting mists of glory, zone on zone,
About his shoulders, till the cold gray stone
Gives back the rosy splendor. Tempests sweep
In idle fury round that crownéd steep.
O lonely monarch! Solitary throne!
I wonder if he ever looks across
To the far ranges in their restless climb
Of summit after summit, longing so
For nearer comradeship, though gained by loss
To his own glory. To be strong, sublime,
Alone, — is that the pleasure mountains know?

# A BATTLE LAUREATE: HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

*By Richard Burton.*

## I.

HEINE has said in his beautiful way that the lyric poet, like the nightingale, never grows old, but sings as surely as the spring returns. In a sense this is true, yet it is also true that the note of poetry, whether lyric or other, is heard with peculiar sympathy at the occasion of its birth and sounds less sweet with the passing of the years, the incoming of other interests and fashions. While great literature knows no time nor country, each age needs and gets its representative songs and stories, the new crowding out the old. "The experience of each new age," says Emerson, "requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet." Especially is this so when the song is inspired by some event like our Civil War. That great conflict begot some notable American literature, though less than so gigantic a cataclysm, so legitimate and home-made a *motif*, so high-principled a cause, might be expected to bring forth. Yet what was born of it falls to-day on less responsive ears. Only the very greatest poetry is independent of time-values and of local justification.

Hence it happens that the verse of a Connecticut singer, Henry Howard Brownell, not yet a quarter century dead, is seldom heard upon the mouths of men, albeit more genuine song in its kind was not written in the red years of 1861–65, nor perhaps did any thrill the popular heart more electrically at the moment. His slender volume of "War Lyrics," in its faded cover, taken down from the dim shelf where it is gathering that dust which alike for books and men chokes their most re-

sounding deeds, greets the eye half reproachfully, as if in comment on the changeful humors of the world. Yet is this he whom Dr. Holmes called "our battle laureate," and who at this later day, and judged by his contribution to art, surely deserves a place among the native poets who hymned the shame, the pathos, the terror and the glory of the Great Conflict.

Brownell was born in Providence, Rhode Island, but moved at such an early age to East Hartford, the village lying on the eastern shore of the Connecticut opposite Hartford, that he may be claimed fairly by the state which takes its name from that beautiful and legended New England stream. Hartford folk are wont to regard him as their own, like New Yorkers in the case of George William Curtis, though he, too, first saw the light in Providence. Brownell's stock was of the best New England can show. His father was a much-respected physician, his mother, a De Wolfe of Rhode Island, a woman of culture and breeding, while the name of his uncle, Bishop Brownell, is honorably associated with Trinity College, the poet's *Alma Mater*. After being graduated, he taught school for a year in Mobile, Alabama, and then returned to Hartford and engaged in the study of law. But he belonged to that goodly company of men who, having the instinct for letters, are early unfaithful to the Green Bag, — it was a profession, which he never followed with much steadiness or zest. Delicate of health, possessed of means enough to make him independent of the *res angusta domi*, his life became chiefly one of quiet study and leisurely travel. The verse he wrote prior to the war is a reflex of such tastes and environment. But with the firing on Fort Sumter came an electric change in his life and hence in his song. The poem "General Orders," a rhymed version of Farragut's orders to the fleet, drew the Admiral's attention, and put him in correspondence with the writer. Mr. Brownell confessing he should like to witness a sea engagement, Farragut appointed him acting ensign on his own ship, the *Hartford*, and made him his private secretary. The bard of battle was thus placed in an exceptional position for the truthful limning of what he beheld. Here was a "sea-change" indeed, — from the scholarly, almost recluse life in the suburban hamlet to the awful scenic tragedy of naval warfare.

He was in several of the notable later encounters which made Farragut's a name to conjure with, — among others, that Bay Fight which evoked one of his most ringing and unforgetable fulminations. Half a score of his finest things were written on and dated from the *Hartford*, giving one a sharp sense of their reality and urgence. Here was no student's echo of the strife, but the clash and flash of war itself, writ red in blood and booming with big guns and the cry of victor or vanquished; while as a setting to the stern picture, nay, interfused with the human action, is the swash and swell of the mighty and many-mooded ocean, her whims respondent to the alternate calm and plangent stress of civil strife.

Beholding Brownell at this juncture, one thinks of Béranger, now in prison, now on the Paris streets hobnobbing with the republican leaders while his fiery songs stir up the insurgent mob; or of Körner pouring out "*Vater, Ich rufe dich*" and those other lyrics which are watchwords to the German heart, as he died upon a battle-field of the War of Liberation. The song work of such men offers startling, beautiful witness to the close comradeship of life and literature. As Dr. Holmes has it, the poems so written "are to drawing-room battle poems as the torn flags of our victorious fleets to the stately ensigns that dressed those fleets while in harbor."

After the peace was won the war-knit friendship between the Admiral and Brownell led to the latter's being recommissioned and as a member of the staff accompanying the great naval officer on his European trip. He met in this way the dignitaries of the earth and had experiences which, with some men, would have found artistic expression in poetry or other literary form. Not so with this singer. His was the uncompromising love of liberty, the shy New England aloofness, and he carried his convictions with him, refusing on one occasion, it is

said, an introduction to Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey. His chief inspiration, the real cause for singing, was over; and on his return to his native shores he was for the few remaining years mostly silent, — one or two poems of occasion, notably that at the reunion of the Army and Navy at Newport in 1871, when he eulogized Farragut in commemorative verse, being the exception. His life thereafter was one of dignified, scholarly retirement; he was a much-respected, unobtrusive figure, a *persona grata* in Hartford's social circles whensoever he saw fit to cross the river and mingle among his friends and kinsmen. A confirmed bachelor, he resided with his mother at the family home. In 1871 cancer of the cheek developed, and after more than a year of intense suffering, borne as befitted one whose coolness under fire had been commented upon by his fellows aboard the *Hartford*, the final release came, and in his fifty-third year Henry Howard Brownell had fought his last fight. He lies in the East Hartford cemetery, and has the Connecticut in sight, in times of freshet almost within hearing. The Admiral could not be at his funeral, having preceded him; but Mrs. Farragut and her son were there, and their flowers sweetened the place and the ceremony. The Brownell homestead, by one of those unpicturesque lapses of fate, is at present the hotel of the village.

Among the portraits of worthies which adorn the walls of the editorial rooms of the Hartford *Courant* is a half-length of Brownell in uniform, an excellent likeness, herewith reproduced. It presents the poet in middle age, — a refined strong, grave face, bearded to the lips, with fine brow and a head whose thinning hair brings out the clearer the marked development in the region of the perceptive faculties. Brownell was of middle stature and spare habit, well built and of a dignified, graceful carriage; the whole personal impression of him was, by all accounts, one of quiet power, of courteous, self-respecting manhood. Unconventional, even careless in his dress, shunning public occasions, he was not a showy man, but was of the sort who stand well the test of close acquaintance.

In spite of his retired and simple life after the war, I find myself thinking of him first of all as a naval officer, a chanter of battles. In the picture gallery of the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford there hangs a large and spirited canvas by William H. Overend, the English artist, depicting the engagement at Mobile between the *Hartford* and the *Tennessee*. On the hurricane deck are grouped the officers of the former ship, all of them good portraits. Farragut, an heroic figure, is in the rigging hard by, and near him stands Brownell, leaning eagerly forward as he watches the fight, and fully exposed to the storm of shot and shell, holding in one hand a piece of paper — perhaps the notes for "The Bay Fight," some stanzas of which were actually written on the spot. It is in such a setting that this man is fitliest remembered.

## II.

Brownell's verse in the main originated as "newspaper poetry," — a fact suggesting the remark that not a little American literature has had a like democratic birth. In the columns of the Hartford *Courant* and other Connecticut sheets appeared some of his most brilliant work. It was gathered into books, too; for Brownell published in all four volumes of verse in the course of the twenty years between 1847 and 1866; but his distinctive work, that upon which his fame must rest, is to be found in the "War Lyrics," which appeared one year after the close of the Rebellion. This contains the best of his earlier verse and that inspired directly by the events of the war, — the lyrics and ode-like narratives written hot from the heart, *currente calamo*, amidst the scenes they picture. Their very lack of polish, their artistic imperfections, testify not more to this genesis than does their potency of inspiration. The previous volumes, while denoting the culture of their maker, his graceful gift of rhyme and measure and his literary tastes, cannot be called markedly individual. Had Brownell done no more he would have furnished some pleasant enough reading for a day less critical than our own, but made small claim upon one who seeks to estimate American

poetry of permanent interest. One feels in his ante-bellum song the influence of Bryant and Poe, of Whittier and Longfellow, and finds little else; his writing is imitative in manner and slight in substance. But in the "War Lyrics" (a few pieces from which were to be found in the "Lyrics of a Day," dating two years before) are some twenty poems which may be characterized as *carmina bellorum*, veritable children of the war, presenting this singer's authentic contribution to his art and to his country. The balance of this final book, although containing several striking and artistic things, can be overlooked in the far greater significance and worth of the work born of a deeper impulse. The characteristics that mark the finest of it — such poems as "The Bay Fight," "Annus Memorabilis," "Down," and "The Battle Summers" — are vivid descriptions, — a felicitous diction often rising to genuine beauty, even grandeur, and the born balladist's breathless rush of incident.

In fact, to call Brownell a lyric poet without qualification is misleading. He was above all else a writer of ballads, who believed in his theme, had a story to tell, and sang because emotionally vibrant. The ethical quality is strong, and the poetry is frankly, bitterly partisan: he saw no good in the foe, and such epithets as "the black flag" and "traitor sword" are hurled like hammers of Thor at his devoted head. Yet he has a true soldier's sense of bravery even in an evil cause.

> "The sheen of its ill renown,
> All tarnished with guilt and shame,
> No poet indeed may crown,
> No lay may laurel a name,"

he sings, but adds: —

> "Yet never for thee, fair song,
> The fallen brave to condemn;
> They died for a mighty wrong,
> But their Demon died with them."

One hardly looks for the judicial tone, eminently proper to the historian now, in a man making poems on the flag-ship before the blood of the beloved has been washed from the decks. Brownell's bias (to give it the word cool analysis suggests to-day) helped rather than harmed the quality of his verse. Poetry is of the heart, not the head, and the singer, like the reformer, must see but the side he champions and hymns.

There is in Brownell's work, again, a keen sense of the rough-and-ready *camaraderie* of the bivouac and the forecastle, showing at times in a grim humor, but oftener (since he was so dead in earnest) in the realistic, homely phrase, the strong Saxon speech of him, the unconventional rhymes and irregular stanzas, the drastic touches which a nicer, more self-conscious muse had not allowed herself. Here Brownell becomes unliterary in that he is direct, careless and natural, not reflective. This is not to gainsay that his poetry would have gained by condensation. It is diffuse not seldom, just as Whittier's is; the critic can put finger on stanzas much below the poet's standard, and occasionally quite unworthy of him. Yet it may be that the impression of vital reality would have suffered had excision and trimming taken place.

There are near to ninety stanzas in "The Bay Fight," and the idea of unity and force would have been better conserved doubtless were the song-story briefer; as in the physical world, heat and light must have followed compression. On the other hand, in reading that production, the thought is so organically related and the feeling so cumulatively strong and unintermittent, that it is puzzling to say just where pruning were well.

We may look in detail at "The Bay Fight" as one of the poet's representative longer pieces: it opens the volume, and is deemed his most popular poem. Its theme is Farragut's attack on the forts at Mobile harbor on August 5, 1864. The first stanza is a fine one: —

> "Three days through sapphire seas we sailed;
> The steady Trade blew strong and free,
> The Northern Light his banners paled,
> The Ocean Stream our channels wet.
> We rounded low Canaveral's lee
> And passed the isles of emerald set
> In Blue Bahama's turquoise sea,"

— the dominant *s* alliteration furnishing just the right tone-color for the scene. Then follow ten stanzas in simpler four-line ballad measure, telling with much picturesqueness of phrase and heighten-

ing of interest of the suspense before the hidden batteries opened on the ships. But the moment came, —

"A weary time, — but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame."

Then with startling suddenness, to mark the change in situation, language, metre, everything is transformed: —

"'Man your starboard battery,'
Kimberly shouted.
The ship, with hearts of oak,
Was going, mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!
None of us doubted,
No, not our dying —
Farragut's flag was flying!"

And for many strophes the whole expression and movement is terse, rapid, intense, the lilt being so cunningly made up of mingled trochees and dactyls as to convey an idea of the rush and drama of the action. The poet apostrophizes the ships as personalities; you feel he loves them as live things a-quiver with the conflict: —

"Sixty flags and three
As we floated up the bay;
Every peak and mast-head flew
The brave Red, White and Blue:
We were eighteen ships that day."

As he hears the shock of the rebel guns, the lust of fight gets into his blood, and this stirring stanza is thrown off by way of retaliation: —

"Ah, how poor the prate
Of statute and state
We once held with these fellows.
Here on the flood's pale green
Hark how he bellows,
Each bluff old sea-Lawyer!
Talk to them, Dahlgren,
Parrot and Sawyer!"

Down went Craven and his ships in the drawing of a breath.

"Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing upon their stations.
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations
(Christening the generations),
When valor were all too late
If a moment's doubt were harbored.
From the main-top bold and brief
Came the word of our grand old Chief,
'Go on!' — 'twas all he said.
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the *Hartford* passed ahead."

Through a hell of fire they pushed on; but the enemy's shell made havoc.

"But, ah, the pluck of the crew!
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do."

Even the regiments on shore forgot to fire as they looked on at the awful spectacle. Describing the carnage, he gives an example of his grim realism: —

"Dreadful gobbet and shred,
That a minute ago were men,"

— which recalls to me a terrible touch of Kipling's in "The Light that Failed," where the slain on that Soudan battlefield are pictured, and the narrator says he had never "seen men in bulk gone back to their beginnings before." But bravery matched destruction.

"And ever, with steady con,
The ships forged slowly by,
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

"Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,
Right in front of our dead,
Fighting square abreast, —
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
Chrism of fire and blood!

"Fear? A forgotten form!
Death? A dream of the eyes!
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies."

And now the enemy turned and fled and then, —

"So up the Bay we ran,
The flag to port and ahead;
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead"

— this last image as impressive as anything in "The Ancient Mariner."

But now, again, the deadly ram steamed up the harbor, and the day is yet to win. Farragut gave orders to run him down.

"We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather,
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together"

— a superlatively splendid strophe, stating with all the force of indirection the fearsomeness of the collision. Then with

impetuous verve we hear of the mistake whereby the Union vessels, the *Hartford* and *Lackawana*, collided, and —

> "The old ship is gone — ah, no,
> But cut to the water's edge."

Gradually, however, the ram is ringed in by the northern fleet and plied with shot and shell, until —

> "Down went the traitor Blue,
> And up went the captive White,"

and these noble, pathetic lines follow: —

> "Up went the White! Ah then
> The hurrahs that once and again
> Rang from three thousand men
> All flushed and savage with fight!
> Our dead lay cold and stark,
> But our dying, down in the dark,
> Answered as best they might,
> Lifting their poor lost arms,
> And cheering for God and Right."

But the poet consoles his grief over the slain by a consideration of what the victory means: —

> "One daring leap in the dark,
> Three mortal hours, at the most —
> And hell lies stiff and stark
> On a hundred leagues of coast."

Then come some beautiful stanzas, a dirge for the dead Craven, reminiscent of Tennyson a little in spirit and rhythm; and the poem closes in a quieter lyric vein prophetic of the time of peace after the necessary strife, and surcharged with personal devotion to the cause: —

> "To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
> Are dread Apostles of his Name;
> His Kingdom here can only come
> By chrism of blood and flame.
>
> "Be strong: already slants the gold
> Athwart these wild and stormy skies;
> From out this blackened waste, behold,
> What happy homes shall rise!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
> Though, ever smiling round the brave,
> The blue sea bear us on to death,
> The green were one wide grave."

It is quite impossible to read this production without a quickened pulse; it is one of the most honest and inevitable utterances ever put into ballad form or ode-like measures. It is a picture, an action, and the experience of a soul, all in one; and almost all of it is poetry of a rare, difficult and inspirational kind.

Taking it for all in all, — sustained power, freedom yet artistic beauty of form, glow of feeling, imaginative uplift and frequent inspiration of word, phrase and passage, — "The Bay Fight" is Brownell's most representative and memorable piece of work, an epic performance.

But he did much else in different keys, though all rounding out the one Song of the Flag. There is "Annus Memorabilis," brief clarion call to arms, when Congress in 1860–61 hesitated to take the step, and the poet declares: —

> "'Tis coming, with the boom of Khamsin or Simoom,"

and with figures and in a spirit of Miltonic austerity and grandeur foretold the downfall of the "Serpent and his crew." This is a lyric which, when Senator Hawley read it in his Hartford editorial office, brought him to his feet in a trice, all afire with its power and passion, — Brownell as a poet being to him at the time an unknown quantity. There too is "The Battle Summers" (dated 1863), a perfect lyric, pensively reflective, quiet, noble in its musing upon the past and future, a dream

> "Of many a waning battle day
> O'er many a field of loss or fame;
> How Shiloh's eve to ashes turned,
> And how Manassas' sunset burned
> Incarnadine of blood and flame."

In the same vein, a lovely example of his more introspective mood, "A War Study" is short enough to give in its entirety: —

> "Methinks all idly and too well
> We love this Nature — little care
> (Whate'er her children brave and bear)
> Were hers, though any grief befell.
>
> "With gayer sunshine still she seeks
> To gild our trouble, so 'twould seem;
> Through all this long tremendous dream
> A tear hath never wet her cheeks.
>
> "And such a scene I call to mind:
> The third day's thunder (fort and fleet
> And the great guns beneath our feet)
> Was dying, and a warm gulf wind
>
> "Made monotone mid stays and shrouds.
> O'er books and men in quiet chat
> With the Great Admiral I sat.
> Watching the lovely cannon-clouds.
>
> "For still, from mortar and from gun
> Or short-fused shell that burst aloft,
> Outsprung a rose-wreath, bright and soft,
> Tinged with the redly setting sun.

"And I their beauty praised, but he,
The grand old Senior, strong and mild,
Of head a sage, in heart a child,
Sighed for the wreck that still must be."

"Down" is a thrilling, lurid thing, and "Suspiria Ensis" is virile, fairly leonine in some of its strophes. "Sumter" is again a trumpet blast, with all the *elan* of a cavalry charge in it: —

"Sight o'er the trunnion,
Send home the rammer,
Linstock and hammer!
Speak for the Union
Tones that won't stammer!

"Men of Columbia,
Leal hearts from Annan,
Brave lads of Shannon!
We are all one to-day, —
On with the cannon!"

For personal characterization, the long poem, "Abraham Lincoln," which appeared originally in the *Atlantic*, and which in some of its lines and its felicity of limning the "first American" is of the same stock as Lowell's peerless ode, once read will not be forgotten. Length for length, it is fittest mate to "The Bay Fight." My illustrative quotations may be brought to a close with a few borrowings from it and a brief comment upon its contents. It begins with a description of the peace and beauty of Nature, who, after her manner, has covered up and smoothed over the unsightly signs of war: —

"The roar and ravage were vain;
And Nature, that never yields,
Is busy with sun and rain
At her old sweet work again
On the lonely battle-fields.

"How the tall white daisies grow,
Where the grim artillery rolled!
Was it only a moon ago?
It seems a century old."

But the sad human minor strain creeps in: —

"And the bee hums in the clover,
As the pleasant June comes on;
Ay, the wars are all over, —
But our good Father is gone.

* * * * * * *

"There was thunder of mine and gun,
Cheering by mast and tent,
When, his dread work all done
And his high fame full-won,
Died the Good President."

Then comes a succession of burning stanzas in which the inexplicable dastard deed and the doer are scored without mercy; and then follows one of the finest selections in the whole hundred and odd strophes, — that in which Lincoln is characterized —

"Kindly Spirit! Ah, when did treason
Bid such a generous nature cease,
Mild by temper and strong by reason,
But ever leaning to love and peace?

* * * * * * *

"How much he cared for the State,
How little for praise or pelf!
A man too simply great
To scheme for his proper self.

"But in mirth that strong head rested
From its strife with the false and violent —
A jester! So Henry jested;
So jested William the Silent."

But he is well mourned, says the poet; since the world began, he declares in noble hyperbole, none "ever was mourned like thee."

"Dost thou feel it, O noble Heart
(So grieved and so wronged below),
From the rest wherein thou art?
Do they see it, those patient eyes?
Is there heed in the happy skies
For tokens of world-wide woe?"

This land and other lands join, he goes on, in the lamentation, and stately are the signs and tokens thereof; but there is homely grief, thus pathetically set forth: —

"Nor alone the State's Eclipse;
But how tears in hard eyes gather,
And on rough and bearded lips
Of the regiments and the ships:
'Oh, our dear Father!'

"And methinks of all the million
That looked on the dark dead face
'Neath its sable-plumed pavilion,
The crone of a humbler race
Is saddest of all to think on,
And the old swart lips that said,
Sobbing, 'Abraham Lincoln!
Oh, he is dead, he is dead!'"

The technician of verse will not fail to notice here the daring use of a feminine double rhyme, dedicate traditionally to the comic mood, in a passage of tenderest solemnity.

Next comes a fine, broadly sketched picture of a review of the home-coming soldiers: —

"And all day, mile on mile,
With cheer and waving and smile,
The war-worn legions defile
Where the nation's noblest stand."

For a few stanzas the tone is exultant; then the minor thought once more: —

"And our boys had fondly thought
To-day, in marching by,
From the ground so dearly bought
And the field so bravely fought,
To have met their Father's eye.

"But they may not see him in place,
Nor their ranks be seen of him;
We look for the well-known face,
And the splendor is strangely dim."

But, after all, chants the singer, he is in a better country with his comrades around him.

"For the pleasant season found him
Guarded by faithful hands
In the fairest of summer lands;
With his own brave staff around him
There our President stands.

"There they are all by his side,
The noble hearts and true
That did all men might do,
Then slept, with their swords, and died."

Some twenty following stanzas name and describe Lincoln's even-Christians— Winthrop, Porter, Jackson, John Brown and the rest — with him on the thither bank of the stream. And not the leaders alone, but the led, the nameless heroes of the rank.

"And lo! from a thousand fields,
From all the old battle-haunts,
A greater Army than Sherman wields,
A grander Review than Grant's!

"Gathered home from the grave,
Risen from sun and rain,
Rescued from wind and wave
Out of the stormy main,
The legions of our brave
Are all in their lines again!"

In the course of the succeeding stanzas he rises to these superb lines: —

"But the old wounds all are healed,
And the dungeoned limbs are free,
The Blue Frocks rise from the field,
The Blue Jackets out of the sea.

"They've 'scaped from the torture-den,
They've broken the bloody sod,
They've all come to life again,
The third of a million men
That died for thee and for God!"

The poem ends grandly with the final touches to this apocalyptical vision of the spirit review: —

"The colors ripple o'erhead,
The drums roll up to the sky,
And with martial time and tread
The regiments all pass by,
The ranks of our faithful dead
Meeting their President's eye.

"With a soldier's quiet pride
They smile o'er the perished pain,
For their anguish was not in vain —
For thee, O Father, we died!
And we did not die in vain.

"March on your last brave mile!
Salute him, Star and Lace,
Form round him, rank and file,
And look on the kind, rough face.
But the quaint and homely smile
Has a glory and a grace
It never had known erewhile,
Never, in time and space.

"Close round him, hearts of pride!
Press near him, side by side.
Our Father is not alone!
For the Holy Right ye died,
And Christ, the Crucified,
Waits to welcome his own."

## III.

In the bead-roll of the makers of literature whom by birth or adoption the State of Connecticut may claim as her own, Henry Howard Brownell should have a sure and honored place. The list is neither short nor insignificant; Mrs. Sigourney, Percival and Halleck in the earlier century, Stedman, Warner, Clemens, Bushnell and Mrs. Stowe in later days, are a few of the names that spring to the mind. But in all the divisions of letters naught is rarer than the true poet; and such an one is to be recognized in Brownell, recognized not only by the partial eye of local pride, but also by the colder scrutiny of critical opinion at a time when the first magnetism of the singer's theme begins to lose its magic. His was not impeccable verse; lines that limp and figures that fail are by no means absent from his writing. But he had a great subject, it took hold on him, and he was consecrate to it: his were thought, elevation, invention, imagination, and an almost unique opportunity for realism, in the right meaning of that poor, distorted word. And withal, he was a truth-loving, high-minded, fearless gentleman. As a result, he has left a slender sheath of lyrics which so faithfully transcribe certain aspects of the Civil War and are so vital with its atmosphere and feeling that it is hard to see how they will miss of a lodgment in the native

BY PERMISSION OF THE WADSWORTH ATHENÆUM, HARTFORD, CONN.

"THE HARTFORD AND THE TENNESSEE."

BY WILLIAM H. OVEREND.

anthology. Certainly no one else has so well performed just this service. There rings through his song that love of country which makes the Horatian "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" one of the hackneyed lines of Latin poetry. In his most largely conceived pieces one associates him instinctively (at least in spirit and quality) with the very few native singers — Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier — who have chanted national issues with elevation and adequate voice.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Mr. Stedman, who calls Brownell "that brave free singer," points out with his customary keen perception the "half-likeness" of the poet to Ticknor, "sounding the war-cry of the South." They are, in sooth, kinsmen; each was born a poet; each saw his cause to be holy; and each grew impassioned and impressive with the burden of his utterance. And we, a generation later (since there is no sectionalism in genius), can love the song and the spirit of them both, burying their difference of belief under the tranquilizing years, while we drop upon their far-separated graves the memorial flowers of a united patriotism.

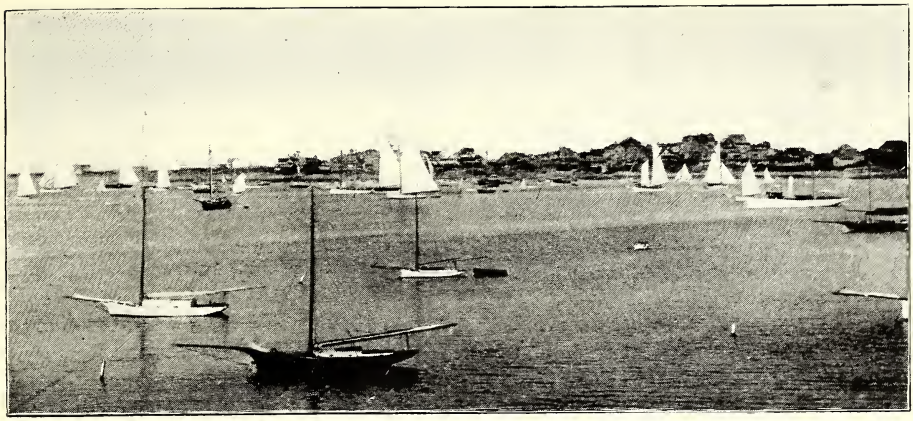
---

# THE WIVES OF THE FISHERS.

*By Frank H. Sweet.*

THE boats of the fishers meet the wind
And spread their canvas wide,
And with bows low set and taffrails wet
Skim onward side by side;
The wives of the fishers watch from shore,
And though the sky be blue,
They breathe a prayer into the air
As the boats go from view.

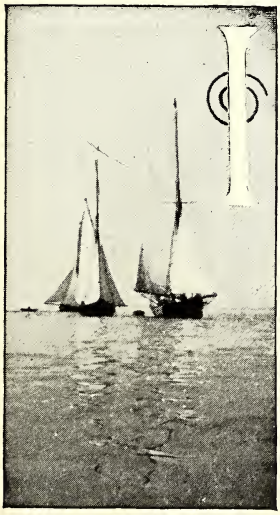
The wives of the fishers wait on shore
With faces full of fright,
And the waves roll in with deafening din
Through the tempestuous night;
The boats of the fishers come at dawn,
Cast up by a scornful sea;
But the fishermen come not again,
Though the wives watch ceaselessly.



THE HARBOR AND MARBLEHEAD NECK.

# OLD MARBLEHEAD.

*By John White Chadwick.*



I GIVE a title to this paper that is often found upon the lips of men and women born as I was in the ancient town of which I write. It is expressive of the tenderness which it inspires in those who have always clung to her maternal breast, or have yearned for it from afar. They bless their stars that they were born in such a town. Its natural beauty, its original quaintness, of which much survives, its traditions of sterling manhood and heroic independence, — all these things are so many hooks of steel that grapple to it the affections of its people. But the title of my paper suggests not only a sentiment which all decent Marbleheaders cherish for "the rock from which they were hewn," but also the limits within which I am determined to confine these divagations. Let those who choose to do so write of what the town has come to be in these last years. They will have plenty of material, — the smart new houses everywhere, the transformation of the Neck, the steam fire-engines, the electric lights, the trolley, and all that; yes, and those great white-winged creatures that come sailing in to comfort the harbor for its loneliness and to make the summer evenings beautiful with their "feast of lights." And then there are the great shoe manufactories which have twice gone up in smoke and flame, and now, instead of being aggregated as formerly about the railway station, are scattered far and wide, encroaching on the pastures which in the consulship of Plancus the boys and cows held in exclusive fee.

The trip from Boston to Marblehead is never pleasanter than in the late afternoon of a hot summer's day, so invigorating and so cool is the breath of the salt marshes and the sea beyond their scope. There are the great hay-cocks which the artists love, and the winding creeks that turn from blue to gold and crimson as the

LEE MANSION. BUILT 1768.

sun goes down behind the Saugus hills. Time was when our imaginary traveller went to Salem, — perhaps in June, when to right and left the pastures are "one laugh of color and embellishment" with Dyer's weed, — and then took the Marblehead Branch, skirting the head of Salem harbor and "The Pines," a sacred grove whose needles whisper of such things as *rixæ, pax et oscula;* for here the young people of the town were wont to hold their joyous festivals. Now there is a branch diverging at Swampscott, at first cutting through rocky hills, thick-grown with various tangle which should forever stay unspoiled, and then coming out into the open a few rods from the sea. Between it and the sea the summer cottages are getting numerous, where twenty years ago five or six farms divided the rich acres fertilized by the kelp and rock-weed heaped by the autumn gales along the shore. Before the bequest of John Harvard, these acres had been selected as the site of a college by the General Court, and it is a great pity that the idea was not carried out. Our great seat of learning would have been much more "beautiful for situation" in that case than it is now on Cambridge's alluvial plain.

Devereux is the last of several stations between Swampscott and Marblehead. It gets its name from the Devereux farm, one of the oldest holdings in the town, where stood, and stands in melancholy degradation, the farmhouse in which Longfellow was staying when he wrote his lovely poem "The Fire of Driftwood," a bit of silver music with a golden ending: —

"O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within."

It is at Devereux that passengers for the Neck leave the train. "The Neck" does not mean the narrow isthmus at the harbor's head, but the peninsula which that connects with the mainland. Time was when "the Neck" meant those parts which afterward were called "The Farms," at the base of the town peninsula, and what is now called "the Neck" was called "Great Neck."

"In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days," this was nearly all one farm, except for the small government reservation for the lighthouse at its extremity; and any one timely wise could have purchased it for as many thousand dollars as it has brought hundreds of thousands since. It was the

FRONT BEACH.

kingdom of Ephraim, a man of force and stature, whose endeavors to compel the town to build a good road across the isthmus to his farm made the town meeting lively off and on for many years. Fertile in resources, he gave the local economizers a great deal of trouble. Now, for some years, his farm has been for sale in lots to suit the purchasers; and it is no wonder they have come, so beautiful are the beaches and the cliffs, so magnificent the ocean's wide expanse, —

> "Eastward as far as the eye can see,
> Eastward, eastward, endlessly,
> The sparkle and tremor of purple sea."

and pleasant are some of the new cottages nested high among the rocks; but to have known and loved the beauty of the olden time is to be absolutely unreconciled to the new *régime*, save from the freeholder's or the tax-collector's point of view. Even Great Head (called also Castle Rock), a splendid jutting mass of rocks upon the ocean side, is not the place to grow Byronic with the ocean that it used to be when one could have it to himself or *solus cum solâ*, hour after happy hour. Further north there was a famous picnic and chowder-party ground, and the shore between that and Castle

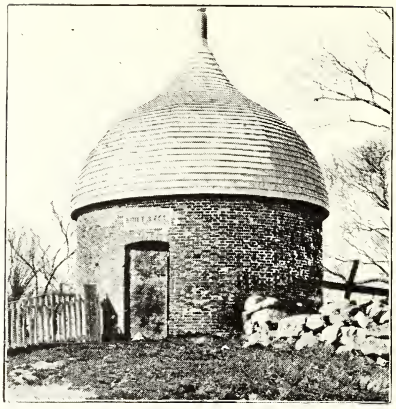
BURIAL HILL.

Looking townward, too, across the harbor from the piazza of the Eastern Yacht Club house, or from any coign of vantage, the view is very picturesque, culminating in the tower of Abbot Hall. Many an etcher and painter has economized the beauty of the scene and transfigured the dominance of the modern building into that of some august and venerable church by the magic of his facile art.

A large hotel upon the Neck preserves the name of Nanepashemet, the great Indian sagamore of the whole region round about when the first English settlements began. In 1684 the widow of his son Winnepeeken formally deeded the Marblehead lands to the settlers on terms mutually satisfactory. Very picturesque

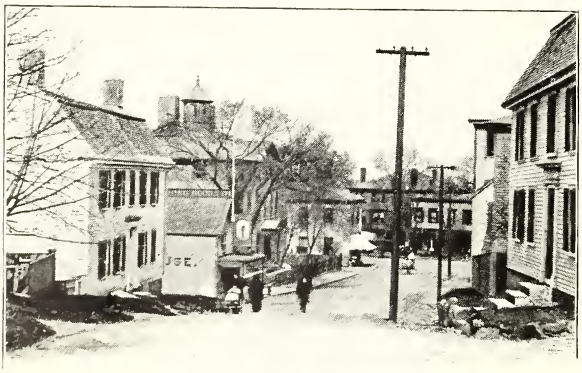
Rock was very rough, with stunted cedars twisting their roots among the rocks. Ah me! how good the resinous odor of those trees, and what invitation their seclusions were to those who had already learned that life is short and would improve its fleeting hours! Just off the Neck, at one extremity, is Tinker's Island, and through the channel between it and the shore I have seen vessels of good size sailing even at low tide. But my grandfather once beguiled me with a marvellous tale of his crossing the channel on horseback in his early prime. At the other extremity Marblehead Rock is separated from the Neck by a much narrower and deeper channel. For a long time its beacon was a pulpit from some Boston church, and it

has seemed to me a kind of poetic justice that this "cave of the winds" should be subjected to the Atlantic's awful roar. Ships of the deepest hold can sail in to Marblehead, Salem and Beverly through the main channel, which is between Marblehead Rock and Cat Island; but an ancient mariner tells me he has seen it breaking from the bottom all the way across, and through the foamy crest went driving home in a most dangerous fashion.



OLD POWDER-HOUSE.

Of all the ships that have come through this channel the most famous is the *Constitution*. Chased for three days by the British frigates *Tenedos* and *Endymion*, she appeared off Marblehead on Sunday, April 3, 1814. Volunteers among her crew being called for to take her in, a score were ready, each to the manner born, and one Samuel Green had the great honor. The people of the town crowded to the headlands and their housetops and the steeples to see so brave a sight. The guns of Fort Sewall, or their ignorance of the channel, kept the British men-of-war at bay. Dr. William Bentley's sermon on the text "There go the ships" has been ascribed to this incident; but it belongs to the raising of the embargo.



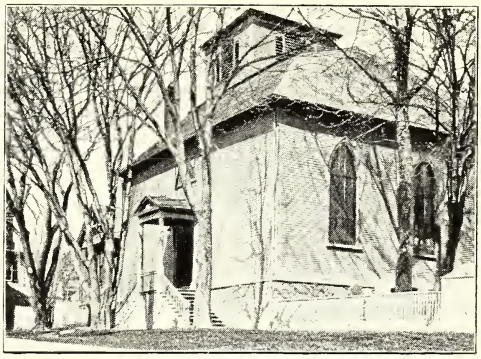
WASHINGTON STREET.

Why Cat Island was so called I do not know, unless it was that a smaller one close by suggested a kitten; but the smaller one was called Cat Island Rock, and I believe retains its name, while the larger one became Lowell Island when some Lowell people bought it and disfigured it with a big hotel, which never prospered much, perhaps because of the contracted range. It has lately been appropriated to the uses of some Children's Fresh Air Society; and where they could get fresher I cannot imagine. Long, long ago a small-pox hospital was built on the island, and one of the stories that pleased my boyhood most was the story of its destruction by a company of regulators variously disguised. Some progenitor or distant relative of mine was deep in the affair; and when my grandmother came to this part of the story her voice always sank lower as if the danger of detection were not wholly past.

Gerry's Island and Brown's are close up against the shore at the back of Fort Sewall. A pebbly bar connecting Gerry's

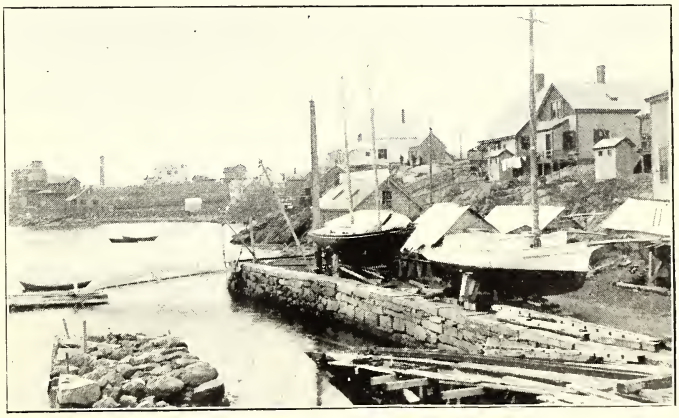
OLD TOWN HALL. BUILT 1727.

Island with the shore has been moved its entire width by the action of the sea within my recollection. One of the early ministers had this island for his glebe, and I suppose wrote his sermons at high tide when he was tolerably safe from intrusion. The whirligig of time brings its revenges, and now, where the Puritan clergyman forged terrible maledictions for the Scarlet Woman, there is a comfortable establishment belonging to a priest who ministers at her altars.



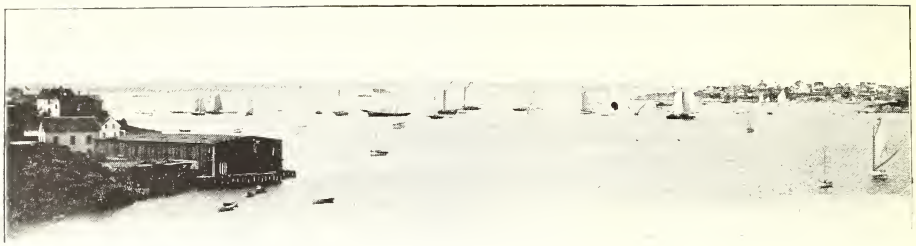
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH. BUILT 1714.

A co-operative enterprise in which I engaged about 1850 for the propagation of rabbits on Brown's Island was so successful that nothing I have read about the multiplication of these creatures in California and Australia has caused me the least surprise. Gerry's island was so named for Elbridge Gerry. The house in which he was born in 1744 is still in good preservation on Washington Street, the main street of the town, near the Old North Meeting-House. If I was not brought up at the feet of Elbridge Gerry, I was brought up at the foot of his garden, which is perhaps the next thing to it. It terminated in a head-way and fence impossible to climb, and beyond them were for me all the infinities and immensities. Some difference of opinion in a matter of fish or firewood or both had clouded Gerry's great reputation in my grandmother's estimation, who was moreover inoculated with the Federalist tradition.



BILLOWS BOAT WHARF.

Few that were active in the Revolutionary struggle were still lingering on the stage when I began to toddle over it; but I had the personal recollections of two generations well acquainted with many Revolutionary worthies to draw upon at will. It was a brave and generous part that the old town played in the Revolutionary struggle. Before that began, there had been no more loyal town in the colony than Marblehead. When Sir William Pepperrell of Kittery would undertake the siege of Louisburg in 1745, the urgency that forced the General Court to come to his support was largely generated here, and here the fleet recruited many of the sailors and soldiers needed for the doubtful enterprise, which was destined to be crowned with memorable success. The Powder-House, still standing on the Ferry Road, is sacred to the memory of the French and Indian War. It was built in 1755, with a view to storing ammunition against a possible invasion, which did not materialize, though the town suffered much in the properties and persons of its fishermen upon the banks and its merchantmen on the high seas. With all the more relish, therefore, it was in at the death in 1759, having a goodly representation on board



THE HARBOR.

the *Pembroke* and the *Squirrel* at the siege of Quebec.

The unwillingness to hold the king responsible for the abuses which led up to the war for independence was nowhere more strongly developed than in Marblehead; but the town could not resist the logic of events. Elbridge Gerry was the first to formulate the new conviction in town meeting, and, though at first shocking to his townsmen, it soon found lodgment in the popular heart and in the minds of many leading citizens, Colonel Azor Orne and Colonel John Glover being Gerry's right-hand men. Gerry, like Jefferson, his great chief, as time went on was a man of the pen, mighty in letters and in formulating resolutions, but not strong in speech. James Otis was that in Boston and Colonel Orne was that in Marblehead. Every fibre of the old Town Hall must bear some record of his stirring eloquence. The hall was built in 1727, and it is now a precious monument of the times when it was here what Faneuil Hall was in Boston, a cradle in which liberty was rocked *awake* with violent activity. Gerry, always in close political sympathy with Samuel Adams, was one of the most useful members of his "Committee of Correspondence," the most important agency developed by those trying times for the dissemination of revolutionary sentiments. These met with doughty opposition in the town from men of force and standing who were not wanting in the courage of their convictions. One of these was King Hooper, as he was called by the fishermen because he had a royal way of treating them, — his true name being Robert. When things were getting toward the worst he entertained Governor Hutchinson, greatly to the disgust of that fine gentleman's political enemies. Another conspicuous Tory was Ashley Bowen, the hero of the Quebec contingent, who on the way home had made the graves of its martyrs with his own faithful hands. But of all verbal protestations against the spirit of rebellion, that of Mrs. Thomas Robie was the most eloquent. Packed

EASTERN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

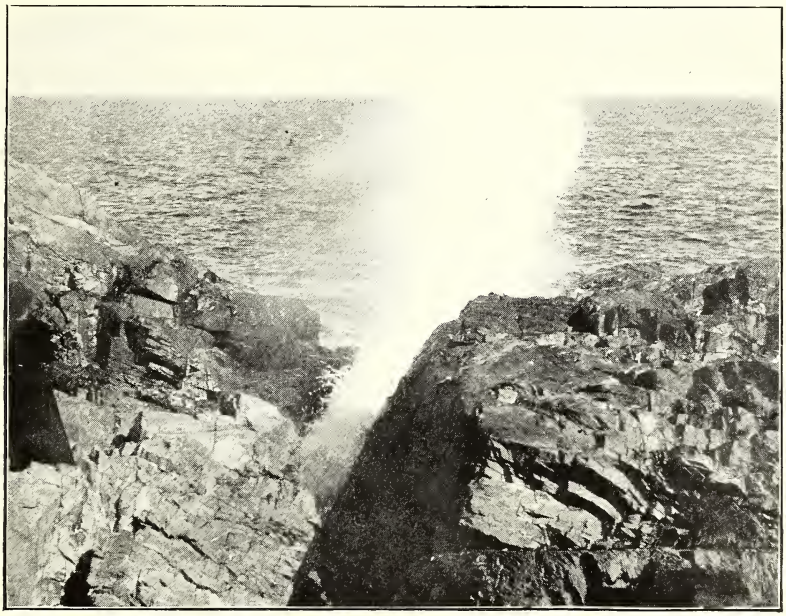
CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

off to Nova Scotia with her husband and family, she said, as she stepped into the boat that was to take her to the ship, "I hope that I shall live to return, find this wicked rebellion crushed, and see the streets of Marblehead so deep with rebel blood that a long-boat can be rowed through them." Having so eased her mind, she must have felt much better.

When the obnoxious tea-tax was imposed, there was general agreement among the shopkeepers of the town not to import it; and when one of the recalcitrants sent for a chest, and it arrived, it went back quicker than it came, covered with emblems much easier for those who ran to read than the original Chinese.

So many cities did not claim to be the scene of Homer's birth as colonial towns have claimed to have anticipated the blood of Lexington and Concord. The claim of Marblehead is based on the heroic defence which for three hours the crew of a brig, homeward bound from Cadiz, made against the British sloop-of-war *Rose*, which attempted to impress some of their number into the British service. The lieutenant of the boarding party lost his life in the desperate struggle, and "very like a whale," for he was struck with a harpoon.

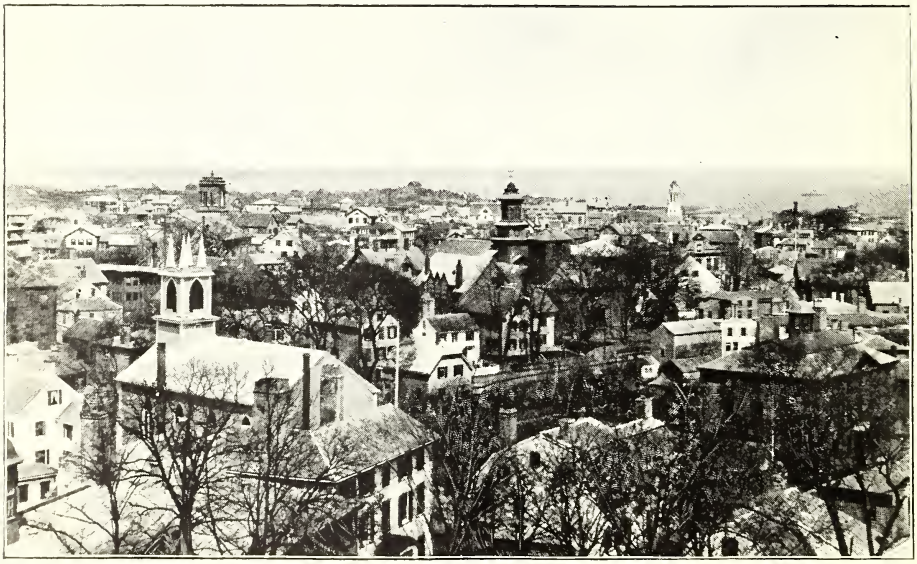
It may be objected that this was a side issue, but it is certain that Marblehead and Salem came very near anticipating the distinction of Lexington and Concord on the twenty-sixth of February preceding the ever-glorious nineteenth of April. A dear old relative of mine, who was "in arms" that day, being a very little child, told me its story so many times that at last she quite fancied she was a witness to the lively scene. She had never read a word about it, but had been instructed by those who were present and saw Dr. Barnard, the hero of the day, with their own eyes. He was the minister of the North Church in Salem; and when Colonel Leslie, landing at Marblehead, marched to Salem to seize certain pieces of ordnance, it was he who persuaded him to return without them and not risk an outbreak of the people. As he marched his three hundred back through Marblehead, Colonel Glover's famous regiment was out, disposed to reckon with him if he had done anything amiss.



THE CHURN.

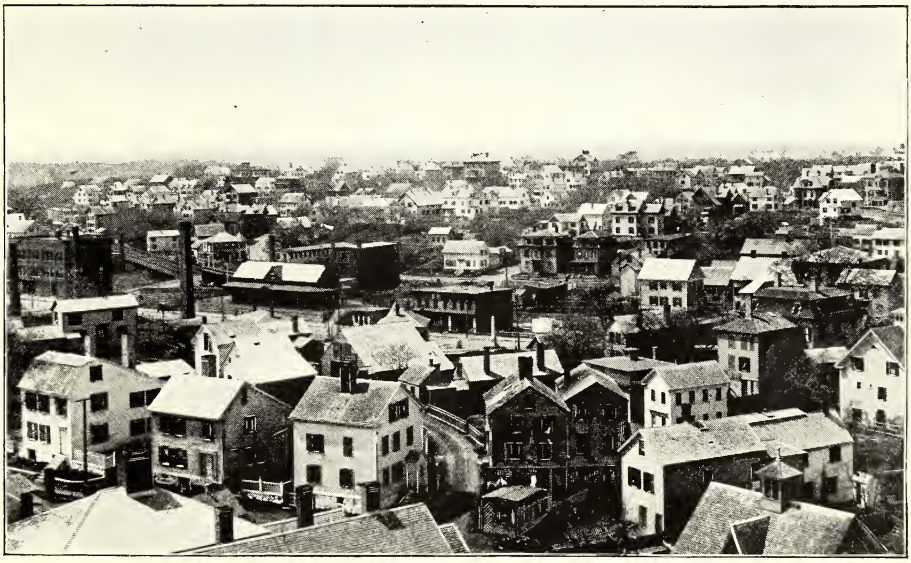
This regiment — the Twenty-First Provincial, Fourteenth Continental, and always the Marine — was recruited entirely from Marblehead men, whose descendants could probably furnish some thousands of members to the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. In the spring of 1775 it was stationed at Beverly, and remained there until after the battle of Bunker Hill, when it went to Cambridge and was quartered in the Craigie house, a fact which enabled me to boast to Mr. Longfellow that an ancestor of mine had anticipated his occupancy of that lordly house. And what is more, I know the very room he occupied, from the testimony which he delivered to his son. Washington turned him out, the whole regiment in fact, and established himself and staff in the big handsome rooms. But this I trust had nothing to do with the quarrel of the Marblehead boys with the Virginian troops, whose regimentals impressed them as absurd. They derided them and, the legend says, snowballed them; but the snowballs melt away in the mid-summer weather. Washington had to interfere, and discovered even then that talent for strong language which afterward served him on some memorable occasions.

Twice during the war Glover's regiment did service of such a peculiar character that it was pivotal to great events. It put Washington's army across East River on the doleful night of August 28, 1776, after the battle of Long Island, when without the skill of a body of good seamen it does not appear that the retreat could have been successfully accomplished. Nor does it appear how Washington could have crossed the Delaware with his army at that happy Christmas time, a few months later, without the same sturdy arms to row his boats and steer them through the blinding sleet. "To him that hath shall be given;" and this scripture was fulfilled when the same hardy fellows were called upon to lead the advance on Trenton with fixed bayonets, the locks of their muskets being clogged with ice. There seems to be no doubt that Captain William Blackler commanded the boat which carried Washington, and I have been assured that "Sir White," my ancestor aforesaid, was one of his rowers; but so many families in Marblehead cherish a similar tradition of some happy ancestor, that, if all the traditions were valid, the boat must certainly have been sunk. In deference therefore to the safety of Washington and



THE OLD TOWN.

the claims of history on his subsequent career, I have long since concluded to surrender any property I may rightfully inherit in the most signal honor of the illustrious event. Soon after, Glover was made a brigadier-general, and everywhere did himself credit; nor can any deduction be made from this statement because it was his melancholy distinction to be on the court-martial which tried and condemned Major André, and officer of the day when he was executed for his complicity in Arnold's hideous crime. A statue of General Glover adorns, if it can be said to adorn, Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, but his native town has been obliged to content itself with calling schools and fire-engines and militia companies by his honored name.



THE NEW TOWN.

The work of Glover's regiment was only a part of the contribution made by the town to the Revolutionary struggle. An equal part was contributed by the amphibious patriots who took at once to the water when the war began. Mugford is not a euphonious name, but it is sweeter than honey to the citizen of Marblehead who loves her history and fame. A few rods from the railway station there is a simple monument which records the man's heroic adventure and its tragic close. Impressed on board the British frigate *Lively*, he was released upon the earnest representation of his wife that they had just been married. He had heard during his brief service that a "powder-ship" was expected by the British general, and applied for a commission to go out and meet her with a view to capturing her if possible. The commission hanging fire, he did not wait for it, and his haste was justified by the event (May 17, 1776). The whole business was of a piece with the most daring enterprises of Drake and Hawkins, and Froude would have celebrated it with joyful heart if it had come within his scope. It was a prize well worth contending for, this good ship *Hope*, with fifteen hundred barrels of powder in her hold, one thousand carbines, with artillery carriages and implements galore. Captain Mugford's vessel was a fishing smack, but he captured the *Hope* in sight of the British squadron lying in Nantasket Roads and took her into Boston harbor through Pudding Point Gut, and by the same narrow passage he ventured out again after he had delivered the ship to Washington and, presumably, got his commission. By this time the British admiral was awake, and sent a

dozen boats to dispute his passage. After a desperate struggle they were beaten off; but the *Franklin* did not go upon her way rejoicing, for Mugford was lying dead upon her deck, and it was imperfect consolation that his life had cost the enemy three score and ten. The next Sunday was a proud, sad day in Marblehead, Parson Story of the Second Church preaching the funeral sermon of the young hero, and the regiment in which he had been a captain following him to his grave on the Old Hill, where still the legend on the stone is plainly read.

THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.

The exploits of Manly and Tucker and Lee and Boden and Harris and Cowell were not unworthy of the fine beginning Mugford made. If they did not singe the beard of England's king as the English adventurers did King Philip's of Spain, it was because he was a smooth-faced gentleman. Privateering was the most attractive form of naval warfare; but the town furnished many captains and seamen to the regular service, and among these Captain Tucker of the frigate *Boston* attained to the rank of commodore. Thus dignified, he sailed from France with a distinguished passenger, John Adams, envoy to the court of France. Encountering a well-armed merchantman, the decks were cleared for action; and Adams had no idea of such good times and he not in them. Gun in hand he took his place with the marines; but Tucker ordered him to leave the deck. His disinclination being evident, Tucker with some physical energy and decisive language enforced his command. As Mr. Roads, the invaluable historian of these things, reports the commodore, his language is more respectful than in the tradition which I have received and less objectionable as a breach of the Mosaic law.

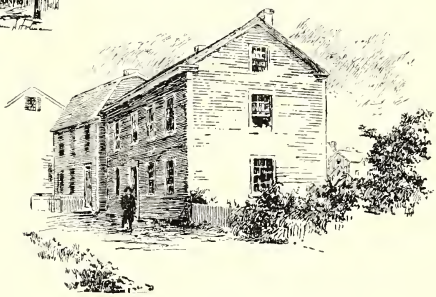
MUGFORD STREET, SHOWING SECOND CHURCH.

If Marblehead was eager for the struggle with King George, when it was over it was evident that it had cost her dear. Her shipping had fallen off from twelve thousand to fifteen hundred tons; her voters from twelve hundred to five hundred; she had five hundred widows and one thousand orphans in her charge. The fishing business revived at once, but the foreign trade rallied fitfully and slowly; and when Jefferson's embargo commanded it to commit *hara-kiri*, it had not the energy to resist. In the first years under the new constitution, which Gerry had refused to sign, Marblehead had been out of gear with the dominant politics of the nation; but when the Republicans came in with the new century, there was not a happier town than Marblehead in the whole country. The Louisiana purchase sorely tried its theoretic strict construction, and the embargo its commercial patience, but of weakening loyalty to the doctrine in which Gerry had instructed it there was little sign. Few towns had suffered more from the embargo, but no other was less influenced by the Federalist reaction which in 1812 cost Gerry the

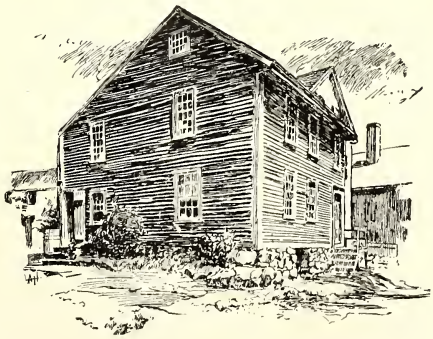
SITE OF FOUNTAIN INN.

gubernatorial election only to insure his vice-presidential nomination and election. Hartford convention politics were denounced in town meetings, and Madison and the Republicans in Congress were comforted by the spectacle of one historic town intensely loyal to the administration. Its reward was to be afterward identified with those aspects of the war which were its peculiar joy. Of one thousand men engaging in the war, more than seven hundred were privateersmen, and one hundred and twenty were in the regular navy, including eighty of the *Constitution's* daring crew. When the *Constitution* had her famous duel with the *Guerrière*, it so happened that a Marblehead merchant captain was a prisoner on board the English vessel; and from him we have an inside view of the battle that is extremely interesting and dramatic.

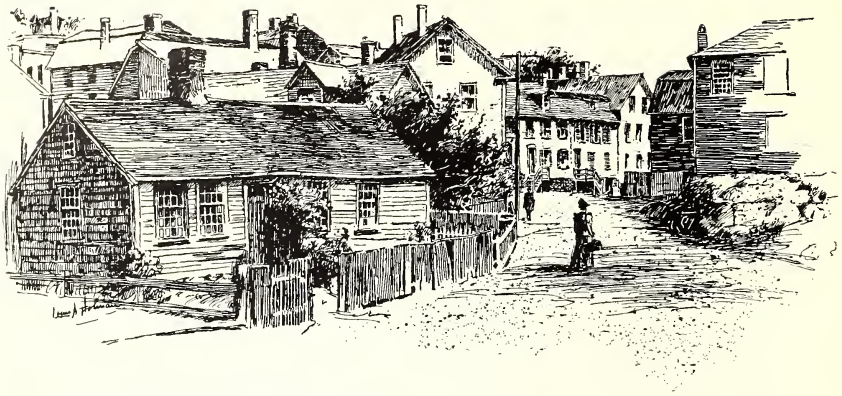
Another duel, which had a very different result, was that of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* (June, 1813), in full view of the headlands of the Neck and town. Lawrence's bravery only in part atones for his sallying out to meet his enemy with his ship unfit for action and his crew wild with drink. One of the mildest-mannered men I ever knew has told me of the hard necessity that was laid upon him — to have his own skull cleft with a boarding hatchet, or that of an opposing British tar. He never quite forgave himself for choosing as he did. Another of my annalists has often told me how she heard with maternal anxiety that "John" — my father, then some four years old — was "down on the head with Charles [his brother] seein' the foight," and how she took her arms out of the washtub and made haste to bring the little wanderer home. I must confess that it speaks ill for the fortunes of the Marblehead seamen that more than six hundred of them were in British prisons when the war was over, five hundred of them in Dartmoor. The most of these were privateersmen. Often from one whose name I bear — Captain John White — I heard the story of his fortunes and misfortunes, his imprisonment and release; and as I recall his words I see a face of perfect kindness, golden bronze, above a neck-cloth white as the driven snow, and below a crown of glory whiter yet. A kind of awe would fall upon him as he told me of a time when he saw Wellington's army of the Peninsula filing past a



"SKIPPER IRESON'S" HOUSE.



THE TUCKER HOUSE.



GREGORY STREET.

whole day long, and then his face would brighten as he endeavored to impress me with the wonderful beauty and the more wonderful kindness of the Andalusian girls.

While I am on the war-path I must say a passing word about the way in which Marblehead did her duty in the late Civil War. Few towns were called upon to do so much when Lincoln issued his first call for troops; for she had three companies in the Eighth Regiment, and, as everybody knows, they were the first to reach the rendezvous at Faneuil Hall on the morning of April 16, 1861. That grand initiative was well followed up. The town's record for the war was not one of isolated distinction, but of the fidelity and courage of one thousand soldiers in the ranks and on the gunboat's or the frigate's polished deck. Nearly $250,000 was expended by the town in the course of four years to strengthen the sinews of war, — an amount phenomenal in its proportion to the modest wealth of the community.

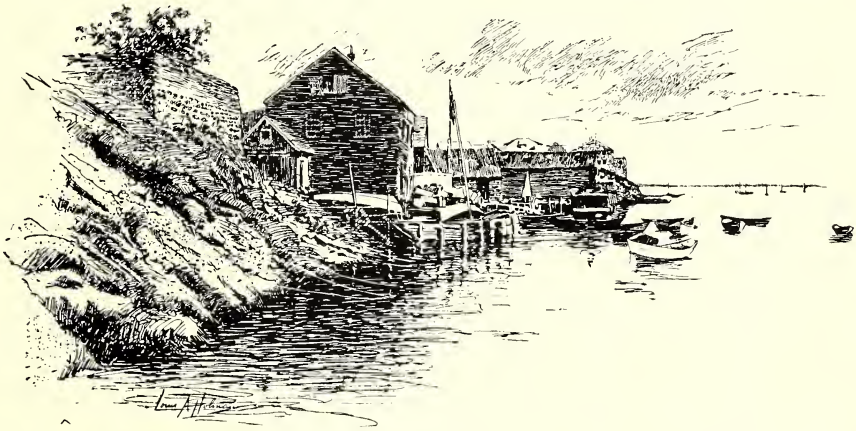
PIRATE'S HOUSE AND OLD FISH WAREHOUSES.

The proportion of those who enlisted as seamen to those who enlisted in the army was two hundred and twenty-one to eight hundred and twenty-seven; and thereby evidently hangs a tale of changed conditions. In 1861 the fisheries and merchant marine of Marblehead had much declined from their estate in 1776 and 1812. The merchant marine was the first to show a falling off. Its development had begun in the second or third decade of the eighteenth century. John Barnard, minister of the First Church, had conceived its possibility, and stirred up a young man of the town to make a first experiment. This proving successful, others followed, and in 1740 the town had one hundred and fifty vessels engaged in fishing, and at least a third as many more in carrying the fish to Bilboa and other Spanish ports and bringing back the precious things of Spain. But the carrying trade was never the same after the Revolutionary War, and that of 1812, with the preceding embargo, had made bad matters worse. At last the foreign trade entirely ceased, and the appearance of any other vessels in the harbor except those of the fishing fleet, the ballast-lighters, and a few old "pinky sterns" and other coastwise craft, became the greatest rarity. Sometimes a great big ship would come laden with salt, and then the

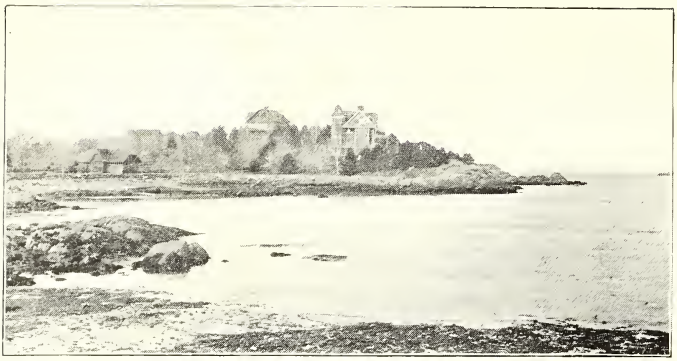
old Bilboa sailors would go down to the wharves and look at her with fond regret for glories past and gone, and many a yarn was spun of memory and imagination all compact, and the air grew heavy with the scent of Eastern spices and the threat of tropic storms. Once it was an African trader that arrived, the old *Chusan*. She was bound to Salem, but missed stays and came to Marblehead, landing on Jack's Rock, near the fort, and sticking there, for all that famous tug, the *R. B. Forbes*, could do to pull her off. Soon an easterly gale broke her in many pieces and scattered her cargo of gum-copal with fragments of her timbers all along the shore. Nothing but the craze for horse-hair rings was ever so prejudicial to the educational interests of the town as that gum-copal. Every boy had a piece which he shaped after the similitude of a heart for some beloved girl. If it had a fly in the middle, it was supposed to tell its story better to an imaginative mind.

In the dearth of foreign traders even the great coalers from Philadelphia were a welcome sight. One I remember in a fearful storm, — perhaps that which twisted Minot's Ledge Lighthouse from its base. She was caught in dock with half her cargo out; and the problem was to keep her from chafing against the sides of the dock. To this end hawsers were carried out to larboard and starboard and from the bow as well. The high tide flooded the wharves and lifted her great hull high in air, and I remember her straining in her toils like a great beast in chains with monstrous wail and groan.

And now the fishing business has followed the foreign trade into the country of things dead and done with. Twenty-five years ago there were some twenty vessels of the once numerous fleet, and now there is not one. Once the warehouses in which the fish were stored when cured and the fish-fences were thick and savory on hill and plain. Now the fish-fences are all pictures of memory, and such warehouses as remain have suffered a land change into something poor and strange to their original use. Midway of the century there was a period of enterprise and resuscitation. A dozen or twenty new schooners were built in the town, larger than those of the old fleet, and five or six ships from eight hundred to a thousand tons burthen. What joy to see the beauteous creatures grow, to smell the sweet, clean smell of knees and timbers and the flying chips, and then to see the launch, and even, if it might be — delight unspeakable! — to stand with the elect upon the towering deck and feel the first quivering start, — the poor creatures down below there shouting, "There



TUCKER'S WHARF.



PEACH'S POINT.

she goes!" — the gliding motion, the downward and then rising circumflex as she dipped into the sea and floated proudly on its breast. The *Emmeline* and *Ariel* were launched almost simultaneously. In the former I had the natural pride pertaining to the skipper's son; and when the two vessels sailed together, going to Boston for their salt, and the *Emmeline* distanced the *Ariel* handsomely, I felt that life had done its best for me, — the future being dark.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GLOVER.

The old fishing-life of the town was full of poetry and beauty and romance. The home preparations for the voyage were fragrant with the "Harrison cake" and gingerbread that were seasoned possibly with "a few sad drops" that could not be repressed. All was stir and bustle at the stores where supplies and tackle were purchased. I see the groups about the door, the rough play hiding strange misgivings; and one who came not back takes me and carries me to "Aunt Charity Brimblecom's" or "Aunt Hannah Harris's" for such things as children like. I remember the oppressive silence of the breakfast on the morning of the start, the quiet uneffusive partings, the raising of the anchor and the bellying of the reluctant sails. Some of the skippers were gracious and sailed round the harbor a good while with the invited guests and self-invited, and jugs and kegs were sampled with quite uniform approval; but the skipper I knew best was like Gallio, and "cared for none of these things," and would say, "Come, get ashore!" before the function had got fairly under way. Then followed anxious days for those who had been left, brightening a little when the *Hero* or the *Senator*, as the case might be, was "spoken," but with every storm that blew darkened with fear of what it might portend. And no wonder, for though the fleet had, before 1846, a long respite from any general disaster, there had been much diversity of individual mishap.

"The September gale" has different meanings in different localities; in Marblehead it means the gale of September 19, 1846. On the Old Hill there is upon the topmost ledge a monument which tells the piteous tale. There were a dozen vessels lost, sixty-six men and boys. It was a bright day at home, and the good folk flocking to see Major Candler's funeral little imagined that the solemn dirge was

FORT SEWALL.

played for many, not for one alone. When the first news of the storm was brought, vague terror seized the town, and only very gradually the returning vessels gave to some assurance of surviving friends, to others sadder doubt or certain woe. One of these returns stands out from all the recollections of my boyhood clear and sharp. Hundreds of men and women packed the wharf, and there was none of the cheerful banter usually characteristic of the event as the crew came on shore. If anything was said, it was said very quietly. Each personal contingent followed this one of the crew or that to his own house to hear the fresh report. For myself, I walked beside the skipper, — I think it was his shoresman on the other side, — all the others making a kind of hollow square about us, the only sound, making the stillness audible, that made by my father's clumping fishing-boots, too heavy to be lifted from the ground. I remember the two words, "Jane!" and "Father!" that sufficed for greeting at the kitchen door, and the people swarming in all day with eager questionings, and my father almost wishing he had not survived for such a terrible ordeal. Many, many times since then I have begged him to repeat the story of that cruel storm. Then as never before the *Hero* made good her name, and my father speaks of her behavior as if her faithful timbers housed a conscious soul. The next morning proofs of the mischief wrought appeared and multiplied from hour to hour. For days they sailed through wreckage of all sorts strewing the bank from side to side, here some great schooner on her beam ends but not dismasted, lifting her masts high out of the water and then again submerging them with a most melancholy sound; once the masts of two vessels keeping miserable company; objects too easily identified as the belongings of old shipmates, relatives and friends. I can conceive of nothing more distressing than the things they saw. Stout-hearted men, the fishermen of '46, but tender too, as brave men always are; and the September gale went far to spoil their pleasure in the treacherous sea, and gave the fisheries of Marblehead a serious if not fatal shock.

Very different were the comings-home when all had prospered with the fleet. Whether the fish were "washed out" in a pound chained to the vessel's side or on the beach, the thing was good to see. Then the good housewife sinned the deadly sin of pride, resolving that the tin pails in which she sent her husband's dinner and a quart of tea should outshine all the rest. Small boys were in continual requisition, for there were things more or less palatable to be carried here and there for love and courtesy, and exquisite were the gradations which assigned here sea-crackers only and there added tongues and sounds, smoked halibut, and it might be a smoked hagdon, — gamiest bird that ever challenged mortal taste. All these things are so much a matter of the past that before long there will be none remembering them and loving, as I do, to dwell upon their works and days.

Meantime there is much consolation in the fact that Marblehead has become the yachting port *par excellence* of the New England coast. The Eastern Yacht Club has its club-house on the Neck, and almost any summer's day some of the largest yachts may be seen lying at anchor or tempting with their liberal sails the hesitating wind. Many of the summer cottages are occupied by yachting men rejoicing in the ownership of craft of more or less importance. Here Mr. Burgess, *ædificator navium*, — as President Eliot described him in the inadequate Latin of his A. M. degree, — found himself at home among the lovely creatures his genius had brought into being. It is when a race is imminent or over that the harbor makes the bravest show. You might think the lovely ghosts of all the fishing schooners and the Spanish traders were revisiting the scenes which formerly were all their own.

The transition from fishing to shoemaking was a gradual evolution. When the fishermen started on the first trip in March and returned from the last in December, the hibernation was but brief and generally inactive. But with a later start and earlier return, some intermediate employment became a necessity, enforced

sometimes by miserable luck at sea. With some the winter work soon pushed the other from its seat, and the fisherman became a shoemaker the whole year round. The shoemakers' shops were small framed buildings some twelve or thirteen feet by ten, with room for eight workmen's benches. I have known shoemakers who were as truly artists as Raphael or Mendelssohn, so beautiful they made their work. Loud the discussion raged above the hammers' beat in those far days when Squatter Sovereignty and "The Crime against Kansas" were the questions at the fore. We had our drowsy days, but there were others when the assistant sheriff, who had much leisure, would come in and, with the shop-tub for a seat, read Sumner's mighty speeches with impassioned declamation and sublime unconsciousness of any difficulty with the classical quotations. One could earn from $1.50 to $3.00 a day, according to his ability and diligence. Less wages might mean better luck. It did for me in 1857, when it seemed better economy to go to school again than to make good slick-bottomed ankle-ties for fifty cents a dozen; *i. e.*, a dozen pairs. The great manufactories have almost or entirely done away with the little shops, not without social loss together with the pecuniary gain.

If the æsthetic were everything, it would be necessary to regret that the summer-cottage, yachting life did not come immediately upon the heels of the marine decay without the intervention of shoemaking, which has made some things most unlovely in its time. But evidently the shoe business has done much more for the comfort of the people than the fisheries ever did. The facts in evidence are the scores and hundreds of neat little houses, generally owned by those who occupy them, and the general appearance of the town. Fifty years ago there were scores of unpainted ruinous houses, their broken windows stuffed with old hats and cast-off clothing, where now there is scarcely one. As are the houses, so are the clothes, the streets, the schools. An incipient socialism taxes the wealthy and the economical for the general good, those who contribute least into the common treasury being often the more active in scattering its contents abroad. Hard times are not infrequent, but they are alleviated by visits of fire companies and militia from abroad, and there is always money enough in the old town for *panem et circenses* — a band of music and a collation to sustain the hearts of the invaders, whoever they may be.

Many of the little workshops were high set upon the hills and headlands of the town. From one whose privilege I for some time enjoyed you could look across the town and Neck upon the open sea, where the coast-wise craft went to and fro, and the great ships sailed over the horizon's edge, coming and going. On Bailey's Fort there was another, which for situation could not be excelled, and there, aged ten, I made two pairs of "bats," for which a tin-pedler, incautiously or with deeper wisdom than appeared, allowed fifty cents upon a purchase from his cart. This shop was called "The Fountain;" why, I did not then know, nor why the level space before my uncle's carpenter shop close by was called "the Fountain Yard;" and, though I lived for a whole year upon an adjoining cliff which overhung the sea, that mystery was not made plain. But long since I learned that the yard was so called because there had stood the Fountain Inn, where Sir Harry Frankland found Agnes Surriage, her small feet bare and beautiful, washing the steps, with consequences too many times related for me to think of again telling the story, hard as it is to deny myself the most romantic legend of the town. But I must boast of having often seen the record of her baptism, where Parson Holyoke made it in the parish records in 1726, and of having seen a sumptuous quilt which was the ornament of her unlawful bed. When my interest in her career awoke, it was much discouraged by my grandmother, whose opinion was, "The less known of such the better."

The legend of Skipper Ireson is even better known than that of Agnes Surriage, and concerning that, too, I will be reticent; and yet I can say *vidi tantum* of old Flood, whose right name was Benjamin, with a more personal accent than his

poet, Whittier, or any of his historians, because in 1850 I "withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." Within a stone's throw of the Fountain Yard I had left my clothes and gone wading in in search of deeper water out beyond the flats. Returning, my new straw hat was missing, though I had ballasted it with proper care. We had seen Skipper Ireson coming that way as we went out, and now far up across the new-cut marshes we discerned his shape, and in his hand my hat. What possessed him to do so base a thing I do not know. We had not shouted after him derisively as many did. He was getting very old and feeble, and perhaps he thought my hat a vessel in distress, or a derelict that was his lawful spoil. There was no time to lose, and as it was, we did not overtake him, we "naked" and he "not ashamed," until he was near upon that precinct, "Oakum Bay," where still the curious go to see his house. Whittier's ballad is the best he ever wrote, and that is saying much. It contains hardly a particle of literal truth, but probably quite as much as any of the most famous ballads. It seems that Lowell bettered it by sending Whittier the dialect of the refrain.

The crooked streets of Marblehead have been a senseless wonder to the casual visitor and reporter. They originally followed the line of least resistance, winding between the ledges; that is all the mystery. The houses do not, like the inhabitants of Albany in Morse's venerable geography, "all present their gable ends to the street," but every conceivable elevation and perspective. Some of them are very old. The Tucker house on Front Street dates from 1640. Some of them were very lordly pleasure houses in their day, and are still so attractive and so venerable that it is difficult to comprehend the taste which now and then destroys one of the finest for some pretentious modern pile. The Lee mansion, which is now the Marblehead Bank, is a triumph of colonial architecture unexcelled. Its spacious hall and staircase are the joy of the colonial revivalists. Up and down these stairs and through this spacious hall have stepped Washington and Lafayette and Monroe and Andrew Jackson; and they should be forever sacred to their memory. Another noticeable mansion is that of "King Hooper," on Hooper Street; and yet others are Parson Barnard's on Franklin Street, and those of General Glover and his brother, Colonel Jonathan, on Glover Square; Gerry's birthplace; on Orne Street, the residence of Colonel Azor Orne, Gerry's excellent compatriot; near the Town House that of Dr. Elisha Story, the father of Judge Story, who was born under its roof, and just opposite the house built for himself by the Rev. Edward Holyoke of the Second Church. Here in 1728 was born Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, who lived till March 3, 1829, having entered on the practice of medicine in Salem in 1749. Around the Common, now the site of Abbot Hall, are several houses of interesting appearance and historic fame, and here and there about the town are many others murmurous for the ear attuned with old associations: in this Mugford "went to housekeeping," and to that nearly opposite they brought his lifeless body; close by, the "Committee of Safety" held its meetings, and of houses whose unblushing fronts masked many a Tory plot and counterplot there are not few.

The religious history of the town has many points of vital interest. The idea that New England was settled exclusively by saints gets little confirmation from this quarter. Rough and tough were the men, and the women were like unto them if Dr. Increase Mather deposeth truly in his contemporary letter of 1677, that when two Indian captives were brought into the town, the women, coming out of church, "fell on them in a tumultuous way and very barbarously murdered them." The heart of Rev. Samuel Avery of Newbury was stirred with pity for this people's wild and lawless state in 1635, and he set out with his family to settle amongst them, but was wrecked on Thatcher's Reef, as Whittier has sung in one of his most lovely poems. There was no ordained minister until 1686, but much trouble before that about building and enlarging the meeting-house and seating the people. The meeting-house

stood on the Old Hill, and about it clustered the first grassy barrows of the dead. The headstones of the successive ministers of the church lean lovingly together, and the wild roses seem to get a deeper color from their manly blood. In 1714 some wanted the Rev. John Barnard, and some the Rev. Edward Holyoke. Barnard had the majority, but refused to come unless a second church were formed with his friend Holyoke for its minister; "and it was so." David and Jonathan were these; for when in 1737 Harvard College called Barnard to be its president, he declined, and told them Holyoke was their man. Whereupon Holyoke was called, but, hesitating, Barnard prayed so eloquently that he succumbed, and the verdict of the Second Church, which did not relish the loss of Mr. Holyoke, was, "Old Barnard prayed him away."

St. Michael's Episcopal Church also dates from 1714, — not only the organization, but the edifice, which has a "fine last-century face," and an interior that sets the worshipper a-dreaming of old English churches with immemorial yews about them and thick-leaved ivies climbing wall and tower. The Rev. George Mossom of this church, who arrived in the "ded of winter," 1718, afterward went to Virginia, and there married George Washington to the widow Custis, a matter-of-fact conclusion to a romantic course of changeable desire. Parson Bartlett of the Second Church (1811–49) was equally a physician of bodies and of souls, and a most kind and generous benefactor and adviser of his people, especially in their distress. His contemporary, Parson Dana of the Old North, used to pray, as did all the ministers every Sunday, "for those who go down to the sea in ships and do business upon great waters," but he made an original addition, which, without correction, he went on repeating for some thirty years, "May they be blessed with a perpetual calm!"

The most is still unsaid, but I must make an end. Strength and beauty are in the sanctuary of this dear old town, the beauty of sweet pastures and of rugged shores and the encircling sea; the strength of ocean storms and manly hearts and a great history that should bind the people who inherit it to every honest word and deed.

---

# LOVE'S CHISEL.

*By Eva Channing.*

WHEN the Great Sculptor carved the human soul,
He left it in the rough, with barest sign
To indicate the symmetry divine
That hope prefigures as the highest goal.
Then, giving Love his chisel, forth he stole,
Knowing that by this trusty hand each line
Would be enforced, and every feature fine
Wrought out as planned, to form a perfect whole.

The half-hewn image, quick with life, is torn
With mighty throes of anguish, as each blow
Frees the eternal from its prison rude;
Yet out of pain a fuller life is born,
Which ever in completeness seems to grow,
Greeting the chisel's touch with gratitude.

# THE PRIDE OF ANNE HAVENS.

*By Dorothy E. Nelson.*

WHEN Anne Havens stepped down the meeting-house steps and walked across the green, the women all looked after her. Her blue eyes shone luminously out of her small dark face. There was an indefinable air of freedom and grace about her which made the sober Puritan maidens seem dull and expressionless by contrast. Anne Havens's father was of the stern Puritan stock, but her mother had been French. Anne was her mother, looking out upon the world with her father's resolute eyes.

"A saucy wench! No good will come to her, flaunting her gay apparel in the house of God." Dame Kilburn's face darkened sullenly as she looked after Anne.

"Nay, that was scarce fair to the lass," said Dame Filbrick peaceably. "She hath no gayer trappings than thine own Experience, neighbor, — and none hath said aught against her."

"Said aught against Experience — as fine and well brought up a maid as any in the colony! I trow not. But with Anne Havens there, 'tis her manner — scarce deigning to speak to her betters, and touching the ground as 'twould soil her feet! Anne Havens, forsooth, a peaked, under-sized thing! Nigh twenty, too, and not yet betrothed — a disgrace for any maid!"

"'Twere not the fault of thy Stephen," said a third woman slyly.

"Nor of many another one," added Dame Filbrick hastily, trying to avert the rising tempest. But Dame Kilburn's anger swept impetuously over the light barrier; her voice rose as the wind rises before a storm.

"Stephen Kilburn! Stephen Kilburn hath eyes, methinks, and would scorn to favor an outlandish maid with empty head and idle hands. 'Twere a shame for a child of ten to know no more of housewifely arts than Anne Havens. What doth she ever but furbish up her garments and toss her head in vanity and pride? But mark my words, the time will come when Mistress Anne Havens will bend that lofty head of hers, when —"

"Peace, neighbor," whispered Dame Filbrick, "or she will hear thee."

"And what care I for that?" answered Martha Kilburn angrily; but she said no more, and only stood frowning as Anne joined the group. A quick color was surging in Anne's face; it almost seemed as if one could see the living fire below the fine dark skin leaping to angry points of flame in her eyes. She laughed a mocking little laugh, and tossed her head. Stephen Kilburn, watching her from a distance with that dull pain in his heart, thought of a crimson columbine he had once seen swinging lightly on the edge of a cliff above his head. So far above him seemed Anne Havens with her light, mocking grace. Anne said no word of having overheard aught. She gave one look into Martha Kilburn's eyes; the look was like the crossing of swords, and the two women understood each other. But Anne joined in the sober, decorous talk of the morning's discourse with an appearance of piety none could gainsay. She had a part to play, and she played it well. As she left the group, more than one of the women looked approvingly after her.

During the long afternoon sermon Anne sat with her eyes fixed on the parson. She knew Martha Kilburn was watching her, and not once during the long hours did her intent look falter, not once did the faintest movement give token of any weariness. But it was Martha Kilburn she saw and not the parson; she would

have died sooner than give those relentless watching eyes the least cause of satisfaction. As they left the meeting-house Martha pressed up to her.

"'Twas a searching discourse, truly," she said. "I saw it pierced your heart at last. I trust you have profited by it."

Anne's small dark face was lifted with the most innocent unconsciousness.

"Ay, verily, 'twas that," she answered meekly. "So engrossed was I in following it, that I noted not my neighbors."

Martha's heavy face flushed; but her son Stephen had joined her and she dared not retort. Anne's quick eyes had seen him coming, and she knew he had heard every word. Now she did not speak to him, but only flashed on him a bewildering smile, and passed on with her father.

Abner Havens was an old man, but tall and broad-shouldered, and every movement was full of power. Anne, beside him, looked scarcely more than a child. Stephen followed them with longing eyes until they were hidden behind the hill; then he walked home as one in a trance. Why was his mother so set against Anne Havens? No maid in the village was more pious than she. Had he not watched her all that Sabbath, and many Sabbaths before? Truly said she that she heeded not her neighbors, — no, nor carped against them, either. Who had ever heard Anne Havens speak ill of another? The subtle edge of her wit, that cut where it seemed to heal, was too fine for his man's consciousness. She was to him the essence of all that was purest and most beautiful in the world. Her very fragility appealed to his sturdy strength; he longed to hold her fast and shield her from all unkind glances and words. He was amazed, almost terrified at the sweet delirium of his thoughts; but Anne had never smiled on him before.

When the next Sabbath came he waited outside the meeting-house with the other men until the women had passed in. He watched Anne Havens; it seemed as if his longing must compel her to look at him, — but her eyes were demurely cast down and she saw him not. How could he expect it? What was he that she should notice him? How could she know the long, slow torture of the week that had passed? But she did know, and the triumph of it tinged her thoughts through the long hours when her face was gravely turned toward the parson. Only when the day was over she glanced at him once; then, in spite of herself, her color rose under the look in his eyes. Anne Havens was playing a dangerous game when she trifled with Stephen Kilburn. She knew it, and wavered for a moment, but the sight of his mother decided her. Martha Kilburn should pay for her malicious speeches — ay, she should make atonement even with her first-born, the one whom she loved best in all the world.

That week Stephen went to Abner Havens's. He stood at the door for many minutes, scarce daring to knock. Within he could hear the whirring of the wheel and Anne's sweet mocking voice, ill-matched to the gloomy psalm-tunes and solemn words, but seeming to him the sweetest music in the world. In his simple, honest heart he thought it proof of her pious nature and housewifely art, nor guessed that Anne knew he was standing at the door. When he finally knocked, the song ceased, and a moment later Anne stood before him. She looked at him in surprise from under her fine black brows.

"A good even to you, Stephen Kilburn," she said with grave courtesy, and then before he could speak she looked back into the room; the firelight cast a warm brightness over her small dark face.

"Father," she said, "here be Stephen Kilburn to see you."

Stephen stepped in, and Anne slipped back to her seat and set the wheel a-whirring. She sang no more, nor spoke, but seemed absorbed in her work. Stephen talked soberly with Abner, but he knew no word of what he was saying. He was conscious only of the dark shadows sleeping in the folds of Anne's blue stuff gown and the white curve of her hand and wrist. When he went, Anne laid her hand in his an instant as she said farewell, and the light touch set all his pulses throbbing. She stood watching him as

his strong figure clove the darkness, and when she turned back her face was all alight. Her father looked at her in surprise.

"How now, lass, art conquered at last?" he said. "I thought better of thy resolution than that one evening could so destroy it. And Stephen Kilburn, too, whom thou hast ever scoffed at."

Anne lifted her head proudly. "Nay, conquered am I not," she said, "but — I will wed with Stephen Kilburn."

She stood silent for a moment, with a strange look upon her face, as though the sound of the words startled her. Then she laughed and began moving lightly about the room, setting things in order for the night. But when she went to her own room, that strange look had not left her face; one could not have told where it lurked, but it was there with a definiteness that overshadowed all else.

Through the weeks that followed, Anne Havens had no idle moments. Deft with her needle she had always been, but housewifely tasks were little to her liking. Now, however, no maid in the village was more industrious than she. 'Twas love of Stephen Kilburn, gossips said, that wrought this change; but it was not love — it was pride. Dame Kilburn should not be able to say aught against her skill as she had done on that June Sabbath weeks before. All the resolution of her nature, all her finest arts, were bent to this one task — the punishment of Dame Kilburn. And Stephen guessed it not. Now and then he startled a strange expression in her eyes, as if she feared something, but 'twas always gone in a second, and she smiled up at him in her old half-mocking way. Yet he could not be wholly happy. His simple nature, so unable to cope with the subtleties of hers, yet felt the lack of something. Once he grasped her almost roughly and held her face so that he could look down into her eyes.

"Art happy, lass?" he asked. "I know thy love is not like mine, — that could not be; but sometimes I scarce believe you love me at all."

"Ay," answered Anne steadily, "I am happy. Thou art so rough, Stephen, thy hands hurt me."

He loosened his hands with a smothered exclamation. His eyes were full of pain as he stood looking down at her.

"I am not fit to touch you, Anne," he said. "I am ever so big and clumsy."

"Nay, then, 'twere not of so much matter," said Anne lightly, "and thou art foolish to make so much ado about a woman's moods. If I trouble thee so much, why not seek another?"

"Anne! Dost mean it?"

In spite of herself Anne trembled at his tone, and her smile was uncertain as she looked up at him.

"Nay," she said, "I was but in jest; I meant it not. Thou art ever teasing to know if I be happy. Sometimes —" she stopped a moment and looked down across the meadows, and her voice had a seriousness in it that he had never heard before — "sometimes I think I know not how to be happy like others. But I will tell you this, Stephen Kilburn: I have what I most desired in this world, and naught on earth could make me change my lot. Art content now?"

A great light broke across his face. He could see but one meaning in her words.

"Ay," he answered, "I am content. I was wrong, Anne. Never again will I trouble thee with my wicked doubts. I must not tarry; I should have been away e'er this, but, sweetheart, would I could tell thee how happy thou hast made me."

Anne watched him as he crossed the meadows with his long, vigorous strides; then suddenly she turned and ran down to a clump of willows by the spring. When she came out her eyes were red and swollen; but when she met Dame Kilburn there was the same careless smile on her face, and her head was lifted as proudly as ever.

The summer passed and the wedding day was drawing near, when an event occurred which caused the most intense excitement in the little village. A town meeting had been called to discuss important matters over which there was much debate. Abner Havens was the leading man on one side. He sat there, his face growing more and more dogged as he saw the tide turning against him. Finally, when his own supporters began

to waver, he lost all control of himself, and, springing up in a passion, swore a mighty oath that he would make them repent their foolishness. A dead silence fell upon the meeting. Abner Havens looked around him for a moment with uncomprehending eyes; then, as his own words beat themselves into his consciousness, his hand dropped, and he turned without a word and left the room. He went out into the September sunshine, not heeding where he went. As he passed his own house Anne saw him and called to him, but he heard her not. The tumult of his own thoughts made such a din about his ears that he could hear naught else. Pride was dearer than life to Abner Havens and his daughter; and now, by a moment's passion, he had brought disgrace upon them. Already he repented his sin — repented bitterly; but the punishment would come, — too well he knew the ruling of the Puritan church. He had wandered far from the village, and at last sat down on a fallen tree trunk. He felt strangely tired; for the first time in his life he realized that he was growing old. For a long time he sat there, and when, after dark, he reached home again, years seemed to have passed over his head. But though there were new wrinkles on his face, the resolution of it was unchanged.

Anne was watching for him; he could see her small figure outlined against the fire-lighted room within as she stood at the open door. She had had no lack of gossips to tell her the story. As her father looked down on her, the real bitterness of it burst upon him.

"Anne," he cried, "I meant not to harm thee! Sure it is that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. I was beside myself, Anne; I knew not what I was saying. But that I should bring this upon thee — now!" He broke off, his eyes searching her face piteously.

Anne stood still a moment. The full realization of it had not come to her before. That it meant excommunication from the church she knew; but she had forgotten that the disgrace extended to the family. And now she — Anne Havens — would not be allowed to enter the church Communion Day; she would have to stand without, mocked at, pointed at under the guise of pity! Her eyes blazed with anger.

"We will show them that we care naught for their judgment," she cried. "Have they never sinned, that they so cruelly condemn another?"

"But Stephen!" said her father; "and the disgrace! They may excommunicate him. I — I remember not."

He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. Anne went close to him and laid her hand on his arm. Her voice was quivering with the intensity of her feeling.

"Father!" she cried passionately, "I care not. I will let them see that I care for none of them. And you — you who taught me pride will not let this destroy yours. Have not some been seeking cause against you for years, because, forsooth, you have more authority than they? And will you let them triumph now?"

She watched him eagerly as she spoke, but she had known him well. The old fire came into his eyes, and he straightened up resolutely.

"And Stephen Kilburn?" he said, looking at her searchingly.

Anne turned away a moment. Then she looked up at him.

"An' Stephen Kilburn loves me not enough to share the disgrace, he may wed some other maid," she said.

Her face was filled with a strange light. For a moment the two stood looking at each other. Then Anne went to her room, and she walked with the step of a conqueror. But she could not sleep that night. Again and again she told herself that she was rejoiced — in no other way could she so humble Martha Kilburn. Stephen she could not doubt; she knew the disgrace that came through no fault of hers would but deepen his love. She would marry him and make Martha Kilburn's son share her disgrace. A fierce joy seemed fairly burning her; she was glad, she kept saying, glad!

The next day was the Lord's Day; but Anne Havens was ill and could not leave the house. She would not see Stephen when he came and begged for a moment's speech. Folks said now Anne Havens's pride would be taken down. Anne

Havens, lying in her room, seemed to see them all — the looks and gestures that cut like poison into her soul. Most of all she saw Martha Kilburn's face. She set her lips firmly.

"I will *not* be ill," said Anne Havens.

She would see no one that week; but when the next Lord's Day came she made ready to go with her father. It was Communion Day; but the deacons had given no communion checks to the Havenses. Anne glanced half timidly at her father. He carried a tiny basket under his cloak, but he said no word. When they reached the meeting-house, Anne stopped at the door. Her father was entering, and looked back at her.

"Why dost thou tarry, lass?" he said.

Anne looked up at him in surprise. "Thou — thou knowest," she faltered.

He frowned angrily. "I know that none will dare keep me without the door," he said; "nor will they make a sick maid tarry without an' I am by. Go you in, Anne."

Anne faced him with a strange look. "Nay, but I will not," she said. "I will tarry for you here."

He stared at her incredulously for a minute, and then strode angrily to his seat. Anne smiled, and wrapping her cloak about her, stood silently beside the steps. As the people passed in, they looked at her, some in pity, but more with a half-defined sensation of pleasure. Anne met all their looks with a curious smile which angered them strangely. More than one muttered remark was heard that the neck of the proud should be broken. But, silent, apparently not hearing, Anne Havens stood, with the same inscrutable half-smile on her face.

Presently the Kilburns appeared. Martha swept by her with a glance of triumph; but Stephen stepped hurriedly to her side.

"Anne," he cried, "why are you tarrying here? Come within."

As he towered above her, Anne felt once more the magnetism of his love, and took a step toward the door as if drawn by some invisible force. But she drew back instantly, and looked up in his face. There was no smile upon hers now. It seemed as if her eyes were trying to search his soul.

"Nay," she said, "it may not be. Thou knowest the ordering of the deacons."

His face flushed with pain. "'Tis cruel, Anne," he said. "What hast thou done to be so disgraced? But thou art never alone, dear one. If thou tarryest here, even so do I."

Anne trembled and leaned against the meeting-house. She was still ill, though she would not acknowledge it. She had not known it would be so hard to meet Stephen Kilburn. She summoned all her resolution and looked up at him again.

"Thou must go in," she said, "else will you too be called before the meeting."

"Nay, I will not leave thee," he returned.

"But I tell thee it must be," she said desperately.

"And I say it shall not."

Anne's small brown hands worked nervously. Already the service within was beginning.

"Stephen, go," she begged. "I ask thee for my sake! Go!"

He gave her one long look, then turned without a word and walked into the meeting-house, and Anne was left alone. She closed her eyes and leaned her head wearily against the wall. She felt as if exhausted by great physical pain. It was long before she could open her eyes and creep silently to where she could look within and see her father. Up and down the aisles the deacons were passing with the bread and wine; and though they passed her father by, Anne saw that he was taking it with the rest. Then she remembered the little basket he had brought, and standing without the door, she smiled exultantly. When the service was over she joined him, and the two walked away together. Disgraced, cast out by the church, they yet walked with no whit less of their former pride. No word was spoken by either; but each was proud of the other's pride.

That night Stephen Kilburn went to Abner Havens's. Anne had known he would come; she looked forward to it as the culmination of her revenge — the

time when Stephen Kilburn should tell her that he would take her disgrace upon himself. Then, at last, she would be content, when she held Martha Kilburn's son pledged to this. It would be far keener anguish to the mother than to bring disgrace to Martha Kilburn herself.

Stephen was strangely silent that night, and Anne herself was frightened by a spell that seemed to hold her fast. A dull faintness seemed creeping upon her; but she shut her lips firmly. "I will not give up," said Anne Havens.

At last Stephen rose to go. He stood looking down at her a moment, then stretched out his arms with a gesture of unutterable love and pity.

"Anne," he cried, "why tarry till November? Let me have the notice posted next Lecture Day, and then thou shalt never again suffer as thou hast to-day. Then either shalt thou come in with me, or my place shall be without with thee. Anne," — he spoke with a slow intensity which she had never heard before, — "Anne, I am a strong man, but I believe another Communion Sabbath with thee without, alone, would kill me."

Surely Anne Havens's hour of triumph had come. But there was no pride, only a strange terror, in Anne Havens's face as she looked up at him. It seemed to her as though another voice were speaking for her.

"Nay, Stephen, it cannot be — neither now nor in November."

He stared at her uncomprehending.

"What dost thou mean, Anne? Hast thou not given thy promise?"

Anne wrung her hands with a bitter cry.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen, thou dost not understand! It was not love that made me promise, — it was pride, — pride. It was because I would avenge myself on thy mother, who had wounded me by things she said. I would do anything — I would sacrifice myself — to wound her pride e'en as she had wounded mine. And so I was almost rejoiced when this disgrace came. I knew thou wert true and wouldst share the disgrace with me, and I — I would have let thee, Stephen, I meant to let thee. I meant to when you came here to-night; I meant to when you began to speak; — and now — now, Stephen, I know! I love thee, Stephen. I knew not what love meant before, but now I know. Thou didst think me good and true and all that thou art thyself; now that thou knowest thou wilt hate me. But sooner would I endure anything than bring disgrace to thee, now that I know what it means — to love!"

She poured out the words in quick, short breaths, never taking her eyes from his face as she watched for the change that would mean death to her. But no change came, save a deepening of the tenderness in his eyes.

"Anne," he said, "what art thou saying? Hate thee? 'Twere as vain to try to live without loving thee as for the earth to live without the sun. Thou'rt overwrought, little one, and not thyself. Say that I may post the notice Thursday — then will I care for thee and bring thee back to thine own self."

Anne shrank from him with a gesture of abhorrence.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen!" she cried. "Give me a chance to be worthy thy love! Never will I wed with thee while disgrace rests upon the Havenses. Go, Stephen, — I beg thee, go!"

Stephen, hurt and grieved, turned away without a word. Anne watched him disappear in the darkness, and her whole life seemed a black night on which the sun would never rise. Stephen came back and pleaded with her the next night; but she remained firm. She grew to look old and worn in one short week.

"Anne Havens hath lost her good looks," the gossips said. "True is it that beauty is deceitful and favor vain. Verily, her pride hath been sorely hurt. Said we not 'twould be so?"

Anne knew it all, but she did not care. Their voices seemed to her no more than the small noises of the insects in the grass beneath her feet. She had set herself to a task that absorbed her very life. She would grow worthy the love of Stephen Kilburn.

When the next Communion Day came, Anne helped her father arrange the little basket. The deacons had remonstrated with him in vain. He declared he would receive punishment for his sin from God

alone, — and could he not worship with men, he would still worship; and because there was nothing else to do, they let him alone. Anne did not stand without this time; she went to her own seat, and sat with bowed head during the service. There was no exultation in her heart, but a great pity for her father on the other side of the meeting-house worshipping alone; and deep in her heart was a hope that perchance in time the penalty might be lifted, if she was humble enough.

But a year passed, and another, and finally five had gone, and still Abner Havens took his solitary communion, and still Anne Havens sat with bowed head during the service. She had changed greatly in these years; only to Stephen Kilburn she changed not at all. He could see no difference in her face; and for her kindly deeds — had he not always known Anne Havens? He grew silent and reserved, and there was a shadow of reproach resting upon him. It was ever a reproach to be thirty and unmarried.

The winter was bitter that year, and Abner Havens had failed greatly. When the first communion of the winter came, Anne begged him to tarry at home; but he refused. So she helped him wrap warmly, and then walked with him across the snow. Cold though it was, he panted as if 'twere a warm day. Silently Anne put her shoulder beneath his arm, and so they went to the meeting-house. Cold as it had been without, it was colder still within. The women and children huddled over their foot-stoves; even the parson wore heavy woollen gloves. As the deacons passed the bread, the pieces rattled in the plates; they were frozen hard.

Alone in his pew the old man tried to open his basket. For a long time it baffled his stiff fingers; but finally he succeeded and set forth his lonely table, as he had done for five years. They spoke afterward of his expression that day. His white shrunken face shone with a strange light. Instead of being shut out by others, it seemed as if that bare wooden pew was the Holy Place, into which none other dared enter and where Abner Havens met his God alone.

And even so it was. When the meeting was over, and the men passed out, Abner Havens did not move; and the one who went back to call him returned with an awe-struck face. Never more could Abner Havens be judged by his fellow-men.

The next week the deacons visited Anne and told her that she would once more be received into the church. She looked at them in bewilderment at first; then her worn young face blazed with indignation.

"You ask me now," she cried, "after all these years of waiting! Now, when it is too late! Am I any other now than I have been in these years? An' I was not worthy then, I am not now, and I will not go back. I will worship in mine own way as I have ever done in these years past. Gladly would I have given my life to have his honor restored to my father; but now it is too late — too late!"

Her anger died away as she spoke, and the last words sounded like some undying echo of remorse. She had forgotten the presence of the deacons, and her eyes, full of strange piteousness, seemed looking down into the past. The deacons glanced perplexedly at each other; they never had met a case like this. Then they spoke again. Anne listened quietly, but remained unmoved. Her father had died unforgiven by the church, and she would none of its forgiveness for herself. At last the deacons left her, but they sent Stephen Kilburn to her. Yet even his remonstrances and arguments failed to shake her resolution. Her small brown hands worked nervously as she listened, but she only shook her head and looked up at him with her strange, sad eyes.

"I cannot, Stephen," she said; "I cannot forget."

He was standing on the threshold. No one was in sight. The trees were black in the twilight, and through their dusky tops one star was shining. It seemed to come and go as the branches moved across it. Stephen looked down at Anne, and his voice trembled.

"Anne," he said, "wilt do it for my sake?"

Anne gave a little cry. "Oh, Stephen, would that I could, but I cannot."

Stephen turned and walked away. Anne stood looking after him as the shadows closed about him. Suddenly a strange, unreasonable fear overpowered her. It seemed as if he was going out of her life forever. She ran down the road, her white face cutting through the twilight.

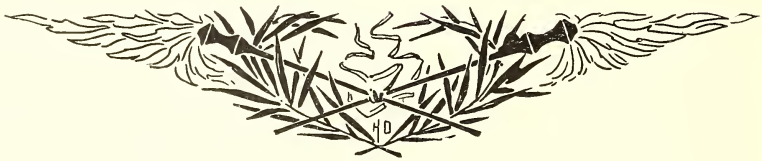
"Stephen!" she called wildly.

He was beside her in a moment. She held out her hands to him like a little frightened child.

"Oh, Stephen, I will, I will!" she cried.

In the spring Anne Havens married Stephen Kilburn. As she came down the meeting-house steps one Lecture Day, one said to Stephen, "Truly, thy wife seemeth like the Anne Havens of old. She was sorely changed in the past years. I never thought to see her so well-favored again."

But Stephen looked at him with slow surprise. "I knew not that she was changed," he said.



# JOHN KEATS (1795–1895).

*By Kenyon West.*

*"Verse, Fame and Beauty are intense indeed,*
*But Death intenser — Death is Life's high meed."*

*"I have been half in love with easeful Death,*
*Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme. . . .*
*Now more than ever seems it rich to die,*
*To cease upon the midnight with no pain."*

IN skies of blue
An eagle flew
With strong and rapid flight:
Flew toward the sun, whose light
Just touched with hue
Of gold his glancing wings.
What joy, what joy,
That glorious sight
To the beholder brings!
Immortal flight, —
This onward soaring toward the light!

And could it ever be
That Death is Life's high meed?
Alas! that night
Could quench the light
From poising, flashing wings,
And onward glancing, eager speed
Should thus be checked so suddenly!
That swift, sure Death
Could still the breath
And change the joy
To tears and grief
For poet's life so brief!
Immortal life, immortal flight, —
This onward soaring toward the light!

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Old South Lectures for Young People, for the summer of 1895, beginning July 17, are to be upon *The Puritans in Old England* — the several subjects being as follows: John Hooper, the First Puritan; Cambridge, the Puritan University; Sir John Eliot and the House of Commons; John Hampden and the Ship Money; John Pym and the Grand Remonstrance; Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth; John Milton, the Puritan Poet; and Sir Harry Vane in Old England and New England. The subjects prepared for the Old South essays for the year, for which prizes are offered open to the competition of the graduates of the various Boston high schools, are the following, — the subjects of the essays always being related to the general subject of the lectures, giving unity to the entire Old South work for the year: I. "New England Politics as affected by the changes in England from 1629 to 1692 — the dates of the two Massachusetts charters." II. "The Character of Cromwell as viewed by his contemporaries. Consider especially the tributes of Milton and Marvell."

It will be remembered by many of our readers that last summer's Old South lectures were devoted to *The Founders of New England.* Those lectures were the theme of discussion in our editorial pages a year ago. Eight representative men were chosen for treatment, the selection being made with a view to bring before the Boston young people who in the summer afternoons gather in the old meeting-house the most significant and influential forces, political and religious, which contributed to the shaping of New England at the beginning. The representative founders of New England thus made the subjects of the lectures were the following: William Brewster, the Elder of Plymouth; William Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth; John Winthrop, the Governor of Massachusetts; John Cotton, the Minister of Boston; John Harvard and the Founding of Harvard College; John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians; Roger Williams, the Founder of Rhode Island; and Thomas Hooker, the Founder of Connecticut. The subjects of the essays for the year were: I. "The Relation of the Founders of New England to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford." II. "The Fundamental Orders of Connecticut and their Place in the History of Written Constitutions." In connection with the Old South lectures, as is known by all who have been interested in them, historical leaflets are prepared for free distribution to the young people attending the lectures, these leaflets being immediately related to the subjects of the lectures and made up from original papers of the periods treated in the lectures, with the aim of stimulating on the part of the young people a habit of dealing with history at first-hand instead of second-hand. The leaflets prepared to accompany the lectures on *The Founders of New England* were these: Bradford's Memoir of Elder Brewster; Bradford's First Dialogue; Winthrop's "Conclusions for the Plantation in New England;" "New England's First Fruits," 1643; John Eliot's "Indian Grammar Begun;" John Cotton's "God's Promise to his Plantation;" and Thomas Hooker's "Way of the Churches of New England." It can well be believed that the young people of Boston who heard these lectures and read these leaflets, studying the historical notes given in them, with the references to all the best books on the several subjects, learned something about the Founders of New England. Never perhaps has there been an Old South programme which has proved more stimulating or important; and the lectures, first heard with so much interest by the Boston young people, have since been repeated at Brown University, at the Brooklyn Institute, and elsewhere. The directors of the Old South work always have the hope that the courses of lectures which they plan in successive years may meet the needs of other places as well as of Boston. A score of New England towns and cities, in arranging for their lectures next winter, could do nothing better than adopt the Old South course outlined above on *The Founders of New England* or the present summer's course on *The Puritans in Old England.*

***

IN writing a year ago of the lectures on the Founders of New England, we dwelt upon the fact that the Puritanism which founded New England and the Puritanism which stayed at home and founded the Commonwealth in Old England were one and the same thing, and should always be viewed as parts of one great movement. Hampden and Cromwell and Milton and Vane were working for the same ends and were inspired with the same spirit as Winthrop and Cotton and Hooker and Roger Williams. The colony of Massachusetts was undoubtedly founded largely with the thought that if Puritanism met with defeat in England it could find a refuge here. Winthrop's "Conclusions" were read carefully by Sir John Eliot in the Tower, as well as by Hampden, as something of supreme concern to themselves. Both Hampden and Pym were interested in the Connecticut patent. It is a matter of curious controversy whether Hampden himself, as a young man, did not spend a winter with the Plymouth Pilgrims. Had not the Grand Remonstrance passed, Cromwell swore that he would have sold all he possessed and left England the next day. He meant unquestionably that he would have come to join Winthrop in Massachusetts. Had not a dozen things happened which did happen, a score of the great Puritans who became the leaders in England during the Civil War and the Common-

wealth would have become New England men. New England was the realization of their dream — the "New England way" in Church and in State, established here in the wilderness so easily by a company of like-minded men, the same "way" which for a little time, "with prodigious though ephemeral strength," as Borgeaud says, they established in England through tumult and battle, in the teeth of tradition, and on the ground of an ever divided and uneasy public sentiment.

This is the thought which it is the aim of the Old South lectures of the present summer to illustrate and enforce. The lectures are a direct supplement to those upon the Founders of New England. They will show the young people the community of English and American Puritanism, show them the deep English roots of our New England and American institutions, and that our history, instead of being something isolated, is an integral part of the history of the English race and of the world.

***

THE Puritan movement, which at the same time planted New England and established the English Commonwealth, was one of the greatest movements in human history; and there has been no generation in the two centuries which have followed it so capable of understanding it and doing it justice as our own. The best minds of our time are feeling as men have felt almost never before with equal earnestness and depth the necessity of giving to their political and religious convictions and ideals a new and harmonious expression. Our politics and economy, we feel, are not ethical and religious, — and they ought to be; our religion does not lay hold of our society and social problems with naturalness or power, — and it must be made to do it. We do not desire any old-fashioned marriage or complication of Church and State, even if some of us believe that the old fashion was based on a true idea which in some far future may find its proper institutional expression; but we do desire that the Church shall be more political — using the term in its primary high sense — and that the State shall be more religious, that the standards and the aims of both shall coincide more closely than they do to-day. And this was the aim and ideal of the Puritan. He was at once a religious reformer and a political reformer, and it is hard to tell in which capacity we think of him first or chiefly. When we speak of the Puritan movement, we think at once of the century's endeavor to purify religion in England and of the struggle which, through Marston Moor and Naseby, established the Commonwealth. Puritanism was religion first, — it was the effort to make English religion purer which earned the Puritan his name; but the Puritan was not satisfied for a moment with dreaming of "kingdom come," — it was his immediate duty as a religious man to actualize the kingdom of God in that point of eternity in which he found himself and in that corner of God's universe for which he was then directly responsible, namely, England. "We being met together to seek the glory of God," says Cromwell, speaking not in prayer meeting or synod, but to his parliament, "how could we better do it than by thinking of such words as these, 'His glory is nigh unto them that fear Him,' that glory may dwell in our land?" "If any whosoever," he says again, "think the interests of Christians and the interest of the nation inconsistent, or two different things, I wish my soul may never enter into their secrets."

That was the spirit which planted New England, and which shaped New England. That spirit has no other shrine or monument among us so fitting or significant as the Old South Meeting-House, in which the effort is to be made this summer to rouse the "Puritan city" to a new sense of the meaning of the great movement in which it had its birth. For this old Puritan meeting-house has been no more a temple than a capitol, and its walls to-day do not echo so distinctly the sermons and the prayers of the "painful" clergy who labored there through the long years as the words of Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren and the men of the Boston town meetings which there proved themselves more than a match for British parliaments. The fathers felt no sense of incongruity in turning the pulpit into a tribune on Monday, and gathered as naturally in the meeting-house to vote as they gathered there to pray. It is a fair question for us to ask ourselves, whether it will be well with us again in our own politics and religion until we can somewhere do the same.

***

BOSTON is well called the Puritan city. It is preëminently that — the one city of the first rank in all the English world which was born of Puritanism and whose history is organically bound up with the history of Puritanism. The capital of Puritan New England, its representative and leading men were in closest touch through that stormy seventeenth century with the leaders of the party which was working for law and liberty in England; the exultations and anxieties in Boston were the measure of the ups and downs in London.

We have said in these pages that there should be monuments in Boston commemorating the city's proud parts in the Revolution and the Anti-slavery conflict; for of both these great movements Boston was the cradle. There stands upon the hill on the Common a Soldiers' Monument, a monument dedicated to the Boston men who fell in the Civil War; but it is a commonplace affair, and might as well have stood on Cape Cod or in Salt Lake City, so far as anything representative or salient goes. Yet here was a rare opportunity, clear and imperative, — an opportunity to commemorate distinctly Boston's unique part in the struggle. Upon Boston's monument should have been grouped Boston's great leaders in the Anti-slavery conflict, — Garrison and Phillips, Channing and Parker, Emerson and Lowell, Sumner and Andrew; below them, the riflemen and cannoneers who carried these men's ideas into effect at Gettysburg and Appomattox. Such too should be the monument, if it is ever built, commemorating Boston's part in the Revolution, — a monument giving the commanding place to the men of

ideas, to Otis and John Adams and Warren and Revere and Hancock and their compeers, with Samuel Adams high over all.

With these two monuments in Boston, there should stand a third, a Puritan monument, a monument commemorating here in the Puritan city the great Puritan movement, in the same comprehensive way in which the Luther monument at Worms commemorates the Reformation. Men might hold controversy as to whether Oliver Cromwell or John Calvin should be the dominating central figure; but Hooper and Hampden and Pym and Milton and Vane should surely touch shoulders there with Bradford and Winthrop and Harvard and Hooker and Roger Williams, to show that all were fellow-workers, whether in Old England or in New England, for the upbuilding of a common cause.

***

THE thought of this Puritan monument in Boston reminds us of a suggestion made long ago, in 1869, by Edward Everett Hale, of a statue here of Oliver Cromwell. It was in a lecture on "Puritan Politics in England and New England," published in the old volume of Lowell Lectures on the Early History of Massachusetts, a lecture full of fine insight into the political character of Puritanism, which should be read by all the young people who go to the Old South lectures this summer and by all who hear those lectures elsewhere. The suggestion of the statue followed a tribute to the leaders of the Commonwealth. "As time has passed by," said Mr. Hale, "the Parliament of England has learned that Oliver Cromwell was never sovereign in that island. In the line of statues of English sovereigns in Parliament House, the eye first rests upon the vacant space between the images of Charles I. and Charles II. There is no Cromwell there! Yet, if he were not sovereign of England for the ten years after the royal traitor died, it would be hard to say who was. He was not the sovereign of New England in those years. In those years New England knew no sovereign but her people. But he was the friend of New England and the friend of her rulers. They loved him, they believed in him, they honored him. He represented the policy which for ten years triumphed in old England, and which has triumphed in New England till this time. Massachusetts is about to acknowledge her debt to Winthrop, which she can never pay, by erecting his statue in the National Capitol. There it is to stand first among the founders of America; first, where Virginia Dare and John Smith and George Calvert, and even Roger Williams and William Penn, are second. When that obligation is thus acknowledged, Massachusetts may well erect in her own capitol, face to face with Chantrey's statue of George Washington, the statue which England has not reared of Oliver Cromwell. It may bear this inscription:

OLIVER CROMWELL.

This man believed in Independency.
He was the sovereign of England for ten years.
He was the friend of New England through his life.

This statue stands here till the England which we love, and from which we were born, shall know who her true heroes were."

Mr. Hale himself, who was thus we think the first person to propose a statue to Oliver Cromwell, is to give the lecture on Cromwell in this summer's course at the Old South. No one surely could more fittingly treat that subject. No person could more fittingly speak of Sir Harry Vane than James K. Hosmer, who has given us the best life of Vane which has ever been written. William Everett, who is to give the address on "Cambridge, the Puritan University," first became known to the literary world by his eloquent book, "On the Cam," in which the most glowing pages are those upon the Cambridge Puritans.

***

ALTHOUGH no statue of Cromwell yet stands in the Parliament House at Westminster, several statues of him have been erected in England since Mr. Hale wrote in 1869, — the first at Manchester, about ten years after that date. It should also be remembered here that England had the manhood, spite of the efforts of princelets, dukes and deans, to refuse place for a statue to the junior Louis Napoleon in the niche in the Abbey made sacred by the great Protector's empty, still unmonumented grave. But the greatest monument to Cromwell had been reared twenty-five years before Mr. Hale wrote, in Carlyle's work on Cromwell's letters and speeches. This work revolutionized opinion concerning Cromwell. Of all Carlyle's works it is doubtful whether any is more important than this work on Cromwell, and no historical work in modern times has produced greater effects. The Cromwell of the old books was often the veriest caricature; but here were the great man's own words truly placed, and we saw the man and read the words through the most searching and sincere eyes of our time. Once for all it fixed Cromwell before the world in his just proportions; and from that time to this the Puritan Revolution has been treated in a different way by all men of vision. How different is the treatment of this period in Mr. Green's History of the English People from anything which went before in the popular books!

The whole Puritan century in England, the period especially of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, has been the subject of study in our time as never before. Most scholarly and just and thorough of all investigators in this field has been Samuel Rawson Gardiner. The appearance at this very time of the first volume of Mr. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate" reminds us how extensive his work has been, and gives us a new sense of obligation. The "History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War, 1603–1642," the "History of the Great Civil War, 1642–1649," and the "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649–1660," constitute, or will constitute when the last is completed, a series of historical studies almost unmatched in real usefulness and worth by any other English historical writings of this time — a time which has seen so much good history written in England. Less brilliant than many of his fellow-workers, less original, less of a literary man, Mr. Gardiner, with exemplary industry and faithfulness and fairness, has got at all the facts of the period, and

places them before us in a way which makes every student of the Puritans and of the Stuarts forever his debtor. It were to be wished that he might continue his researches to the overthrow of the last Stuart and the final disappearance from England of that dynasty which was the very embodiment of the opposite of all those things for which Puritanism stood.

Nor can we forget in this connection our obligations to John Forster for his biographies of so many of the great Englishmen of the period under survey. Less read to-day than a few years ago, Mr. Forster's books were at the time of their appearance distinctly better than anything which had appeared before on almost every subject treated, and they form together a body of literature upon the Puritan Revolution which is still of high importance. No one before Mr. Forster had worked in this particular field so consecutively or comprehensively. "The Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.," "The Debates on the Grand Remonstrance," and "The Biography of Sir John Eliot" remain the completest works on those subjects; and few popular lives of Eliot, Strafford, Pym, Hampden, Vane and Cromwell are better than those in "The Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

***

We devoted our editorial pages last July, in connection with our reference to the Old South lectures on the Founders of New England, largely to a review of the little book by Professor Charles Borgeaud of Geneva, the translation of which had then just appeared, on "The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England." We should like to call attention again to that work, which has received singularly little notice in America, where it would seem that it would have been so widely read. We should be glad if any who are interested in the Old South subject for this year, the Puritans in Old England, care to turn back to what we said about this book and the subjects which it raises, and still more glad if any who have not read the book itself would do so; for its bearing upon this year's Old South theme is no less direct than upon last year's. We know of no other brief survey of Puritanism as a whole, Puritanism in Old England and Puritanism in New England, upon its political side, which is so broad and penetrating.

We should also like to call attention to another work, no larger than Borgeaud's little book, which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Company, devoted to an important phase of Puritan history, which has been much neglected. The book is by an Oxford scholar, Mr. Allen B. Hinds, and is called "The Making of the England of Elizabeth;" but the title is too vague and general, failing to suggest the specific purpose of the book. That purpose is mainly to show the influences to which the great body of English Protestants were subjected, who during the period of the Marian persecution exiled themselves and gathered in little congregations in France, along the Rhine, and among the Alps — at Frankfort, at Strasburg, at Basel, at Zurich — and to show the results of this long sojourn when upon the accession of Elizabeth they came flocking home to England and contributed so largely to determine the new religious spirit of the Elizabethan age. As our Pilgrim Fathers were broadened and disciplined by their long years in Holland for their great enterprise, so was English Protestantism altogether, just beginning to be Puritanism, schooled by this foreign experience under the influence of Calvinism, often in personal contact with Calvin himself, to become the force for liberty which it was under Elizabeth and James, and ever more and more until it culminated in the Commonwealth.

---

# OMNIBUS.

### Soulful Verse.

Why expect a fledgling writer
  To avoid a mournful tone?
Do not doubt his heart is lighter
  Than his gloomy fancies own.

Although grief may overflow it,
  And his verse sob like the sea,
Why should not a minor poet
  Warble in a minor key?

*Harry Romaine.*

***

### The End of the World.

Don't you remember when you and I,
  Once in the golden July weather,
Made up our very small minds to try
  To walk to the end of the world together?
You were just three, and I was five;
  How we danced through the sweet red clover,
Surely the happiest pair alive, —
  Telling each other, over and over,
"Maud, you're a little fairy queen!"
  "Jack, you're a prince with cap and feather!
We won't come back to tell what we've seen
  Till we find the end of the world together."

A score of years have passed since then,
  Bringing the storm and the sunshiny weather;
What would you think should I ask you again,
  Shall we walk to the end of the world together?
Borne on the wings of the summer air,
  Comes a breath of the same sweet clover;
Your soul looks out of your face so fair,
  And my heart is singing over and over,
"I am the prince and you are my queen!"
  Then look in the future and answer whether,
Through every possible changing scene,
  We may "walk to the end of the world together."

*M. A. Nicholas.*

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., 7 Federal Court, Boston, Mass.

MIDSUMMER.

ENGRAVED BY M. LAMONT BROWN.

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. AUGUST, 1895. VOL. XII. No. 6.

## MARS.

### THE FLAGSTAFF PHOTOGRAPHS.

*By Percival Lowell.*

ALF the delight of travel consists in the pleasure of poring over maps in advance. If this be true of our own world, across whose surface time and money may now carry a man pretty much anywhither, the charm of the chart grows all the greater in the case of a world which, in person, we have no hope of ever reaching; the more so, that at times this neighbor world comes tantalizingly near us, to within thirty-five millions of miles, and vouchsafes us glimpses of its geography in a way to pique curiosity for more.

Areography, as this Martian geography is called, is a true geography, as real as our own. Quite unlike the markings upon Jupiter or Saturn, where all we see is cloud, in the markings on Mars we gaze upon the actual surface features of the Martian globe. That we do so we know from the permanency of the spots and patches thus revealed to us. They change, indeed, according to times and seasons, but they change like true surface features, as from shift of water or by growth of green, not like cloud belts that gather to-day and vanish forever to-morrow. That the markings are essentially permanent has been known ever since Cassini in 1666 definitely discovered, what Huygens had thought to detect in 1659, the rotation of the planet, by means of their periodic presentations; that they suffer changes which seem to imply that the darker ones, of a blue-green color, are areas of vegetation, and the brighter, of a reddish-ochre tint, are deserts, is now as certain. Evidence of this I have given elsewhere. (*Astronomy and Astrophysics*, December, 1894, with plates, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1895.) In the present paper I shall play the part of cicerone, pointing out the more prominent of these Martian localities upon the accompanying twelve presentments of the planet, that the reader may know

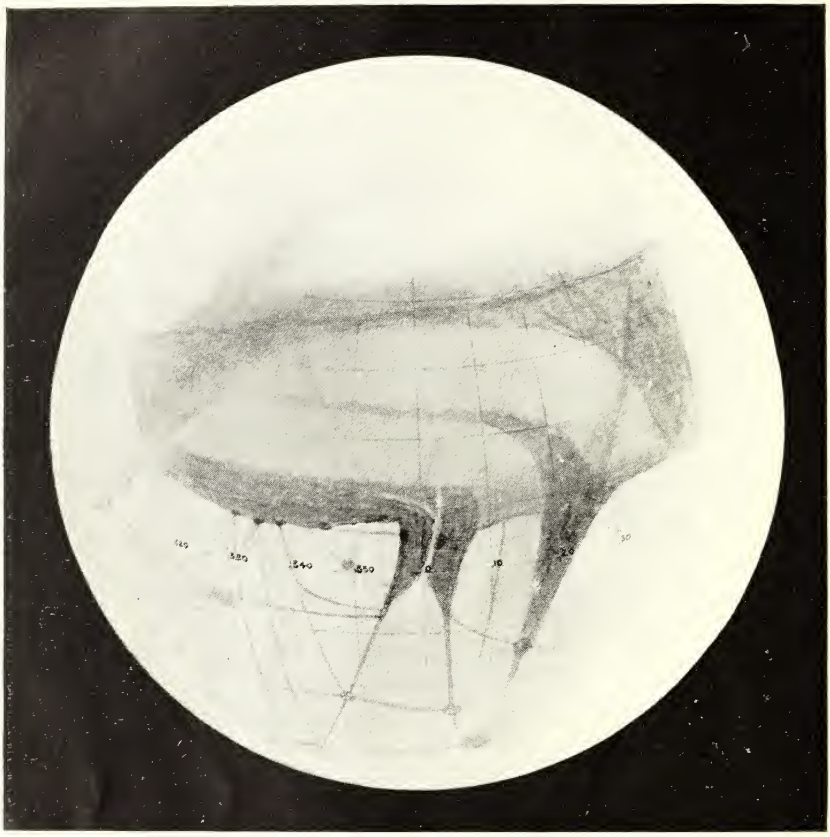



PLATE I.

what the places look like and where they are.

In their main features the twelve views are all substantially of a date, being of the nature of a map, made in November, 1894. They represent between them the whole surface of the planet shown us at what corresponds to our first of August of the southern hemisphere. Thus, neither the polar cap nor the polar sea appears in the pictures, for both had then disappeared. Nor do the southern parts of the so-called straits show, for a similar reason. The pictures are from the *ensemble* of the drawings made at the observatory. These were plotted upon a globe, which was then tilted toward the observer at the angle at which the Martian south pole itself was tilted toward the earth during November, and photographed at intervals of 30°. The negatives were then made to conform as nearly as might be to the actual look of the planet. To photograph minute planetary markings directly is, for reasons too long to state here, impossible.

Previous to the present chart, the most detailed map of the planet was Schiaparelli's, made in 1888. On comparison with his, it will be seen that the present one substantially confirms all his detail and adds to it about as much more. I have adopted his nomenclature, and in the naming of the newly found features have selected names conformable to his scheme, which commends itself both on practical and on poetic grounds.

We will begin our journey at the origin of Martian longitudes, and travel west, taking the points of the compass as they would appear were we standing upon the planet. As all astronomical pictures are,

PLATE II.

for optical reasons, upside down, south lies at the top of the pictures, west to the right, north at the bottom, and east to the left. Mars rotates as the Earth does, from west to east, so that day as it advances across the face of the planet follows the order of the pictures from I. to XII., the order in which we shall observe them. Places on the right of the picture are in the morning of their Martian day; places on the left, in its afternoon. To facilitate reference by longitude and latitude, the globe has been belted by meridians and parallels each 10° apart, and the meridians have been numbered along the equator. This premised, we will suppose ourselves to be standing on the equator at its intersection with the 0° meridian. (Plate I).

It will be noticed that the 0° meridian passes through the tip of a triangular peninsula that juts out into a dark forked area half way across the picture and about two thirds way down it. The tip of this triangle is the received Greenwich of Martian longitudes, and has been named by Schiaparelli the Fastigium Aryn, such having been the name of a mythologic spot supposed to lie midway between the east and west, the north and south, and the zenith and nadir. It thus makes a fitting name for the starting point of Martian geography. The dark area, formerly known as Dawes' Forked Bay, is now commonly called the Sabæus Sinus. At the times these marine names were bestowed, it was supposed that the dark markings really represented water. We have now reason to believe that it is not water that we see, but vegetation. But it is better to keep the old names, although I shall employ them in a Pick-

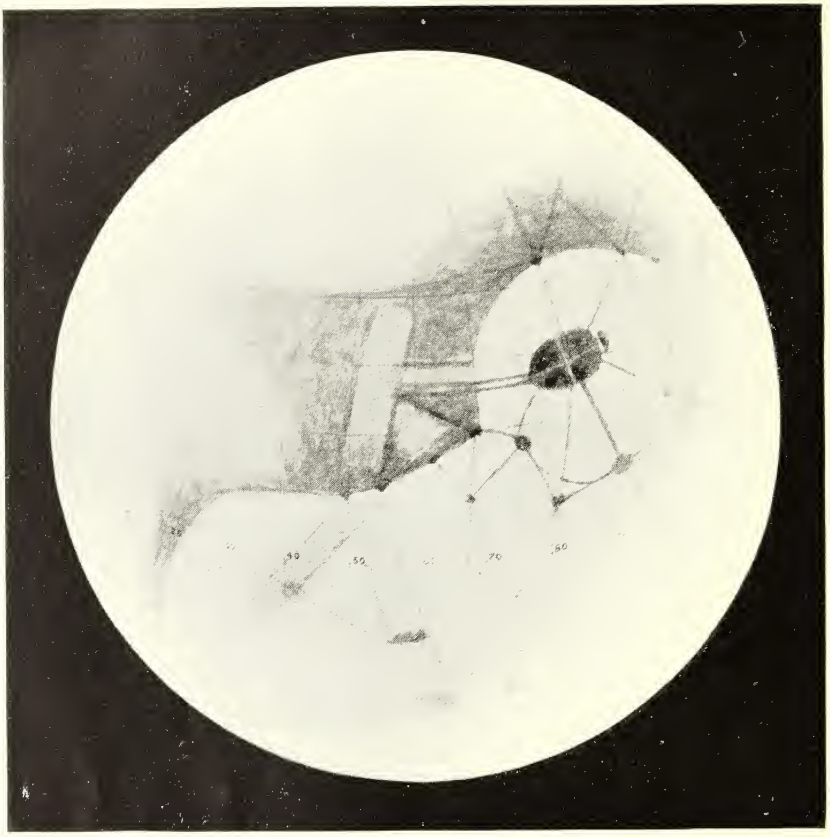


PLATE III.

wickian sense much as we still speak of the Seas of the Moon, the Mare Tranquilitatis or the Mare Serenatis, of which only the adjectives have in them anything of truth.

To the west of the Sabæus Sinus lies the Margaritifer Sinus or the Pearl-bearing Gulf, so named before it was known that it possessed indeed a pearl at the bottom of it, the round oasis shown in the picture.

Two lines prolong the twin forks of the Sabæus Sinus. Some distance down the disk they are joined by another line. Following along this, we come to still others, and so we may proceed from line to line all over the bright areas of the planet. These lines are the famous canals of Mars. With regard to their surprising symmetry, it is only necessary to say that the better they are seen the more symmetrical they look. Of the two first mentioned, the right-hand one is the Gehon, the left hand one the Hiddekel, and the spot at the bottom of the Margaritifer Sinus the Lacus Ismenius. From the Pearl Oasis, the Oxus starts nearly north, while another canal, the Indus, makes off northwest and crosses the Jamuna, which appears in the picture as a dark swath obliquely belting the disk.

Farther up the disk are seen two of those strange comet-tail peninsulas that constitute so peculiar a feature of Martian geography. The lower is Deucalionis Regio; the upper, Pyrrhæ Regio. Across them show two streaks which, followed up, will be found to join other streaks traversing the dark regions. These introduce us to Mr. Douglass's discovery of a whole system of canals in the dark regions, paralleling the system in the bright

PLATE IV.

areas, — being similarly straight and similarly intersecting one another, with oases at the intersections, making what Mr. Douglass aptly terms a checkerboard effect, as we shall see more strikingly when we get round to the other side of the planet.

In Plate II. the markings have, under the rotation of the planet, swung round 30° to the east, thus bringing others into view from the west. The Jamuna now appears almost central. It was, at the time this picture represents it, apparently in process of doubling. Crossing it obliquely is the Hydraotes. More conspicuous are two dark swaths that make with the Jamuna a nearly right-angled triangle. The lower one parallel to the edge of the disk is the Nilokeras; the other, ending at the south with the Jamuna in the Auroræ Sinus, is the Ganges, one of the largest and most important of the Martian canals. At the date of the drawing it was distinctly double. The doubling is very curiously prolonged by a narrow rectangle lying in the midst of the dark regions to the south. Some idea of the size of these strangely geometrical markings may be got by remembering that a degree on Mars represents thirty-seven miles. Skirting the edge of the dark regions westward, we come to a short canal that leads to the Fons Juventæ, one of the tiniest markings perceptible on the disk, from which, however, at least four and probably more canals have now been found to radiate. Schiaparelli detected it in 1877, searched for it in vain in 1879, but at subsequent oppositions found it again, happier than Ponce de Leon in his futile quest after an earthly Fountain of Youth. Proceeding

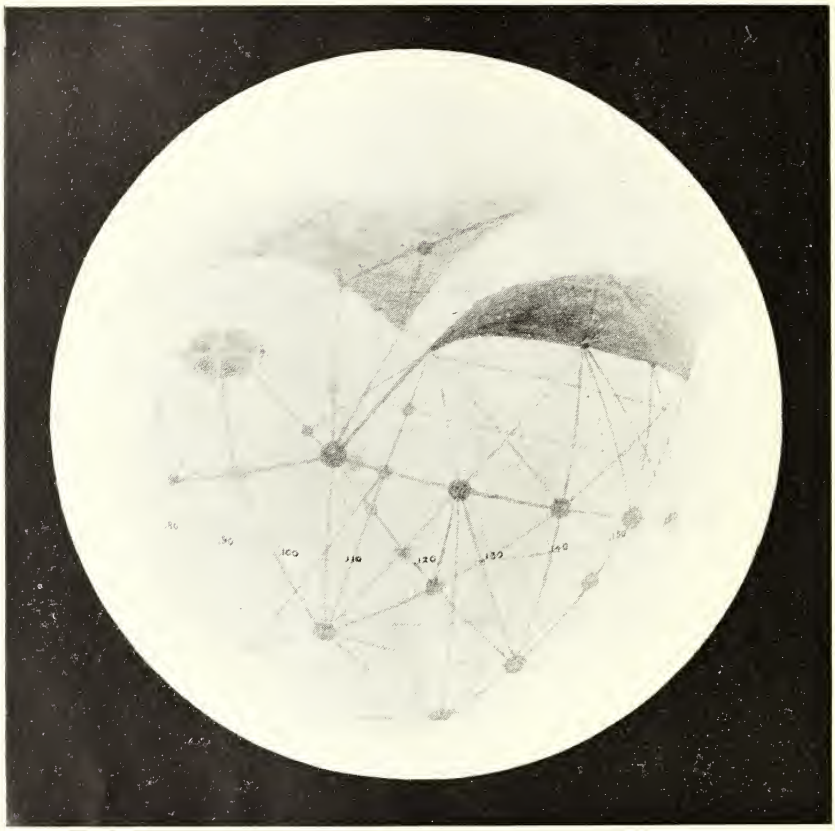



PLATE V.

still farther west, we reach the entrance to the Agathodæmon, at the point where the edge of the dark regions abruptly trends southward. This canal brings us to the Solis Lacus region, one of the most interesting parts of the planet. In Plate III. it has swung round into better view, where we will, therefore, consider it.

The Solis Lacus is a great oval patch, its longest diameter measuring five hundred and forty miles. With small telescopic power or in poor air it appears of uniform tint throughout, but under better visual conditions dark spots appear in it and bright causeways, which divide it into five portions. Its longitudinal dividing line is prolonged into the Nectar, the short canal connecting it with the dark regions to the east. The Nectar thus appears double. Nor does the causeway stop here. It continues on between double dark lines until it reaches the long rectangular area spoken of before as a sort of continuation of the Ganges.

But a second feature of this region is no less noteworthy. Surrounding the Solis Lacus is a perfect cordon of canals and oases, the chief of which are the Tithonius Lake, nearly due north, and the Phœnix Lake, northwest. The oases are strung like beads upon the loop of the Agathodæmon. And as if this were not connection enough, we have short cuts and spoke-like radii, whose number seems to be limited only by our ability to see. From the northeast end of this string of oases runs the Chrysorrhoas to the Lacus Lunæ on the fifty-third meridian, near the bottom of the disk. From the Lake of the Moon the Gigas skirts the disk till in this picture it is lost in the limb-light.

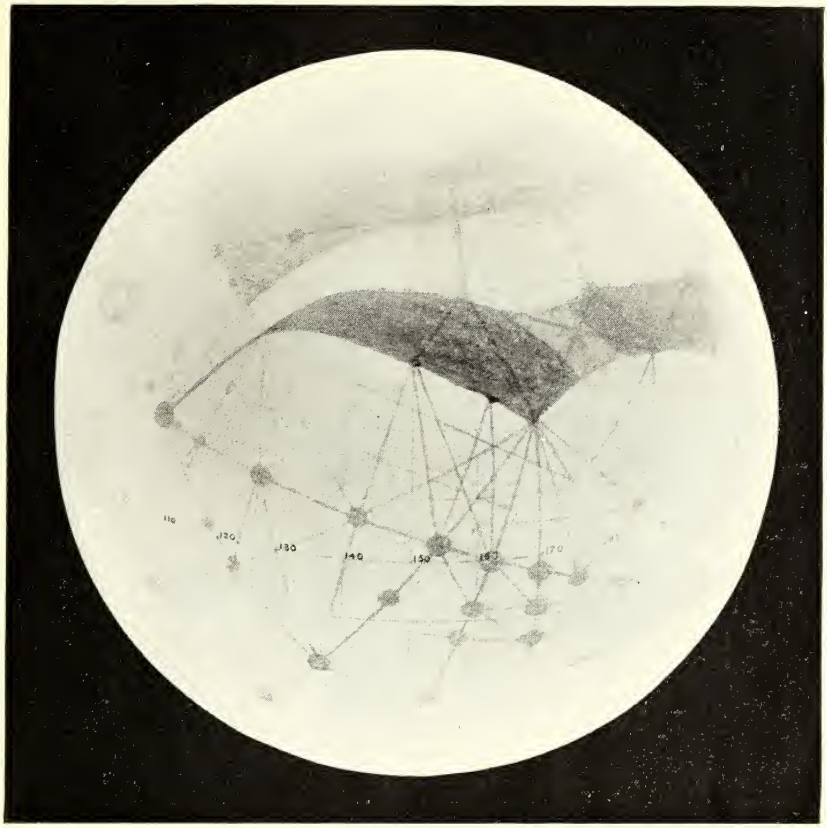



PLATE VI.

In the next plate (Plate IV.), the Solis Lacus is central, the Phœnix Lake somewhat to the right, and southwest of the Phœnix Lake is the Beak of the Sirens, the eastern end of the sea of the same name, which has just come round the corner of the disk. The canal connecting it with the Phœnix Lake is the Araxes; and at various angles to this, like spokes of a wheel about the Phœnix Lake for hub, are many more canals, the one lying most nearly due south being the Phasis. Connecting with this network of canals is a similar network of streaks in the dark regions, making a set of triangles from which still other canals run up almost straight toward the south pole.

Between the dark regions and the Beak of the Sirens is the peninsula Phætontis, crossing which some way down is a short canal known as Hercules Columnæ. Due south of the Phœnix Lake is the Oasis Ceraunius, joined to the Phœnix Lake by the Iris and to the Tithonius Lake by the Fortunæ. It is also crossed by the Gigas, the very long canal in the right-hand lower part of the disk, of which we saw the beginning in the last plate and shall not see the end till we reach the next one.

Westward of the Phœnix Lake there begins to show a congeries of oases and connecting canals, which come out still more strikingly in Plate V. The great canal beaded with oases, which in the picture traverses nearly the centre of the disk, is the Eumenides, and its continuation, the Orcus. Its farther end is lost in the limb-light. At an angle to it, running nearly northwest from the Phœnix Lake, is the Pyriphlegethon. In this plate the Sea of the Sirens is well on. From its

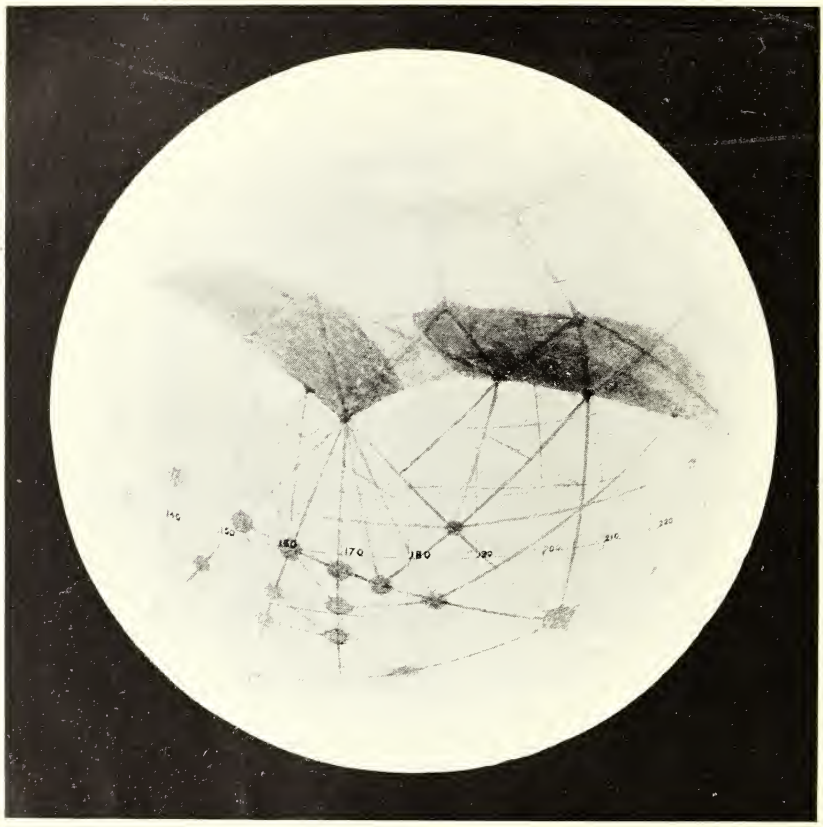



PLATE VII.

north coast strike down a great many canals, all going as far as the Eumenides and some continuing past it. The first one from the Beak of the Sirens is the Sirenius. It crosses the Eumenides at the first of its large oases after leaving the Phœnix Lake. To the next oasis, known as the Nodus Gordii, the Gorgon comes down from the centre of the coast-line; while the Gigas itself debouches at the west end of the sea into what is called the Gulf of the Titans. Owing to its conspicuousness at certain seasons, this gulf is one of the most important features on the planet to us, and seems to be to the planet itself, as some seven canals radiate from it. These are the Gigas, previously described, and to the right in the order here enumerated, the Steropes, the Brontes, the Titan, — the one straight down the disk, — the Arges, the Gyes and the Tartarus, the last travelling to the Trivium Charontis, invisible in this plate. Of the separate existence of the Arges and the Gyes I am not quite certain.

In Plate VI the Sea of the Sirens is nearly central. To the west, dividing it from the Mare Cimmerium which is just coming into view, is the peninsula Atlantis, curiously uniting the continent to the islands to the south. Belting the disk from east to west is the Eumenides-Orcus again with its string of oases. From the Gulf of the Titans, here very well seen, the great canals that proceed from it show like the sticks of a fan, dividing the disk between them.

Parallel to the Eumenides-Orcus and skirting the north shore of the Sea of the Sirens, is the Erynnis. Half way between this and the Eumenides is another

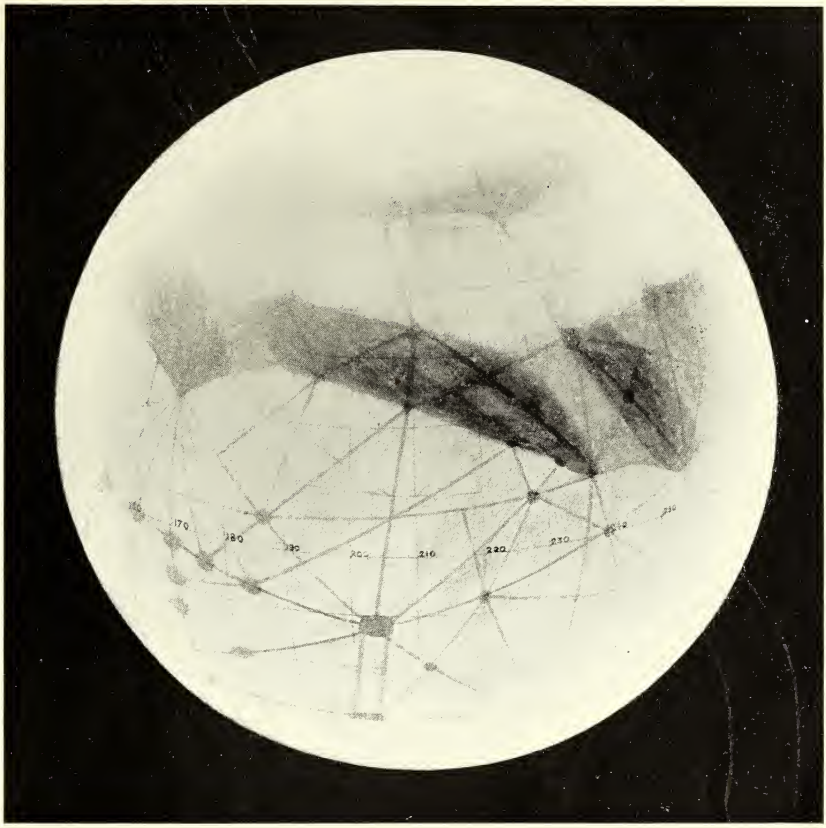



PLATE VIII.

parallel canal, the Parcæ. Curving round the bottom of the disk is a chain of canals, the Phlegethon, the Acheron, and the Erebus, the last of which runs to the Trivium Charontis. At the junctions of these various canals may be seen any number of the spots which I have called oases.

On the next plate (Plate VII.), the Trivium Charontis itself has come into view toward the lower right-hand part of the disk. Two nearly parallel canals, a double Hades, join it to the Propontis, the spot almost at the limb. The Titan shows well near the centre of the disk. Were the centre ten degrees farther east, the canal would appear more striking yet. For so straight is it, and so nearly due north and south does it lie, that when it comes to the meridian it seems that meridian itself. On this plate we have the western end of the Eumenides-Orcus, at whose eastern end we began several plates back when we left the Phœnix Lake. This will give some idea of the immense length of the canal, which is no less than three thousand four hundred and fifty miles. Nearly in the centre of the disk is the peninsula Atlantis, the most easterly of a set of comet-tail peninsulas similar to those seen in Plate I., all connecting the so-called continent with the islands to the south. These islands look not unlike great vertebræ of the planet's backbone, in consequence of the canals which cut them up so symmetrically.

Atlantis shows well, between the Mare Sirenum from the Mare Cimmerium, two areas suggestively like in general shape and directional trend. Both are seen to be crossed by canals which connect, at

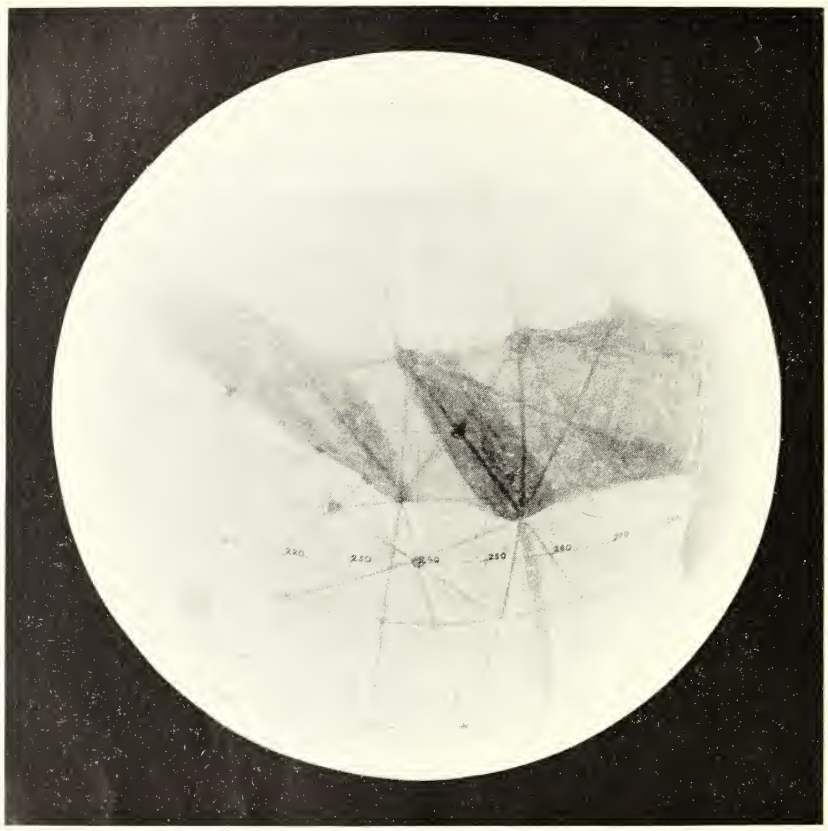



PLATE IX.

what resemble nicks in the coast-line, with the canals in the bright regions. (See the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1895.)

In Plate VIII., the Mare Cimmerium is central. So also, well down the disk, is the Trivium Charontis. This is a very important junction, no less than nine canals already being known to connect with it, which, taken in the order, east, north, west and south, are the Orcus, the Erebus, the twin Hades, the Styx, the Oceanus, the Cerberus, the Læstrygon, the Tartarus, and so back to the Orcus again. In this picture the Læstrygon traverses nearly the centre of the disk. To the right of the Trivium Charontis is the region called Elysium one of the brightest parts of the planet. It was here that Mr. Douglass made his interesting observation last September, of a remarkable change of tint from bright to sombre, and back to bright again in the course of forty-eight hours, suggesting perhaps the formation and dissipation of cloud, perhaps the deposition and subsequent melting of hoar-frost over an area of some hundreds of square miles. (*Astronomy and Astrophysics*, November, 1894.)

Returning to the Mare Cimmerium, we observe in the middle of it a long lighter streak, Cimmeria, and, barring its western end, the second in the procession of similarly inclined peninsulas that follow one another westward upon this side of the planet, the peninsula Hesperia, a place with a history. (*Astronomy and Astrophysics*, December, 1894, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1895.)

In the next picture (Plate IX.), Hesperia is central, dividing the Mare Cim-

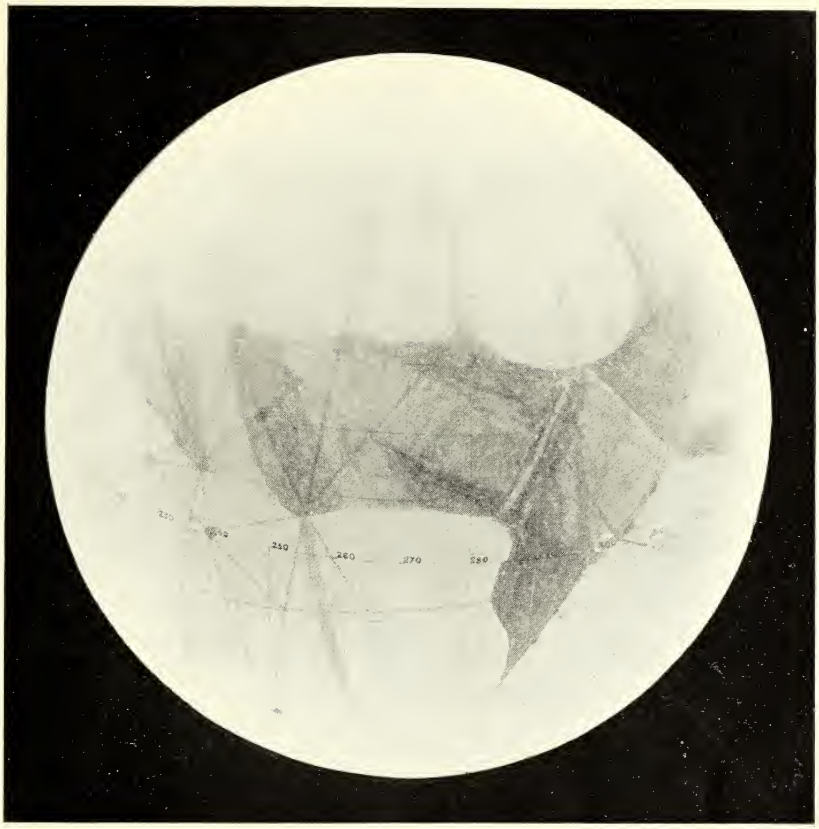



PLATE X.

merium on the left from the Mare Tyrrhenum on the right. The lower end of the latter is called the Syrtis Minor, in contradistinction to the Syrtis Major, which is just appearing round the western limb. From the bay, so to speak, upon the left of Hesperia, two canals proceed down the disk in divergent directions, — the most easterly one the Galaxias, the other the Achelous. From the Syrtis Minor proceed two others more or less similarly inclined, the Lethes and the Amenthes. In November the Amenthes showed large, preparatory, perhaps, to doubling.

To the west of Hesperia and parallel to it is a third comet-tail peninsula, Lemuria, connecting Ausonia at the south with Lybia to the north, Lybia being upon the equator. This region (Plate X.) is interesting as having been the scene of great changes at previous oppositions. There used to be a spot, the Lake Mœris, in the midst of it, joined by the Nepenthes, — the canal running east and west about twenty degrees from the coast, — to the Syrtis Major, the great dark gulf somewhat to the west of the central meridian in the picture. Latterly the Syrtis Major seems to have encroached upon Lybia, and at the last opposition only the faintest glimpses could be got of Lake Moeris, which showed chiefly as a bay of the Syrtis Major itself. Here as elsewhere I use aquatic names with terrestrial understanding.

Parallel in a general way to the Nepenthes and about as much farther down the disk as the Nepenthes is than the coast line, lies the Astapus, which joins the bottom of the Syrtis Major to the ends of the Amenthes, Lethes and Achelous.

PLATE XI.

In Plate XI. two features are striking, both not far from central on the disk, — the lower the Syrtis Major, the upper, Hellas. The Syrtis Major was the first marking to be certainly recognized on Mars. It appears in a drawing by Huygens made on October 13, 1659, the first drawing of Mars worthy the name ever made by man. It is thus our oldest Martian acquaintance. Hellas is the surprisingly round, bright area nearly on the meridian and nearly half way from the equator to the pole. It is very strangely quartered by two canals, the Alpheus, dividing it almost due north and south, and the Peneus, cutting it almost due east and west. Between it and the Syrtis Major is the Mare Hadriaticum, a blue-green area intersected by bright causeways and seamed by dark canals.

In the lower right-hand portion of the disk is an important region, bounded on the east by the Syrtis Major, on the north by the Nilosyrtis and the Protonilus, on the west by the Hiddekel, and on the south by the long dark area to the north of Deucalionis Regio. Its southeastern cape is the Hammonis Cornu, its southwestern one the Edom promontory. It is a region prolific in double canals, which appear to more advantage in Plate XII. The two most important of these are the Phison and the Euphrates. Both start from the centre of the coast of the long dark area between the Deucalionis Regio and the continent, and run, the Phison northeast to the western end of the Nilosyrtis in longitude 300°, latitude 33° south; the Euphrates nearly due south to the Lake Ismenius, longitude 337°, latitude 37° south, where it connects with the Hiddekel. Parallel to the

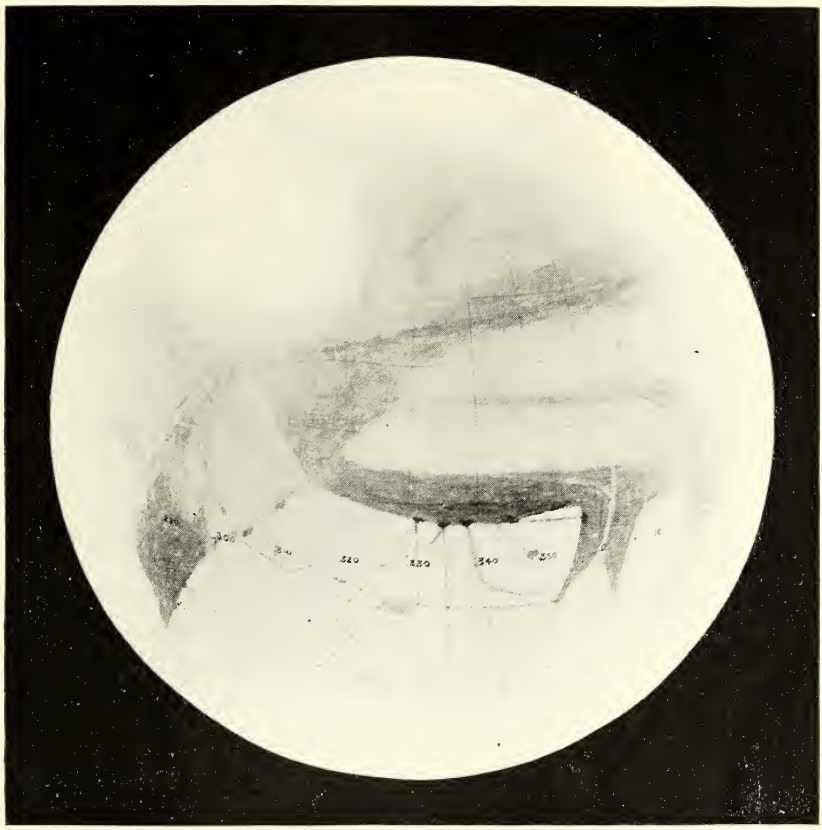


PLATE XII.

coast-line and about 15° to the north of it is, on the east, the Typhon, shown double, on the west the Orontes, still single. The two other doubles shown in the picture I am not yet sure of as being distinct from the Phison and the Eumenides, as the four were not seen together. I have introduced them in the place where I saw them, because, first, no optical effect explains their position, and second, they run through and to well-seen spots.

Between the Euphrates and the Sabæus Sinus are several canals and oases that show the minute subdivision of the Martian surface. But so much only hints at the state of things existent there. From the markings, not well enough seen to admit of mapping, it is apparent that the system of lines and spots is very complete all over the planet.

This brings us back again to the Sabæus Sinus and the Fastigium Aryn from which we set out, after a journey which it takes the rotation of the planet twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes and about twenty-three seconds to accomplish.

# MISS THEODORA.

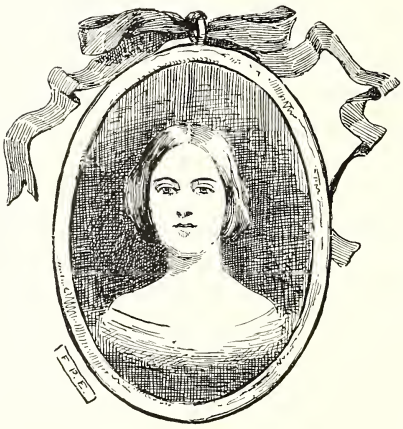
## A WEST-END STORY.

*By Helen Leah Reed.*

With illustrations by Florence P. England.

I.

THE tourist, with his day or two at a down town hotel, calls Boston a city of narrow streets and ancient graveyards; the dweller in one of the newer avenues is enthusiastic about the modern architecture and regular streets of the Back Bay region. Yet neither of these knows the real Boston, the old West End, with its quaint, tree-lined streets sloping from the top of Beacon Hill toward the river. Near the close of any bright afternoon, walk from the State House down the hill, pause half-way, and, looking back, note the perfect Gothic arch formed by the trees that line both sides of Mount Vernon Street. Admire those old houses which have taken on the rich, deep tones that age so kindly imparts to brick. Then look down across the river to the sun just setting behind the Brookline hills, — and admit that even in a crowded city one may catch glimpses of the picturesque.



MISS THEODORA AS A GIRL.

Half-way down one of the quiet, hilly West End streets is the house of Miss Theodora — no, I will not tell you her true name. If I should, you would recognize it at once as that of a great New England jurist. This jurist was descended from a long line of scholars, whose devotion to letters had not prevented their accumulating a fair amount of wealth. Much of this wealth had fallen to the jurist, Miss Theodora's father, with whom at first everything went well, and then everything badly. It was not entirely the great man's extravagance that wrought the mischief, although many stories were long told of his too liberal hospitality and lavish expenditure. He came, however, of a generous race; it was a cousin of his who divided a small fortune between Harvard College and the Provident Association, and for more than a century back the family name might be found on every list of contributions to a good cause. Yet it was not extravagance but blind faith in the financial wisdom of others, as well as an undue readiness to lend money to every man who wished to borrow from him, which brought Miss Theodora's father to the trouble that probably hastened him to his grave. When he died, it was found that he had lost all but a fraction of a former fortune. His widow survived him only a few years, and before her death the family had to leave their roomy mansion on the hill with its pleasant garden for a smaller house farther down the street.

Here Miss Theodora tried to make a pleasant home for John, her brother. He had just begun to practise law and, with his talents, would undoubtedly do well, especially if he married as he should. Thus, with a woman's worldliness in things matrimonial, reasoned Miss Theodora, sometimes even going so far as to commend to John this girl or that,

among the family connections. But one day John put an end to all her scheming by announcing his betrothal to the orphan daughter of a Plymouth minister, "a girl barely pretty, and certainly poor." It was only a half consolation to reflect that Dorothy had a pedigree going back to John Alden and Priscilla.

Ernest, John's boy, was just a month old when Sumter surrendered; yet John would go to the war, leaving Dorothy and the baby to the care of his sister. Eagerly the two women followed his regiment through each campaign, thankful for the bright and cheerful letters he sent them. They bore bravely that awful silence after Antietam, until at length they knew that John would never come home again.

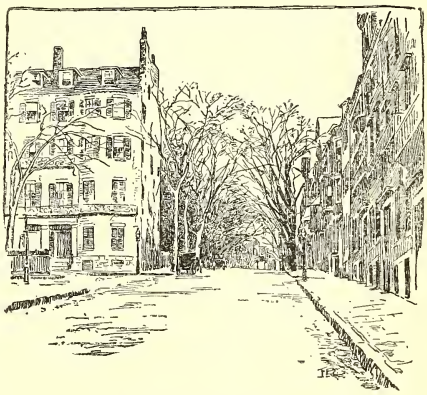
It was simply of a broken heart that Dorothy died, said every one, for little Ernest was scarcely three years old when he was left with no one to care for him but Miss Theodora. How she saved and scrimped to give him what he needed, I will not say; but gradually her attire took on a quaintness that would have been thought impossible for her ever to favor in the days of her girlhood, when she had been a critic of dress. She never bought a new gown now; every cent beyond what was required for living expenses must be saved for Ernest. Before the boy knew his letters, Miss Theodora was planning for his career at Harvard. He should be graduated at the head of his class. With such a father, with such a grandfather, Ernest certainly must be a great man. The family glory would be renewed in him.

Little by little Miss Theodora withdrew from the world. She had cared little for gayety in her younger days; she hardly missed it now; yet she was not neglected by her relatives and old friends — even the most fashionable called on her once a year. These distant cousins and formal acquaintances had little personal interest in Miss Theodora. Their cards were left from respect to the memory of the distinguished jurist rather than from any desire to brighten the life of his daughter.

If Miss Theodora's invitations grew fewer and fewer, she herself was to blame, for she seldom accepted an invitation, even to luncheon, nor confided to any one that pride forbade her to accept hospitalities which circumstances prevented her returning.

II.

Although Miss Theodora disliked visiting, every summer she and Ernest spent a month at Nahant with her cousin Sarah Somerset. She herself would have preferred the quiet independence of a New Hampshire country farm; but she thought it her duty to give Ernest this yearly opportunity of seeing his relatives in the intimacy possible only at their summer homes. This was before the days of Beverly's popularity, when almost every one at Nahant was cousin to every one else. Even the people at the boarding houses belonged to the little group held to have an almost inherent right to the rocky peninsula. Both the little boy, therefore, and Miss Theodora were made



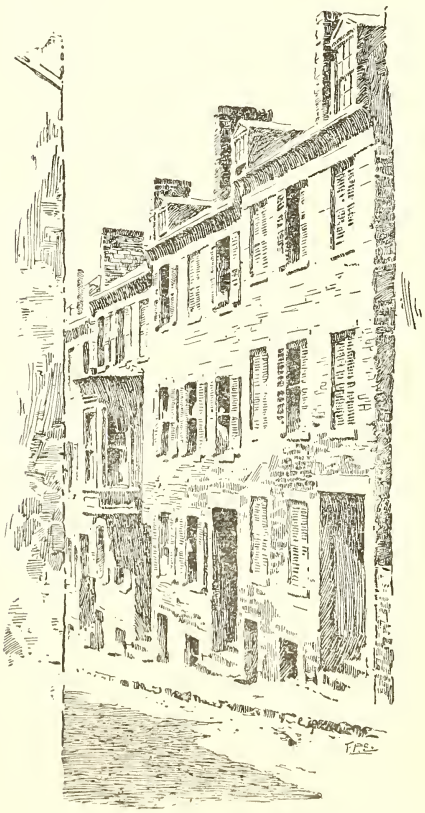
MOUNT VERNON STREET.

much of by their kinsfolk; and the child thought these summer days the happiest of the year.

In other ways Miss Theodora was occasionally remembered by her relatives. Once she was asked to spend a whole year in Europe as chaperone to two or three girls, her distant cousins. Even if she could have made up her mind to leave Ernest, I doubt whether she would have accepted the invitation. She had almost determined never to go abroad again, preferring to hold sacred the jour-

ney that she and her parents and John had made two or three years before their troubles began.

For the most part, then, Miss Theodora repelled all attempts at intimacy made by her relatives. Unreasonable though she knew herself to be, she believed that she could never care so much for her cousins since they had all in such curious fashion — like swallows in winter — begun to migrate southward to the Back



WHERE MISS THEODORA LIVED.

Bay. At first she felt as bitter as was possible for a person of her amiable disposition, when she saw people whom no necessity impelled, leaving their spacious dwellings on the Hill for the more contracted houses on the flat land beyond the Public Garden. Yet if Miss Theodora pitied her degenerate kin, how much more did they pity her! "Poor Theodora," some of them would say, "I don't see how she manages to get along at all. If she sold that house, with the interest of the money she and Ernest could board comfortably somewhere. Even as it is, she might let a room or two; but no, — I suppose that that would hardly do. Well, she must be dreadfully pinched."

Notwithstanding these well meant fears, Miss Theodora got along very well. The greatest sacrifice of pride that she had to make, came when she found that she must send Ernest to a public school. Yet even this hardship might have been worse. "It isn't as if he were a girl, you know," she, said half apologetically, to Sarah Somerset. "Although he may make a few undesirable acquaintances he will have nothing to do with them when he goes to Harvard." For Miss Theodora's plans for Ernest reached far into the future, even beyond his college days, and she must save all that was possible out of her meagre income.

Public or private school was all the same to Ernest; or perhaps his preference, if he had been asked to express it, would have been decidedly for the big brick schoolhouse with its hosts of boys. What matter if many of these boys were rough and unkempt! Among them all he could always find some suitable companions. His refined nature chose the best; and if the best in this case did not mean rich boys or those of well-known names, it meant boys of a refinement not so very unlike that possessed by Ernest himself.

One day he came home from school later than usual with his eye black and blue, and one of the pockets of his little jacket hanging ripped and torn.

"Why, what is the matter, Ernest?" cried his aunt, "Have you been fighting?"

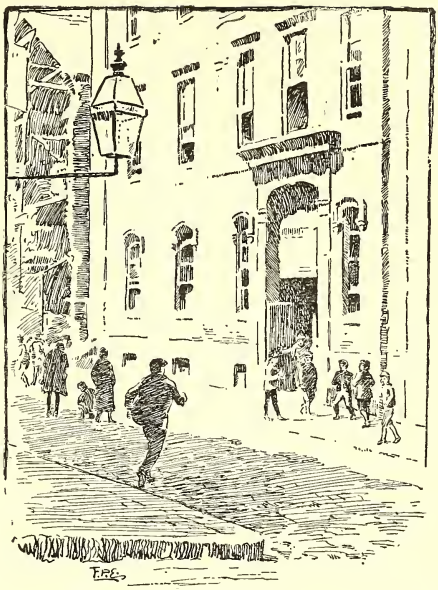
"Well, not exactly fighting, but kind of fighting," he replied, and "kind of fighting" became one of the joking phrases between aunt and nephew whenever the latter professed uncertainty as to his attitude on any particular question.

"You see it was this way," and he began to explain the black eye and the torn pocket.

"There were two big mickies — Irish you know — bothering two little niggers, oh, excuse me! black boys, at the corner of our school; so I just pitched in and gave it to them right and left. But they were bigger than me, and maybe I'd have got whipped if it hadn't been for Ben Bruce. He just ran down the school steps like a streak of lightning, and you should have seen those bullies slink away. They muttered something about doing Ben up some other day; but I guess they'll never dare touch him."

Now Ben Bruce, two or three classes ahead of Ernest in school, was a hero in the eyes of the younger boy. Ben was famous as an athlete, and Ernest, in schoolboy fashion, could never have hoped for an intimacy with one so greatly his superior in years and strength had not this chance encounter thrown them together. Ben appreciated the younger boy's manliness, and the two walked together down the hill, as a rear-guard to the little negroes. The latter, too much amazed at the whole encounter even to speak, soon ran down a side street to their homes; and Ben and Ernest, if they did not say a great deal to each other at that time, felt that a real friendship had begun between them.

Miss Theodora heard Ernest's account of the affair with mixed feelings. She was glad that her boy had shown himself true to the principles of an Abolition family; yet she wished that circumstances had made a contact with rough boys impossible for him. She was not altogether certain that she approved the intimacy with Ben, whose family belonged to an outside circle of West Enders with which she had hardly come into contact herself. An expression of her misgivings drew forth a remonstrance from Miss Chatterwits: "Why, you know Ben Bruce's father's grandfather was on General Washington's staff, they've got his sword and a painting in their front parlor. As Miss Chatterwits was an authority as to the biography of the meanest as well as the most important resident on the Hill, her approbation of the Bruces may have inclined Miss Theodora toward Ben. Yet, had he had no other recommendation, the boy's own good manners



"KIND OF FIGHTING."

would have gone far to impress Miss Theodora in his favor.

Ernest never knew just how meagre his aunt's income was. He thought it chiefly lack of taste that led her to wear those queer, scant gowns. Year after year she drew upon an apparently inexhaustible store of changeable silk and queer plaided stuffs. Then she wore little tippets and small flat hats, and in summer long black lace mitts, "like nobody else wears," sighed poor little Ernest one day, as he asked his aunt why she never bought anything new. Yet even Miss Theodora's limited purse might occasionally have afforded her a new gown, had she not been well content with what she already had. She could not wish more, she reasoned, than to have her old-fashioned garments remodelled from year to year by good Miss Chatterwits.

Miss Chatterwits, who had sewed in the family from the days of Miss Theodora's childhood, lived in one of those curious short lanes off Revere Street. It was a great comfort to Miss Theodora to have her come for a day's sewing, with her queer green work-bag dangling from her arm, with her funny little corkscrew curls bobbing at every motion of her

funny little head. While she sewed, Miss Chatterwits kept her nimble tongue at work, lamenting the changes that had come to the old West End. She knew the region well, and understood the difference between the old residents and those newer people who were crowding in.

ERNEST.

"It's shameful that the Somersets should think so little of themselves as to move from Chestnut to Beacon Street; and their new house isn't even opposite the Public Garden, but away up there beyond Berkeley Street. How aping the names of those Back Bay streets are, — Berkeley and Clarendon and Dartmouth — as though American names wouldn't have done better than those English imitations! Well, Miss Theodora, *we* have Pinckney and Revere named after good American men, and Spruce and Cedar for good American trees. *I* wouldn't live on one of those new-fangled streets, not if they'd give it to me."

Then Miss Theodora, almost driven to apologize for her misguided relatives, little as she sympathized with them herself, would reply in words that she must have seen in some of the newspapers: "Well, I suppose the growth of the city's population makes it necessary for — "

"Fudge!" Miss Chatterwits would interrupt, "the West End seems to have room enough for lodging and boarding-house keepers; and I guess it's big enough for true Boston folks. It just makes me furious to see "Rooms to Let," "Table Board, $3.50 per week," stuck up in every other window on some streets. Goodness knows I hope the Somersets like their neighbors out there on the Back Bay. I hear anybody with money enough can buy a house there. And a tear seemed ready to fall from her eyes.

Ernest himself grew up without any social prejudices. His aunt often wondered at this, yet, like many sensible people, she did not try to impress him with her own views. As one by one the dwelling houses on Charles Street were changed into shops, he only rejoiced that Miss Theodora wouldn't have to send so far for her groceries and provisions. But Miss Theodora drew the line here. She had always been able to go to the market every day, and no thrifty housewife needs a provision shop under her very nose, she said. Her one exception in favor of neighborhood shopping was made for the little thread and needle shop on the corner below her house. Even a person who doesn't have many new gowns occasionally needs tapes and needles, and may find it convenient to buy them near at hand.

This shop was a delight to Ernest; and in the days when his chin hardly reached the level of the counter, he loved to stand and gaze at the rows of jars filled with variegated sticks of candy, jawbreakers and pickled limes; for the two maiden ladies who kept the shop sold many things beside needles and thread. In the little glass show-case, in addition to mittens and scissors and an occasional beautiful fan and heaps of gay marbles, was a pile of highly-colored story books, "The Tale of Goody Two Shoes" and others of that ilk, and mysterious looking sheets of paper which needed only the manipulation of skillful scissors to change them into life-like paper dolls with elaborate wardrobes. Ernest, of course, took little interest in the paper dolls, — he bought chiefly marbles; but his cousin, Kate Digby, whenever she was permitted to spend a day at the West End, was a devoted patron of the little shop, and saved all her pennies to increase her household of dolls. Indeed she confided to Ernest that when she grew up she was going to have a shop just like the one kept by the Misses Bascom. If Mrs. Stuart Digby had heard her say this, she would have wondered where in the world her daughter had acquired a taste for anything so ordinary as trade.

A block or two away from the thread and needle shop was a shop that Miss Theodora abhorred. Within they sold every kind of thing calculated to draw the stray pennies from the pockets of the school children who passed it daily. Its windows, with their display of gaudy and vulgar illustrated papers, gave her positive pain. A generation ago ladies had not acquired the habit of rushing into print with every matter of reform; otherwise Miss Theodora might have sent a letter to the newspaper signed "Prudentia" or something of that kind, deploring the fact that a shop like this should be allowed to exist near a school, drawing pennies from the pockets of the school children, at the same time that it vitiated their artistic sense.

III.

Ernest, as I have said, grew up without marked local or social prejudices. Many of his spare pennies went into the money drawer of the corner shop, and much of his spare time he spent with the workmen at the cabinet-makers' near by. For little workshops were beginning to appear in the neighborhood of lower Charles Street, and some of their proprietors had cut away the front of an old house in order to build a window to display their wares. Ernest loved to gaze in at the shining faucets in the plumber's window, and horrified his aunt by announcing one day that when he was a man he meant to be either a plumber or a cabinet-maker. Among them all he preferred the cabinet-makers. Everything going on there interested him, and the workmen, glad to answer his questions, showed him ways of doing things which he put into practice at home.

For Miss Theodora had given Ernest a basement room to work in, stipulating only that he should not bring more than three boys at a time into the house to share his labors. His joy was unbounded one Christmas when his cousin, Richard Somerset, sent him a turning lathe. Almost the first use to which he put it was to make a footstool with delicately tapering legs for his aunt's birthday. He tied it up in brown paper himself, and wound a great string about it with many knots.

"Law!" said Diantha, who stood by as Miss Theodora slowly untied the bulky package, "what's them boys been up to now? I believe it's some mischief."

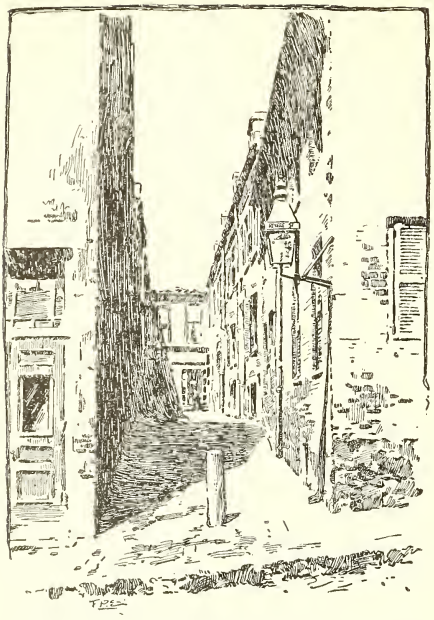
"Now, old Di, you're mean," cried Ernest, dancing around in excitement in the narrow hall-way outside the bedroom door.

But Miss Theodora, as she bent over the package, tugging at the strings, caught sight of some sprawling letters that resolved themselves into "A birthday Present from your LOVEING nephew;" so shaking her head at Diantha, she responded, loudly enough for Ernest to hear, and with no comment on the bad spelling, "Oh, no, it's a beautiful present from Ernest." And then Ernest ran in and undid the rest of the knots and, setting the footstool triumphantly on its four legs on the floor, said: "Now you'll always use it, won't you, Aunt Teddy?"

Of course Miss Theodora, as she kissed him, promised to use it, and kept her promise, in spite of the fact that the little footstool — less comfortable than her well-worn carpet hassock — wasn't exactly steady on its feet. But although she so thoroughly appreciated Ernest's thoughtfulness, Miss Theodora did not regard the footstool with absolute pleasure. She was by no means sure that she approved of Ernest's skill in handicrafts. She wondered sometimes whether she ought to permit a probable lawyer to spend so much energy in work which could hardly go toward helping him in his profession. Yet after all she hadn't the heart to interfere with Ernest's mechanical tastes, when she saw that gratifying them gave him so much pleasure. She never forgot her fright, one day on the Nahant boat when Ernest, barely seven years old, was missing, and she found him only after a long search at the door of the engine room.

"You'd ought to be an engineer when you're grown up," she heard a gruff voice say, while Ernest meekly replied: "Well, I'd like to, but I've got to be a lawyer."

She did not scold Ernest as she took his hand to lead him up stairs, and she even lingered while he tried to put her in possession of all his own knowledge.



"ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS LITTLE LANES."

"This gentleman," he said apologetically, "has been explaining his engine to me," and the "gentleman," rubbing a light streak across his sooty face, turned to her with a sincere, "That there boy of yours has a big head, ma'am, for machinery, — and begging your pardon, if I was you I'd put him out to a machinist when he's a little bigger."

The plainness of Miss Theodora's dress may have placed her in this man's eye on the plane of those people who regularly sent their children to learn trades. Although in her mind she resented the suggestion, she still listened attentively to Ernest as he tried with glowing cheek and rapid tongue to explain the various parts of the engine. If Miss Theodora never perhaps had more than a vague idea of the functions of piston and valve and the wonders of the governor, over which Ernest grew so eloquent, she was at least a sympathetic listener in this as in all other things that he cared for.

When it came to machinery, Ernest found his aunt much more sympathetic than his usual confidante, Kate Digby. As years went on, the childish companionship between the children deepened into friendship. They began to confide to each other their dreams for the future. Kate modelled herself somewhat on the accounts handed down of a certain ancestress of hers whose portrait hung in the stairway of her father's house. The portrait was a copy of one thinly painted and flat looking, done by an obscure seventeenth century artist. It showed a very young girl dressed in gray, with a white kerchief folded around her slim neck and with her thin little wrists meekly crossed in front. Whether her hair was abundant or not, no one could tell, for an old-womanish cap with narrow ruffle so covered her head that only a faint blonde aureole could be seen beneath it. Colorless though this portrait seemed at first sight, longer study brought out a depth in the clear gray eye, a firmness in the small pink mouth, which consorted well with the stories told of this little Puritan's bravery. One of the youngest of the children entering Massachusetts Bay on Winthrop's fleet, the little Mercy had been the pet of a Puritan household. Marrying early, she had gone from her father's comfortable house in Boston to live in the country forty miles away, a region remote and almost on the borders of civilization in those days. Not mere rumor but veritable records have told the story of the fierce attack of the savages on that secluded dwelling, of the murder of husband and man servant, of the flight of the wife and little children, and of their final rescue at the very moment when the Indians had overtaken them,— a rescue, however, not accomplished until one of the children had been killed by an arrow, while the mother, pierced through the arm, was forced to drop the gun with which she held off her assailants.

"Just think of her being so brave and shooting like that!" Kate would say to Ernest. "I admire her more than any of my great-great-great-grandmothers — which ever of the 'greats' she was. And then she brought up all her children so beautifully, with almost nothing to live on, so that every one of them became somebody. I'm always delighted when people tell me I look like her."

"Well, you don't look like her," said Ernest, truthfully. "If you looked as

flat and fady as that you wouldn't look like much. Besides, I don't like a woman's shooting and picking off the redskins the way she did. Of course," in response to Kate's look of surprise, "it was all right, she had to save herself and the children; but some way it don't seem the kind of thing for a woman to do! Now I like her because she wouldn't let her oldest son go back to England and have a title. You see her husband's father had cast him off for being a Puritan."

"Oh, yes, I know," responded Kate. "But I wish she had let him take the title. I'd like to be related to a lord."

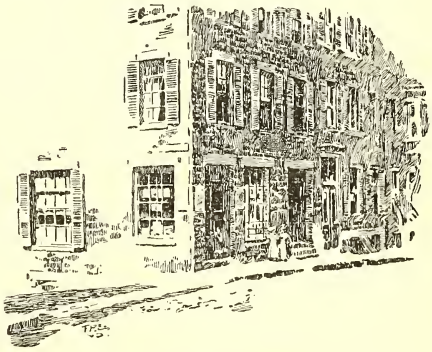
Kate and Ernest were no longer little children when this particular conversation took place; but its substance had come up between them many a time before. Yet Ernest always held to the more democratic position; and as years went by his acquaintance with Ben Bruce intensified his democratic feeling. No one recognized more clearly than Miss Theodora this tendency of Ernest's, and she questioned long whether she was doing what John would have approved in sending him to a school where he must mingle with his social inferiors. In John's day public schools had been different.

An unguarded expression of these feelings of hers one evening at the Digbys' led to an offer from Stuart Digby to share his son's tutor with Ernest, that the two boys might prepare for Harvard together. Now the idea of a tutor was almost as unpleasant to Miss Theodora as the thought of the undesirable acquaintances that Ernest might make at a public school. In the choice between unrepublican aristocracy and simple democracy she almost inclined to the latter; but Stuart Digby, her second cousin, had been John's bosom friend, and she could not bring herself to refuse the well-meant offer. It was Ernest who rebelled.

"I don't want to go to college at all. I hate Latin; I won't waste time on Greek. I despise that namby-pamby Ralph. All he cares for is to walk down Beacon Street with the girls. He don't know a force pump from a steam engine!"

But Miss Theodora, though tearful, for she hated to oppose him, was firm; and for three years the boy went down the Hill and across the Garden to recite his lessons with Ralph. Out of school he saw as little as he could of Ralph. His time was spent chiefly with Ben Bruce. Ben's father kept a small retail shop somewhere down near Court Street, and his family lived in a little house at the top of the Hill, — a little house that never had been meant for any but people of limited means. Yet from the roof of that house there was a view such as no one at the Back Bay ever dreamed of; for past the sloping streets near by, one could gaze on the river bounded like a lake by marshy low lands and the high sea walls, which with the distant hills, the nearer factory chimneys, even the grey walls of the neighboring County Jail on a dark day or bright day, formed a beautiful scene.

There in that little room of Ben's, Ernest often opened his heart to his friend more freely than to his aunt. Ben, considerably Ernest's senior, had entered the Institute of Technology, in



THE CORNER SHOP.

boys' language, "The Tech," soon after Ernest himself had begun to study with Ralph's tutor; and Ernest frankly envied his friend's opportunity for studying science.

## IV.

Yet in his boyish way Ernest enjoyed life. The Somersets, the Digbys and the rest made much of him; and at the

Friday evening dancing class he was a favorite. Had he been a few years older the mothers might have objected to his popularity. A penniless boy attending the Friday evening dancing class is not old enough to be regarded as a dangerous detrimental; and he may receive the adoration, expressive though silent, of half a dozen little maids in white frocks and pink sashes, without encountering rebuffs from their mammas when he steps up to ask them to dance. In this respect fifteen has a great advantage over twenty, emphasized too by the fact that fifteen has not yet learned his own deficiency, while twenty is apt to be all too conscious of it. Children's parties, however, had been within Ernest's reach even before the doors of Papanti's opened to him. They were a friendly people on the Hill, and no birthday party was counted a success without the presence of Ernest. Simple enough these affairs were, the entertainment, round games like "Hunt the Button," and "Going to Jerusalem," and "London's Burning," the refreshment, a light supper of bread and butter and home-made cakes with raspberry vinegar and lemonade as an extra treat.

MISS THEODORA.

Miss Theodora herself did not take part in the social festivities of the neighborhood, although her silver spoons and even pieces of her best china were occasionally lent to add to the splendor of some one's tea table. Mrs. Ketchum was always anxious to make a good impression on the neighbors whom she sometimes asked to tea. Especially desirous was she to have her table glitter with silver and glass when Miss Chatterwits was one of her guests. Since Miss Chatterwits knew only too well Mrs. Ketchum's humble origin as the daughter of a petty West End shoe-maker, the latter could never, like the little seamstress, talk of bygone better days and loss of position. She could only aspire to get even with her by offering her occasionally a plethoric hospitality, in which a superabundance of food and a dazzling array of silver and china were the chief elements. Miss Chatterwits had long suspected that much of this silver was borrowed; but she had never dared hint her suspicions to Mrs. Ketchum, and the latter held up her head with a pride that could not have been surpassed had she been dowered with a modern bride's stock of wedding presents. A day or two after a tea party at which she had been unusually condescending to Miss Chatterwits, she ran across the street to return the borrowed spoons to Miss Theodora. It was dusk as she entered the little doorway, and she hastily thrust the package into the hands of some one standing in the narrow hall, Miss Theodora as she thought, whispering loudly as she did so: "Don't tell Miss Chatterwits I borrowed the spoons." For she knew that the sempstress had been sewing for Miss Theodora that day, and she wasn't quite sure that the latter realized that the borrowing must be kept secret.

"It gave me quite a turn," she said as she told Mr. Ketchum about it. "It gave me quite a turn when I found it was Miss Chatterwits; but I never let on I knew it was her, and I turned about as quick as I could. Only the next time I set foot out of this house I'll be sure I have my glasses."

It was hard to tell which of the two had the best of this chance encounter. Mrs. Ketchum consoled herself for the carelessness by reflecting on the presence of mind that had kept her from acknowledging her humiliation; and Miss Chatterwits gloated over the fact that she had caught Mrs. Ketchum in a peccadillo she had long suspected — borrowing Miss Theodora's silver.

In his early years Ernest had been a neighborly little fellow, and, alone or with his aunt, would lift his hat to a woman, old or young, easily winning for himself the name of "little gentleman." He wore out his shoes in astonishingly quick time playing hopscotch on the hilly sidewalks with the boys and girls who lived near, while Kate, to whom this sport was forbidden, sitting on the doorsteps, looked enviously on. Willingly would she have exchanged her soft kid shoes for the coarse copper-toed boots of Tommy Ketchum, had it only been permitted her to hop across on one foot and kick the stone from one big square to another chalked out so invitingly on the uneven bricks. But Mrs. Stuart Digby, although willing enough to let Kate visit Miss Theodora, made it a rule — and no one dared break a rule of hers — that Kate was never to play on the street with the children of the neighborhood. Yet as she sat sadly in her corner, Kate, often referred to for her opinion on disputed points, at last came to have a forlorn pride in her position as umpire.

At length there came a time when Ernest's interest in the street games waned. His former playmates saw little of him. He neglected the boys and girls with whom he had once played tag and hopscotch, and some of the neighbors, especially Mrs. Ketchum, said that he was growing "stuck up." Miss Theodora hardly knew her neighbors by sight; for it was one of the evidences of the decadence of the region that the houses changed tenants frequently, and furniture vans were often standing in front of some of the houses near Miss Theodora's.

Mrs. Ketchum, however, was a permanent neighbor. She had lived in the street longer even than Miss Theodora. She always called on new comers, and never failed to impress on them a sense of the greatness of the jurist's daughter, with the result that Miss Theodora's comings and goings were always a matter of general neighborhood interest. Sometimes Miss Theodora invited the children hanging about her doorstep to come inside the house, where she regaled them with gingerbread, or let them look through the folio of engravings in the library. Yet, in spite of the lady's kindness, they all stood in awe of her as the daughter of a Great Man whose orations were printed in their school readers beside those of Webster and Clay. Miss Theodora, with her quiet manner and high forehead, in a day when all other women wore more elaborate coiffures, seemed to the children like a person in a book, and their answers to her questions were always the merest monosyllables.

It was not worldliness altogether which took Ernest away from his former playmates. After his mornings with Ralph and their tutor, he had to study pretty hard in the afternoon. His evenings were generally devoted to Miss Theodora; either he read aloud while she sewed, or they played chess with that curious set of carved chess-men given her father by a grateful Salem client years before.

In little ways, Miss Theodora, though not a sharp observer, sometimes thought that she detected a growing worldliness in Ernest.

"Why don't we get some new carpets?" he asked one day. It was the very spring before he entered college. "I never could tell, Aunt Teddy, what those flowers were meant to be. When I was a little chap, I used to wonder whether they were bunches of roses or dahlias; but now you'd hardly know they were meant to be flowers at all."

This was true enough, for the carpet, with its huge pattern, designed for the drawing room of their old house, had been trodden upon by so many feet, that now hardly the faint outline of its former roses remained. The furniture, too, was growing shabby; the heavy green rep of the easy chairs had faded in spots, the gilded picture frames were tarnished, and the window draperies with their

imposing lambrequins were sadly out of fashion. Yet from Miss Theodora's evasive reply the boy did not realize that poverty prevented her refurnishing the rooms in modern fashion. He had everything he needed; but the circle of relatives all continued to say, "It's wonderful that Theodora manages as well as she does."

V

"Come along! Hurry up!" called Ernest to Ben, one winter's day, kicking his heels into the little hillocks of frozen

MISS CHATTERWITS.

snow on the sidewalk; and even as he spoke Ben, with a "Here I am," rushed from the house with his skates slung over his shoulder. Ernest carried, in a green bag, on which his aunt had worked his initials in shaded brown, a pair of the famous "Climax" club skates, a Christmas present from his cousin Richard Somerset. Reaching the Common, after a brisk run, they began to put on their skates, when in a group of well-dressed lads, swinging stick or playing hockey, Ernest was sorry to recognize Ralph Digby.

"I wouldn't have come if I'd known Ralph would be here," he said to Ben.

"No matter, we needn't have anything to do with him."

"I know I needn't; but I hate to be near him. He always seems to me to be saying to himself 'Oh, you're nothing but a poor relation.'"

"Well, he's a poorer skater than you," laughed Ben; and the two boys glided off, passing Ralph in his fur-trimmed coat, surrounded by half a dozen lads of his own kind.

Ernest's superiority in skating, in his studies, in manners, bred envy in Ralph's heart. Ralph was indolent in his studies and heavy on his feet. He looked on enviously as Ernest wheeled past him time and time again, and said to his friends that he didn't care to skate any longer, "there was too much riff-raff on the pond." He was irritated not only by Ernest's skill and grace in skating but by the fact that his poorer cousin wore the famous "Climax" club skates. For a long time Ralph himself had been the only boy in his little set who possessed skates of this kind. They were a novelty and expensive, and the average boy wore the old-fashioned strap skates. No one knew that he begrudged Ernest his glistening skates. Regardless of the sneering words wafted to them as they skated past Ralph and his friends, Ernest and Ben, with glowing cheeks and tingling blood, wheeled and curveted until well nigh breathless. Then as they started for home, Ernest gave an exclamation of surprise. His skates were missing, and neither Ben nor he knew whom to suspect of taking them. A month later, when the skating season was over, an unaddressed box was left at the house, containing the missing skates. The sender, who had tried so hard to conceal his identity, had neglected to notice that the under side of the box bore Stuart Digby's name. With evidence like this, Ernest was obliged to believe that Ralph had taken the skates merely from jealousy. Though Ernest said nothing about it, Ralph felt that his cousin had discovered his meanness, and Ernest knew that

Ralph disliked him all the more for this knowledge.

While his regard for Ralph constantly diminished, Ernest's fondness for Kate constantly increased.

"She doesn't seem a bit like Ralph's sister," he would say confidentially to Ben; and Ben would echo a hearty "Indeed she doesn't."

Kate was never happier than when she had permission to spend the day with Miss Theodora. Paying little attention to the charges of Marie, her French maid, to "walk quietly, like a little lady," she would hop and skip along the Garden mall and up the hill to Miss Theodora's house. What joy, when Marie had been dismissed and sent home, to sit beside Miss Theodora and learn some fancy stitch in crochet, or perhaps go to the kitchen to help Diantha make cookies.

"Our cook won't even let me go down the back stairs, and I've only been in our kitchen once in my life; and I just love Diantha for giving me that dear little rolling-pin, and showing me how to make cookies."

Kate was almost as fond of Miss Chatterwits as of Diantha. One of her chief childish delights was the privilege sometimes accorded her of spending an afternoon in the little suite of rooms occupied by the seamstress and her sisters. Besides the old claw-foot bureau and high-back chairs in her bedroom, the heavy fur tippet and faded cashmere shawl, — either of which she donned according to the season on especially great occasions, — Miss Chatterwits had a few treasures, relics of a more opulent past. These she always showed to Kate and Ernest when they visited her, as a reward for previous good behavior. Ernest was usually less interested in these treasures than Kate. He liked better to talk to the green parrot that blinked and swung in its narrow cage in the room where lay the little seamstress's bed-ridden sister. But for Kate, the top drawer of Miss Chatterwits bureau contained infinite wealth. The curious Scotch pebble pin, the silver bracelets, the long thin gold chain, the old hair brooches and, best of all, that curious spherical watch, without hands, without works, seemed to Kate more beautiful and valuable than all the jewelry in the velvet-lined receptacle of her mother's jewel-casket. More attractive still was a shelf in the closet off Miss Chatterwits' bedroom. On this shelf was a row of pasteboard boxes, uniform in size wherein were stored scraps of velvet, silk and ribbon, gingham, cloth and muslins, — fragments indeed of all the dresses worn by Miss Chatterwits since her sixteenth year. As materials had not been bought by Miss Chatterwits since her father's death had left her penniless, a good thirty years before Kate knew her, the pieces in the boxes were genuine curiosities.

"Why didn't you ever get married, Miss Chatterwits?" asked Ernest one day when he and Kate were paying her a visit.

"Oh, I don't know;" and the old lady simpered with the same self-consciousness that prompts the girl of eighteen to blush when pointed questions are put to her; and then as Ernest, who always wanted a definite answer to every question, persisted, she added with a sigh, "Well, I suppose I was hard to suit." Then, as if in amplification of this reply, she began to sing to herself the words of an old-fashioned song which the children had heard her sing before: —

"When I was a girl of eighteen years old,
I was as handsome as handsome could be;
I was taught to expect wit, wisdom and gold,
And nothing else would do for me — for me,
And nothing else would do for me.

The first was a youth any girl might adore,
And as ardent as lovers should be;
But mamma having heard the young man was quite poor,
Why he wouldn't do for me — for me,
Why he wouldn't do for me."

None of the many verses describing the various lovers of the scornful young lady made so deep an impression on the children as the opening lines in which she was said to be "as handsome as handsome could be;" and Ernest, who was a literal little fellow, said to Kate when they were out of Miss Chatterwits' hearing,

"Now do you think that homely people were ever handsome once upon a time?"

But Kate could never be made to call Miss Chatterwits homely. Indeed, one day in a burst of gratitude, when the latter

had lent the child her watch to wear for an hour or two, the little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Chatterwits, you are very handsome!"

"Nobody ever told me that before, Kate," said the old woman.

Then with the frankness that in later years often caused her to nullify the good impression made by some pretty speech, the child added,

"I mean very handsome all but your face."

(*To be continued.*)

---

## RESPONSIBILITY.

*By Lydia Avery Coonley.*

EACH man is judge at his own bar,
Receiving sentence there;
Each man is his own ancestor,
And each his own first heir.

God sends all good, and says, "Hold fast!
To himself give I man;
His heritage is his own past,
His future his own plan."

---

## THE SMITTEN VILLAGE.

*By I. A. K.*

NATURE is still revelling in her wild summer beauty, in the ancient land of the Pequots, before yielding to the glorious New England autumn. The air is redolent of mingled odors of mint, sweet fern, "Indian posy," pine and juniper, cast upon the breezes fresh from the sea. Barns are sweet with new hay, fields golden with grain, woods still decked in sturdy green, and pastures but slightly bronzed by the long summer's sun. Great granite ledges and huge bowlders shine white everywhere, but largest and whitest by the whiter sands of the shore. Never were lovelier skies fairer mirrored in sparkling blue waters.

A town and a village sit on either side of the charming river which, just below, gives its shining current to the blue sound in one of the most capacious and beautiful harbors on the American coast. Often have the British cast an envious eye upon this snug naval retreat and dreamed of bearding the bold privateers in their den; for from this port has sailed many a stanch ship with daring crew, to pounce upon the enemy's merchant vessels and return laden with spoil. On the other hand, the place has suffered constant alarms from the British, while her brave mariners and fishermen have been subjected to constant peril and frequent ruin. Many of her noblest sons are absent in the army and the navy, and her regular business has been paralyzed by the long strain of the war.

Yet, however grave may be their elders, whose ancestors, by toil and peril, wrung these beloved homesteads from close-fisted nature and from the savage, many

of whose sons are now imperilled for their freedom, hardy boys and beautiful girls laugh on the pleasant hillsides, dreaming of apple parings and merry huskings, and seeing in their bright visions only the gay uniforms, the valor and the glories of war.

Of all the boys grown tall and stalwart, there is no finer specimen of New England youth than the handsome Ziba Woodworth; and though none loves life better and none is more active in manly labor or in festive scenes, none would be gladder than he to prove himself a hero ready to die for freedom.

All at once, on one of these beautiful days, there comes the hour when Ziba and those like him may prove their patriotism; for with the early light of September 6, 1781, a British fleet is seen anchored off the harbor, and a few hours later hundreds of redcoats, commanded by Benedict Arnold, land on either side of the river, at its mouth, and advance upon the town and village. The roads are filled with terrified women and children, fleeing into the country, laden with such valuables as they can carry. The men have bravely shouldered their muskets. On the village bank they gather at the fort; on the town side they lurk as skirmishers under walls and hedges, or rally around the commander of the forts, Colonel Ledyard, at the water battery, — which cannot be held against foes by land. As soon as this fact is evident, Colonel Ledyard and his men take boats to the breastwork on the village height, under a heavy fire from the enemy. All about are vessels with widespread sails endeavoring to escape shot and firebrands by putting up the river.

Speedily the marauders are upon the town. They have fired the storehouses and other buildings. It is a wild scene of leaping smoke and flame, amid which only the forms of redcoats are visible as they flit to and fro on their work of destruction.

Fort Griswold, on the village hill, faces the heart of the burning town; and here are gathered the flower of the men and youth to make a stand against the marauders. Among them are Ziba and his brother, boys of seventeen and nineteen, yet by no means the youngest of that heroic company of one hundred and fifty-five, some of whom are under sixteen, many under twenty, and almost half under thirty. They anxiously await the body of the enemy which is advancing upon that side of the river.

From his post on the southwest, Ziba by turns observes the steady increase of the lurid conflagration on the opposite side and keeps watch of the woods on the south, from which the redcoats may at any instant emerge. His heart beats high with eager resolve and yet with awe.

"The cargo of the *Hannah* is going up in those flames," says a man near by, alluding to a merchant vessel recently taken, whose cargo, valued at $400,000, was in one of the storehouses.

"Probably that capture brought them down on us just now," replies another; "they mean to wipe us out."

"Yes," says a third; "this is a dark day for New London and Groton."

"I call it a bright day, Lieutenant Avery," says a ringing voice near.

"How so, Zibe?" returns the lieutenant.

"I have been longing for an opportunity like this ever since the war broke out," replies the beardless youth, his fair cheek glowing as he speaks. "It will be the happiest day of my life, if we get a chance at the redcoats. All I'm afraid of is that the colonel will think it best to give in to them."

"But how about the women and children who will be made widows and orphans if we hold out against four or five times our number?"

"American women and children had rather be widows and orphans than the wives and children of cowards."

At Ziba's right is a boy not yet sixteen named Holsey Sanford, and at his left Benton Allyn, of about the same age. Holsey came over from the Battery with the colonel under fire, and was slightly wounded.

"Do you think a man like Colonel Ledyard will advise giving up the fort to them, Holsey," says Ziba.

"I hope not. I'd like to pay them off for that fire on our boats which killed those men of ours and gave me

this wound in the knee. I'm here in my brother's stead, and I want to make his place good."

"Just see how many boys there are here," remarks Ziba. "Dan Williams, the powder-boy, is only fourteen. I don't believe one of them would give in to surrendering."

"And we've veterans enough to show us how to fight," said Benton.

"They do not all advise staying here in the fort," said Lieutenant Avery; "some think we ought to go out and skirmish, where we can't get penned in and others can join us easily."

"Here they come!" shouts Tom Wansuc, a Pequot Indian, who has been keeping vigilant watch. Close upon the cry is the sally of the red lines from the woods, with lowered heads and broken ranks, making for chance shelter behind the hills, bowlders and ledges. Every heart throbs, and though many a cheek pales, every eye flashes keen and bright. Almost as soon as seen, the enemy vanishes, having been rallied by their officers in two divisions, one behind the shelter of a hill and the other under a rocky ledge. Now and then a few redcoats appear, and are immediately fired upon from the fort, upon which, they disappear again behind the rocks and knolls. Few words are exchanged; all are on the alert for the next move of the enemy. It comes speedily. A flag party appears and advances toward the fort. A musket shot brings them to a stand. Colonel Ledyard sends an answering flag by three officers. They return with a demand for surrender, and the colonel calls a council.

"Of course they won't decide to give up," says Ziba.

Presently news is circulated that the fort will not be surrendered, since there are prospects of speedy reinforcement.

"I believe we could hold out against them alone," says Ziba. "If each one of us could pick off three or four, they would be annihilated."

"There are so many of the redcoats I'm afraid we should stand a poor chance," says Sanford. "But if we don't have reinforcements we can fight as long as there is any hope and then surrender."

The fort flag has gone with the bold decision. The enemy's flag reports it to the British commander, and presently returns with an answer. All breathlessly await the message. It is that if the fort has to be taken by storm, all who are not killed in the assault will be put to death with sword and bayonet. The fearful word goes round; but no man blanches at it. Every eye flashes and every lip curls scornfully.

Again the fort flag sallies forth, with the reply that the fort will not be surrendered, let the consequences be what they may. The flag returns. The attack is looked for at any moment, and everything is in readiness. Ziba forgets all else; past and future alike vanish; he stands upon this one glorious pinnacle of the present, consecrated to his country.

"I'll give you powder enough," says little Daniel; "see that you make it tell."

"I'll help you, Dan," shouts a boy of the same age. "If they get a chance to bayonet us, it will be after our powder gives out."

Just then a tall, powerful colored man, a body servant of Colonel Ledyard, passes near on some errand.

"What does the Colonel say, Jordon?"

"He don't need to say much of nothin'. He's known clear through, Colonel Ledyard is. You heered what he said when he stepped in the boat to cross over here, didn't ye, Sanford?"

"Yes; he said, 'If I am to lose honor or life to-day, you who know me know which it will be.'"

"That's it; we knows him — and he knows us."

"That's the truth," says Ziba. "There is no coward in the fort."

At this moment the two British divisions suddenly appeared from under cover, and one of them rapidly approached in solid column upon the south end of the fort. Captain Halsey, who had practised on board a privateersman, turns upon them an eighteen-pounder, loaded with two bags of grape shot. It belches forth and clears a wide space in the ranks. Instantly the broken column trail their arms and hurry forward obliquely, while the other division, which had advanced at the same time upon the east side of

the redoubt, are met by a heavy charge, which mows many to the ground. The enemy now advance in platoons, discharging their muskets as they come. Some scattered redcoats attempt to open the gate, and are repulsed; they try again and are hotly met. Cannon and musket shot fly fast and fatally from the fort; every man loads and fires with the utmost rapidity. It inspires the youngest to see the coolness and precision of the older men of the garrison, among whom is Captain Stanton of the Continental army, who chances to be at home on a furlough. To fight by the side of such men is an unexpected honor for these youths, and they strain every nerve in emulation. Again and again the British veterans quail and scatter before the determined showers of grape and musket shot, but are as often rallied to a more desperate charge.

All at once the fort flag falls to the ground; the staff was severed by a random shot. Believing that the garrison has yielded, the redcoats press forward. This wild, exulting charge cannot be withstood by the heroic little garrison. The flag again floats; but it is too late. They force the gate; they swarm in the ditch; under cover of a close fire from behind, they scale the ramparts, regardless of the desperate opposition that meets them at every step, not only from musket shots, but from cannon balls hurled from above. Once they have mounted the ramparts, they shoot and bayonet all before them. A number of the garrison are already killed, among them Benton Allyn and the powder-boy. Many of the British have fallen, including the commander of each division.

"Do your duty, my son," cries Lieutenant Avery.

"Never fear, father," replies the lad; and the next moment he falls lifeless at his father's side.

"'Tis in a good cause," says the father, and fights on. Shortly a bayonet strikes him in the forehead; he is borne to the ground, and they trample upon him as they press on.

As Ziba, who has fought like a tiger, is striking aside a bayonet thrust made by a swearing redcoat, he feels a sudden hot thrill in his leg. He is about to spring upon a soldier who is bayoneting a fallen comrade, when he falls; he tries vainly to rise; the British grind him into the dust with their feet, as they go madly on with yells and imprecations.

The scene is now terrific. The devoted garrison has made a last heroic stand and has been driven back with its brave commander to the parade. Seeing the defence utterly useless, Colonel Ledyard calls upon his men to throw down their arms. At the same time the colonel advances toward the officer in command, who is demanding who has charge of the fort; and with the words "I did, but you do now," tenders his sword, hilt forward, with martial grace and dignity.

Holsey Sanford, hot beset as he is, in the wild *mêlée* of the carnage that has not ceased with the surrender, gazes with dim eyes upon the manly form and noble features of his commander as he yields to the bitter necessity. The officer, his face distorted with rage, as he violently seizes the sword, exclaims: "Do you know the rules of war?"

"I do," replies Colonel Ledyard with the same dignity.

"Then prepare to die!" cries the other.

Scarcely are the words spoken before the sword is buried in its owner's breast. The noble form sinks, while with redoubled oaths the redcoats continue the dread massacre, thrusting everywhere with their bayonets, not sparing the wounded heroes or even the dead. Seeing that the savage threat uttered at the first is to be thus brutally carried out, the remainder of the little garrison yield their lives as dearly as possible, many already riddled with wounds fighting heroically on as best they may. The gallant Captain Stanton does not cease his almost superhuman defence until he falls pierced with twenty wounds. A few left almost alone with the enemy seek shelter in the magazine and barracks, but are relentlessly pursued and cut down, until one of the British officers, sickening at the scene, cries out, in the name of God, to have the carnage stayed.

As motionless as the corpses about him and as pale, but for the blood stains on

his face, Ziba Woodworth lies among the slain. In intervals of consciousness he hears, with almost preternatural distinctness, the conversation of those who are gathering their dead apart. He learns that the magazine is to be fired after the wounded are removed; yet he is so faint from loss of blood that he can give no sign of life. The redcoats tread upon him in their pillage; he faints again with the added agony. At length, in an interval of consciousness, he perceives that all is still. He recalls the dread word that when all the living are removed a train is to be set to the magazine. This horrible recollection deadens even his terrible pain and thirst. He hears the chirp of crickets and the half-hushed notes of birds. By a great effort he opens his heavy eyelids for a moment; he sees the ghastly forms by his side; he notes the lengthened shadows of the ramparts. It is close upon sunset. Perhaps the fatal train is already fired. In a flash all his past rises in review before him, with its youthful faults and radiant dreams. Highest amid these were a dream of war and a dream of love. The first has come true; but, alas! the sweet girl to whom he had hoped to bear a hero's laurels! He thinks last of his mother and the God she taught him to revere, and he gives himself into His hands.

When the enemy have at length embarked, and the weeping friends of the devoted garrison come forth to seek them, so many are the wounded and so desperate their need that no time can yet be given to the dead, — save that a man who has entered the fort perceives the burning train and extinguishes it.

All night Ziba lies where he fell, with the dews gathering upon him. With the early dawn, those who have been watching and waiting enter the fort in search of their dead. But not until the rigid and gory faces have been washed by the trembling hands of women can any be recognized. Amid those mangled forms and faces no face is more deathlike than Ziba's. He cannot open his eyes or move tongue or finger; yet he hears the voices of friends and neighbors, and he knows he is to be placed in the burial car. All the horror of the night was as nothing to this, to be buried alive by the hands of his friends. Oh for strength to utter some sound! He makes a solemn vow to his God that if he may be spared he will devote his life to His service. He is lifted into the cart; the dead are piled above him; and the cart moves on its way. The new pain proves a force stronger even than his frenzied will. He groans aloud. Eagerly they search for the living among the dead; and tenderly he is borne to his home.

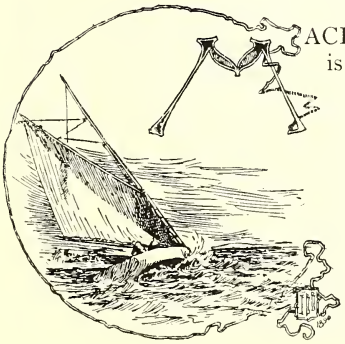
Ere his wound is healed, the fourscore graves of his fallen comrades are green with the grass of another summer. Many another lifelong cripple is to be seen in the village streets, many maimed worse than himself; among them Avery, scarred worst of all, who was also taken up for dead. Ziba is young and buoyant. Time deadens the horrors of the past. His life is still full of hope and promise; and in good time he marries the sweet girl.

Long afterward, a grand old man, with limping gait, returns to visit the scenes of his youth. It is Rev. Ziba Woodworth, who for many years has been an eloquent preacher and faithful pastor in Montpelier, Vermont. Well has he performed his vow to aid in forwarding the blessed gospel of peace. The sun shines cheerfully on the graves of the heroes he loved; but in the sunshine his thoughts are all of that fearful day of carnage, when peaceful and gentle men were compelled for honor's sake to meet their death in savage war.

MACHIAS HARBOR, SHOWING HOLMES'S BAY AND ROUND ISLAND.

# MACHIAS IN THE REVOLUTION AND AFTERWARD.

*By M. E. C. Smith.*



MACHIAS, it is claimed, fought and won the first naval battle of the Revolution, and kept for freedom the whole country east of the Penobscot. A careful authority has stated to the Massachusetts Historical Society that in the end the boundary line was determined rather by possession than by the compass or by the treaty of peace, and that this "possession" was due especially to Alexander Campbell with the militia, to Colonel Allan with the Indians, and to the citizens of Machias.

For putting together a chronicle of those serious days we have not only the trustworthy pages of the local historian, but the yellow records of the old Committee of Safety. Skipping the preceding century, with Champlain, with Richard Vines, with La Tour, with Governor Belcher and Thomas Prince of the Old South Church, we come to 1761 and 1762. Western Maine was then suffering from drought and forest fires. Isaiah Foster of Scarboro took a few companions and set out in a whale-boat eastward in search of marsh hay. Arrived at Machias, Foster was cheered with the sight of unscathed acres of grass and also with what his trained eye saw was even more valuable — forests upon forests of timber close to an extraordinary water-power standing at the head of tide navigation.

His report to stricken Scarboro led, in May, 1763, to the first permanent settlement at Machias. How Isaiah Foster stayed behind in Scarboro with his aged father, but let his younger brothers go to the new land, and how, at the elder Foster's death, so complete was this migration that there was no man left to help Isaiah in digging his father's grave, and how the former twice visited this colony of his planting, and the last time died on

his way back, — all this makes a noble story in itself.

Two years later Ichabod Jones, a Boston merchant, on a trading-ship along the Maine coast heard of the natural wealth at Machias and pushed on thither. This introduction was only the beginning of friendly and profitable acquaintance mutually so satisfactory that Jones became, as it were, the moneyed partner in the colony. He joined in building three double saw-mills, he established his nephew as his agent, and a regular exchange of lumber and provisions took place from year to year. Through his instrumentality a pastor was obtained — the first settled minister east of St. George (near Rockland); and altogether the relations were of the most intimate character through ten long, quiet years. Perhaps the winter of 1774–1775 was especially enjoyable; for the times were not peaceful at Boston, and Jones had withdrawn his family to Machias. Spring came, and "the shot heard round the world" travelled fast to Machias and met with ears not deaf. The apprehension of what was impending was in all the air.

The *Polly* and the *Unity*, Jones's sloops, had already made their first trip of the season. Jones was anxious to return once more to Boston for relatives and household effects, as well as for the supplies upon which the town depended. It was the second day of June when the sister vessels came back to their waiting friends, who found their welcome turned into consternation as they beheld an armed stranger in close attendance. The *Margaretta* was a British cutter of about a hundred tons burden, and was said to have on board four four-pounders, twenty swivels, two wall-pieces, firearms, cutlasses, ammunition, two commissioned officers and thirty-eight under officers and men. It seems that Admiral Graves at Boston, before allowing Jones to remove what he desired, had made him promise to return with lumber for the British barracks. Jones is said to have expressed "great uneasiness" at the warlike companion sent with him; but the admiral insisted and said that it was a good opportunity for her to bring up the stores of an armed vessel cast away somewhere down east. The admiral had put his kinsman, Midshipman Moore, in command of the *Margaretta*, to see that Jones performed his part of the contract and to protect him, if need be, from any opposition on the part of the townspeople.

VIEW OF MACHIAS.

Jones's position on his arrival in Machias was the more delicate in that he knew so well the temper of the people. He presented what purported to be a request from the selectmen of Boston that he might be allowed to return to bring off distressed inhabitants. He also showed a paper wherein the people were to insure the sailing of the lumber free from any injury save from the British. This pledge was at once refused. He next (June 6) had a public meeting called, which proved to be too full of excitement for a unanimous decision; but a vote was at last passed permitting Jones to take his lumber to Boston as before. What warrant had the people for deserting their friend after the trusted intercourse of

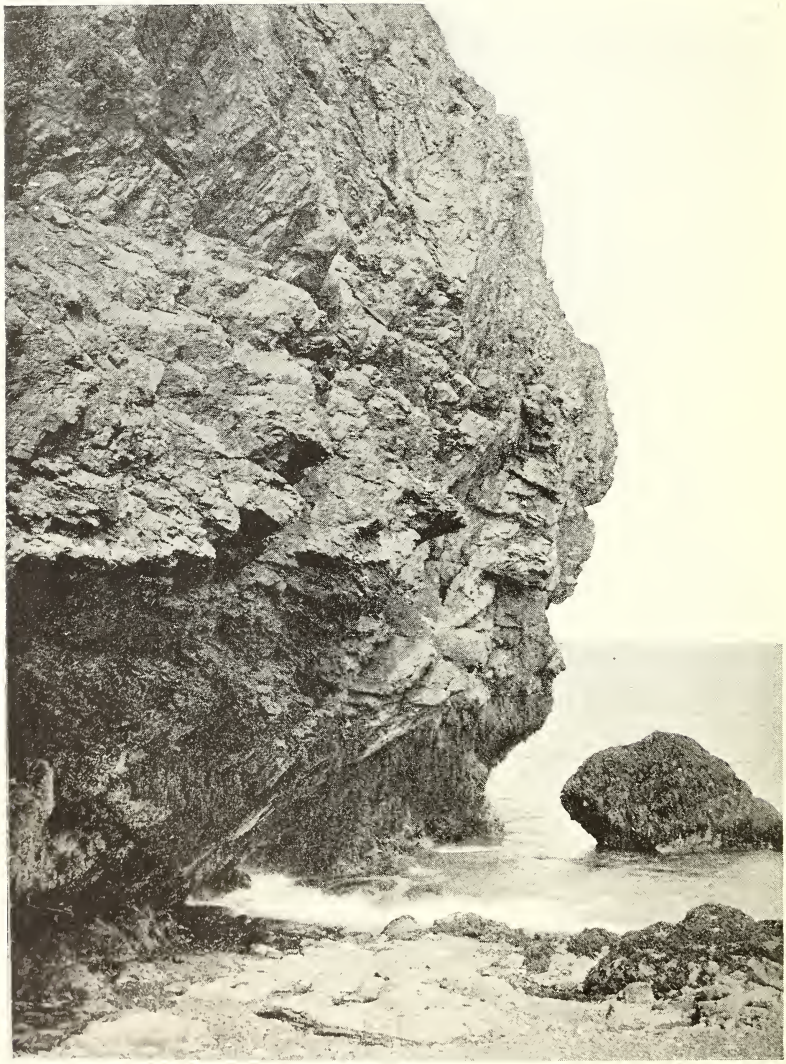
FOSTER'S "RUBICON."

years? Suppose they did choose independence, what were they to live on after casting off their sole support? A severe drought the previous fall had left them now with not provisions enough for three weeks more. The little town consisted at this time of eighty families and a hundred single men. They kept only a few cows and some oxen for the log-hauling. Potatoes were almost the only vegetable, and of these there were not enough for their own consumption. Moose were abundant, but the art of hunting them was unknown to most of the earlier settlers. Long expeditions were exhausting to hungry men, who had sometimes found even the search for clams no easy task. They remembered well the "clam year" of 1767, when the vessel that was to bring them supplies had become ice-bound on her way, and for two months the people gleaned a scanty subsistence from potato sprouts and remnants of starching-flour and from the clam beds.

In justice to these men, who, it would seem, might have improved their lands more, it should be noted that Machias had at first supposed herself to be in the jurisdiction of Nova Scotia, and had applied to Nova Scotia for a township grant. When in 1770 the grant from Massachusetts was received, it was not to be valid until it had the king's signature. This uncertainty about ownership made the people the more intent on making the most out of what was theirs in hand — the unlimited lumber resources. There were no highways to connect them with the distant settlements even feebler than themselves, and communication by water could easily be controlled by an invading foe. A little later they petitioned "the honorable congress of the Massachusetts Bay" "not for charity," but for supplies to be delivered to Smith and Stillman, who should "obligate themselves to pay the whole amount on demand in lumber." "We have no country behind us to lean upon," they said, "nor can we make an escape by flight; the wilderness is impervious, and vessels we have none."

"Lexington and Concord" were ringing words even at this perilous beginning; but was it certain whether that resistance was the initial step in a grand uprising or an outbreak swiftly to be put down by the hand of power? Finally a man-of-war lay at their very doors. Was not even their liberty of choice a farce?

So Jones began to load his sloops, and showed rather more favor to those who had voted for him than to those who had voted against him. It was felt, rather than proved, that the special kind of lumber he was selecting was meant for the royal barracks. All seemed calm after the conflict of discussion. The British were much on shore and took part in the social life. The sentiment of opposition, however, still smouldered in the breasts of some. The flame found vent in Benjamin Foster, brother of Isaiah. The more he pondered upon the situation, the more his conscience smote him. He must not let this lumber go to Boston; he must take his stand with his country. It was now Sunday, the eleventh of June. Foster



MONUMENT ROCK.

was a deacon in the church, and a man of influence among the people. He had known the responsibilities of life since, as a child of eleven years, he had been intrusted with the wintering of a large stock of cattle in his father's absence. He had taken part at Louisburg on his nineteenth birthday; he had been at Ticonderoga with Abercrombie; he was lieutenant then of the little militia company, and soon afterward acquired the title of colonel. In one of those hard weeks in the dearth of 1767, he had gone down one day to the shore to dig the clams for the family. Faint with exhaustion, he could scarcely lift the scantily filled pail. While he was waiting for the tide, querying whether it might not be as well to let the water sweep him away, the welcome sight of sails assured him of succor close at hand. Captain Jones had heard of the detained vessel, and had come to the rescue. And now, on this Sunday in June, Foster must work against this same Captain Jones.

From Pleasant River and from Goulds-boro, as well as from Machias, Foster had summoned a small band to confer with him. In the number were the O'Briens of Machias, a bold and energetic Protestant family from Ireland. The council was held near a small brook not far from the West Falls village. The talk was warm and long. One member, we read, "took Foster aside before the discussion of the question and offered him his choice of two yoke of oxen if he would relinquish opposition." But bribery was powerless with such a man. Declaring that he for one should take up the offensive, he stepped across his Rubicon, and called upon all who would join him to pass over to his side of the rivulet. The majority were at his side, and the minority quickly fell in.

The first thing to be done was to go to the meeting-house, where the afternoon service was already taking place. There they would make Jones and the British officers prisoners, and so prevent bloodshed when the vessels were reached. The little band, armed with muskets and with the deacon at their head, were treading the foot-bridge to gain the church, when Parson Lyon's negro servant, London Atus, letting his eyes wander out over the landscape, spied the herald of war, uttered a cry, and darted out of the open window. The officers of the *Margaretta* caught the alarm and quickly followed. Captain Jones secreted himself in the woods for several days; Moore dropped down the harbor in his vessel, and sent back word that if the citizens interfered with the laden sloops he would return and fire upon the town.

Every one was now so thoroughly roused that to follow after the *Margaretta* and take her was the one thought. Foster went over to the east village for the *Falmouth Packet*, while Jeremiah O'Brien took possession of the *Unity*, which was not quite loaded. The two vessels were to join forces below next morning. The *Polly* seems to have been far enough down to be under the wing of the *Margaretta*.

Under their respective leaders, the men of East and West Falls mustered as eager volunteers. What was their equipment? A few charges of powder and balls for twenty fowling-pieces (most of them carried by the *Unity*), thirteen pitchforks, and ten or twelve axes. Monday morning came, and the two vessels were proceeding down the bay, when the *Falmouth Packet* unfortunately got aground. Foster was thus cut off from the contest. The *Unity* pushed on alone, extemporizing breastworks from her lumber. It was not long before the *Margaretta* was in sight. The little impromptu company bethought themselves of a commander for the action before them; and Jeremiah O'Brien was unanimously chosen. His first official act was to tell his men that any who felt faint-hearted might now be put ashore. Two or three accepted the release. The *Unity*, now left with her picked band of about forty men, most of them unskilled in warfare of any kind and especially in naval warfare, drew nearer and nearer to the *Margaretta*, lying within gunshot off Round Island. With the *Unity's* rude and slender outfit, the best move seemed to be to board the *Margaretta*. Closer drew the little vessel till Captain Moore called out to know what was wanted. O'Brien, still approaching rapidly, summoned him to "surrender to America."

CAVE IN MACHIAS BAY.

Moore now seemed trying to avoid an encounter. A stiff northwest breeze had sprung up; and he crowded all sail and stood out to sea. In jibing, however, his main boom was carried away. He ran into Holmes's Bay, took a spar from a vessel there just in from Connecticut, impressed the captain as pilot, and hastily struck out again for the open waters. It was now getting toward eleven o'clock. On came the *Unity;* she was a good sailer. Captain Moore cut away his boats to relieve his vessel, but found that he must come to an engagement. He opened fire, and with the first shot killed a man on the *Unity*. The fire was at once warmly returned. The helmsman of the *Margaretta* was killed, and her quarter-deck for the moment deserted. Bows on, the sloop met the schooner and sent her bowsprit through the mainsail of her foe. Then the vessels sprang apart, and this first attempt at boarding failed. In the brief moment of collision, John O'Brien, a younger brother of the captain, had leaped upon the *Margaretta* only to be immediately assailed upon all sides. He threw himself overboard, and swam back to his comrades. A second time the vessels swung together, and there was a sharp fight with musketry. The *Margaretta's* captain made a stout resistance till he fell mortally wounded with a ball through his breast. The young midshipman, to whom the charge now fell, rushed in terror below and left the crew to their fate. The victorious company on the *Unity* at once boarded the schooner. The whole affair had lasted less than one hour.

Captain Moore was carried on shore and carefully tended till his death on the following day. When asked why he had held out so long, the brave and handsome Irishman replied that he had fought not for his life but for honor. On board the *Unity*, besides the victim of the first fire, one man was mortally injured and three or four were wounded. On the *Margaretta*, besides the captain, four were killed. One of these was the pilot from Holmes's Bay, — "poor Mr. Avery," as the generous pen tenderly named him in the formal report to Congress. From the beginning of the action he had sat on deck completely stupefied.

In the hold of the *Margaretta* were found four four-pound cannon unused. The vessel was brought up to the village in triumph that same day, Monday, the

twelfth of June. A shop was fitted up for a hospital, and a physician sent for from Nova Scotia.

Two ladies are said to have been passengers on board the *Margaretta*. One of these was a relative of Jones and was engaged in marriage to Captain Moore. The *Margaretta* was bound to Halifax, where the marriage was to take place. With this day two other women were intimately concerned, — Hannah and Rebecca Weston, the young wife and the sister of one of the brave band on the *Unity*. A messenger had been despatched to Chandler's River for more ammunition, and had refused to return. No man was left in the village, and these two girls of seventeen and nineteen years offered their services. They carried thirty or forty pounds of powder and balls through ten miles of forest with only a faint guide of "spotted trees." One of them became exhausted on the way, and her companion bore the double load. With garments torn by their rough journey, they reached the village at sundown — too late to make the ammunition of service, but not too late to become the heroines of the hour. In one of the old account books we find this entry: —

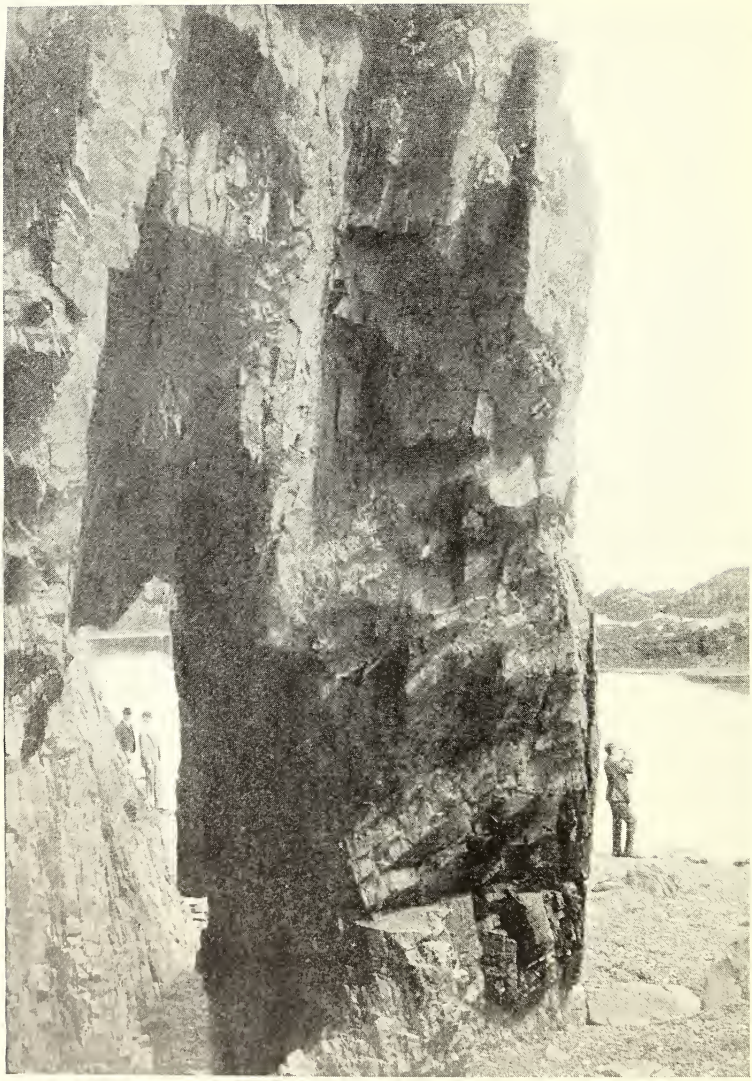
"July 12. To 1 winding sheet for Coolbroth, 12*s*.

"To 12 yds. of camblet for the women that brot ye ammunition from Chandler's River, £2 18*s*."

The whole community now felt that war with all its consequences had been deliberately accepted. A Committee of Safety with full powers was at once formed. The *Unity* equipped herself with the weapons of the *Margaretta*, changed her name to the *Machias Liberty*, and under the charge of O'Brien set out on a cruise in the Bay of Fundy in search of the British armed vessel, the *Diligent*. A report of the affair of June 12 was promptly sent to the provincial government; and a few days later Parson Lyon writes that papers had been discovered proving the intended using of the lumber for the British. The prisoners were conveyed by Foster, O'Brien and others to Falmouth (now Portland), and thence overland to headquarters — thirty-five days, John O'Brien's account says, "going express" from Machias to Watertown. The Provincial Congress, under date of June 26, officially thanked Foster and O'Brien and the men under their charge.

Colonel Foster was placed in command at the East River; Captain Stephen Smith had a force in Buck's Harbor to give warning of any armed vessel putting in an appearance in the bay. On the fourteenth of July, the *Diligent*, a topsail schooner of about a hundred tons, sailed up with her tender. They had been surveying the Bay of Fundy, and had a curiosity to put in at Machias on their way back to Boston. Captain Knight of the *Diligent*, with some of his crew, went on shore in a small boat. His approach had not been unobserved. Captain Smith and some of his men chose their ground for secreting themselves till Knight's boat drew near enough for the armed band to disclose itself. Knight was then summoned to accompany the little force

WHITE'S POINT.



JASPER HEAD.

SURF BEACH.

to the town. He begged hard to be let off, protesting that his visit had no hostile intent, but was only for the sake of learning about the *Margaretta* affair. He was told that the Committee of Safety, on hearing his story, would perhaps let him go.

Upon their arrival in the village, it was not thought wise to let the *Diligent* take her way and give in her own story of the rebellious town. Accordingly Knight was kept prisoner, and O'Brien and Foster were sent down the river to hold the two vessels. The lieutenant in command observed the advancing companies, heard the summons to strike his colors, and surrendered without a blow. Vessels and prisoners were brought up the river without a gun having been fired or a drop of blood shed.

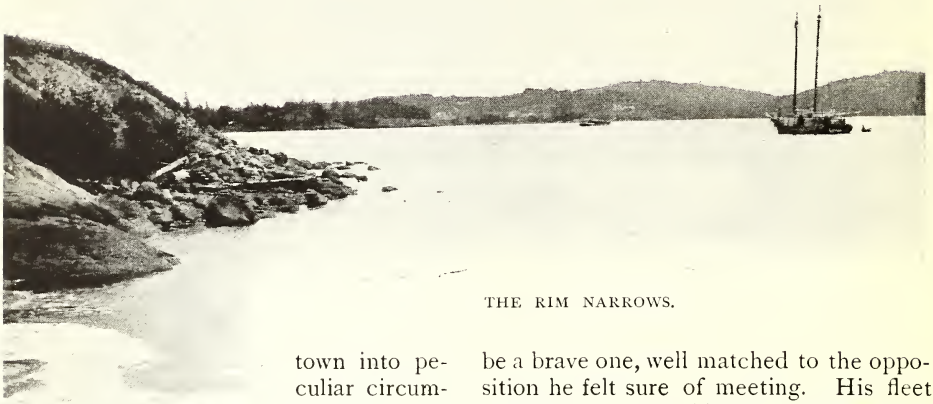
Though the capture of the *Margaretta* was a private affair, accounts were kept of the expenses incurred, and also of the other prizes. These documents, minutely exact, are a history in themselves. The bills were allowed by the Provincial Congress to stand against the money and supplies which the town, in common with other eastern towns, had been obliged to receive in those hard years. The share thus furnished Machias, nearly twelve hundred pounds, was (not in common with the other towns) all scrupulously paid back when peace came. The support of the minister, the building of the meeting-house, the schools and the highways were all attended to without outside help. The Committee of Safety made regular reports; and the continual references to the "welfare of mankind" and to "Our Common Cause" remind one of the identity of feeling in the scattered members of the old colonies.

The acts of Machias were not sporadic or intermittent. There was the closest and most frequent communication with government. "Lincoln Sessions, State of the Massachusetts Bay," heads paper after paper. The following are sample bits from the records: —

"Where as by a Vote of the inhabitants of Machias at a Meeting Legaly warned and assembled the Committee wase Directed to Inlist or imploye ten able bodeyed men," etc.

"In Committee of Safety, Machias, September 19, 1775. Voted. That it be and is hereby recommended to Capt. Stephen Smith to keep one half his men on duty at a time: that an advanced guard of one Corporal & four men be kept cruising every day among the Islands below, birch point to be their head quarters: that the Main Guard be kept at Silvanus Scott's, and that he be directed to build a Sufficient Breastwork to defend the Boom near said Scott's house, and nearly opposite that built on the Western Side, which he is also directed to compleat; & that he be allowed to build a House to Shelter his men & watch boxes for the centries, & that Benj. Foster Esq. be appointed to advise with him."

Two years passed by before the threatened invasion. It was in 1777 that there occurred what is believed to be the only case where a British fleet was sent to the northern seaboard with the express purpose of destruction only to fail in its object. The proximity of Machias to Nova Scotia was continually bringing the



THE RIM NARROWS.

town into peculiar circumstances. Before the first year of the war had closed, Parson Lyon sent Washington a letter, in which he proposed, with the help of Foster, Smith and others, to "add to the dominions of the Continental Congress another province." Washington replied that the intelligence he had received of General Massey's movements would show the present impracticability of the plan. The project, however, was postponed, rather than given up. In 1777 the schemes for advancing into Nova Scotia had begun to take more definite shape. Upon the urgent representations of refugees from that place, the government planned an expedition to Fort Cumberland in Nova Scotia, and Machias was to be the rendezvous. Intimation of this move reached the British admiral at New York, and he advised the Nova Scotia government that the stores and forces were already at Machias; an immediate descent upon the place both by sea and land might crush the whole enterprise in its inception. General Massey decided that he had no warrant for sending land forces out of the province; but Sir George Collier manifested much eagerness in sailing at once for the "hornet's nest," as the British had learned to call Machias. On account of her persistent defensive and offensive stand, the name of Machias was a well-known one, not only here but across the water. Sir George took care that his array should be a brave one, well matched to the opposition he felt sure of meeting. His fleet consisted of the frigates *Rainbow* and *Blonde*, forty-four guns each, the *Mermaid* with twenty-eight, and the armed brig *Hope* with eighteen guns.

It was not true that Machias had received the destined equipment, and although she had not grown careless in these two years, still she was, as before, alone in the wilderness. When, therefore, on the thirteenth of August, her faithful guard in the lower harbor sent up word that a foe was there able this time to put an end to the town forever, she had to think quickly and work wisely. The alarm of three guns was fired down the river and above. The women and children were hurried off to the woods, and the whole male population armed themselves. Down the river at the Rim, Colonel Foster had command of intrenchments on the north side, Major Stillman on the south side. Higher up, near the town, works were hastily raised at White's Point, under Captain Smith's charge. In his force were about forty Indians. Where we should have come out, had it not been for the unbroken good faith of these eastern tribes, even when their friends were themselves too crippled always to make suitable provision for these allies, it is not pleasant to think.

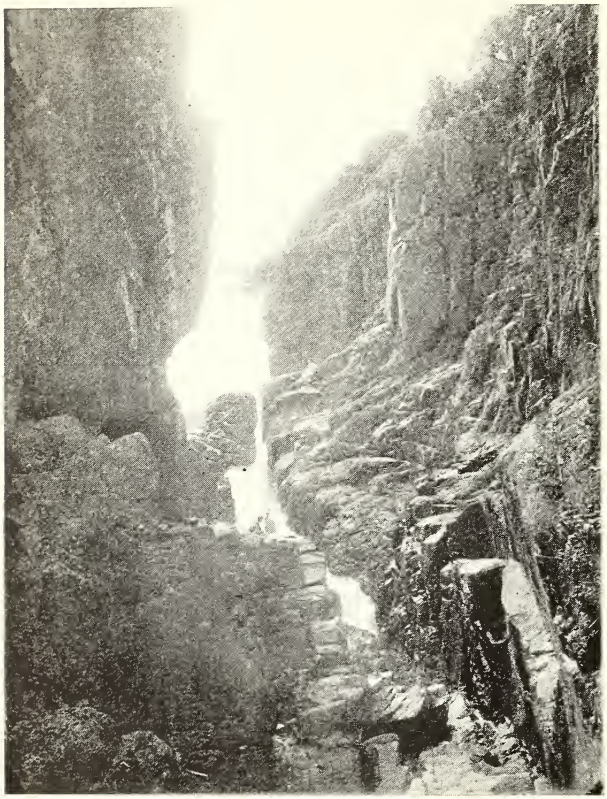
As the haughty British fleet sailed up, the frigates soon found that they drew too much water to dare proceed further. Their men were accordingly transferred to the *Hope*, which came up with all sails flying till stopped by a log-boom at

the Rim and pelted by a warm fire from the forces on each side of the river. Under cover of a dense August fog, Captain Dawson of the *Hope* landed marines on the north side and came near surprising Foster's force, who beat a hasty retreat to the woods, but not without first letting down their small cannon through the floor below, that their one precious piece might not be added to the abundance of the enemy. The British burned the deserted quarters, as well as two dwelling-houses, with their barns, a guard-house, and one mill. With reference to Sir George Collier's later boasts, it should be said that all burning ended here, before the town was reached at all. The boom was finally cut, and on with the tide came the *Hope* with a coasting sloop she had taken. The breeze fell at sunset; and as the current was setting strong, she had to drop anchor off White's Point, near where Middle River joins the west stream. Captain Dawson sent out little boats to see whether he could get nearer the town to burn it.

While the boats were taking their soundings, Captain Smith was holding his men quietly ready for the foe to come within musket-shot. Francis Joseph Neptune, chief of the Passamaquoddies, could not bear this restraint. He saw an officer standing up in one of the boats, and begged Captain Smith to let him try to bring him down; but the judicious captain refused, — powder would be wasted at such a distance. Neptune pleaded again, and Captain Smith yielded. The Indian crept down to the very edge of the wharf, twenty rods nearer. He fired, and the shot passed over the officer's head. Neptune looked back, gave the Indian grunt, and said: "Sartin me hit 'em next time, cappen!" coolly reloaded, fulfilled his promise, — and the officer dropped. Confusion fell upon the boats, while all the Indians raised their most terrible war-cries. The whites swelled the noise, and a volunteer gathering on the other bank joined in. London Atus — who, it will be remembered, did not enjoy being frightened — testified that he wished never to hear such yells again.

KWAPSKITCHNOCK FALLS.

The *Hope* immediately recalled her boats, weighed anchor and began to drop



CHASM, MACHIAS BAY.

down stream. Stillman's men on the south shore followed their foe so effectively that the *Hope's* crew, who were now tugging the brig, became reluctant to row under such a fire; and Captain Dawson had to point his guns on his own men and threaten to fire if they stopped rowing. It was getting dark. The *Hope* got aground, and Stillman went back to the town for further orders. It was decided to still pursue the *Hope* on the next morning. Day dawned, and it was Stillman's fate to be retired from the combat. The false alarm had reached his party that the rest of the enemy below were coming by land upon their rear. Colonel Foster's band, however, kept firing persistently upon the *Hope* till she again got aground below the Rim. The hidden swivel was taken up from under the floor to be brought to bear upon the enemy. The march in one place involved passing outside the friendly concealment of the woods. A rude framework was put together, the three-pounder placed upon it, a dark blanket thrown above, — and the enemy respectfully let this bier pass close by them. As soon as "the dead man began to speak," the enemy were so taken by surprise that they were preparing to leave the *Hope;* but they found the balls were small and decided to stick by her. The sturdy little gun did its full share of damage, however, and the *Hope* was glad at high water to make good her escape below.

The united armament quit the harbor a few days later under the impression that the spirit of resistance implied resources many times what they really were. We had one man killed and one wounded. The British reported three killed and eighteen wounded. Tradition at Machias greatly multiplied the number, even to sixty deaths on the spot and as many more from injuries. Sir George Collier, on his return to Halifax, gave in a glowing account of his achievements. Four mills and three large and valuable magazines were consumed, he said; but he had spared the homes of the infatuated people that he might win them back by his leniency. He issued a manifesto a few quotations from which may not be uninteresting: —

"The inhabitants of Machias not satisfied with the quiet they enjoy, whilst a great part of America are suffering the inconveniences attendant on war, have thought proper . . . and accordingly I thought proper lately to convince these ill-judging and misled people that their harbour was accessible and their town at our mercy if it was judged necessary to reduce it to ashes. His Majesty's ship *Hope*, therefore, after proceeding up to the town, in spite of all the opposition that could be made against her, showed the inhabitants at the same time a proof of lenity and moderation by sparing the place. . . . In order, however, that these motives of the lenity and forbearance, shown not only at Machias but in Townsend

Harbor and other places, may be properly understood, and to let the subjects of His Majesty in the eastern parts of New England know what they have to trust to in future, I think proper to declare that if . . . the consequence will inevitably be laying in ashes every house, mill, store-house, and other building belonging to them, of which the inhabitants of Machias, Narraguagus, Goldsborough, and all the neighboring places on and near the sea-coast will take notice."

Mary and Betsey Scott, whose father's house was one of the two houses burned by the British, composed at the time a ballad rehearsing the story of the day, which they sang with their friends immediately after the engagement. No copy of them could be found, but years afterward, as one of the family lay dying, at a venerable age, she started singing the whole story again, and the words were taken down from her lips and preserved.

It was with a feeling of relief that the watchful citizens learned that the British had at last gone into winter quarters. A British force was not again seen in Machias till the next war.

On the election of Governor Hancock, the Machias people addressed him a congratulatory letter, in which they said: "We cheerfully embarked our all in the illustrious cause . . . tho' incessantly either courted, threatened or actually invaded." The British had for two years been intrenched at Bagaduce (Castine), and had expected all east of the Penobscot to bow in absolute submission. The Machias people wrote the governor of a petition they had been asked to sign in behalf of the inhabitants of the coast between the Penobscot and St. Croix Rivers, "praying your Excellency and Honors to sett off the Inhabitants therein mentioned to remain Neuter," avowedly on account of hardships suffered, but really "with a view as we conceive to be in a situation to trade more openly with the enemy." "Our coasts," Machias wrote the governor, "are daily infested by the numerous Privateers of the Enemy which rendezvous at Bagwaduce; . . . and the enemy suppose if they can by any means become masters of this place, then will all between this place and Bagwaduce fall in with them, which if so will give them the Lumber trade of which they stand in much need and divest the Commonwealth of all territory East of Penobscot, being near One hundred Miles Sea coast." Then follow suggestions as to how to meet the emergency.

SITE OF THE OLD FORT.

When the Tory proposition referred to was laid before the citizens of Machias in a full meeting, they

"Resolved that the inhabitants of this plantation do hereby express their utmost abhorrence both of the subject matter of said letter and representation signed by ——— ———, who hath made it evident that he hath private interest at

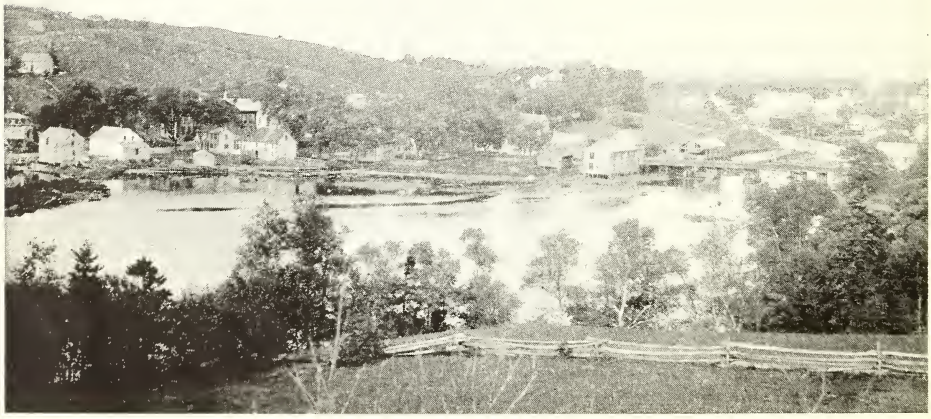
heart rather than the good of his country, and we do hereby declare that we are ever ready to defend the rights and liberties of the United States of America against Great Britain or any other enemies to the freedom and independence of America, whether internal or external, and that we despise a neutrality in the present contest — holding it as an indisputable truth that those that are not for us are against us."

In 1787 came the plea for the abatement of the state tax. In the instructions sent by Machias to her representative, he is told that the town finds herself too embarrassed to support him through the different sessions, — that he must have the business disposed of as soon as possible. "But should any important Questions come before the house during your attendance, if in its tendency it will be likely to be highly beneficial to the publick, you will give your vote for it, but you are not by any means to give your vote for an emission of paper money. . . . We have the honor of our nation greatly at heart, and would not by any means give our assent to an act that should have even a tendency to sully it. Tho' we are poor, we mean to be honest."

In 1798 the town sent a letter to John Adams concerning French matters, and his personal reply is still preserved. Ten years later there is a correspondence with Jefferson about the embargo.

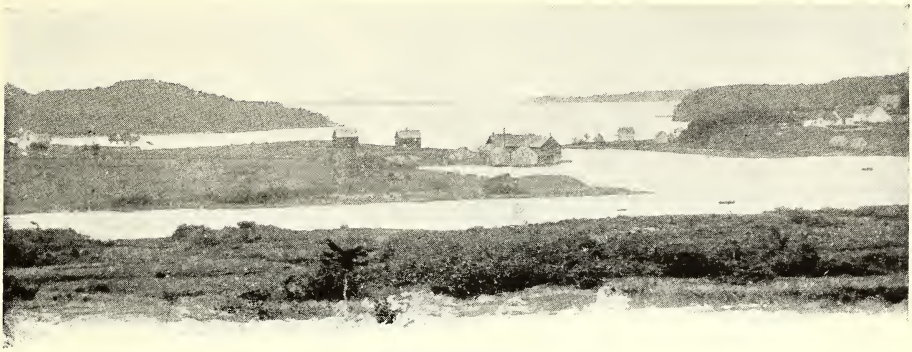
Early in the morning of the eleventh of September, 1814, a combined land and naval force of British came up the bay to the United States fort, which made no resistance and so virtually gave over the town. By the sober judgment of the best citizens, a capitulation was proposed in the name of the militia and of the civilians, who believed that under the circumstances the general and state governments were unable to save them.

On the fifteenth the British left for Castine. One used to tell how as a child he saw the redcoats march over the hill into the village, and how he had brought food to his father who was put under surveillance for not delivering up the keys of the custom house. In after days, too, there were those who could say that they were born under the British flag.



EAST MACHIAS.

As the roar of the musketry ceases, let us turn to the town's more peaceful heritages. One of the historic names of the early days is that of the patriotic Parson Lyon, who remained in Machias till his death. Mr. Lyon was musical, and his book of anthems is said to be the first publication of the kind in America. When peace came in 1783, he composed an anthem on the occasion. At one time he took a long journey to collect some money that was to fall to him; but before



BUCK'S HARBOR.

starting on his return to Machias he had invested the precious sum in a musical clock.

Judge Stephen Jones, the nephew of Ichabod Jones, is another of the town's historic names; it is found subscribed to paper after paper dictated in those critical times. His wise judgment and his generous public spirit had their weight for more than half a century in the making of this old New England town.

George Stillman Hillard, a grandson of General Stillman, was born in the historic town. Samuel Harris and Roswell D. Hitchcock were natives of East Machias. General Cooper was for many years a respected citizen and high sheriff of the county.

Upon the sturdy originality of strong minds set in the isolated community of Machias came refining influences of exceptional worth. At East Machias was the old academy, doing what the New England academy has done everywhere. Not only were its alumni sent out over the land, but there was drawn thither many an instructor whose influence cannot be reckoned. Of this number was Ezra Abbot, whose winning personality and scholarly enthusiasm found recognition here long before Harvard and Germany gave him titles and honors. He was led to East Machias partly by the presence there of the original thinker and preacher, Thomas T. Stone, the charm of whose conversation and the uplift of whose discourses drew visitors from many neighboring towns. Then, too, beginning perhaps two generations back, were private schools of high rank, taught by such ladies as Miss Perkins of Salem, Miss Kettell of Portland, Miss Dunning of Brunswick, Miss Dunlap of Portland, and Miss Porter of Machias. The presence of the culture which they represented meant much for the social life of the town.

The position of Machias as the county town has brought to her all along able jurists and judges who, entertained at first as guests, came back no longer strangers.

After serving her country in the Civil War, Machias has now fallen upon days of greater quiet than are allotted to many towns whose past has been so active. She has enjoyed the recalling of old associations in four centennial anniversaries. No huge factories rise up to hide the sky. Only the old-time lumber mills mingle their whir with the murmur of the waterfalls. More than one sanctuary is now filled Sunday by Sunday with congregations never again to be broken up as on that memorable June day in 1775. On the site of the first meeting-house, the building accommodating the town hall and the high school stands beside the ancient graves. The coasting vessels ply their trade unmolested. In the winter season the old town, fifty-four miles from a railroad, is left to her memories. When the ice breaks up, the steamer resumes her trips to Machiasport and, cautious like the spring, makes first one trip a week, then two trips, then three, as the summer tide of travel sets toward the happy shores of Maine.

By and by the summer travellers who now leave the boat at Bar Harbor may learn to tempt Frenchman's Bay and keep

along the bold shores to the terminus among the grand scenes of Machias Bay. Now, for the most part, it is those who bear the old names who, with their friends, return each summer to the places they love. As they float in upon the bay in the glory of the long northern twilight, the spirit of the past rises up with greeting from the historic shores and waters.

IN THE OLD ROAD OF 1775.

---

# ESTHER.

*By Robert Beverly Hale.*

(Begun in the July number.)

## II. The Carlyles.

"ESTHER, this is an excellent breakfast. I feel like Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos. I'm altogether too happy. But it never struck me that he gave up enough when he threw that beggarly little ring into the ocean. Now I mean to throw my wife in, or the baby, or something I really care about."

John and Esther's house and housekeeping were a great success. The house was simple and elegant outside and captivating within. Besides having good taste themselves, both John and Esther had the rarer quality of knowing when others had better. It was Geraldine who arranged the interior. She chose the wall paper, and determined the color for the furniture and carpets, while Esther's sober influence served to restrain her occasional fantastic extravagances. A month after they had moved in, the house looked as if it had been lived in for years. Thanks to Geraldine, every room was characteristic and original; while, thanks to Esther, not one of them was queer. The greatest charm to the house — especially to John — was Esther's personality, which pervaded every corner; no room seemed quite complete until she

walked into it. It had been with the utmost difficulty that Esther had prevented all the servants at Chestnut Park from following her in a body to her new home. It took only a few days for her new servants to fall completely under her sway, a sway none the less efficient because it was agreeable. John was delighted with her management, so full of that element of sympathy which he realized his own severe control of his inferiors had been almost wholly without. John was almost frightened, his home was so delightful and he was so happy. Esther seemed too precious to be real; he found it hard sometimes to realize that such an angel was really his wife and was, very likely, darning his stockings.

"Come here and sit down with me, John," said Esther one evening when John came home from the mill tired out. "I want to tell you something."

John would have been tired indeed if he had been too tired to smile at his wife. He smiled now, and Esther smiled back, but it was a serious smile.

"We love each other very much, John, do we not?" she said earnestly, "so that everything else is unimportant beside that?"

"Yes, dear. But what is the matter, Esther?"

"John, your father has just sent you a telegram saying that the panic has been too much for him. He must go into insolvency."

"Father — into insolvency!" John sat perfectly still, looking blankly at the wall of the room.

"I know you've indorsed a good many of his notes, dear," Esther went on. "How much will you lose?"

"Oh, Esther, I dare not think how much. It is more than I can carry — more than I can carry — as things are now."

"Then I suppose we must go into insolvency too, John. But we will pay every cent, dear, however long it takes."

"Every cent," said John, still staring at the wall.

"John, dear," said Esther, laying her hand on his arm, "other people are richer than you, but they don't have a wife to love them as I love you."

John put his arm about her and looked at her sadly. "It's about you I feel badly," he said, "you and baby. I shouldn't mind if it weren't for you — if there were only myself."

"Mind? You mustn't mind now. John, it won't take you five years to earn all you have lost. Do not be sorry for me, and do not let me be sorry for you. Let us not be sorry at all! We have got each other, — and that is enough. I can show you now, John, how much I love you."

The house which John had built, which Geraldine had adorned, and which Esther had made into a home, was abandoned and sold; the servants were dismissed in spite of their tears and offers to serve their mistress for nothing; and John and Esther moved into a little flat, with one servant. Esther took all the care of the baby upon herself, and did a part of the housework too; but when John came home she had always finished her work for the day, and was ready for anything. Sometimes she would play to him on the little upright piano which they hired to take the place of the great Steinway; sometimes they had in a few friends to dinner; and they did not give up their occasional evening at the play. They were so happy in each other that they almost forgot their change of fortune.

"This is comfort," said John, stretching himself out on the sofa after dinner while Esther looked over her music for his favorite pieces. "Do you know Robert Burns, Esther?"

"I think I know him very well," Esther replied, looking up from her Schubert.

"I thought so, dear. He must have been thinking of you when he said: —

> "'A flat would be a paradise
> If thou wert there, if thou wert there!'"

"He was," retorted Esther; "and it was at my special request that he added those beautiful lines: —

> "'The dearest husband on the earth
> Is John Carlyle, is John Carlyle!'"

And John lay back again on the sofa of

his paradise, and murmured: "I like flats!"

"Better than houses," exclaimed Esther. "No stairs to climb when you go to bed."

"No — yet plenty to give you exercise when you get home stiff from having sat down too long."

"Now, John, be quiet. Beethoven wants to talk."

The hardest thing John had to bear was a letter from Mrs. Sargent begging that Esther and the baby should come home to Chestnut Park. Esther had been used to every comfort and luxury, she said, her needs attended to by a houseful of servants, and she did not like to think of the hardships which she might now have to endure. About the baby too she was much concerned. It would be economy to him, too, to let Esther come back to Chestnut Park for a year or two. And she would be so welcome there; for life had been very dreary at Chestnut Park since she left.

John gave Esther her mother's letter without a word. She read it through, and then came and sat beside him on the sofa and took his hand.

"What do you think I had better do?" she said.

"It is for you to decide, dear."

"Do you — did you think that perhaps I would go?"

"I thought there might be some truth in what she said. And I don't know anything about babies, — she was right there."

"John, did you really think I would go away and leave you?"

"No, Esther, I didn't. I wanted to give you a fair chance."

"John, we took each other for better, for worse, didn't we?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, John, it's been all better, for me."

"I know you meant well," wrote Esther, answering her mother's letter; "but your letter gave John a bitter day. Oh, mother, I wouldn't leave John if an angel came down from heaven and told me to do it. It was hard for me to leave Chestnut Park and all of you, but I love John more than Chestnut Park or all the world. Do not ask me to leave him when he is unfortunate; it would be a double sin for me to do that."

There were all sorts of men among John's friends. Notwithstanding his financial overthrow, they all stayed by him pretty well, for they believed in him. There were a number of rich men among them. Boniface — and Boniface was a millionnaire — had taken a fancy to "the little iron man," as he termed John; and John had a great regard for him, in spite of his hard drinking. Philbrick, too, the queer old fellow who owned so much real estate, made in John's favor an exception to his rule of hating everybody. Markham, the socialist, never despaired of making Carlyle "one of us;" it was laughable to see the wild-eyed fellow trying to persuade John to help him turn the world upside down. Every one who worked at the mill, where John still kept his position, though his father was no longer in possession, almost worshipped the young man. Almost all of John's creditors were his friends. Bangs, who owned the mill, could not get on without him. Oldham, from whom his father had borrowed so much on John's indorsement, never let a week go by without asking John to his house. Devereux, Bowditch and Carnes were at once among his largest creditors and greatest admirers.

Esther was at first a little shy with some of her husband's friends; but she won them all, as sooner or later she won everybody. She made the home so attractive that all were glad to come to it. Boniface and Philbrick, who could not bear each other, were always gotten into opposite corners of the room if they happened to call the same evening; and once Esther made Boniface take her to see an exhibition of water colors, leaving Philbrick alone with John. The two clergymen who came she let loose on John's friends from the mill; but not too much, lest the mill people should stop coming. Tom Markham she let wander about at will and make as many proselytes to socialism as he could. Every Friday evening she and John were at home, and their flat became quite a social resort; so that the Flints, who

lived below, complained to the landlord that the Carlyles and their visitors were running over the stairs at all hours of the night. Mr. Oakley, who was himself a frequent caller at the Carlyles', laughed, and advised old Mr. Flint to try playing on the cornet.

"Well, Markham, how's socialism?" asked Boniface. Boniface and Markham and Randall, the artist, had all dropped in to dine with John and Esther.

"Socialism is growing," said Markham, who was always in earnest; "and anything that is growing is divine."

"My property, for instance?" asked Boniface.

"I will give you twenty years to enjoy your badly earned property," said Markham. "After that look to yourself! Not that you could not get along well enough. We should permit you to pursue the occupation best suited to you, — possibly something as high as diplomacy, but more probably you would be a mill-hand."

"What would you make of the rest of us, Mr. Markham?" Esther inquired.

"You I should appoint as censor, the highest office in our state," replied Markham gravely; "and your husband would probably be selected as your chief administrative officer, — a mere coincidence, for we take little account of husbands and wives in these matters, in our programme."

There was general laughter, and Esther turned to the artist. "When should you like me to sit again, Mr. Randall?"

Mr. Randall was a nervous little man with a black beard. "I shall not trouble you for any more sittings," he said. "I am only ruining the picture. Such as it is, I have brought it round; and you and your husband may do what you please with it. It's a failure."

John brought in the picture, and, in spite of the painter's condemnation, it was much admired. Boniface wanted Randall to paint another like it for him, but he refused.

"I haven't got Mrs. Carlyle's real self into it," he said, "and I doubt if I could. I'm not clever enough — nor good enough, I fear" — and he bowed toward her — "to see to the bottom of Mrs. Carlyle's character. I shall never try to paint her again. I will try you," he said to John, "if you will sit."

"Oh, you're good enough for me, then!" John exclaimed in mock dismay.

"Plenty good enough," said Randall. "Do you want a picture of John, Mr. Boniface?"

"Yes, yes. Give me John by all means," replied Boniface, laughing. "I'll hang him up between Cromwell and Julius Cæsar. He'll belong there some day. You see even Markham here has appointed him assistant censor!"

In spite of Esther's letter to her mother, she did go back to Chestnut Park a great deal sooner than she had intended. Geraldine was sick, very sick; and although she had the best of nurses and the best of doctors, she did not improve, and the whole family felt that she would not improve until Esther came home. So Esther came, and took care of her. It was a sweet thing to see when Esther first came into the sick-room: Geraldine lying back in her bed, white and thin, but beautiful still and with expectation and affection in her great, sad eyes; Esther, calm and strong, going to her with her arms extended and kissing her tenderly, with her eyes full of tears. Geraldine's room was almost a part of her. The subdued tints of the walls and the curtains, the absence of excessive ornament, the curious andirons, the exquisite paintings and engravings, and the books in rare bindings would have told one in a moment that it was Geraldine's room; and Geraldine herself, lying pale and patient in her bed, was as much in harmony with the room as the room was with her.

"Esther, dearest, put your head close to me," said Geraldine the next evening, holding out her thin arms to her sister. "Oh, darling, I am so glad to get you again, Esther. Do not say it to mamma, — but I don't think I'm going to live."

"What makes you think so, Geraldine? Haven't I come to nurse you? and don't I know how to make people well?"

"Yes, Esther; but somehow I'm afraid I'm beyond you. I am not afraid; I'm glad. Esther — how is John?"

"Very well, dear; and he sent so much love to you."

"Did he really? Esther — I was in love with John once, and — and you know we Sargents don't forget the way other people do."

"No," said Esther softly.

"So I couldn't stop loving him," Geraldine went on; "and, Esther, I love him still!" She looked up into Esther's face; but Esther was still smiling sadly at her just as she was before. "I wouldn't tell you if I wasn't dying," said Geraldine, "but I knew you'd understand it, — because you love him yourself."

"Yes, darling."

"I think he's the noblest, greatest man in the world; and I know you'll forgive me for loving him, because — because you're so good."

"There's nothing to forgive, dearest."

"My own sweet Esther! You see — before he fell in love with you, he seemed to like me; and I thought — I was foolish enough to think he wanted to marry me — not that he did anything to make me think so. But he was much wiser to marry you, Esther."

"Yes, dear."

"Did you ever think it's funny that all the men fell in love with me until one came along who was worth all the rest, and he fell in love with you? It was funny, when he was the only one I wanted."

Esther was silent.

"There was something I wanted to say," said Geraldine. "Yes, this was it. You know old Mr. Vaughn left me all his money; and — I've left it all to John. Do you think John will mind? Will he think it's queer? Other people may, but I don't mind them. What do you think? When I am dead, you can tell John that I was in love with him, and — he'll understand then. I should like to have him know. Yes, — that would be better. Will you tell him?"

"Yes, I will tell him."

"Kiss me, Esther! I think I'm going to sleep now. Good night."

"Good night, darling."

Geraldine's legacy would have been enough to cancel a great part of the unpaid notes which John had indorsed, but, as a matter of fact, none of it was used for that purpose. Boniface, who seldom did a kind thing, took a fancy to helping old Mr. Carlyle, and embarked with him on a speculation. Boniface had a way of succeeding in his speculations; he was accused of always betting on a certainty. The result of this venture was that old Carlyle paid his debts and was able to start afresh; and the indirect result was that John and Esther were able to move back from their little flat to their old house. Esther's eyes were full of tears as she and John walked in at the front door. The carpets were a little worn, the wall paper scratched here and there, the furniture a little dingy; but, oh, it was good to get into the dear house again, and to think what it meant for John! Esther spent happy days in getting the furniture and the pictures moved back into the old places. What touched her more than anything else was the fact that almost all of her old servants quickly came to her — one of them came a hundred miles — and asked to be taken back. In a few weeks everything was as it had been, except that John and Esther were two years older, — and that a great sadness fell upon them as they saw the things in the house which reminded them of Geraldine.

It is hard to go into politics nowadays and at the same time to keep perfectly honest. Politics are like salt water: a man plunges in and swims, and when he comes out he seems perfectly clean; but when he has walked himself dry, it appears that he has carried away a great deal more salt than he thought he had. Many a young man goes into politics so as to give his contemporaries an example, and only succeeds in giving them an example of what ought to be avoided.

John had always made up his mind that when he had earned enough money to make himself comfortable he would go into politics; and a few years after he had moved back into his old house he did so. Esther was of assistance to him in the political field in two ways. She kept up his moral standard, and she

corrected his opinions of men by her own impressions, — which were almost infallible. He lost his election to Congress because he thought it his duty to explain in full to his constituents his opinions about the tariff; but two years later he won it, for the very reason that he had explained them. He made enemies in Congress for refusing to help measures merely because their authors had helped him; but he made enemies into friends by the resistless energy with which he pushed a measure to success when he had once made up his mind to help it.

When John had been in Congress four years, he ran for governor. He had for his opponent Audubon Ware, an older man, who held his party well together, and who had been governor the year before. John had a strong personal following, and was fairly well backed by his party; but an aggressive character like his, though it had made many friends, had necessarily made enemies as well. The mill hands in the Chesterfield mills were his enthusiastic supporters; but the greater part of the laboring classes looked on him with doubtful eyes. Though he seemed honest, he was a mill-owner, they said; and he made none of the regulation promises which laborers have come to expect. Besides, they could not forgive him for being a friend of Boniface's; for Boniface was the man who had refused to take back a thousand laborers at the time of the late strike. Ware, however, they well knew, would do but little for them. So till almost the eve of the election it was unknown for which candidate the United State Labor Union would declare. John met the situation with characteristic determination. He called on the officers of the union, and asked them to hold a meeting of delegates from all the bodies represented in it, so that he might state his views and answer whatever questions they might care to ask. The frankness of his request was in itself in his favor; and his manly directness was sure to leave its mark on the workingmen. The meeting was decided upon. It was to be held at the great Hall of Debates on Tuesday evening, just a week before the election.

Esther had a ticket for the platform; and she went early, partly to avoid the rush, partly to study the delegates as they came in. John had been speaking the night before in another part of the state, and when she left the house he had not yet returned. But John was never late, and Esther did not worry. A few politicians, some of them with their wives, were sitting near her on the platform, but she had little conversation with them; she was interested in the faces of the delegates. Some seemed intellectual, some vacant, some stolid, but very few really bad. Most of them were faces of active men, dead in earnest, honest as men go, but lacking in sympathy and the softer qualities. John would read their faces in a minute, Esther thought. But meanwhile time went on, and John did not appear. The hall was full, and the appointed time was past. The president of the United Union made a speech, explaining the purpose of the meeting. He spoke for ten minutes. When he had finished, John's chair was still empty. The audience began to grow impatient. The hall became noisy. At last one of the delegates rose to his feet.

"Mr. President," he said, "Mr. Capitalist can evidently dispense with our votes. His hours are too fashionable for any but the extra select. I move we adjourn."

Ever since the clock struck eight, Esther had been in anguish. At first she had only been afraid for John's person. He must have been hurt somehow, perhaps in a railroad collision. He would surely have been on time if he had not met with an accident. But as the time went on and the delegates grew impatient, she began to see the political effect of his absence. Every minute seemed to be carrying the election further from his grasp. Then a desperate thought came into her head — that she might speak to these people herself. She was utterly unaccustomed to public speaking. Even in the old days at Sargent's Mills she had never done anything more than have quiet talks with the leaders of the mill-hands. If she did speak, would she not say something wrong and only make matters worse? Perhaps she would break

down. Perhaps they would not let her speak. She had almost made up her mind not to try it, when the motion was made to adjourn. Then she grew desperate. Before the president could put the question, even before it was seconded, she rose in her place, as pale as a ghost, and said with a slight tremor in her voice: —

"Mr. President!"

The president turned toward her and bowed. The delegates and the guests on the platform looked up surprised. Esther walked to the front of the platform and looked at the sea of faces before her. "*Usque ad mortem!*" she muttered to herself. Her head did not swim yet: she was glad of that.

"I am Mr. Carlyle's wife," she said, — and she was pleased to see that the delegates kept very quiet so that she could be heard. "I want to assure you that something serious must have happened to my husband — some railroad accident, I fear — to prevent him from keeping his appointment. You will see that it is so in the newspapers to-morrow. But since he is not here, perhaps I can tell you something of what he thinks about laboring men and what his plans are to help them."

Here there was a round of applause, — not very loud, but just enough to give Esther an excuse for stopping a minute.

"Mr. Carlyle loves the laboring men," Esther went on, "and they love him when they know him. His own mill-hands at the Chesterfield mills are devoted to him. He is always on the lookout to help their interests, and they are always glad to help his. One thing he wants to get for the laborers is shorter hours. He thinks they could do just as much work in less time, and could have more time for rest and improvement and enjoyment at home. If he is elected, and any reasonable bill for shorter hours is brought in, you may be sure he will do his best to help it along. What he is much opposed to is the companies of laborers imported from Italy or other countries for a short time and then sent back again. He thinks that we have enough laborers here to do our own work. As to naturalization, perhaps you won't like his ideas; but he always says what he thinks fearlessly, — and as I am in his place, I must do so too. He thinks that no one should be allowed to vote till he has lived in this country for at least ten years."

Here Esther stopped, expecting some hostile demonstration; but instead there was applause. Perhaps the delegates, knowing that their votes could not be taken away from them, were not sorry to have the franchise made more difficult for others. She went on. She could not have told afterward what she said; but she remembered that to the end she was listened to with courtesy and kindness, and that what she said was often applauded.

"I am not used to public speaking," she said at last. "That is all I can think of now about Mr. Carlyle's views. But ask me questions, and I will answer them if I can."

A number of questions were asked, and she answered them all with such vigor and precision as to show that she herself had been thinking of these things as well as hearing her husband talk of them. She began to feel more comfortable. But her confidence was of short duration. The same delegate who had moved to adjourn rose to question her. He was a short man, with a tremendous head sticking out from between his broad shoulders. His face was an interesting one, his broad and vigorous features surmounted by a mat of black hair.

"What does Mr. Carlyle think of labor unions?" he asked.

"He approves of them," Esther replied, endeavoring to keep her composure. "He thinks that human nature being as it is, they are the only means by which workingmen can get their rights."

"And strikes? Does he approve of them?" continued her interlocutor, evidently enjoying her growing confusion.

"Sometimes he does, and sometimes he doesn't," said Esther bravely. "He approves of them when laborers aren't getting their fair wages; he doesn't approve of them when the laborers take advantage of an employer's extremity to make him give them more than they deserve."

Her questioner laughed. "And Boniface is the one to decide what they do

deserve, I suppose?" he said. "But tell me this: Is your husband, or is he not, invariably opposed to intimidating non-union laborers?"

Esther hesitated. It struck her that perhaps every delegate there approved of intimidating non-union laborers who tried to take the places of union men in a strike. Had not John himself said that they were sometimes justified? She could not remember. Her strength appeared to be failing her. The faces of the delegates seemed angry and cruel as she looked down at them. She must answer something. She could not say she did not know; it would seem an evasion. She wished she had not tried to speak. If she could only think. She grasped the president's desk to keep herself from staggering, and asked in a trembling voice, "Will you please repeat that question, sir?"

"This was my question: Is your husband, or is he not, invariably opposed to intimidating non-union laborers?"

"Before I answer that question —"

It was a deep voice behind Esther which spoke, and it made her heart throb.

"Before I answer that question, Mr. Jameson, let me hear what you think yourself. Do you approve of intimidating them?"

Every eye was turned toward the speaker. His bandaged forehead and his arm in a sling showed that Esther's fear that something serious had kept him was justified. Esther sank down into the nearest chair.

Jameson did not answer, for he could think of nothing to say. John's coming and his remarks when he did come were equally unexpected. There was a ring to his words when his blood was up which made people uncomfortable. He did not give the delegates time to cool. Without apologizing for his tardiness, he went directly to the points at issue in the campaign, so far as they related to the workingmen. He said what he thought on every question of importance, and told the exact steps which he proposed to take, if he were elected. When he had finished, he invited the delegates to question him. They began tentatively to ask one thing or another, and the manliness and honesty of his answers could not fail to impress them. The meeting lasted far into the night, and when, at the close, John left the platform and shook hands with Jameson, the roof rang with the shouts of the delegates.

Meanwhile Esther sat as in a dream, looking at the surging crowd of shouting men. "Thank God, thank God!" she kept repeating to herself, wondering again and again how she had managed to go through it all.

"It's broken just above the wrist," John said, as she laid her hand on his arm and looked anxiously into his eyes. "When Stephens bound it up for me three hours ago, he told me I should faint if I tried to go to the meeting, especially as I'd lost a good deal of blood from this cut in my forehead. I had to gallop ten miles on horseback from Bayam Junction where the accident happened, and that used me up. But, Esther, what a hero you were! How could you do it, Esther?"

And now that we have followed Esther's fortunes till we see her the wife of a man who is going to be elected governor next week, and who never would have been governor if she had not made him the man that he is, — we must say good-by to her. There are a great many governors, but only one president and one chief justice; and if we saw John in the presidential chair or presiding over the supreme bench, Esther might be thought to represent a real person. As to that, however, what is a real person? Are not Colonel Dobbin and Mr. Micawber and Emma Woodhouse and Adam Bede real persons? Do not more people know them and like to be with them than know your next-door neighbor, Philetus Stubbs, and like to be with him? Nay, have not they accomplished more with their love and their foolishness, their pride and their manliness, than he has with all his "reality"? Will they not live in the future, making hosts of new acquaintances, when the race of the Stubbses is extinct? And so to me Esther is a living person, though her courage may be borrowed from Mrs.

Inglesant, and her womanliness from Miss Conynghame, and her eye-glasses from Miss Hackmatack. I need not bid her a final good-by, and neither need the reader unless he wants to. I can think of her and look at her and talk to her, and I do so a great deal more than I think of the Pottses, though the Pottses' front door is only twenty-five feet from mine.

THE END.

---

# THE SILVER RING.

*By Minna Irving.*

THE cherry trees along the lane
With dainty bloom were white;
In their boughs a robin sat
And sung with all his might.
I turned the dusky mould between
Those darlings of the spring,
The crocus and the daffodil,
And found a silver ring.

I rubbed the tarnished metal bright,
And graven in its round,
"With love, from Dorothy to John,"
In letters quaint I found.
"I wonder who she was," I mused,
"This maid of years agone,
Who lived, coquetted, kissed and loved,
And gave the ring to John."

But as I held it in my hand,
Within the circlet, lo!
I saw a farmhouse, gray and old,
Amid the orchard's snow;
And at the rustic garden gate
A maiden, sweet and fair,
With apple blossoms at her throat
And in her yellow hair.

A slender youth beside her stood,
And bent his graceful head
To drink the honey-dew of love
From lips divinely red.
He gave to her a golden brooch,
With blood-red garnets gay;
She gave to him the silver ring,
And watched him ride away.

The narrow path was steeped in shade,
The wood was dark and drear,
The branches met above his head,
The gloomy night was near;
And all too late he saw the gleam
Of evil eyes between
The pinkster sprays of rosy flowers
And fruit of clearest green.

A hand was at his bridle-rein,
  A sword was at his heart:
"Thou stole her love away from me
  By some unhallowed art.
But when above thy buried bones
  The wind a dirge shall wail,
Sweet Dorothy for me, — for me,
  Shall wear a wedding veil!"

The pinkster flowers were dashed with blood,
  And in the shadows black
There walked a man who bent beneath
  A burden on his back.
He hollowed out a shallow grave,
  And thrust it deep therein,
And heaped the chilly earth above
  The victim of his sin.

My soul within me swooned a space,
  And when I looked again
I only saw the cherry trees,
  The long and grassy lane.
But still I stood upon a grave;
  And evermore in spring
I plant the fairest blossoms where
  I found the silver ring.

---

# THE DISCOVERY OF SILVER.

*By Eliot Lord.*

THERE are few American school-boys who cannot tell the story of the chance discovery of the glittering specks in the sluice-way which made a golden image of the great West. The gold of California revealed itself unsought; it was a gift from the open hand of Fortune. But the silver of the great West was held fast in a clinched hand; it was painfully sought and painfully gained. The story of its discovery is known to few even in barest outline. Yet it forms one of the most memorable scenes in the drama of industry.

In the days of the Argonauts of '49, two brothers joined the swarm that braved the dragon danger in every form for the fleece of the new El Dorado. They were the sons of a Universalist clergyman of Reading, Pennsylvania. Ethan Allen Grosh was twenty-four years old, and his brother, Hosea Ballou Grosh, twenty-two, when they sailed from Philadelphia with a company of gold-hunters, on the twenty-eighth of February, 1849. They were closely alike in body and mind. Both were a trifle under middle height, with well-knit, compact figures. Their faces were fresh-colored and somewhat freckled, their eyes light blue, and their hair light brown. Light curling beards covered their faces with a rather straggling growth. There was nothing in their appearance to mark them; but the stuff of which heroes are made outside of romance has often no surface show.

Their chances of success seemed uncommonly bright. Others were young,

strong and hardy like them, but few of their companions were so observant, industrious and temperate. They were students and knew something at least of elementary chemistry and mineralogy; their pluck was unfailing; they were light-hearted in face of every discouragement; their bearing was modest, simple and sincere; they were honorable in all things; they were ready to help any who needed help. So they won general good will and respect, though they were somewhat reserved in disposition and confided in few intimate friends. The companion who knew them best has written of them that "they were in truth religious, not apt to talk about it, not wedded to any special dogma, but filled with that genuine religion of the heart which is the salt of the earth, and which keeps whoever possesses it, as it kept them, fearless, earnest and pure."

The ship which bore them was bound for Tampico, Mexico. On the way a storm struck it, driving it many leagues back and out of its course. At the height of the storm a bolt of lightning shivered a mast. For hours there was deadly peril of foundering, but the shattered ship bore up stubbornly, and after a month at sea reached port in safety with its freight of Argonauts. No omen and no danger weighed down the buoyant hearts of the brothers.

After landing came the vexation and perils of the journey across Mexico. The route was misjudged. The roads were bad, and in places there were no roads. The travellers plodded along painfully. The tropic sun glared on them. Water failed them; what little they could find was usually nauseous and foul. The country in sight was barren and almost treeless. Provisions were poor and grudgingly sold at extortionate prices, if supplied at all. The natives watched the march with unconcealed ill-will, and barely refrained from attack. Pestiferous insects worried them day and night, and insults were nearly as thick as the fleas. Their horses and mules, inflamed by thirst and hunger, were continually straying away and often were scattered by malicious stampedes. With the catalogue of plagues came malarial fever and dysentery to prostrate more than one half of the party, and among them the young adventurer, Hosea Grosh. This was tough enough to turn the stomach of any Mark Tapley; but this was not all. As a final buffet, the contractor who had agreed to transport them to California and had been paid in advance sent word that he could do no more, when the party was still eighty miles from the west Mexican coast. Luckily for him not even their curses could reach him. The wretched Argonauts could not turn back if they would. To linger longer where they were was to die. There was nothing to do but to press on. It was a wasted and sickly remnant that straggled into San Blas after ninety days of tramping through Mexico.

The Grosh brothers were almost penniless, like the greater part of their companions; so they were left behind by the first steamer that touched at San Blas on its way to the Golden Gate. It was the cup of Tantalus to the gold seekers who stood on shore and watched its lingering trail of smoke. But they were not wholly without resource, for they had the hard-used teams of the defaulting contractor. The Grosh boys succeeded in selling their share of the mules and horses and pawning the wagons and harness for a steerage passage on the bark *Olga*, which sailed from San Blas on the twelfth of July.

It was a motley crowd that swarmed over the ship. A Babel of tongues prattled of gold from morning to night: —

> "Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
> Gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
> Gold to give, and gold to lend,
> And reversions of gold *in futuro*."

Even in sleep they babbled in visions of gold. All day long the fortune-hunters strained their eyes for a glimpse of the gilded shore, while a light wind fanned them slowly along the coast. Scarce one of them had ever handled a pick or a pan in actual washing or mining. Few of them had the faintest conception of the blank face of a placer and the baffling bars that lay in the way of the smallest pinch of gold dust. They would scarcely stoop for a nugget as

small as a hen's egg. Their fancies were of a land of fairy tale, on whose winsome face were strewn gleaming lumps of virgin gold for the first comer to pick up if he could stagger away with his burden. The only preparation to which they bent was the cutting and sewing of sacks to fill as Aladdin did. There is no strain of fancy in this reminiscence. It is the black-and-white sketch of a looker-on.

Among the few whose wits were not overlaid with gold were the Grosh brothers. Hosea lay sick in his berth in the steerage, watched over by Allen with the wakeful care of a mother. They had a cheerful word and smile for all comers, and were kindly noticed by some; but the crowd was so carried away with its gold fever that it had only a passing look for the sick man and his watcher. It was a tedious passage, with light, baffling winds; but on the thirtieth of August the *Olga* reached the Golden Gate and dropped anchor off the shore of the half-crazed town of San Francisco. The brothers went ashore in the rush with the rest; but Hosea was still so sick that Allen put by all thought of a dash for the gold fields. While the other adventurers on the *Olga*, crew and all, streamed off to the placers, he stayed behind with his brother, turning his hand to anything that came up, till Hosea was able to take the field. It was not till the summer of the following year that the brothers had paid the debts incurred by Hosea's long sickness, and at last reached the gold fields in El Dorado County. Here they worked for a season with moderate success. They cleared two thousand dollars above their expenses, but spent all their savings in diverting the current of a river in order to wash the sands of its old channel. Their money and time were wasted, for the bed proved almost barren. So in 1853 they concluded to try their luck on the other side of the Sierras, and joined the little body of placer washers on a creek flowing into the Carson River from the west. Close by this creek the main stream of migration was flowing along the overland trail to California. The Carson in summer was the merest ribbon of water, with brinks of green, but it was lovely in the sight of all who came to it out of the scorching sand and stunted brush of the desert. The flagging cattle sniffed the water afar off and used to break away for it wildly, rushing breast deep into the current and plunging their heads half under, while they gulped down its sweet water. Men too would throw themselves in with the cattle and drink like them, slaking the thirst of throats parched and crusted with alkali. This valley was the last halting-place in front of the towering wall of the Sierra Nevada, the last bar in the way of the glittering fields of the El Dorado of fancy.

It is not strange that the gold-hunters, who reached this oasis with minds fixed on the golden prospect beyond, had no eyes for the possible riches of the desert behind them. As they moved up the valley they looked up at the green and snow-tipped heights on their right in wonder and delight, but the barren fringe of hills on the left drew only a careless glance. There was a sprinkling of pine and cedar on it in patches, but for the most part a thin and ragged coat of sage brush was the only cover of the ugly naked rocks that threw back the rays of the sun from their streaked, reddish brown faces. That repelling ridge was the last place to which a novice would turn for a deposit of treasure. But under that miser's cloak was hidden the mammoth store of silver ore renowned to-day as the Comstock Lode.

The first of the pioneer trains that entered the valley in the spring of the year 1850 was a company of Mormons, led by Thomas Orr. On the fifteenth of May it halted for a few hours at noon on the edge of a little creek that ran into the Carson from the bordering range on the east. While the women of the party were preparing the noon meal, one of the young men, William Prouse, washed a few panfuls of the creek sand, and showed his companions a trace of gold. The showing was not rich enough to divert any serious attention from the Californian goal, but the party was detained some days in the valley by the snow that blocked the passes of the mountains. While so waiting, John Orr, son of the leader, strolled up the creek with a companion. They

reached a point where the walls of the cañon drew closely together and the creek ran between in little cascades. Here Orr pried off a fragment of rock with his butcher's knife from a crevice under the fall, and uncovered a little nugget of gold about as large as a walnut. This was the first fragment of precious quartz taken from the first of the silver districts of the West; but Orr had not the faintest idea of the importance of his discovery, and kept the nugget simply as a pretty memento of his overland trip to California. When the first flurry of wild fancy had passed, some attention was paid to the humble little placer on the line of this creek; and in the early summer a few hundred workers were sometimes strung out along the banks of the stream, dwindling in the fall of the year to a bare handful of washers as the creek shrunk to a thread.

It was to this summer colony that the Grosh brothers came in the year 1853, when they crossed the Sierras. None of the miners at work on the creek had troubled their heads by any speculation over the fountain head of the gold dust which they washed from the sands. But the Grosh brothers knew that placer dust was only the surface crumbling from the ore that lay somewhere in veins in the hill range above. The gold of the placer only lifted their eyes to the hills in search of the veins.

Placer washing is a dull drudgery; but in the search for hidden veins of ore there is a continual fascination that tempts and masters the most stolid of men. There is something distinctive and great in the fever that burns in the veins of a prospector. It is not sodden avarice; it is not the curbed passion of a gambler at cards; it is the luring of fancy, the zest of the hunter, the thirst for discovery blending with grosser impulses in varying measure. No dangers daunt, no labors tire the men on the trail of the rock-bound bonanzas.

The Gold Cañon miners toiled in the usual way, with long-toms and rockers, washing the sand from the various bars and, when the richest placers were exhausted, carrying sacks and buckets of earth from the neighboring ravines to the nearest spring or to the creek itself. At nightfall they would return to their huts, cook their simple suppers of bacon and potatoes, with bread and tea, smoke a pipe or two, and then wrap themselves up in their blankets to sleep until daybreak. In summer most of the huts were merely heaps of brush rather inferior to the Pah Ute lodges. The winter cabins were usually of rough stones plastered with mud and covered with canvas, boards or sticks overlaid with earth. Sometimes holes were made in the walls for ventilation, but generally the cracks and open doorways were sufficient. Glass windows were an unthought-of luxury. Some of the better cabins had simple iron stoves and funnels, but the majority of the miners were content with stone fireplaces and rude cranes. A nondescript ball was sometimes given at one of the stations, but few of the miners succeeded in varying the staple amusements of gambling and drinking. On Sundays they rested — that is, "washed their clothes and cleaned up their cabins." Some of them were fairly expert hunters, and used to supply their friends at times with a steak of antelope or mountain sheep shot on the neighboring hills. The ravines of the range were covered with a thick growth of small cedars, pines and underbrush, affording covert for deer and hares, game quite abundant till the Indians and miners thinned their numbers. Except when a supply of fresh meat was so obtained, the miners contented themselves with bacon or salt beef, purchased at the stations. Potatoes, almost the sole vegetable in demand, were purchased of ranchmen in the valleys.

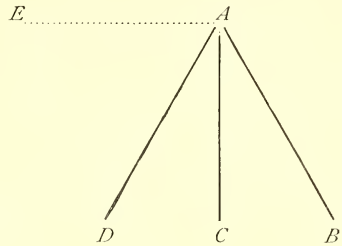
While the others were plodding along day by day, the Grosh brothers devoted all the time they could spare from the narrow earning of bread to the search for ore veins. The gold dust of the creek was noticeably lighter than the dust of the California placers, and brought a dollar or two less per ounce. This vexed the miners at large, but they thought no more of it; while to the Grosh brothers it was the starting hint of the probable existence of silver-bearing quartz veins with the usual mixture of gold.

Up to that day there had been no determined search for silver in the country west of the Missouri. The Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, whose headquarters were in Tubac, had sent out a few explorers across the border, and some discoveries of veins were reported, but no effort was made to claim or develop them. The Grosh brothers were unquestionably the first persistent prospectors for silver in the great western field of North America. Let us follow their search.

In the autumn of 1854 the creek ran dry, and not even a bare living could be obtained from its placers. So the brothers recrossed the Sierras to California to prospect for gold quartz veins at Little Sugarloaf in El Dorado County. On the thirty-first of March, 1856, they wrote to their father in Pennsylvania: "Ever since our return from Utah we have been trying to get a couple of hundred dollars together for the purpose of making a careful examination of a silver lead in Gold Cañon. . . . Native silver is found in Gold Cañon; it resembles sheet lead broken very fine, and lead the miners suppose it to be. . . . We found silver ore at the forks of the cañon. A large quartz vein shows itself in this situation."

In September of the same year they had saved up the money needed, and crossed the mountains again to follow up there their prospecting in Gold Cañon till the end of October. Then they returned to El Dorado County to renew their search for gold quartz veins. In a letter written on the third of November of this year they told of their success. "We found two veins of silver at the forks of Gold Cañon. . . . One of these veins is a perfect monster." Again on the twenty-second of the same month they wrote: "We have hopes almost amounting to certainty of veins crossing the cañon at two other points."

Their winter prospecting in El Dorado County was fruitless, and in the spring of the following year they went back to Gold Cañon, determined to develop their discoveries sufficiently to interest men of capital in their enterprise. On the eighth of June Allen Grosh wrote to his father: "We struck the vein [in Gold Cañon] without difficulty, but find some in tracing it. We have followed two shoots down the hill, have a third traced positively, and feel pretty sure that there is a fourth. The two shoots we have traced give strong evidence of big surface veins. The following is a diagram of the set of veins: —




"*A* seems to be the centre from which all seems to radiate; *B* we have traced by bowlders; *C* we have struck the end of; *D* the same; *E* is uncertain, though the evidence of its existence is tolerably strong. *B A C* may be the true vein and the shoots; *D A E* may be superficial spurs. We pounded up some of each variety of rock and set it to work by the Mexican process. . . . The rock of the vein looks beautiful, is very soft, and will work remarkably easy. The show of metallic silver produced by exploding it in damp gunpowder is very promising. This is the only test that we have yet applied. The rock is iron, and its colors are violet blue, indigo blue, blue black, and greenish black. It differs very much from that in the Frank vein, the vein we discovered last fall. The Frank vein will require considerable capital to start. The rock is very hard and the vein very much split up. The present vein lies very compact, so far as we have examined it; not a leaf of foreign rock in it."

August 16, 1857, Allen wrote again from Gold Cañon: "Our first assay was one half ounce of rock; the result was $3,500 of silver to the ton by hurried assay, which was altogether too much of a good thing. We assayed a small quantity of rock by cupellation from another vein. The result was $200 per ton. We have several other veins which are as yet untouched. We are very sanguine of ultimate success."

It seemed indeed as if their patience and pluck through these weary years were at last to be crowned by signal success. They had kept their discoveries discreetly to themselves, and the miners at work on the creek paid only a flitting attention to the silent prospectors on the hills above them. But their keen search and unflagging industry had been marked by George Brown, a cattle trader of Carson Valley, and he had promised to put in the money needed to open up their silver quartz veins as soon as their location and prospective value were fairly determined.

On the very day when the brothers had reached their goal and Allen had sent off his letter, the news came to them of the murder of Brown by the Indians. The wife of one of the miners in the cañon, Mrs. L. M. Dittenrieder, went up to the cabin of the brothers on the hillside to tell them of the loss of their friend. It was a stroke from a clear sky, but the brothers bore it manfully and resolved to press on unaided until they could secure the help they sought. As Mrs. Dittenrieder stood at the door of their cabin, Allen pointed out to her, as she told me, the general location of one of his ledges on the eastern slope of the largest mountain of the range, later named Mount Davidson. She was an honest, straightforward woman, and there is no ground for impeaching her evidence. If she was not mistaken, there can be no doubt that the brothers had struck their picks on the crest of the heart of the great Comstock Lode, the biggest bonanza of modern silver mining. She had faith in them and the will to help them, but she could do little to carry them on. Relying on Brown's assistance, they had dropped everything, as Allen said, in order to master the problem of the ledges. They worked on indomitably for three days longer, when they were called to face the bitterness of a parting which each dreaded more than death. Hosea was hard at work, when his foot slipped, and he struck the point of his pick into his ankle, inflicting a deep and painful wound. Allen carried him on his back to their cabin and laid him tenderly on his rude bed. He succeeded in stanching the flow of blood, and applied the best dressing to the wound which he could make. There was no surgeon or physician in all western Utah at the time, and no possibility of help except from the homely prescriptions of the miners. Allen hung over his brother day and night, and the rough men in the cañon gave all the help in their power, but the wound was past their healing. Gangrene set in, and after nearly two weeks of suffering borne with unwavering fortitude Hosea died. In his last conscious hour he raised his head a little to kiss his brother farewell. When he was too faint to speak, his lingering look told his forgetfulness of self and his deathless love.

Allen had borne every trial that had come to him without a whimper of failing heart; but the loss of his brother almost broke him down. A few days after his brother's death, he wrote to his father. He described Hosea's accident, illness, death and burial in that remote cañon of Utah, and then continued: "In the first burst of my sorrow I complained bitterly of the dispensation which deprived me of what I held most dear of all the world, and I thought it most hard that he should be called away just as we had fair hopes of realizing what we had labored for so hard for so many years. But when I reflected how well an upright life had prepared him for the next and what a debt of gratitude I owe to God in blessing me for so many years with so dear a companion, I became calm and bowed my head in resignation."

On September 11 he wrote again: "I feel very lonely and miss Hosea very much — so much that I am strongly tempted to abandon everything and leave the country forever, cowardly as such a course would be. But I shall go on. It is my duty, and I cannot bear to give anything up until I bring it to a conclusion. By Hosea's death you fall heir to his share in the enterprise. We have so far four veins. Three of these promise much."

Allen Grosh had rare stuff in him. Duty was not merely his guiding star; he lived and moved and had his being in it. Heart-sick as he was, and anxious to

press his discoveries, he would not stir a foot from the cañon until he had earned enough by patient ground-washing on his placer claim to pay every dollar of debt incurred by the expenses of his brother's sickness and burial. The sanguine prospector who would do what he did is one of a million. Though working from dawn to nightfall, he did not succeed in paying off all debts and getting together what he required for his return to California until the middle of November. Every day increased the hazard of the crossing of the Sierras; but he put duty before danger as well as before fortune. He was not able to start till the twentieth of November, when he set out from Carson Valley with only one companion, a young Canadian prospector, Richard M. Bucke. The sky was clear when they started, but it clouded over as they climbed the eastern slope before they reached Lake Tahoe near the head of the Truckee River. A gathering storm in the Sierras is a fearful threat. Black death by hunger and cold hangs in the air. There is no escape by running forward or backward. Light courier fleeces fly over the sky; then comes a surge of sullen masses overflowing the sun, till all the sky is a shroud and every peak a pillar of cloud. Pines shudder and moan in the fitful gusts that lead a witch dance with feathery flakes until the storm breaks with a continual roar of thunder and wind and hail and paralyzing flashes. Less thrilling but still more deadly is the storm in which there is no ray of light, when the snow is blinding, when the wind makes breathing a pain and palsies the flow of the blood, when the strongest men grope and stagger along until they break down in the snow and die, unless they can contrive some shelter and rest. It was such a storm that swooped down on the two prospectors in Squaw Valley. They were driven to the cover of the tree, where they scraped a hole in the snow and painfully built a fire. This saved them from perishing with cold, but they were trapped in the snow. The storm raged for days and kept them crouching over their fire. They ate the food they took with them, and hunger began to gripe them. When the storm began to break away, they tried to push on over the trail, but it was so buried in snow that they could not trace it or follow it when they did find it. Then they knew that they stood face to face with death in the snow. To stay where they were was the lingering death of starvation. It was no easier or safer to struggle back than to struggle on. The only faint chance was to break their way out of the trap. They were nerved and strengthened by desperation. The little burro that carried their outfit could not scramble through the drifts, and must have been left behind in any event, but the starving men had no other resource for food. So they killed him and roasted as much of his flesh as they could carry through the snow. Then they set off to make their way somehow over the range. They scrambled along as best they could, always waist deep in snow, and sometimes across drifts many feet deep, dragging themselves on by bush tops and branches and jutting rocks. After gaining a few yards, they would sink down panting in the snow, until they had breath to renew the struggle. Only men climbing for life could have so strained on. It seemed a miracle of fortune to these crawling, floundering men when they reached the summit at last.

It was the noon of the twenty-ninth of November, nine days after their start from the Carson Valley. The sky was clear, but the wind that swept the peaks on that bright day was deadly. No living creature could face it or bear it long. The gasping men reached the cover of the trees on the western slope in the nick of time, chilled to the heart. Their matches were wet and spoiled in the struggle through the snow, but after repeated trials they lighted a fire by a flash of powder from their guns and warmed themselves. A ray of hope cheered them to renew their struggle for life, but it was soon overcast. Another storm broke upon them. They had made rude snow-shoes by their fireside, but the snow was so soft that they could not use them. They tried to keep moving in spite of the storm, for delay was deadly, but they could not see a hundred yards before them, and soon lost their bearings

completely. They were forced to come to a standstill, and tried to light a fire for the night. But their powder was damp and their gun was so wet and rusty that it could not be fired. Then they burrowed holes in the snow and lay under cover that night of the second of December. The next morning they crawled out of their holes, and were able to struggle along, but they had eaten their last mouthful of food in their burrows. Their lives hung on the chance of reaching help before they were too weak to move. They toiled on painfully and slowly till they reached the middle fork of the American River, and then followed its course as closely as they could. Day followed day, and with every passing hour they grew fainter with hunger and weariness. But they could not find any inhabited cabin or even a muddy creek with a sign of miners at work. Both had fought for life with marvellous endurance and spirit, but their strength was almost gone, and they felt that they were doomed men.

The morning of the fifth of December came, the third day since they had tasted food, but there was no sign of promise to the starving men. They no longer felt hungry, but they had "a horrible sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach," which Bucke still remembers with a shudder. He was the stronger of the two, but Allen, as he writes, was "least inclined to give up." "I was heart-sick that day, and proposed that we should lie down and die, but Allen would not listen to me. He said, 'No, we will keep going as long as we can.'" There was no strain that could break that heart, but it was stayed by duty and not by hope. "That night," says Bucke, "we made our bed in silence and lay down."

The starving boy had strange visions. As he lay on his bed of snow, he sniffed the steam from a prince's kitchen, and saw before him a banquet table, on which he feasted to his heart's content. But in the morning he knew it was a dream and he was dying for the want of a bit of bread. The two fainting men were barely able to crawl along. "We went," says Bucke, "almost as much on our hands and knees as on our feet." Hope was dead, but they resolved to crawl on while they could move hand or foot. They were not afraid to die, but the thought of loved ones at home waiting vainly for them and brooding over the horrors of their clouded fate nerved them to drag their weak limbs through the snow. From break of day till noon they had crawled less than a mile. Their eyes were closing with overmastering faintness, when they heard the bark of a dog and saw a thin wreath of smoke in the air.

They had reached a little miners' outpost called, strangely enough, "The Last Chance." They cried out faintly, and their call was heard. Rescue came, but it was too late. The kindly miners carried the two sinking men into their cabin and cared for them as well as they could. It was found that their feet were badly frozen and they could neither eat nor sleep.

Allen Grosh died on the twelfth day after reaching camp. Only a few months before he had written to his father: "Hosea and I had lived so much together, with and for each other, that it was our earnest desire that we might pass out of the world as we had passed through it, hand in hand." This was their fortune. In death they were not divided.

Bucke's life was saved, but one of his feet was rudely amputated at the ankle joint, and a portion of the other cut off. He hobbled on crutches to the door of a friend in San Francisco, who arranged for his return home to Canada. He went to Europe a few years later to pursue studies of medicine, and became an expert of distinction in his specialty. He is now the superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane at London, in the Province of Ontario, Canada.

He had some general idea of the silver vein locations at Gold Cañon, but he knew nothing definitely of the extent of the discovery. No one except George Brown, the cattle trader, had been taken fully into the confidence of the brothers, and he died before them. The papers of Allen Grosh, which defined and recorded the claims, were lost in the terrible crossing of the Sierras. The secret of the bonanza was buried with the discoverers.

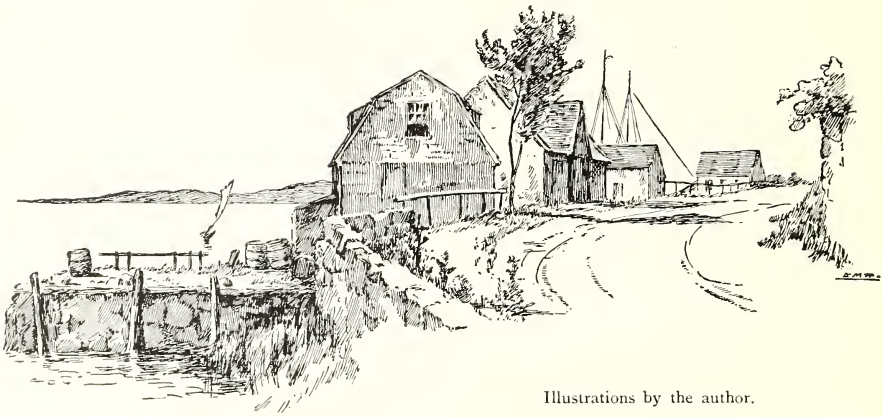
# DIANA.

*By Laura Spencer Porter.*

YE who have seen her thus, is she not fair?
Her strong lithe body swayed with supple grace,
Her bow taut-drawn, the arrow poised in place,
The half-turned visage and the massy hair,
The graceful limbs and resolute arms bare.
By quiet streams, whose waters interlace
The sunset meadows, while the fair skies trace
Their own sweet image in the mirror, there
To him who hath the higher sense of sight
Often doth she appear thus suddenly,
Draws keen her arrow to its startled flight,
Then disappears into the woodland's night;
While but the taut-drawn crescent of the sky
Remains to hint her high identity.

# THE STREETS OF AN OLD TOWN.

*By Elisabeth Moore Hallowell.*



Illustrations by the author.

IT is a quaint and rambling old village, holding many memories of the past, as old places and people are apt to do, — a little wandering in its way of telling its story, but withal so peaceful in its age that one may well be grateful for the privilege of abiding there and learning of its lore.

The old town sits in quiet dignity on the hills of the Cape Ann seacoast. It has removed somewhat from the noise of many waters, and taken its place on the banks of its own little river, which twice a day rises and falls ten feet with the beating of old ocean's mighty heart. Out into this river jut the wharves and tiny docks where the fishermen ply their trade; but little of real business goes on in the place. The well-known fishing-town three miles away conducts such matters with the thriving enterprise which our elderly village has outgrown. Quietly she offers instead, to the mind tired with business cares, to the heart weary with anxieties, the shade of her apple trees and elms, her slopes of waving grass, green to the water's edge, the silent majesty of her mammoth rocks piled high in red confusion even along the streets.

The old town offers, too, the secret of her heart — which is nature's own — to those who will at eventide climb over the hill behind the village and look down upon the beach below, where the waters of Ipswich Bay wash in and out upon the sand. Who that has watched the sun go down over this mystical water can ever forget the strange, almost unearthly glory of the place, over which seems indeed to hover "a light that never was on sea or land"? Far across on the Maine coast rises the faint outline of Agamenticus; a gleam from the light-house on the Isle of Shoals comes over the twenty miles between; and on the wide expanse of the downs, with the wonderful light of the sunset falling all about, the human soul reverently feels itself near indeed to nature and to nature's God.

Our little village, as becomes the well-bred and dignified old lady whom she may fitly be said to represent, has her small fancy for fashion's ways; and like a cap of real lace or a frill of fine cambric is her corner toward the bay for so-called "summer cottages." Here may be found a broad green avenue, not more than a block or two in length, dotted on either side with cottages which hold themselves with the elegance of the true aristocrat; and while the inhabitants of this end of the village are considered madly

gay by the plainer folk of the other end, yet the same repose which characterizes the main town extends here and makes one admire the consistency of the spot.

But it is not in the wharves or docks, not in the majesty of the hill toward the bay, not in the little avenue of summer cottages, that one feels the true New England character of our village, but in the streets of the old town. There is the sturdiness of the Pilgrim Fathers in the independence with which these take their course, untrammelled by any conventional rules, and wander along Curve Street, fitly named, as it follows the windings of the little cove. Notice how simply it states its purpose. Any ordinary street can run straight; it is the intent of Curve Street to suit the fishermen and their work, — and according as the wharves vary, even so does it. A happy little street is Curve Street. In and out it runs, occasionally scattering by the roadside a group of yellow lilies free to all, with an extravagance that no sensible city street would think of showing; anon sobering down, as with respectful air it goes by the ancient custom-house — which they will tell you was the first of its kind in America — sitting in dilapidated glory on the water's edge.

To this custom-house, gambrel-roofed and quaint, empty now within, and covered without by advertisements of patent medicines and information as to where the best trousers may be bought, — to this little building, which to-day would hardly be noticed save for its picturesque qualities, came in the past many a ship from foreign shores laden with the goods which our young seaport was glad to receive in exchange for her wealth of fishing produce. For the town, with her respected past of over two hundred and fifty years, was a busy place in her early days, and the port of entry for the neighboring seacoast. Her seamen used to find it an easy run in those days to the coast of France; and many a cargo of clams went out from her harbor to supply the needs of French fishermen.

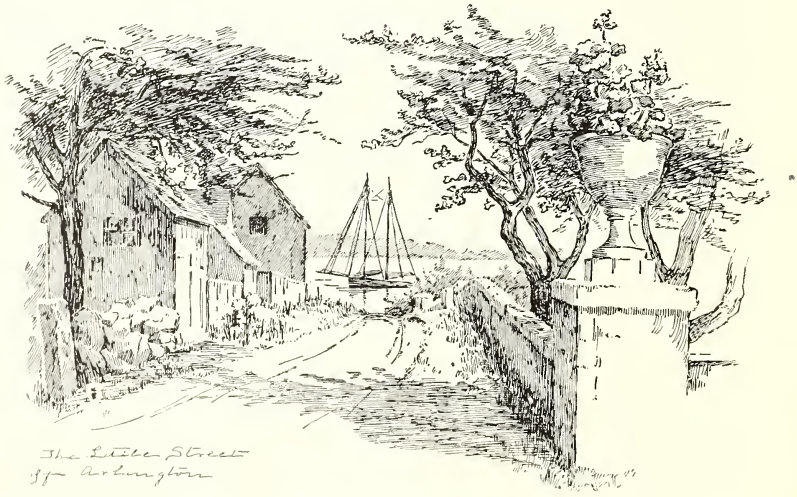
It is to be feared that the

village in her youth did not always show the conscientious regard for principle which her general integrity nowadays would lead one to expect. For it is said that the customs authorities were not always the first to receive word of a vessel's arrival; and of dark nights more than one bale of merchandise or keg of brandy was quietly slipped into some of the numerous houses which to this day stand close to the water's edge between the government building and the sea, — and the officers of the law were none the wiser.

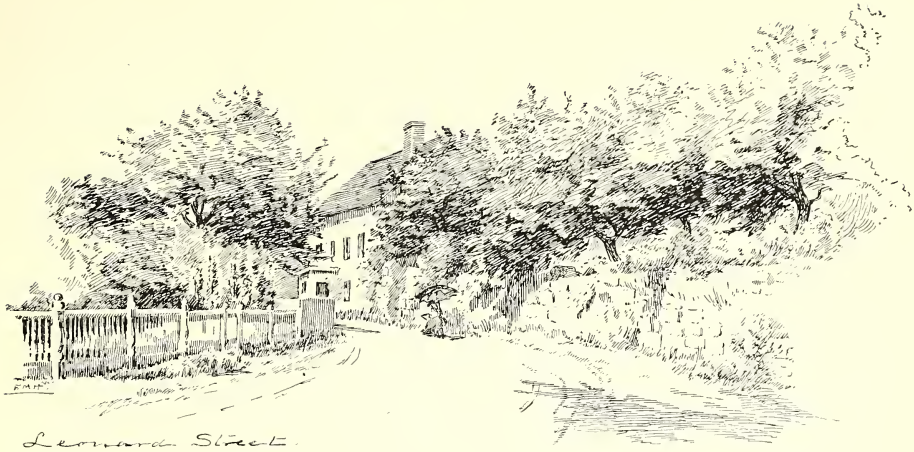
One feels inclined, however, to deal gently with these rumors of the past and to believe that the smuggling element was not the one which built the town and which has kept about it to this day the air of sturdy honesty that is unmistakable. At any rate we shall find it difficult to believe that Curve Street itself lent its sanction to any such questionable proceedings, when we stand in its open road and watch it frolicking along by the water's edge, innocent of deception and merry as a grig. So we stroll along its sunny length, and are glad to know the pleasant little path, and to make acquaintance with its plump babies rolling in the dirt, and with their mothers calling them with the soft voice and broad accent of New England.

If we continue further down this street, it will in whimsical fashion conduct us to a bridge and the water's edge; and there, making its bow, Curve Street runs off to nowhere in particular, and we are left to turn to a pretentious sign stuck in the grass near by, informing us that we look upon Arbor Street.

It may naturally be supposed, with so much painted sign, that Arbor Street is of equal importance. Not at all. Starting with renewed interest, and climbing for half a square up Arbor Street's steep ascent, you will encounter a stone wall or two, several fences, and the broad expanse of a barn, — and Arbor Street has said its say, and stops. If you have chosen to be misled by a plain sign in the grass, so much the worse for you!




Many such little streets, a hundred yards or so in length, exist in this erratic town; but, more honest than Arbor Street, there is one, the shortest of all, without so much as a name, and known only as the Little Street off Arlington Street, which will tell its length to whomsoever stands at one end by giving a glimpse of the river at the other end, with fishing craft and stately schooners galore. This glimpse discloses all that an actual exploration would reveal, and makes experimental knowledge of the byway needless; so, with an enjoyable memory of orchard slopes and shadows, and a quaint old urn at the corner, filled with scarlet geraniums, the traveller turns away.




Pleasant it is to come upon Leonard Street, the spot of hollyhocks and white gates, of stone walls and apple trees, and all the many sights dear to the artist's heart. There too are the artists; for it is one of the summer amusements of this motherly old town to shelter in her arms these loving children who would portray her face; and along the broad expanse of Leonard Street may be seen at any time of day and in almost any weather the white umbrella and the triangular apparatus of the artist. Quiet celebrities are here, seeking retired spots in which to evolve their works; the illustrator with bottle of ink and a few pens stuck in his breast pocket, wanders to and fro taking notes; and in gales of wind or scorching sun the ambitious art student is seen, convinced that by withstanding discouragements he will conquer in the end. And since the town is the haunt of artistic spirits, no one is troubled by the vagaries of another.

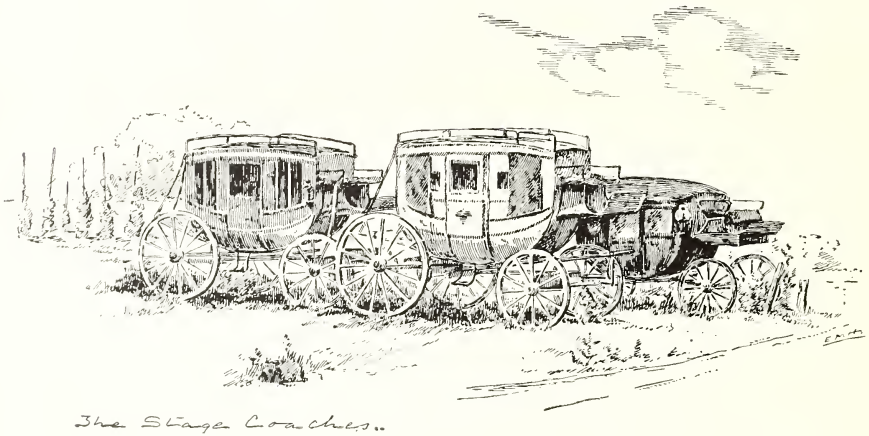
On this same Leonard Street. after it has passed from the dignity of a village street and become a plain country road, may be seen a collection of stage-coaches, of such a degree of antiquity as to suggest colonial days. Superseded by the ubiquitous trolley, they are left standing lonely and neglected by the road-side; and thus forlorn, what thoughts of other days must rack their memories! Some afternoon, when others are taking their naps, and the air is drowsy too, one may follow with childlike credulity the tale of the "oldest inhabitant" concerning these coaches, and may shudder at the ghostly flavor with which it is narrated. On one night in the year, saith tradition, the graves give up their dead, and from midnight until cock-crow the disembodied spirits visit again the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage.

The belated traveller or the strayed village idler who passes by on such a night may find this place of the coaches all astir, — the weather-stained and shackly vehicles again resplendent in fresh paint and varnish; the horses tossing their shadowy heads and stamping their phantom feet, eager to be off; the stable-men hurrying about with buckets, and fastening a strap here and there after the fashion of their kind. Then do the coachmen in great-coats and mufflers solemnly mount to their seats; the passengers, like animated fashion-plates of a century ago, disappear through the open doors into the black interiors. Without a sound all this ghostly preparation is accomplished, and then, rocking beneath the weight of passengers and luggage, off starts the coach, — when, as the faint crow of Chanticleer comes down the morning air, presto! all vanishes, leaving only the familiar old wrecks behind.

So, with many elaborations, runs the story. Perhaps, with all the uncanny details, there is a twinkle in the eye of

the "oldest inhabitant" as the conclusion comes; perhaps to the listener, struggling between superstitious respect and a practical knowledge of how recently these stage-coaches plied their matter-of-fact trade, there may be difficulty in accepting all that is told; yet in this old village the atmosphere of carping criticism is out of place, and it is easier here to play at fairy tales and ghost stories than it is in the prosaic world outside.

In such a gentle, quiet spot, where the spirit of the little child finds place, there comes too the child's wide and beautiful belief in humanity; life seems simpler, and our fellow men and women more truly a universal brother and sister-hood. When the time for farewell comes, the visitor turns to city cares again, refreshed and strengthened by the power of so sincere a life.




# THE NEW WISDOM.

*By Philip Becker Goetz.*

YOUNG seers have solved the ageless mystery,
And give us for our ghosts, ghost general;
"For this ghost," they declare, "there is no pall," —
And smile amid their sneers — "Heredity!"

Perchance another age will breed in turn
A seer to shame to double shade this ghost;
In early thanks therefor drink deep the toast:
"Long live the elder ghost! Our seers we spurn."

# TWO MOUNTAINS.

*By Richard Burton.*

MONADNOCK looms against the pale blue dome
  Of sky, a monarch crowned with cloud and sun;
  Massive the moods of this rock-ribbéd one,
In ways of God that seemeth most at home;
An archetypal art those contours made,
An elemental brush the colors laid.

Type of New England, creature of her womb,
  Rugged yet beautiful, thy fearless front
  Preaches old freedom, and her sturdy wont
And purity and faith and living-room;
Fore-elder, thou, of simpler, saner days,
When God meant prayer, and Fatherland meant praise.

So Emerson, whose laud was made to thee
  In words of bardic wonder, was a peak
  Sprung from the same dear soil, and fain to speak
Faced skyward toward the heaven's clarity;
The same New England gave him goodly birth,
The same large mood, the same untired earth.

Anak of hills that take the questing eye,
  Great dominant thing in all this landscape wide,
  'Twas meet that thou should'st thus be magnified
By him, that strength to strength should make reply:
Monadnock, moveless, whatso'er the wind,
Like Emerson midst shifts of humankind.

THE LANDSGEMEINDE.

# SWISS IDYLS.

*By William D. McCrackan.*

## The Landsgemeinde.

IT is the sixth of May, and Sunday. The whole Canton of Uri is astir. From Goeschenen to Flüelen the people are moving upon Altdorf, walking, driving, or by train. The torrent of the Reuss rumbles through the ravines, across the fodder plains, between shelving stone banks, straight into the Lake of Luzern. There is a sprinkling of snow on the summit of the Bristenstock; the Gitschen wears a cap of clouds in sign of fine weather. The grass in the orchards is strewn with fragrant shadows.

*Mid-day at Altdorf.* In the market-place a procession is forming: first, militiamen, then magistrates, beadles in long cloaks, and voters of all types. A tall man in black steps into his carriage, the soldiers salute, the drums roll. With that the march begins, out to the meadow of Bötzlingen an der Gand, by the dusty highway.

*One o'clock.* Two thousand voters are standing in a circle on a wooden platform, with the tall magistrate and a clerk in the centre. There are farmers in the ring, and monks from the Capuchin monastery, herders and hotel proprietors. Almost everybody smokes. On the outskirts the women and children watch and wait. Indeed, there are even some baby carriages in the shade; for the Landsgemeinde is the most patriarchal and immemorial assembly to be found the world over.

But look! — the voters bare their heads, and a mighty hush follows, while they repeat their *Ave Marias*, each to himself. A cuckoo calls from the woods of Attinghausen, somebody at the drinking-booth laughs coarsely, the St. Gothard train whistles as it passes. Then the business of the meeting begins.

*Two o'clock.* At present the discussion is about the new constitution. Tobacco smoke rises in puffs from the assembly, to disappear in the sunlight. The people on the hill are eating from lunch baskets, mostly filled with hunks of bread and cheese, or, for a treat, drinking from bottles of sour wine. Others are crowding around the refreshment booths, that are ranged along the approach to the meadow, and there they jostle one another awkwardly, trampling the grass in heavy shoes, speaking a guttural dialect. After a while a vote is taken on the adoption of the constitution. It is done by a show of hands; but the assembly murmurs and bellows like a bull, while the clerk counts the ayes and nays.

*Three o'clock.* And now the next order of business is the election of officers. A beadle in costume of orange and black rises after each result, lifts his cocked hat, and wishes the new magistrate "health and wealth." But the noise from the outskirts at times interferes with the speakers, so that a policeman is sent to protest, and a man in his cups is marched off for resisting.

Along the further sky-line the twin mountains of Bauen grow dim with the increasing warmth. It seems as though the sun were drawing the scent from spring flowers and fruit blossoms for no purpose, and the breeze scattering it in vain, since the crowd talk and eat and drink, all unmindful. Perhaps those two young people, standing by the wall, looking sheepish and saying nothing, feel this beauty without knowing.

*Four o'clock.* The assembly adjourns. Everybody presses blindly on to the highway, where the procession re-forms and marches back to Altdorf, while many people scatter in groups to every country-side and valley of Canton Uri. After all, it is a noble thing to make your own laws, under God's sky, in sight of his mountains, as your fathers did before you.

Yes, this Landsgemeinde is crude, — with a certain primeval, Germanic uncouthness. But it does its work simply and openly, — in the sunlight. It is democratic, it is the government of all men. Its germ can never die.

MARKET DAY.

I encountered quite a question in political economy one market day at Zürich. Early every Saturday the peasant women come trooping in with their vegetables, fruits and flowers, to line the handsome new Bahnhof Strasse with carts and baskets. The ladies and kitchen-maids of the city come to buy; but by noon the market is over. In a jiffy the street is swept as clean as a parlor floor, and the women have turned their backs on Zürich.

Wandering about with my camera, I met three girls returning to the country, heavy-laden. I had the audacity to try to snap at them as they came toward me; but I had forgotten to set the shutter, and so they passed before I could make the necessary alteration. I just had time to wheel around and shoot them in the back.

Now these girls gave me an example of *productive labor*, as they say in the text-books.

Not far off stood the large white cavalry barracks of Zürich. Switzerland does not maintain a standing army, but by a system of compulsory short service has perfected a militia force which may be termed without exaggeration the most efficient in existence anywhere. Her citizen soldiers are the best average shots in the world, and they have used magazine guns longer than anybody else.

I passed just as some dismounted dragoons were returning from their drill, — clumsy, slap-dash sort of fellows, with big boots and clinking swords. They gave me an excellent chance for a snap shot. As they turned the corner, those on the outside took enormous strides to keep up with the rest. In fact, from the way they were walking, I judged they must be going to dinner. And yet, what was most remarkable, not a man failed to eye the three girls, heavy-laden.

Now these cavalry men gave me an illustration of *non-productive labor*.

So that when I had developed the two pictures and placed them side by side, I felt a question rising in my mind, and it was this: "Do you suppose the productive girls were helping support the non-productive soldiers?"

If so, is there not something more than queer about the question?

HOEING POTATOES.

All the valleys hushed. The lakes black. A mist in the hollows, smelling moist and tasting smoky. Then on the top of the Jungfrau a sudden gleam alighted. The sun crept down the great *arêtes* — those arms of the goddess draped in muslin. It burnished the rounded snow slopes into rich saffron, and cast mauve shadows into the *seracs* and *crevasses*. The light chased the gloom from the abyss where the avalanches fall, — that lap of the goddess. It stripped the darkness from her sheer sides.

With this the Virgin seemed to wake and stretch and smile.

She saw two women and a child hoeing potatoes on the Almend of Unterseen. They were dressed partly in brown homespun, partly in nondescript calicoes. Their feet stood in great ungainly shoes with wooden soles. The grandmother still wore her hair twined with white braid, Oberland fashion, but the young woman tried to be modern. As for the child, it played in the dirt.

And so the women toiled, unmindful of the surpassing magnificence of their surroundings.

The Jungfrau saw the turquoise of the Lake of Thun, the glowing slopes of St. Beatenberg, the green-black firs on the Harder. She heard a man sharpening his scythe among the field flowers, a boy yodling to his goats in the shrubs, a herd of cows jingling their bells on the summer pasture. She smelt the mown grass, the brier hedges nipped by the goats, the flowers trodden by the cattle.

But the women neither saw nor heard nor smelt.

At noon the Jungfrau looked again. The grandmother was leaning for a moment on her hoe, the young woman worked in a crude red petticoat, blown by the wind, the child still played in the dirt. They all looked sordid, sullen, stupid. Then the pitying Virgin turned to Mont Blanc, full eighty miles away. How long must these wrongs be? But before the answer came the day was over, and the women shuffled sadly homeward, drawing their cart after them, wherein the little girl sat holding tight to the sides.

And for the millionth time the Jungfrau blushed, and then turned gray and slept.

### Their Golden Wedding.

Old Rieser had been a fisherman all his life on the Lake of Thun, and he was now over seventy. Just because to-day happened to be the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding was no reason for stopping work. Besides, lake trout were scarce and in demand, and his fishing permit came high. So he had spent the day as usual with his nets, off the reeds, where the Aar rushes into the lake.

In the late afternoon Rieser rode home, obliquely across to the hamlet of Sundlauenen. It was only a handful of dingy *chalets*, built on the rubble which the Suldbach had brought down through the ages, and inhabited by a wretched, primitive population. As he neared, he turned his boat — they always do in the Oberland — and rowed stern foremost under the rustic roof of his boat-house. His wife, who was watching, came to meet him from their cottage.

She wore the old-fashioned bodice of the Bernese costume, and the wide

sleeves. Her face was puckered into weather-beaten wrinkles, her hands hard and callous, her gait stooping and slouchy, peasant-like. As she laid her hand on his arm and pushed him affectionately, her little old eyes were moist with happiness. She had said all along she knew they would never live to celebrate their golden wedding. It was an intuition, she insisted; but now, after all, it was such a relief to know that she had been wrong.

Some young ladies from the Pension at the end of the lake, who were fond of picnicking here on the grass by the water, nicknamed the old couple the Duke and Duchess — probably because their manners were so much finer than those of real dukes and duchesses. That morning those dear young ladies had brought their wedding gift, she told him, — four pounds of sugar, two of coffee (for them both, you see), some cotton thread and a paper of pins for her. They had asked about tobacco for old Rieser, but she told them proudly that he never smoked.

Rieser's wife had never been farther from home than Bern, some twenty-five miles away; and that was in her youth. They had never had any children. He had fished, she had worked in their vegetable patch and woven the hemp for his nets or helped him mend them. It was always a struggle to make both ends meet, but they had been really happy through it all. "And to think," she repeated, as they came out after supper, "that I felt so sure we would never live to see this day!"

They sat on the bench at the side of the cottage, where the nets hang to dry. There was such a calm on the lake they could hear people talking on the other shore. From the fringe of the woods came the smell of cyclamen. A quiet light glowed behind the Stockhorn, but the Niesen had already become a purple pyramid turning black. An electric light was turned on at the Därlingen steamboat landing, and soon after a star appeared over the shoulder of the range opposite.

Old Rieser and his wife sat hand in hand, like lovers. She had brought out the Bible, as though it were Sunday. At intervals she still persisted, that she had always felt they would never live to see this day.

Just then a fish rose. The ripples parted slowly in a circle across the calm, — line after line, without pause, infinite, — a symbol of immortality.

"But now I don't care what happens," said the old woman. And they went in.

### Summer Pastures.

That morning the cattle of Meiringen sniffed for the free air of the mountains. After their winter in warm pens, they pushed forward on the road, bellowing and stamping the ground. Above the din of their bells rose the cries of the herders running before and behind. A few horses went along to carry kettles for making cheese, and quite a company of frightened sheep and goats scuttled after, driven by little boys, who kept up an altogether senseless cracking of whips. It was the yearly migration of the cattle to the summer pastures of the Gschwandenmad Alp.

The train turned a corner above the Reichenbach Falls. A trailing *diminuendo* vibrated in the crystal air. At times a puff of wind would renew the clamor for an instant, but slowly the tones of the bells sank into faint tinklings, the herders' calls sounded muffled, and the little boys grew too tired to crack their whips.

As they climbed through the woods, the men caught some last glimpses of the valley of Hasli, where, in the patchwork of the plains, young oats and clover stretched side by side in narrow strips. Whenever they passed a *chalet*, children would be there, watching shyly on the steps, — tow-headed little things in patched clothes and mighty shoes.

At last the beeches and brambles of the lower woods gave way to firs. There was already the keen tonic of the snow in the air, when lo! at the head of the narrowing valley the Alp of Gschwandenmad lay smiling with many thousand flowers. The white Wetterhorn rose on the right, the black Wellhorn in the middle, the glacier of Rosenlaui curled down to the left, and round about the circling forests stood sentinel. It was not long before the huts, deserted all winter, rang from within, and the cattle trampled the soft ground outside into mire and manure.

At dawn next day a herder carried milk down to Meiringen in a wooden hod, fitted to his back. He wore a tight canvas jacket with short sleeves, leaving the arms to bronze in the sun. Where the path was steep he steadied himself with an *alpenstock*. His shoes were soiled and iron-shod, his head covered with a leather skull cap, and a curved pipe hung persistently from his lips. As he slipped, he swore.

But in the afternoon his pack was empty, for everything had gone well with him; and so, when he passed the *chalet* where Gretli lived, he could not help yodling from a full heart. It was a rough, manly outburst, reëchoing back and forth from the cliffs of the Engelhörner; in fact, it must have carried Gretli's heart by storm, for later on, when the girls came to the alp for the summer festival of dancing and wrestling, he kept her to himself all day and threw his rival in the ring.

At noon the herders used to sit down before a bucket full of boiled milk. Each had a wooden spoon with which to dip in, the handle being curved into a hook, so as to hang on the edge of the bucket. All there was to eat was a piece of bread and a slice of poor cheese. They talked very little, and that in a surly, sing-song way, with the stupid stare of their cattle in their eyes, sometimes complaining of their work, for the most part of their poor pay; cursing alternately the tourists, the heavy air of the plains or the cold of the mountain nights. There was no sentimental mountaineering cult about them.

Making cheese was a daily task. First, they poured milk into a vast kettle. A little rennet was added to curdle the milk, and the mixture allowed to stand some twenty minutes. Some one then skimmed off the waste with a thin wooden shovel, and stirred the whole with a pine stick bristling with the buts of the branches left on. This preparation was boiled, poured into a form, allowed to cool, and finally pressed until hard.

At the end of the summer, when all the hay on the lower pastures was housed, three men climbed beyond the utmost limits of the timber line to the islets of green among the barren crags, where the cows cannot go. They carried their scythes upon the left shoulder, the little cup with the whetstone fastened to the waist, and their broad felt hats were ex-

actly alike. As they climbed in single file, they made their zigzags the same length, swung their bodies to the same time, mounting surefooted with a beautiful precision to the heights. For days they mowed in upper solitudes above the Alpine roses, but among the gentians and the soft gray felt of the edelweiss. They mowed on the brinks of precipices, unconcernedly.

It was their only grace, this art of unconscious equilibrium.

From shelving rocks fringes of silver showers dripped and drifted dust-like in mid-air. It was the trickle of the melting snow. The cold wind sang in their ears, coming from a white winter up there that never turns to spring. Clouds in torn shreds floated ill at ease along the crags in tragic discontent. A few days later the three men carried bales of hay wrapped in canvas down paths hardly fit for goats. With that their summer's work was over.

As the last afternoon waned, the flowers quaked before the growing keenness of the wind. A mountain bird uttered sudden, startled notes. From all the pasture came the haphazard jingling of cow-bells, as the descending cattle advanced toward the hut. They stood about for a while, switching their tails, while the head herder passed from one to the other with a bag of salt, to give each one a handful. When one by one the cows had entered the stables with a last jerk of their bells, a thin blue line rose from the hut where the men were cooking their supper. The violet veil of twilight hung upon the further mountains, and all was still, save that the torrent rumbled to the night.

Next day the weather broke.

### Dress Reform in the Alps.

The usual way to Champéry leads from the Rhone valley through vineyards, chestnut and walnut groves into the region of cherry trees and grazing lands. But my first visit to this Val d'Illiez was made from across the mountains in Savoy. I had started early in the morning at Samoëns, with a knapsack on my back. The day was hot, even on top of the Col de la Golèse and the Col de Coux. As the afternoon waned, and Champéry was not yet in sight, I began asking my way of the peasants. A young man stood by the roadside with his back toward me, and so I called, "*Monsieur*, will you please tell me how much further it is to Champéry?" At that the young man turned with a charming smile on his face, —*for he was a young woman.*

The trouble is, you cannot always tell the sexes apart in the Val d'Illiez, since the women have the common sense and

courage to wear men's clothes while at work tending the cows. It is perhaps this which preserves their figures and keeps their cheeks rosy long after the women in neighboring valleys are bent and faded. The trousers and jackets of black homespun are like those of the men; so are the big hobnailed shoes. In fact, the only concession to femininity is a brilliant scarlet handkerchief wound round the head in an altogether bewitching manner. There is nothing so convenient as this costume when the women ride up to the *alps* on their ponies to milk the cows at nightfall.

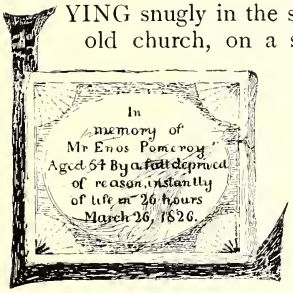
Unfortunately Champéry is becoming such a fashionable tourist resort that the women are getting a little shy, and no longer go about as freely as they used to do during the season.

---

# IN THE MIDDLE TOWN OF WHITEFIELD.

*By Helen Marshall North.*

## III. The Old Burying-Ground.




LYING snugly in the shadows of the old church, on a steep declivity of old Whitefield town, and looking over eastward and to the south on a beautiful panorama of hill, valley and wooded river bank, is the "old burying-ground." With true Puritan sincerity in speech as in all things else, the early settlers of this little place called the plot where they laid away their dead, not a "cemetery," nor yet by that dismal term, "a graveyard." It was not to them a place of graves, but a hallowed field where they buried their dead, and the "burying-ground" was always the natural and preferred term. We do, indeed, speak of the "new cemetery," and an occasional visitor from the cities where Mount Auburn and Greenwood are held in affection may refer to "the old cemetery," but all genuine inhabitants of the old town recognize the incongruity between the modern name and the ancient place of burial.

Beyond the horse sheds the burial slope begins its precipitous, downward way very suddenly, and from its farther corner, at sunset, there is such a view up and down the valley that one stands spell-bound as the rich blue veil of the distance is gently touched by the receding rays of the golden sun. A little after the sunset you may see the long, lazy outline of the opposite western mountain faithfully shadowed on the well-wooded side of its eastern sister. The sun goes away early in our little town; so many mountains has it to climb over before reaching the true horizon. And at the foot of the slope lies the pleasant meadow-land by the little river, where, leaving this magnificent building site to the uses of the dead, the living have made their homes until such time as their world-weary bodies shall be brought hither.

One boundary of the old burying-ground is established by the line of convenient, necessary grayish-brown horse-sheds; and a compact stone wall, after leaving a narrow gateway for the dead and the living, completes the bound of separation from the church and the Common. Another good wall, so well and carefully built that one is somehow assured that the early fathers of the town were of those who esteemed human life and guarded with sacred care the receptacle from which it had departed, meets the first, making a corner for a poet's love and fancy. Here, within what is now the burying-ground, when something more substantial than tradition led one to expect that the stout Indian war-whoop might be heard at any time over the

eastern hill or from down the valley, and when watching and praying were close-handed brethren, right in the corner now so quietly devoted to the sleep of the departed, once stood the old gun-house; and that mighty "persuader of the red men," the speaking cannon, for many years held its post near to the old church, in whose loft was stored its tongue of eloquence, the powder. Even then burials had been made in the little plot, for the early dates on the tombstones show their place in the history of the town. Stern days those, when a man made his toilet in the morning, and knew not but that he might wear the "bloody crown" before night should fall on the valley.

A long line of fertile apple trees bend their boughs to shade the quiet wall that guards the sleepers. Stray little elms are springing up with the benevolent intention of one day concealing from view the prosaic horse-sheds, and two or three even more venturesome rise firmly from the very midst of the burial plot. Peering over the brow of the steep hill below are seen the thrifty tops of a good black cherry tree, a fine maple, and the heads of some scarlet-fruited apple trees which are quite too brilliant to be suspected of perfect fruitage. Other tree-tops of varying height rise for us all around. We suspect the existence of roots and a firm establishment in the earth, but only the well-rounded tops or the slender spires actually prove themselves to us as we sit by the stone post which marks the one entrance to this plot.

PHOTO. BY C. L. BAER.

Down through the midst runs a straggling foot-path, winding in and out to accommodate those heaving mounds where no stone is; and on a fine day you may see sturdy, red-cheeked boys and girls taking their way through this silent part of the town over to yonder schoolhouse. Every day they pass that

once highly popular but stern sentiment carved in stone: —

> "As I am now, so you must be.
> Prepare to die and follow me."

But not one of the healthy youngsters believes the adage which some grewsome wight, in envy of the pretty world which he was leaving and perhaps somewhat uncertain as to his future prospects, composed for the unhappy contemplation of his survivors. The urchin of to-day, poor and ragged though he may be, would confidently tell you, if he knew how to express it, that he looks with a certain fine, healthy scorn even at that stone sacred to the memory of one of the earliest and most celebrated pastors of the town; for the old pastor sleeps in the dust below, and however great his merits while living, the school-boy, running and leaping in the sunshine, would by no means exchange name and destiny with him. Cast your eyes over the headstones in this pleasant little plot. So many of the sleepers have been so long only a memory, and represented to this generation by a sinking headstone and naught else, that we need not fear to disturb them if we take this kindly liberty. Below the hill, the musical whir of the busy mill is the only sound that reaches our ears, and the sky shines in blue and gold for us to-day as it once shone for these.

Here lies a young Tryphena, dead in her twenty-second year. A wise Minerva and a gentle Emily, also dead in early womanhood, rest in peace near by. Yonder a Submit and a Deborah, a Lois and a Consider, a Thankful and a Mercy, —names that perhaps express the virtues of the wife, mother or fair young girl who sleeps beneath. There are Marys many; in almost every little family group there is one. A gentle Phœbe, a stately Azuba, a romantic Elthea, an Abigail, a Hannah, a Lucinda and a Rachel, and many an Elizabeth are here; but of whatever name and form, age or coloring, the casual passer-by thoughtlessly classes them as one. They have no place out in the village; no seat by the hearth or around the evening lamp or at the familiar table waits for them. No place in the family pew in the pretty white church is reserved for their coming. Dust and ashes, a gravestone and perhaps a memory, perhaps none; a little corner in this quiet, lovely place, — and otherwise in this year 1895 they are as naught. They have joined the great procession, and whether fifty or a hundred years ago, it matters not to the dwellers in the village to-day.

Among the names of men in this well-preserved old ground one finds many of the first dwellers in the town—names of those who came to this wilderness soon after the French and Indian wars, when the deer still glided in and out among the fine forest trees; and here they built their snug, humble homes, looking to a day of greater prosperity. These names are nearly all duplicated to-day in the town yonder. There is a young Samuel in memory of that first stalwart pioneer; a small Alpheus, a youthful Zephaniah and a comely Daniel, highly regarded by the young girls of the village. Eleazer third or fourth, whose ancestor sleeps under the gray old stone with its ambitious carving of weeping willows, is an expert in base-ball, and thinks as little of his great-grand-ancestor as the latter thought of him.

Here are majors and captains, lieutenants and corporals of all the wars of our country, and on Decoration Day the town remembers equally its Revolutionary, Mexican and later heroes with not a little pride because of its offerings to the life of the country all along the years. Faded flags are still flying by the graves of some, even though it be late in the year, and it matters very little now to the old Revolutionary soldier or to the hero of the Civil War whether a strange or a well-remembered hand lays flowers over the silent dust.

Bible names, strong, true and manly, are all about us. Zur and Zenas, Moses and Ephraim, Pelatiah and Silas, Rufus and Josiah, while Nathan, Ezekiel, Elijah and Isaiah once stood up boldly and answered to their names, with several other prophets; but call them to-day and they have no word for you.

Many children sleep here, all remembered with that respect which the old town has ever shown its dead. Here

lies a tiny Betsy, daughter of Stephen and Azuba, who died in the early spring about one hundred years ago, aged one year and two days, carefully remembered by a good, substantial little gray stone which today is pretty and quaint in its clear markings; for time has touched it with a kindly hand. She slumbers here beside the father and mother, who lived to see three score and ten long years, — with this quaint verse carved on the stone: —

> "These ashes poor, this little dust,
> Our Father's care shall keep
> Till the last angel rise and break
> The long and dreamless sleep."

Not far away a smaller stone even than this of little Betsy records the birth and death within a single June day of an "infant son," who lived not long enough to bear a name. But if mothers' hearts then were like the mother-hearts of today, the infant son, whose title in capitals looks a trifle mature on this modern morning, needed no particular name beyond that very sweet one of "Baby." He, too, died over ninety years ago; and had he lived, what a long, strange story might he not have told of all the doings of the little town on whose real life he never looked.

The earlier residents of the middle town of Whitefield appear to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the matter of accidents; for here are a round dozen of stones within a generation of each other, recording death by the fall from a tree, from a loaded wagon, or the bursting of a grindstone, and under one such is the inscription, "Alas, alas!"

A certain air of dignity, earnestness and sincerity, and especially of faith and hope, pervades this quiet slope. "Monuments" are few. Nearly all the stones of a generation are of the same or similar size, and few are costly. Yet each bears traces of a careful hand. You may look far and find no doggerel, no misspelled words, no attempt at display, no flippancy. And although this has been for more than a hundred years a *public* burying-ground, to which any in the town might bring their dead, and until within a quarter of a century the only burial plot of the town, yet it is in good condition, its stones mainly upright, the graves not suffered to become unsightly, and the inscriptions, even of the time of the little Betsy, daughter of Stephen and Azuba, are, with very few exceptions, as easily read as if the carver had laid down his tools but yesterday.

Sitting in the corner where the gun-house used to be, on a conveniently tilted old pew discarded from the church, and looking out on the burial slope with an eye to shape and color of the stones, one at once recognizes the fact that there were fashions in stones then, as now. The modern cynic may dwell with emphasis on the good old days when fashion was not, but he can find few facts to prove his position. Certainly let him not seek them in the century-old burial place of Whitefield. For, knowing which names belonged to families of prominence and which to humbler families, and noting the contemporaneous dates, it is easy to guess when it became the fashion to discard poetry in favor of scriptural selections for the tombstone; when it was whispered that headstones of slate with three curves on the top were no longer in good form; when the weeping willow and when the shell pattern came in vogue, and when foot-stones began to be used. Here is a modest monument, more costly than most of its brethren, on which the eccentric sleeper or his kin have inscribed "Cenotaph in memory of," etc., and, reading it, one recalls the silvered hair, the stately form, the precise enunciation of the old man who was, indeed, wiser in book lore than his neighbors and whose gentle pedantry is here perpetuated.

But the tragedies which this little plot covers! In a day I could not mention them all. The stones keep silence, and few sleepers tell the story of aught but a quiet deathbed surrounded by kindred. But come this way. Under this fair stone sleeps a youth, once gentle and winning, with frankness and honor beaming from his pleasant dark eyes and a character of which all men spoke and ever shall speak in warmest praise. One sunny morning the friends that knew him best wept to see the hideous mark of death, sudden, violent, self-inflicted, the work of a hand which reason suddenly

failed to guide. There were whispers of a fair but cruel lady love, but the sealed lips could not answer that rumor, and in a few years perhaps even the manner of young Sidney's death will be forgotten.

Yonder rest three lads, loving brothers, side by side. The stone records their death by drowning; but unless some old mother of the town tells you, how could you suspect that these three, the widowed mother's pride, were brought home to her lifeless, to the home which they had left for barely an hour, and that grief soon stilled her own heart. The old mother can tell you all the details, — the story of the funeral day in its mocking sunshine when the little church was filled with tearful faces and the sobs of youth and maid interrupted the long service, while the mother sat in stony grief and wept no tear; and how the long procession to the churchyard was led by the young men of the church who had loved the three whom they bore so tenderly to this very spot on which we stand. But "they sleep in hope," and their lives at least contained none of the cares of maturity or of old age which may have befallen those who bewailed their loss on that summer morning long past.

Here sleeps the young mother, daughter of the squire in the great house on the hill, dead a few days after a jubilant thanksgiving festival in the home of her childhood where an even dozen of brothers and sisters had welcomed her; and here they laid her to rest with the baby of a day safely folded to her loving heart.

And here is a marble, very handsome in its day, with delicate scroll work and dainty devices, sacred to the memory of a young girl of nineteen, taken from the warm human arms of her lover to be the bride of death.

Ah well! What burial ground on these or other hillsides but has similar stories of love and grief to tell, heart-rending until the soul grows calm and realizes the truth

> "to sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own"?

The patient horses toil up and down these hills; the farmers till the soil and reap the grain; in front of the little church each Sabbath gather the families, the matrons and maids and the gray-headed men. And the charm and beauty of all the living and loving, all the smiling, the greeting, the praying, all the kisses and caresses, is still to be found in the old, beautiful truth, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

---

# THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S STORY.

*By Bessie Chandler.*

MRS. ARNOLD TREMAINE had gone to Ocean Point for the summer. Mr. Arnold Tremaine had gone to Europe. Society was commenting upon this somewhat peculiar arrangement; but then society commented a good deal upon the Tremaines at all times. Society had known for some time that theirs was not a happy marriage, while the poor young people themselves were just beginning with a sort of indignant surprise to find it out.

And yet it seemed as if, of all marriages, this particular one should have captured happiness. All men and most women liked Arnold Tremaine. He was handsome, well bred and rich, clever enough to be entertaining, and with an easy, off-hand manner of saying most amusing things. He was never dull and rarely serious. He had three brothers,— all jolly, light-hearted men, and all bent, like himself, on getting the most enjoyment possible out of life. Their friends called them a most delightful family. Their enemies spoke of them as frivolous and heartless.

But if the standard of character among them was not of the noblest type, neither was it noticeably low. No Tremaine had ever disgraced the name, even if he failed to shed any particular glory upon it. How was poor Arnold to know, when he married handsome Maud Witherspoon, that the point of view had changed and his peccadilloes had become cardinal sins? She wanted to adore her husband, but she wanted to adore him as an image of "fine gold" throughout. She recoiled violently from the "feet of clay." It was agony that anything which belonged to her should be imperfect. For his part, he was unconscious half the time when he offended. He loved her devotedly, and would have sought to scale any height for her sake. But she never explained or helped him. She simply grew cool and reserved. Her husband spoke lightly of this attitude as "hostile," and further remarked that "the hoar-frost gathered on the bric-a-brac when Maud was vexed." But he was hurt at heart, and the good nature which had been so natural to him was forced most of the time now. No one appears well in an atmosphere of disapproval. Arnold Tremaine loved his wife and home, but he was getting to feel like the little boy who was told that heaven was one long Sunday, and who asked if he couldn't go to hell and play a little on Saturday afternoon. Arnold Tremaine wanted to "go and play" too.

He came to his wife one morning in the spring, with an open letter in his hand.

"Maud," he said, "the boys want me to go to England this summer on business. They say it's my turn, and I suppose I shall have to go. Do you want to go too?"

It hurt her that he should think for a moment of going without her. She answered coldly: —

"It's rather sudden, isn't it? I must think it over. I was planning to go to the seashore."

He had hoped that she would instantly choose to go with him. It seemed unbelievable that she should stay behind.

He was disappointed and angry, but he answered airily: —

"Oh, don't go if you don't want to. I sha'n't be gone more than six weeks. I know you hate the sea, — when you're *on* it."

"Very well," she said quietly, "if it's a matter of so little consequence, I shall go to Ocean Point."

"He might have been a little more urgent," she thought bitterly. "He needn't have been so afraid that I should want to go."

She cried herself to sleep that night, and he went to the club.

A hundred times before he sailed she was on the point of breaking down and crying out, "Oh, take me too!" But she didn't do it, and a certain sullen, obstinate streak developed itself in her husband's nature.

"I can't do anything to please her," he thought. "Very well, let her get along without me. I'm tired of being snubbed and treated as if I were a criminal."

So they made their separate preparations, and helped each other like well-bred strangers, and at the last he kissed her politely, and went on board his steamer, and she left the city for Ocean Point. She was so very ill crossing, she said, and it was for so short a time, that she had given up going to England.

Perhaps she knew that she was talked about, for she kept very much by herself, and refused to join in any of the seaside gayeties. She was wearing black for an uncle, and she made that her excuse. She spent a good deal of time in taking long walks through the woods, or in pulling alone in the little boat that she had hired for the season. She wrote to her husband every week, as he did to her, pleasant, impersonal little letters, mildly affectionate at the beginning and the end. She scanned his letters eagerly, as he did hers, hungry for the one word that never came, and dropped them disappointed and sick at heart. She grew thin and pale, and several people remarked, almost within her hearing, that she was losing all her beauty.

She used to row out to the lighthouse and, pulling her boat ashore, find some great bowlder, in whose shadow she would sit and dream. The lighthouse was at

the end of a long, curving, rocky point, which swept around the little settlement like a great protecting arm, — a natural breakwater of giant bowlders. It was only about a mile to the light across the water, but further over the rocks by land. The lighthouse people didn't mind her, — they were used to visitors. The keeper was a tall, strong-looking man, who might have been handsome but for the scars upon his face and his maimed, deformed hands. He was a silent sort of man, who left the duties of hospitality to his assistant. There were children at the light, tan-faced and barefooted, whose sun-bleached hair had faded to a streaked flaxen. Visitors from off shore often brought them little presents, nor were their father and mother forgotten. But no one had ever presumed to give the lighthouse keeper himself a tip, nor to ask a favor of him. Yet he was kind to the little children who rowed out to the Point, and watched over their safety with a sort of surly care.

There was a boat load of them one morning rowing a serpentine, uncertain course. Mrs. Tremaine stood on the piazza and watched them. A little group of ladies were sitting near her, all busy with their fancy work. One of them, a pretty, fluffy-haired little woman, who was crocheting a pink afghan stripe, looked over the water at the boat.

"There go my children," she exclaimed. "I can't keep them at home. They're perfectly bewitched about the lighthouse."

"Let me warn you, Mrs. Paxton," said a gentleman who was standing near, "not to let them go there too often. I have been hearing the most serious charges against the lighthouse keeper's character."

There was a little murmur of surprise, and the speaker, who was evidently a clergyman, went on: —

"Dr. Gray, the rector of St. Mary's, tells me he is one of the most hardened infidels he has ever seen."

Mrs. Tremaine looked up and smiled at the horror which had appeared in the pretty faces around her.

"I am surprised, Dr. Jennings," she said gently. "I have liked what I have seen of Michael Fay very much. He doesn't seem like a bad man."

"Ah, my dear madam," replied the doctor, shaking his forefinger at her playfully, "that is the worst of it! If these infidels would only seem what they are! If they would only live up or rather down to their doctrines! But they insist upon rejecting essential truth and yet in living apparently moral lives."

Every one seemed much impressed. Pretty Mrs. Paxton put her crochet needle in her mouth and chewed it meditatively.

"But isn't that a good thing," persisted Mrs. Tremaine. "Surely doing right, from whatever motive, is better than being altogether bad."

"I doubt it," answered the Rev. Dr. Jennings, shaking his head solemnly. "No atheist can lead a good life. This Michael Fay, for instance, has said repeatedly, when questioned by Dr. Gray, that he is waiting to see if there is a God. Think of the terrible blasphemy of that! The influence of such a man is pernicious, I care not what his life may be. He is like the deadly nightshade, poisoning unawares and unsuspected."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Paxton, glancing nervously over the water, "I wish the children would come home."

Mrs. Tremaine laughed. "I don't believe that they'll be hurt," she said. "But I am going to the Point myself now. Shall I tell them that you want them?"

"Oh, please do," said Mrs. Paxton, resuming her crocheting.

But something delayed Mrs. Tremaine that morning, and it was not till nearly sunset that she started out. The sea was very quiet as she pulled out around the Point and landed. She drew her boat ashore, and then clambered over the great bowlders, so far out that she seemed to be alone at sea. Presently she heard steps behind her, and looking back, she saw the tall form of Michael Fay approaching.

"It's a beautiful night," he said respectfully. "Wouldn't you like to pull 'way out and see the sunset?"

"I am afraid to go out any further," she answered; "it is almost as beautiful here."

"I'll row you, if you like," he said. "It's a mighty pretty time to be on the water."

"Thank you," she answered simply, after a moment's hesitation, and they walked back, without speaking, to her little boat.

He took the oars quietly, and with a few strong strokes pulled out to sea. Mrs. Tremaine looked at him curiously.

"What am I doing," she thought, with a certain sense of amusement, "going out alone with an infidel, whose influence is like the deadly nightshade? What would Dr. Jennings and Mrs. Paxton say?"

He rowed for some time in silence, then he turned the boat so that she should face the sunset, and stopped. Great crimson and purple clouds were rising in the west, and in between them, gilding their edges and showing in patches here and there, was a perfect sea of molten gold. Mrs. Tremaine clasped her hands in delight.

"Oh," she cried, "it is wonderful, a perfect gate of heaven!"

"Yes," said Michael Fay, "it's a fine sunset;" then he added carelessly and as if it were a most ordinary question: —

"Do you expect to meet your husband in heaven?"

Mrs. Tremaine was startled. She looked anxiously at the shore, which seemed to be a long way off. She glanced nervously at her companion, who was resting quietly on his oars. Then her eyes fell upon her own black dress, and in a second she understood. He had always seen her alone, — he had taken her for a widow.

"I — I don't know," she said slowly. She could not explain to him his mistake. Perhaps, after all, she was more widowed than many a woman who stands by her husband's grave.

"You think I've no right to ask, ma'am," said Michael Fay. "I didn't mean to make too free."

His manner was perfectly respectful. She looked at his strong, sad face, and felt suddenly ashamed of herself. Why should she shrink from answering him? He was a human soul that had suffered. What more was she?

"It is very beautiful to think that we will meet our dear ones after death," she said rather feebly.

"'Tain't whether it's beautiful or not," he answered shortly, "it's whether it's *so*. Do you believe it?"

Maud Tremaine was a church member and a King's Daughter. She had always supposed that she believed her creed thoroughly. Why did it seem to grow all at once so unsubstantial? Was it merely a matter of tradition and sentiment, and not a live part of her?

"I want to believe it," she said humbly, after quite a long pause.

"Want to," he echoed, with a short, hard laugh, "want to! I guess we all want to bad enough! If wantin' would make a thing so, there wouldn't be any trouble about it!"

She felt the bitterness in his voice.

"Have you lost some one that you loved?" she asked gently.

He waited a moment, then he took off his sailor hat and placed it on the seat beside him.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I've lost Mary."

She was silent, too, for a moment before she spoke again. She would not have questioned him, but something in the man's manner assured her that he would not be hurt. She seemed to know that out of a great loneliness he was crying for human sympathy.

"Was she your wife?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "my wife."

He looked at her earnestly, his gnarled, maimed hands resting on the oars, his strong, scarred face uplifted in the fading light.

"I'd like to talk about her," he said simply; "not that I can make you or anybody else understand about Mary. We was children together, down in Portsmouth, and from the time she wasn't no more than a little bit of a girl with shining yellow hair and sort o' dancin' eyes, she seemed to me the sweetest thing on earth. And then she grew up very tall and slim and purty, and then I was afraid of her. Queer, ain't it, how a great big man will be afraid of a girl like that? I'm an old man-o'-wars-man, and many a time, when I've been the other side of the world, a-doin' something I hadn't ought ter do, I've thought of Mary and been scared all over. And there she

was a little slip of a girl that I could have lifted with one hand. I never thought she'd marry me. I never thought I'd dare to ask her. But I did one night. I didn't ask her proper like — it all burst out at once — how much I loved her, and how bad I was. I told her I wasn't deservin' to touch one of her little shoes, that she hadn't ought ter know me, much less marry me, and she came right to me, Mary did, and put her soft arms around my neck, and laid her shining head on my shoulder, and she said very low and bashful like: 'I love you just as you are, Michael, and we must help each other to grow better all the time, and that's what our beautiful love is for.'"

He stopped, overcome by the happiness of his memories. His face had grown strangely young, almost like that of a boy. Maud Tremaine watched him intently. Was it possible that she, high bred, intellectual, cultured, could learn a lesson from this common man? Yet as he told his simple story she saw things suddenly in a different light. Love had always seemed to her a sort of heavenly atmosphere in which one floated blissfully, removed from all the trouble in the world. She realized sharply now that it might be the soul's great opportunity. She had thought it would make all things easy. Behold, it was a weapon to conquer what was hard!

"We must help each other to grow better all the time, and that's what our beautiful love is for."

The words rang in her ears. To help her husband, to help herself, to help anybody, — she had never thought that her love could do that. It had seemed to her a plaything to make her happy. There was quite a long pause. Mrs. Tremaine was afraid that Michael Fay would not go on with his story.

"Did you marry her soon?" she asked gently.

"No, not for a year after I asked her. I went around the world on the *Swatara* that year, on the Transit of Venus expedition. That was in '75. I was left with the party on the Desolation Islands, and we was there seven months. 'Twas a long, hard, wearying time, and I never could have stood it but for thinking of Mary. One of the lieutenants was very good to me. You see, on an island like that it's different from aboard ship. I might have sailed with him for years and he never have known my name, but there he was mighty kind. I told him about Mary one night. He acted as if he had a sweetheart of his own waiting for him; and he advised me to quit the navy and save every cent of pay, and he said he'd get a good shore berth for me when we got home. And he did, — he got me the lighthouse at Judith Point. 'Twas a small light that, and not o' so much account as this, but there was more ground around it. Mary had a garden and flowers a-growing. 'Twould have done you good to see her singing around and making everything snug and neat, and talking to the paroquets I brought her. 'Twarn't long before they'd call out, 'Mary, Mary,' so like me, 'twas as good as a play to hear 'em, and then to hear her laugh."

He stopped, and took a long look over the water. Then he pulled a few strokes, but ceased his rowing abruptly, and looked earnestly at Mrs. Tremaine. His face grew hard and set. The light had all faded from it, and it was terrible in its rigidity.

"I'm going to tell you all," he said hoarsely. "I can talk to-night, and I can talk to you. 'Tain't often that I can. It hurts to cut your heart right out and hold it in your hand, and yet it hurts to leave it there year after year, with a knife sticking in it all the time."

He waited a minute and drew his hand across his forehead. Then he continued slowly: —

"We was married about a year, when Mary began to be ailing. I thought she ought to go home to her mother, and so I asked for leave, and got a man to take my place, and we set off together. We stopped overnight in Boston, for Mary hadn't ever been there, and I wanted to ease the journey for her. That night, about the middle of the night, there came the cry of fire. I sprang up and rushed to the hall. 'Twas all one sheet of flame. I came back and shut the door, and took Mary in my arms. There wasn't any fire escapes. The engines

came and the crowd, but nobody could help us. The ladders was too short. It grew to be like hell. I kept my arms round Mary. Her shining hair was unbraided and hung down over her nightgown. The smoke nearly choked us, but she never said a word. I could feel her shiver and tremble. At last I knew the end had come. I grew crazy. 'Mary,' I said, 'I can't stand here and see you burn before my eyes. I'm going to shoot you, Mary, and we will die that way, together, and not be roasted to death.' She gave a little sharp cry then, but never took her arms away. I took my navy revolver and pressed it against her nightgown. I felt where her heart was beating, and held it there. 'Say a little prayer, Mary,' I cried, 'and keep your arms around my neck.' I kissed her on the mouth. Her face was so soft and sweet, — so soft and sweet. I could not pull the trigger. And then she gave a little cry, — a cry of pain. Her feet were burning, — her little tender feet. I pulled the trigger then, but I held her all the time. I felt her blood come. I knew it was her warm life blood, but it felt cool in that hell. I could not let her go, and she was right against my heart. I could not aim there, without I pushed her away. I did the best I could, and fired. Three or four weeks afterward I woke up in the hospital. I was all done up in bandages, three of my fingers were gone, and the bone was bare in my leg. It was a long time before I could understand. My brain was twisted, and I was crazy-like. They had got longer ladders, it seemed, and pulled me out in time, — pulled me out to live in a world without Mary, — saved me to remember that Mary was dead, and that I shot her. My little, trusting Mary, that never did any harm in all her loving life!

"I dared not kill myself. I wanted to find Mary. If there was a heaven, she had gone to it straight, but I couldn't go there if I killed myself to follow her.

"It seemed as if my only chance was to do the things she wanted me to do, and wait. I thought I'd die anyway soon, — it didn't seem as if I could live without her, — and then if I hadn't done no violence and no wrong thing, I'd find her. But I didn't die, and I didn't die, and it got to be such a long time, and Mary seemed so far away. Then I came across a young fellow, poor and friendless, with no one to help him, and I sort of adopted him. He's the one at the light now. He's got a good wife, and his children are mighty fond of me. I don't know what I should have done without him, — but all the time it's Mary. I have been waiting. I can't wait much longer now. I've got to know if she's alive and if she loves me. The parson over there on shore has been to see me, arguing and speechifying. He says I'm a blasphemer. But I ain't a-denying God — I'm only just a-waitin'. If he's got Mary and kept her safe for me all this time, why, there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for him. I'd go away and work for a thousand years, if he said to go; but if he took Mary from me in that dreadful way, and won't ever let me see her again, or see her all different from what she was, why, I don't want a God like that. Life's been too terrible a thing for me. I don't want to be trifled with after I'm dead. I've tried to live like Mary would have me, and I'm a-waiting, a-waiting to see if God gives her back to me."

There was a long silence. The light had faded and the stars were coming out. One bright place in the sky, across the water, showed where the moon would rise. Mrs. Tremaine looked at the lighthouse keeper with awe. Wherever a human soul asserts itself, there is a holy place; and the little boat seemed like a sanctuary. After a while she spoke.

"There is so little that I can say to you. Do you care to know that I shall never forget what you have told me? that it will make a difference in my life always? I — shall be a better woman because you have let me know about Mary; and oh! I am very sure that you will find her again. God doesn't make such love to let it end here."

"I don't know how I came to talk so to you," said Michael Fay wearily. "I didn't set out to do it, but you've always made me think of her, and your being a widow and all, I seemed to feel you'd understand."

Mrs. Tremaine colored in the dark. She felt ashamed before this rough man,

whose life had been purified through a good woman's love. The tears came into her eyes. She felt very humble and dependent. She longed to say to some one stronger than herself, "Guide me, for I am very wilful; hold me, for I am very weak." She thought of her husband, and a sob rose in her throat as she fancied herself in his arms once more.

"Will you take me home now?" she said simply.

Michael Fay rowed toward the cove without speaking. When he arrived, he fastened his own skiff behind the boat that they were in, and then with his double burden rowed toward shore.

He pulled her boat up on the beach for her, while she stood waiting.

"Good night," she said, holding out her hand. "I cannot tell you how glad I am I went to-night."

"Good night," he said shortly, getting into his boat. She watched him, a black, silent figure, alone on the water, and her heart was full of pity.

She telegraphed to her husband that night, a few commonplace words, and yet it seemed as if he *must know* what they meant, for she sent her heart across the water with them. It almost seemed as if he must feel her love and her need of him without any material message at all, — her yearning was so strong. Arnold Tremaine had been "making history for himself" very fast. He had suffered. It was a new and unpleasant experience, but it left him with deeper capacities for good or evil than ever before. His house was swept and garnished; it remained to be seen what kind of spirits would enter in and dwell therein. He was in Paris. He had finished his business, but he couldn't make up his mind to come home. So he stayed on in the gay capital, trying to have a good time, with his heart like lead within him. It was a ghastly performance, and he was like a man quickened into life from the dead when his wife's cable message came. To pack, close up his affairs, and find the first steamer in which he could secure passage, was the work of a few hours. He sent her word that he was coming, and he started at the earliest possible moment. He was on one of the "ocean greyhounds," but his longing outstripped its speed, and at times it almost seemed as if his heart were pushing the steamer along with passionate, impellent force.

There was no need for words when he met his wife, for they looked in each other's eyes and knew and understood.

"Oh, Maud," he said after a little, "why did you let me go without you?"

"Oh, Arnold," she answered, "why didn't you take me too?"

He looked at her with a great hunger in his face.

"Is it going to last, Maud?" he said. "Are you sure that you can love me always now? I'm a weak sort of a man, I guess, after all, for, Maud, I couldn't stand it now if you — if you changed again."

"Oh, Arnold," she said tearfully, "don't talk like that. I know I have been cruel — wicked and cruel to you, dear. No other woman was ever so wicked to the man she loved. I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I'm not going to ask you to forgive me. I'm going to love you so that you will forget there was ever anything to be forgiven."

He gazed at her adoringly.

"I'll try, dear," he said huskily, "to do just what you want. I know I'm no match for you, but I'll do my best. I'll — "

But she put her hand over his mouth.

"Don't," she cried, "don't! I can't bear it. You mustn't talk like that. You must never put yourself below me in anything again. It is together, hand in hand and side by side, that we are going on. Oh, I have thought so much this last week, when you were on the way! I've seemed to see things so clearly. Why, Arnold, with such a love as ours, with such a love as we can make it, nothing else in the world matters. It is the one great, eternal thing. I have so much I want to tell you. Oh, we can never finish talking — we've got these wretched years to make up for. I want to tell you about a vision I had one night in a boat, with a 'man of God' rowing me."

"Maud, what do you mean?"

"Well, it's true, though they don't call him that here."

"Whom are you talking about?"

"My lighthouse keeper — my own particular one. To-morrow I am going

to take you to see him. He thinks you're dead. I didn't dare tell him before. I was so ashamed to confess that you were alive, on one side of the world, while I lived on the other."

"Well, I'll go anywhere you'll take me. I don't understand much about it; but if anybody thinks I'm dead, I shall have the pleasure of informing them that I never was so much alive as at this present moment."

The next day, however, broke chill and windy. The waves were rough and white, and when Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine came down to breakfast, they found an excited group upon the piazza, gazing at the angry sea. Mrs. Paxton leaned over the edge of the railing, with a pair of marine glasses in her hand.

"Oh," she shrieked, dashing them to the floor, "I cannot stand it! Why doesn't some one go? Why doesn't some one swim out? Oh, oh, oh!" She ended with incoherent sobs and screams.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Tremaine of a palefaced, frightened woman who stood near.

"It's Mrs. Paxton's children. They are out on the water. They went out early, before this terrible wind came up, and they can't manage the boat. We've tried to get Mrs. Paxton to go in, but she will stand there and watch them."

"Why doesn't some one go out?" asked Mrs. Tremaine; but a glance at the angry, rushing waves was almost answer enough.

"They're so much nearer the light than they are to us, that we think they'll put out from there to help them. No one dare go from here; the waves grow higher every minute."

"There goes a boat now," cried Mrs. Tremaine, who had been anxiously scanning the water. It was true enough; a small black object was creeping out over the seething waters. It looked like a toy, and yet they could see that the solitary figure at the oars was making progress toward the helpless boat. It was terrible to watch the waves, and more terrible to listen to Mrs. Paxton's moans and cries.

"Let us go away, Arnold," said his wife. "We cannot help them."

But a horrible fascination held them to the spot. Suddenly a bigger wave than any that had preceded it swept toward the two boats, which were now nearly together. The people on the piazza held their breath as they watched. It broke right over the little boats, which seemed to sink into its hollow as into some sheltering cave. A groan arose from the watching people. Mrs. Paxton gave a despairing shriek and fainted away. The wave passed on. They could see distinctly the upturned keel of one boat; the other seemed to have passed entirely from sight.

"Arnold," cried Maud Tremaine, taking him by the arm, "let us go out there, — over the rocks, I mean. It is too horrible to watch it here."

He suffered himself to be led by her out to the great causeway of bowlders. The wind was terrible, and yet they could keep their footing there. It was not so bad as on the shifting water. They jumped and clambered on, she thinking only that she could not hasten fast enough, he caring for her safety alone. There was no one in sight when they reached the light, and Maud Tremaine opened the door of the lighthouse keeper's cottage and entered breathlessly.

Michael Fay lay there on a straight sort of bench, his garments dripping, his face white and drawn, and with a look of agony upon his features. His assistant and adopted son stood by him. He too was very wet, and little pools of water formed wherever he stood. He gazed at the Tremaines blankly.

"He's a-dying," he said. "I just pulled him out, and he ain't drownded, and yet he's a-dying."

"Where are the children?" whispered Mrs. Tremaine. "Are they dead too?"

"No," he said, in the same slow, stupid way, "Ellen's got 'em, bringing 'em to in the next room. They was purty far gone. He got hold o' one, and I caught her from him, and then he found the other. He was bringing her in, when a big wave threw 'em both on the rocks. I caught her too, and then I went after him, but he couldn't seem to revive no more. I brought him here, and every time I try to bring him to he seems to feel awful, so I've let him be. He's dy-

ing, I tell you, and he ain't drownded neither."

Arnold Tremaine opened the dying man's coat, and put his hand on his heart. But the least movement seemed to increase the poor fellow's agony. His face contracted, and his struggles for breath were pitiful to watch.

"I know what's the matter," said Arnold Tremaine; "he's broken one of his ribs, and it's pierced the outer coating of his heart. I saw a man die like that in a hunt once. He fell on a stone fence, and the same thing happened."

"Can't you do anything?"

"I'm afraid not. I don't believe even a doctor could do anything but make his death a little easier."

Maud Tremaine knelt beside the hard couch on which he lay. She took her handkerchief and wiped his wet forehead. She put his damp hair back gently, and tried to fix his pillow without moving him.

"I'm going to pray that his agony may be over very soon," she said simply.

She bowed her head, and was quite still. Her husband never took his eyes away from her, but the lighthouse keeper's assistant kept his fastened upon the dying man. Suddenly Michael Fay opened his eyes. He looked straight at Mrs. Tremaine, but he did not see her. It was something beyond her that held his gaze. The suffering faded from his face. It looked spiritual and radiant.

"Why, Mary!" he said, "Why, Mary!"

"He has found her," gasped Mrs. Tremaine. "Oh, Arnold, he has found her."

He spoke only once more. In a low, contented tone, as a child might speak in its sleep, he murmured, "*My* God," and that was all.

They stayed to do for him all that human hands could ever do for him now.

The wind was quieter, and boats were putting out from shore. Two or three men arrived, who had climbed as they had, over the bowlders. Mrs. Tremaine went in to see the children. They were swathed in strange garments, that failed to fit them, and looked pale and frightened as they tried to drink cups of hot broth. The lighthouse children whispered fearfully to each other in corners. One of them emerged finally, and came and took her father's hand.

"Come, pap," she said coaxingly, "you're all wet. Come and get dry. Ma wants you."

He looked at her as if he were in a dazed condition. Then his eyes left her, and wandered back to the dead body of the lighthouse keeper.

"He's dead," he cried, "he's dead! The best friend I ever had, — the best man that ever lived! And I couldn't do one thing to help him! I thought I'd saved him when I got him out of the water, and now he's dead, he's dead!"

His little daughter led him away, his strong frame shaken by great sobs. Maud Tremaine looked at her husband.

"Let us go," she said. "There is nothing we can do now."

They walked over the bowlders again, but it was not so hard a walk now, and their haste was not so great. There was a group waiting for them on the piazza.

"Oh," cried Maud Tremaine, "we will have to tell them, and I hate to!"

Her husband went a few steps in advance of her. The people rose at his approach, and looked at him curiously.

"We saw them all taken ashore," said one of the men. "Are they all right?"

"The children are safe," he answered, "but Michael Fay died soon after he got there."

There was a moment of respectful silence. Then Dr. Jennings spoke. "It is not for his mortal body that I lament," he said majestically. "It is for his sinful soul. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die.'"

Maud Tremaine stepped quickly forward. Her eyes were very bright, and the color rose in her cheeks as she spoke.

"That is not the only verse in the Bible, Dr. Jennings," she said. "There is that one about 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'" Her voice had an indignant ring in it, but it faltered a little as she added: "Michael Fay loved more than any man I ever knew; and there is that other verse, you know: 'Every one who loveth is born of God.'"

# HAWTHORNE AS AN INTERPRETER OF NEW ENGLAND.

*By Katharine Hillard.*

THERE has long been a passion for affixing neat little tags to eminent names in literature, which, once affixed, persist in holding their places through a sort of superstitious reverence which gradually grows up around them. Such a popular prejudice has long invested Hawthorne with the title of "the interpreter of New England."

That Hawthorne was born in New England, lived there, and wrote about New England people and places is very true. But how did he write about them? If any man's work can come under the head of "pure literature," it is Hawthorne's, and in pure literature the manner is of as much importance as the matter. It does not signify if the voice be the voice of Jacob, so long as the hands are the hands of Esau. When Shakespeare wrote "Twelfth Night," he laid the scene in Illyria, and all his personages were supposed to be natives of that country. But I think if any one should write upon "Shakespeare as an interpreter of Illyria," and should cite the inimitable Sir Toby Belch and the adorable Sir Andrew Aguecheek as interesting sketches of Illyrian character, we should say: Go to! Sir Toby and Sir Andrew belong to the land that lies east of the sun and west of the moon; the land that Bottom and Quince the Athenians came from; the land where Dogberry and Verges of Messina live; where Launcelot Gobbo the Venetian, and the Danish gravediggers, and the Bohemian Autolycus make their merry jests, in one and the same language — the land of Romance, in fine, where shines the light that never was on sea or land. We may call it Illyria or Bohemia or Greece or Denmark, if we choose, for it is all one. Nor will it make any difference if we mix up the geographical names, and talk about Dogberry as "comprehending all vagrom men" in Athens instead of Messina, or drop Sir Andrew in Denmark instead of Illyria.

We live in an age of science and of realism. Our novelists and dramatists treat the gravest problems of physiology and psychology in their works, and keep piles of note-books wherein to accumulate the facts that serve as the foundation of their edifice. Wherever we turn, we seem to see the inexorable finger of a Gradgrind pointed at us, and hear his emphatic voice exclaiming, "Now, what I want is facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. Stick to facts, sir!" If a second Shakespeare could arise to-day to write for us a second "Winter's Tale," the critics would so turn and rend him for his mistakes in geography, ethnology and Bohemian manners and customs, that Florizel and Perdita would be ashamed to show their faces. Such being the temper of the age, we are too apt to fall in with it and demand from the poet the same elements of truth that we should get from the historian. But the realm of the poet is that same land of Romance of which I have spoken, where all countries, customs and characters are mixed together as in the shifting phantasmagoria of dreams, and the poet baptizes them as he chooses. But because you are virtuous, shall we have no more cakes and ale?

The character of Hawthorne's work is, it seems to me, purely romantic, and he should be classed not with novelists, but with poets. It is the poetic quality in his books that makes their charm, — not

the historical nor the dramatic. Of the laws of dramatic construction he had the very faintest idea; of the dramatic faculty, properly so called, not a particle. That Hawthorne himself realized his true place we can see for ourselves by turning to the preface of "The House of the Seven Gables," where he has defined his position as a writer of romance, and "thereby wishes to claim," he says, "a certain latitude in fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume had he professed to be writing a novel;" because, as he justly remarks, the novel aims at fidelity, not only to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of events, while the romancer "has a right to present truth under circumstances to a great extent of the writer's own choosing or creation. . . . The personages of the tale, though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence, are really of the author's own making, or at all events, of his own mixing. . . . He would be glad, therefore, if the book may be read strictly as a romance, having a great deal more to do with *the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the county of Essex.*"

This is the author's own characterization of the book which of all others is the one we should look to as a representation of New England life. We find such a representation, it is true, but it is an entirely subjective one. The character of Hawthorne was pre-eminently that of the poet. Sensitive, shrinking, shy, with the keen sight of a bird for the dim recesses of the soul, and with the delicacy of a flower to oppose to the rough handling of the world, he lived within himself, and what he knew of mankind at large was learned by peeping through the pales of his enchanted garden. Therefore his characters are all but portions of himself, the several facets of his own individuality, and apart from their intellectual or spiritual side have no existence outside of the cloud-land whence they sprang. The spell of the romancer is over us while we read, and we live with him in the dusky chambers of his brain; but when we shut the book and the critical faculty confronts us with searching eyes to ask where we have been, we are forced to confess that it was not to Salem, but to the enchanted gardens of Armida.

The history of New England is a brief one, and neither the country nor the race has had time to change materially since the Pilgrim Fathers first stepped upon the soil; so that we can hardly feel that the peculiarities of Hawthorne's work result from his throwing of himself into a time that is not familiar to ourselves. Even if this explanation would apply to "The Scarlet Letter," it will not apply to "The House of the Seven Gables," the picture *par excellence* of New England in the minds of most people, but which the author has himself told us has "more to do with the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the county of Essex." In fact, the work is like the web of the spider, spun from his own entrails, not like the nest of the bird, built up piece by piece from scraps of the outer world.

The novelists of the new school do not draw their inspiration from their own souls; they seek it from without. When Zola, for instance, wished to write a novel based on the struggle of the small shops with the large, of the hundreds of francs with the millions, he spent hours amid the turmoil and hubbub of the Magasins du Louvre or the Bon Marché, picking up bits of local color and fragments of dialogue, looking for types of character and incidents, questioning salesmen and porters, with the same patience with which he studied the fish-markets and the laundries for other novels. Then, with his background once ready, he waits, as he himself told De Amicis, to *live* for some time with his personages. He needs to take them up one by one, and then two by two, to let them come and go in his brain, by night, out walking, while dining, now catching a word from one, now the gesture of another, then lighting upon the secret of a third, accustoming himself, in fact, so to look upon them as living beings, that he turns quickly, touched upon the shoulder, expecting to see them in flesh and blood. Till he has reached this stage of illusion, he can do nothing. When his characters have thus begun to live and move, and have become in-

mates of his household, so to speak, he has no more trouble with his work; he sits down to his novel writing, and lets them go their own way, carry on their own affairs with each other, trying to interfere himself as little as possible, and to confine himself to the work of a reporter, so that at times he seems to himself to have nothing to do with his own novel. Houses, scenes, dialogues follow on each other's heels, and he sees everything distinctly, hears the sounds, smells the odors, feels every touch so keenly that he is startled sometimes, on waking from his dream, to find himself alone in his own quiet room. This was precisely the manner of Balzac, and it is so with all the realists. Their method is necessarily objective; their creation must be apart from and outside of themselves; they must look into other men's hearts to write.

But the writer of romance cares nothing for the things of the outer world, save as pegs from which to hang his golden web of dreams; his concern is not with other men's characters, nor their actions, much less their surroundings, but with the phantasmagoria in his own soul. That is the theatre that interests him, and there are enacted the dramas in which he himself plays all the parts. If he describe an old manse, or a house of seven gables, it is because they have so become a part of his dream that he can reproduce such a clear but evanescent image of them as they might cast by their own reflection in a pool of still water.

The introductory chapter of "The Scarlet Letter" describes the Salem Custom House, it is true, but principally because Hawthorne spent there three hours and a half every day for three years, by which time the dingy edifice had grown to be the baseless fabric of a vision and a fit place in which to look for old legends of witchcraft and tattered letters of scarlet and gold. While he stayed there, however, confronted with the mere ghost of actual business that hung about the place, he could do no romancing; his imagination, paralyzed by reality, utterly refused to work, even when the short term of so-called business was over and he could walk by the sea or retire to his study at home. Only when he had left the whole thing behind him, relegated it, in fact, to the region of dreams, could he weave it into his fabric of romance.

There were certain problems which were always before his eyes, certain questions which peculiarly affected his own nature; and these are the *leitmotifs*, if we may borrow a Wagnerian phrase, of all his work. The scenes and the personages of each romance are merely the means of expression, and quite secondary in their interest. First and foremost came the problem of sin, the knowledge of good and evil, as the thing that differentiates man from the brute, Donatello from the Faun, or the secret sin hidden beneath a fair exterior, such as made the misery of the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale and the curse that followed Judge Pyncheon, and forms the subject of many of the shorter pieces. Secondly, a sensitive soul, lover of the beautiful, confronted with undeserved calamity, poverty and the scorn of men, as in the tragedy of poor Clifford, last tenant of the house of the seven gables. Thirdly, the constant play of fancy round the idea of immortal life and undying youth, the longing for the elixir sought by Dr. Dolliver and Septimius Felton. After these dominant ideas came a host of lesser fantasies, sometimes sad, sometimes humorous, but always graceful and delicate, and always bearing the hallmark of their creator in strong relief upon their faces.

Shall we dissect "The House of the Seven Gables," for instance? Take the personages of that romance out of their fantastic setting, out of the crumbling old house, built upon a crime and gloomy with traditional terrors; let Hepzibah or Clifford or even Holbrook or Uncle Venner step out into the broad light of common day; and can any of us testify to having met such beings either in or out of New England? Did you ever hear a country girl from the eastern states (or any other except the dream state) talk as Phebe talks, or see a swill-man and wood-sawyer, even in Boston, who could converse like Uncle Venner, and whom the proudest of the proud would invite to breakfast with them? Do we not all

feel a thrill of terror when Hepzibah and Clifford take that mad excursion in the train, lest, confronted with that grim reality, they should fade away like one of Clifford's soap-bubbles? It is the consciousness of their unreality which prompts our fear, the feeling of their other-worldliness which assails us with such a dread conviction of incongruity. And when they come into their fortune and go off to enjoy it in "a plain, dark-green barouche," do we not have a sad consciousness that that is the end of them, and that they might as well have gone away in a hearse? If you wish to realize fully the romantic and utterly ideal nature of Hawthorne's characters, contrast them with Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawton, or with Howells's Silas Lapham or Lemuel Barker.

So pre-eminently was romance the field of Hawthorne's genius, that he not only labels his works with the name, but is always at his best when his wings are quite untrammelled by any connection with life around him. "The Scarlet Letter" stands high above all his other works, because here his genius was set free from present time and place and allowed a world of its own in which to deal with his favorite problem, the nature of sin and its effect upon the soul of man. What far-reaching flights of the imagination, what deep probings of the human soul, what lurid splendor of description illustrate this magnificent romance! But can we really consider it of value as a portrait of New England character and life, except in so far as the nature of the subject and the life of the man who wrote it made it so? Why must we insist upon demanding grapes from the rosebush, or roses from the vine? Let us agree with Emerson's squirrel, that "all is well and wisely put," and that squirrels as well as mountains have their peculiar province.

If we take up the book called by its author "The Blithedale Romance," we find Hawthorne once more insisting upon the romantic element as the predominating one in his story. "His present concern with the socialist community," he says in his preface, "is merely to establish a theatre, a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorial antics, without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives. . . . This atmosphere is what the American romancer needs." And Hawthorne takes it upon himself furthermore to assert most strenuously that the characters of the story are entirely fictitious. "The self-concentrated philanthropist, the high-spirited woman, bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden, whose tremulous nerves endow her with sibylline attributes; the minor poet, beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which die out with his youthful fervor, — all these might have been looked for at Brook Farm, but, by some accident, never made their appearance there."

It seems to me that in this much-misunderstood romance Hawthorne, as he intimates, cared little to depict either the life at Brook Farm or his fellow-workers there, but used the scene simply as a fitting background for a description of the conflict between the ideal and the real in life. The moral of the story, if story it may be called, is none the less strong for being left to the reader's imagination to work out. In the preface to "The House of the Seven Gables" Hawthorne writes: "When romances do really teach anything, or produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtile process than the ostensible one," and "The Blithedale Romance" is an admirable illustration of this truth. Each of the characters, with the exception of Priscilla, has an ideal, more or less definite, after which he or she strives to mould circumstances and men; but as every one of these ideals is founded upon egoism, the result is a miserable failure. Zenobia sought the new conditions of life at the Community as a freer atmosphere for the play of impulse and for the gratification of her love for Hollingsworth; Coverdale hopes to find there the realization of a poet's dreams; Hollingsworth, utterly absorbed in his one idea as a philanthropist, cares not upon whose heart he tramples on his way to reform criminals, nor how soon he overthrows the whole basis of the Community provided his

own ends are gained. Only Priscilla, the one character without any selfish purpose, — indeed with so little egoism that she becomes that perfect negation which is sometimes said to be the masculine ideal of a woman's character, — only Priscilla finds her love for Hollingsworth rewarded by the opportunity to sacrifice her whole life to his. One of the finest things in the book, to my mind its highest point, is the scene where Coverdale meets Hollingsworth after Zenobia's death (of which he has been the indirect cause) and his marriage to Priscilla, and asks him how many criminals he has reformed. "'Not one,' said Hollingsworth, with his eyes fixed on the ground. 'Ever since we parted, I have been busy with a single murderer;' . . . and I knew what murderer he meant, and whose vindictive shadow dogged the side where Priscilla was not."

In all this, as in the rest of Hawthorne's work, there is none of that intense individualization which would make of his characters portraits of New England life. Even Silas Foster, the farmer, who, did he appear in a novel of to-day, would ornament the page with endless gems of dialect, converses in an English very slightly, if at all, differentiated from that of the poet or the philanthropist.

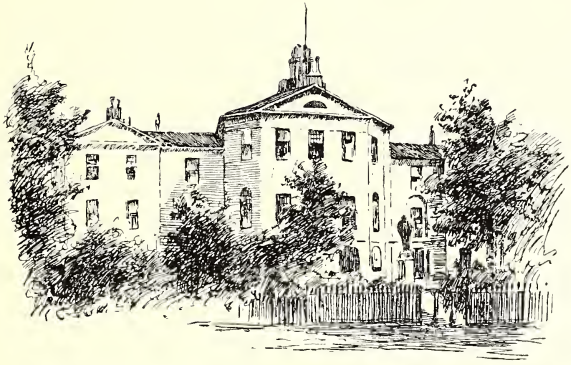
As for "The Marble Faun," that is called "The Romance of Monte Beni," and Italy was chosen as its scene, as Hawthorne tells us, because it afforded "a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author," he continues, "without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. . . . Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens and wallflowers, need ruin to make them grow."

I think we have collected sufficient evidence to show that Hawthorne never intended to be an interpreter of New England, and cannot therefore be accused of having failed to carry out a design which he never entertained. That he was a representative of New England in one sense is true. His name has been coupled with that of Jonathan Edwards as a typical instance of the inverse influence of environment upon the imagination. As the old Puritan divine shut his eyes upon the barren surroundings of his existence, and turned his mental vision inward, to revel in the lurid spectacle of eternal torments, so the sensitive poet-soul of Hawthorne, confronted with the struggle for existence in the same bleak and unromantic region, where little that was beautiful lay in his daily round, took refuge in that inner realm of fancy where all things savored of romance.

In so far as his scenes were laid in New England, and in so far as the peculiarities of his own nature, reflected in his personages, were such as we may ascribe to her influence, direct or indirect, he may be said to interpret New England, — but involuntarily, as it were. His object, as we may learn from his own words, was always to remove himself far enough from the actual world to allow his fancy free play, to permit his imagination, freed from the trammels of reality, to embody those poetic conceptions, those psychological problems, which were so dear to him and for which he gladly exchanged the honors belonging to the more truthful but more prosaic portrayal of our daily life. There has been no American author who for keen poetic insight, far-reaching and original imaginative faculty, delicate and tender fancy, dainty touches of humor and pathos, and the power of sounding the dark depths of the human soul and its mysterious problems of sin and suffering, can compare with Hawthorne; and if we deny him the crown of the painter of real life, the novelist which he never aspired to be, it is to wreathe his brows instead with the laurels of the poet, with the self-same glory, in kind, if not in degree, which shines about the heads of Milton and of Dante.

# THE STORY OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

*By Edmund J. Carpenter.*



OLD CITY HALL.

THE FIRST HOME OF THE LIBRARY.

THE conception of a Free Public Library of the character of that now possessed by the city of Boston was of gradual growth. The most remarkable facts in connection with the history of this great institution are that to a citizen of Paris is due its inception, and that from a citizen of London was received the first great donation which made of the project an assured success.

It was on the fifth day of May, 1841, that a public meeting of the citizens of Boston was held in the old Masonic Temple, at the corner of Tremont Street and Temple Place. The object of the gathering was to consider a proposition made by M. Alexandre Vattemare, a Parisian temporarily residing in Boston, that a public literary and scientific institute be established in that city. The conception of M. Vattemare was of a great institute which should include not only a library of books, to be free to all, but also an art gallery to be equally accessible. More in detail, the plan of M. Vattemare contemplated a union of the literary and scientific societies of the city, with their scattered libraries, into one central institution. It was a grand scheme and a comprehensive. Carried out in its entirety it would have rivalled in its scope the British Museum. It was a scheme too grand for the Boston of fifty years ago, and too comprehensive for the best practical results. Three great institutions which have since that time arisen in Boston — the Boston Public Library, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Lowell Institute — serve in their magnificent work to cover the ground contemplated in the scheme of M. Alexandre Vattemare.

The plan thus proposed was listened to with great interest by the people assembled, an interest rendered more intense, no doubt, by its very grandeur. The meeting appointed a committee, of which the first Charles Francis Adams was a member, to consider the subject. At a subsequent meeting this committee submitted a report favorable to the project. They submitted plans and estimates for a building with accommodations for a large public library and a gallery of art and in their report expressed the hope that such an institution might soon "arise amongst us, a monument of the public interest in good learning, and a noble means of gratifying that interest." They hesitated, however, and admitted "serious doubts about recommending a plan for present action which must involve great expenditure of money."

It may have been the hesitation of the committee which produced a check in the plans proposed, or it may have been that the times were not fully ripe for the establishment of such an institution. Whatever may have been the cause, the plan of a public library in Boston lay dormant for fully six years. In November, 1843, Hon. Martin Brimmer, then mayor of Boston, in a message to the city council, conveyed the information

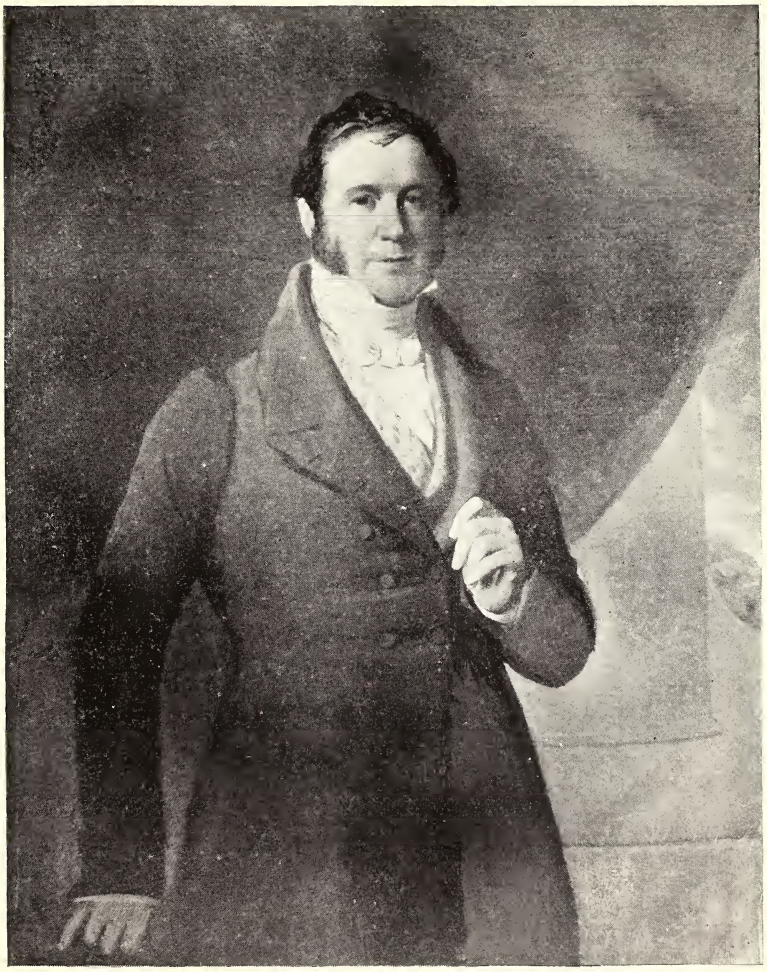
EDWARD EVERETT.

that a collection of valuable books, numbering fifty volumes, had been presented to the city by the municipality of Paris. This gift was made at the suggestion of M. Vattemare, and was in exchange for a similar donation of public documents made to that city. These fifty volumes, then, printed in the French language, formed the nucleus of the present noble Public Library of the city of Boston. Four years later a second gift of books arrived from Paris. These were rare and useful volumes, relating to the internal police of France, including also statistical works upon subjects of general and local interest, and historical books, illustrated by engravings — all forming a collection of ninety-six volumes.

This library of one hundred and fifty volumes was deposited in an upper room in old City Hall. Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., was then mayor of Boston, a man whom history gratefully remembers for his progressive spirit and broad views upon subjects of public policy. In October, 1847, in a message to the city council, Mayor Quincy again brought to public attention the idea of a great public library. He announced that a citizen had offered to contribute the sum of five thousand dollars toward the establishment of such a library, on condition that the sum of ten thousand dollars should be contributed by others. It afterward became known that this citizen, who so modestly veiled his identity while he offered so munificent a donation, was none other than Mayor Quincy himself.

This message of the mayor was referred to a special committee which was "to consider the expediency of commencing the formation of a public library, under the control and auspices of the city, with authority to receive donations for the same, either in books or money." The report of this committee was elaborate, and recommended an order, which was adopted, providing that whenever the proposed library should reach the value of thirty thousand dollars, a suitable place should be provided for it, so arranged that the public might use it with freedom. An act of the General Court was procured authorizing the city to establish and maintain a public library for the use of its citizens. From this moment the Public Library of the city of Boston had a being, although the plan had yet to pass through some vicissitudes, and several

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.



JOSHUA BATES.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE TRUSTEES' ROOM.

years were still to pass by before the dreams of its promoters were to be fully realized.

In the year 1848 it was gravely proposed that a union should be effected between the Public Library and the Boston Athenæum. Negotiations were opened with the trustees which looked toward the opening of the library of the Athenæum to the public. The plan proposed was that the city should pay to the corporation of the Athenæum the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and should furthermore pay the annual sum of five thousand dollars. The plan contemplated the appointment of four directors by the city council, who, in connection with six designated by the trustees, should constitute a board of management. It is fortunate for the public that the project did not commend itself to the proprietors of the Athenæum, and that it was finally abandoned.

A year later an impetus was given to the library by the receipt of several important gifts of books. A large collection of government publications, embracing the most important documents from the foundation of the federal government down to the year 1840, one

London 1st Oct. 1852

Dear Sir

I am indebted to you for a copy of the report of the Trustees of the Public Library for the city of Boston which I have perused with great interest, being impressed with the importance to the rising and future generation of such a library as recommended and where I am sure that in a liberal & wealthy community like that of Boston there will be no want of funds to carry out the recommendation of the Trustees having accelerate

As

FACSIMILE OF JOSHUA BATES' LETTER OF OCTOBER 1, 1852.

thousand volumes in all, were proffered by Hon. Edward Everett. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop followed with a gift of nearly three hundred volumes, and others still were received from J. D. Williams, Hon. S. A. Eliot, Dr. J. Mason Warren and others.

The Public Library had now assumed considerable proportions; but as yet it comprised few books of general interest.

accomplishment and establish the
library at once on a scale that will
do credit to the City if I am allowed
to pay for ~~[illegible]~~ the books required which
I am quite ready to do. Thus leaving to
the City to provide the building and
take care of the expenses. The only condition
I ask is that the building shall be such
as shall be an ornament to the City
that there shall be room for 100 or 150
persons to sit at reading Tables that it
shall be perfectly free to all. ~~[illegible]~~
with as other restrictions than
such as may be necessary for the preservation
of the Books. What the building

may

DONATING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE LIBRARY.

It still retained its position in an upper room in City Hall, and as yet none save city officials or employees were allowed access to the volumes. It had become necessary, however, to employ a librarian, and the secretary of the school committee, Edward Capen, was designated to occupy that position. He may therefore be regarded as the first librarian of the Boston Public Library.

cost I am unable to estimate but the books considering that many copies of each work will be required and constantly additions during my life time I estimate at $50,000 which I shall gladly contribute and consider it but a small return for the many acts of confidence and kindness I have received from my many friends in your City

Believe me Dear Sir
very truly yours
Joshua Bates

Hon. Seaver Esq.
Mayor of the City of
Boston

In the year 1850 the Public Library received its first donation of money. To Hon. J. P. Bigelow, then mayor of Boston, belongs the honor of making this donation. The sum contributed was one thousand dollars, not a great sum, it is true, but sufficient to give a strong stimulus to a project now advancing in popularity. Immediately following this gift came to the city council a communication from Hon. Edward Everett, announcing his readiness to convey to the city the volumes already tendered, and suggesting that, were a suitable building provided for a

public library, other and larger donations of books would no doubt be received from others. This was the first suggestion of a building to be devoted to the uses of the Public Library. Some years were yet to elapse before the time should become ripe for the consummation of so ambitious a project. In the mean time the ground floor of the Adams Schoolhouse, on Mason Street, was appropriated and fitted up for the occupancy of the library. Here it remained until the erection and occupation of the building on Boylston Street, just abandoned for more ample and convenient quarters.

The library had now reached the dimensions of about four thousand volumes, and by the time that the quarters in Mason Street were ready for occupancy it had increased to five thousand volumes. It was now opened to the public, under rules quite similar to those which still obtain. The idea from the beginning was that such restrictions only were to be placed upon the use of the library by the whole people as would insure the proper care and safety of the property.

But now is to be chronicled what must be regarded as the most important event in the history of the Boston Public Library, the event which placed it upon a firm basis and insured its perpetuity. In October, 1852, was received by the mayor of Boston a letter from Mr. Joshua Bates, a native of Boston, but then a successful merchant in London, making the munificent proposition that if the city of Boston would provide a suitable building for a public library he would take pleasure in con-

THE BOYLSTON STREET BUILDING.

OLD BATES HALL.

tributing the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of books.

As may be imagined, this offer gave a wonderful impulse to the plan which for eleven years had been struggling for recognition. The city authorities with enthusiasm at once set about the consummation of the project. The plan of erecting a building and establishing a great public literary institution in Boston no longer seemed chimerical. The public mind rapidly became educated to the belief that the vision even of Vattemare was not the fantastic dream which many had regarded it. Various sites for a building were proposed, and an estate on Somerset Street was purchased by the city, with the intention of erecting the library building on the slope of Beacon Hill. A site upon the Public Garden was also proposed, while others still urged the extension of the City Hall for the purposes of a library. But the location upon Boylston Street, at the foot of Boston Common, was at last selected, and here was the building erected.

Edward Everett was then president of the trustees of the Public Library, and Benjamin Seaver, mayor, was chairman of the committee of the city council on the Public Library. Under their direction the site for the building was purchased for the sum of seventy-three thousand dollars. To this was subsequently added a lot in the rear, at a cost of twenty-four thousand dollars more. The erection of the building was begun almost immediately, under the charge of a commission of which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop was the chairman.

Meanwhile the Public Library, even in its cramped and inconvenient quarters, became extremely popular in Boston. A

EDWARD CAPEN.

FIRST LIBRARIAN.

reading-room in connection with the library had been opened to the public on the twentieth of March, 1854; and the circulation of books for home use began on the second day of the following May. Almost immediately fully six thousand citizens registered their names for the use of the library, and an average of three hundred persons daily resorted to it. The rooms in Mason Street speedily became too strait for the accommodation of the library and its frequenters. The space for the deposit of the books became filled, by reason of rapid accessions, and two rooms in the Quincy Schoolhouse on Tyler Street were placed at the disposal of the trustees for the temporary deposit of books.

On September 17, 1855, the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the city, the work of construction of the library building had so far progressed that the corner stone was laid. On this occasion an address was made by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, president of the commission.

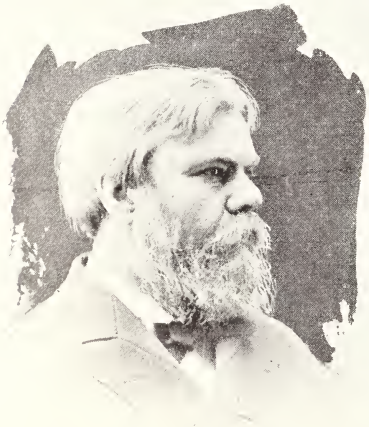
When the news of this ceremony reached the ears of Mr. Bates, in London, he addressed still another communication to the mayor of Boston. Two years before his promised donation of fifty thousand dollars had been paid, and the income of this fund had been applied to the purchase of books. Mr. Bates now proposed, in addition to this fund already established, to purchase and present to the city a considerable number of books, in order "to render this free public library at once extensively useful, as a large

CHARLES CARLETON JEWETT.

LIBRARIAN, 1857–1868.

collection of books, in as many departments of human knowledge as possible."

This fresh proposition, grateful as it was to the trustees of the library and to the people of Boston, created a new problem. The quarters at Mason Street and at the Quincy School were both crowded with books, and there was no place where the promised volumes might be deposited and at the same time be accessible to the public. To meet the



JUSTIN WINSOR.
LIBRARIAN, 1868–1877.

emergency a house was secured in that curious, quiet little court, in the heart of busy Boston, and yet apart from its bustle and confusion, known as Boylston Place. Here shelves were erected, and the donation of Mr. Bates, when it arrived, was set in order and properly catalogued. These books were more in number and greater in value than had been anticipated, numbering twenty-five thousand volumes, and being valued at forty-five thousand dollars.

On the first day of January, 1858, the new building was completed and dedicated to the use of the people. From the small nucleus of four thousand volumes, when the Mason Street rooms were first opened to the public the library had now grown to a collection of sixty thousand volumes, besides about seventeen thousand pamphlets. The library had increased in popularity in a like ratio. From a list of six thousand names registered for the use of the library at the opening of the year 1854, the number of its patrons at the beginning of the year 1858 had become nearly sixteen thousand.

The dedication of the new library building was a historic event in Boston. The occasion was a gala day in the city. "The weather," says the official account of the ceremonies, "was remarkably fine for the season of the year, and the occasion passed off most agreeably." The Boston Light Infantry, with the Boston Brigade Band, acted as escort to the mayor, the city council and municipal officers, the commissioners and trustees of the Public Library, the teachers of the public schools, the governor, lieutenant-governor and other officials of the Commonwealth, the president, fellows and

SAMUEL A. GREEN.
ACTING LIBRARIAN, 1877–1878.

faculty of Harvard College, the judges of the federal and state courts, and many other officials, who marched in solemn procession from the City Hall to the building to be dedicated. The dedicatory address was pronounced by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then in the height of his powers

and fame as a platform orator. Hon. Alexander H. Rice, then mayor of Boston, and afterward the governor of the Commonwealth, made the address on receiving the keys, and Hon. Edward Everett, president of the board of trustees, receiving them in turn from the mayor, made the final speech of the occasion. How remarkable that two men whose names are written on the list of our country's great orators, — Winthrop and Everett, — should both have filled important parts at this notable ceremony!

"It was," said Mr. Winthrop, "a poetical and beautiful conceit of the great philosopher of our Motherland, — of Bacon, I mean, the contemporary and fellow-countryman of our Pilgrim Fathers, — that 'libraries are as the shrines, where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.' But Cicero, methinks, did better justice to the theme. We are told that when that illustrious orator and statesman saw the books which composed his precious library fairly arranged in the apartment which he had provided for them in his villa at Antium, he wrote to his friend Atticus, '*Postea vero quam Tyrranio mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur meis ædibus.*' 'Now that my books have been put in their places by your learned Greek Tyrranio, a soul seems to have been added to my dwelling.'"

Very graceful was the allusion of Mr. Winthrop to his contemporary, Mr. Everett, in the words with which he continued, addressing Mayor Rice: —

"And our own American Cicero is at this moment at your side, sir, prepared to receive these

BOOK PLATES PERTAINING TO SPECIAL FUNDS AND COLLECTIONS.

JONATHAN PHILLIPS.

keys from your hand, in behalf of the Trustees over whom he so fitly presides; and under his auspices and with the aid of his associates, it is hardly too much to say that a living, breathing, imperishable soul will have been infused into this now merely material structure. Yes, my friends, within these walls shall soon be gathered, not merely the mighty masters of philosophy and rhetoric, of history and poetry, whom the Roman Cicero recognized and revered as introducing a soul into his dwelling, but the great lights of all ages, the wise and learned of all climes, and those especially who have adorned a civilization and vindicated a liberty and illustrated a Christianity that Cicero never conceived of shall be congregated around them. . . . And not the reverend fathers and acute doctors only shall answer to our call, but here also the poets of all ages shall be ever ready to sing to us their choicest strains; the dramatists of all ages to rehearse to us their richest scenes of wit or of woe; the orators of all ages to recite to us the triumphant argument or the thrilling appeal which may have shaken empires from their base, or changed the current of the world's affairs. . . . Here the great interpreters of nature shall unfold to us the mechanism of the heavens, the testimony of the rocks, and the marvels and mysteries of animal and vegetable life. Here the glowing pictures of fiction and fancy shall pass and repass before our vision, beneath the magic wand of a Scott, a Dickens or a Cooper; the living portraits of sages and patriots of other lands and of our own land be displayed to us by a Guizot or a Brougham, a Carlyle or a Campbell, a Sparks or an Irving, and the grander panorama of history be unrolled for us by a Gibbon or a Grote, a Hume or a Macaulay, a Bancroft or a Motley."

Mayor Rice was scarcely less eloquent in his brief reply upon receiving the keys of the building.

"This institution," said he, "is but the perfected fruit from that vigorous root which was planted in 1635 by the master of the original free school in Boston, and which first rose as a single stalk, then spread abroad its healthful branches and dropped its scions into the earth, like the famous banyan tree of India, till it has multiplied itself in every quarter of our municipal domain, and gathers beneath its refreshing shades to-day nearly thirty thousand of our youthful population. This institution, therefore, is not an accident; strictly speaking it is not a design, but a beautiful and inevitable result of the active influences which preceded it — a result fraught with the elements of reproductive power — never itself to be superseded, but to be amplified and extended into other forms and newer forces."

In transmitting the keys to the trustees, Mayor Rice alluded to the broad idea which underlay the project now approaching its realization.

"This building," he said, "is committed to your charge as the property of the people; its privileges are to be as free as air, as universal as our population. The rich and the poor are to be alike welcome at its doors, the high and the lowly born, the masses who wield the hammers of toil, and the unenvied few who are reared in affluence and ease. Genius knows no rank, but chooses her votaries from all. Here she shall henceforth spread her perpetual banquet."

MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

LIBRARIAN, 1878–1890.

The address of Mr. Everett, in receiving the keys of the new building, was reminiscent and

biographical in its nature. He discussed at length the early life of Benjamin Franklin, and Franklin's love for reading, which led him to deprive himself even of the necessities of life for its

ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

indulgence, and which in after years brought to him wisdom and honor.

"If there is one lesson more than another," said Mr. Everett, "directly deducible from the life of Franklin, it is the close connection of a thoroughly practical and useful life and career with books, libraries and reading. If there is a thing on earth which would have gladdened his heart, could he have anticipated it, it would be the knowledge that his native city, in two generations after his death, would found a library like this, to give to the rising generation and to the lovers of knowledge of every age that access to books of which he so much felt the want. . . . The trustees have done what they could to connect some reference to Franklin with an institution which would have been the object of his warmest affections, by providing that every Franklin medal boy shall be entitled to its privileges; and, inasmuch as the accumulating fund which he bequeathed to the city, and which now exceeds seventy thousand dollars, has proved almost wholly unavailing for the primary object of the bequest, it deserves consideration whether, when it has reached a sufficient magnitude, as it will before the end of this century, the interest of the fund, if it can be legally done, might not advantageously be appropriated as a permanent endowment for the support of the library."

It is interesting to remember that simultaneously with the erection of a new and magnificent edifice for the Public Library far exceeding in beauty and utility that which then seemed so perfect, the century of Franklin's bequest has expired, and with it has been projected the foundation of a system of trade schools such as would have delighted the heart of the founder.

A pleasant episode, and one productive of a substantial result, occurred during the somewhat informal address of Mr. Everett. Interrupting himself in the midst of his discourse, he made a suggestion, in the form of a motion, that each person present at the exercises of dedication should present one book to the library. The motion, being put to the audience by Mayor Rice, was adopted with enthusiasm. The result of this suggestion, thus felicitously made, was the increase of the library by nearly fifteen hundred volumes.

Although the new library building was now completed and dedicated, some matters in the way of fixtures and furniture

THE ROXBURY BRANCH OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

remained to be completed before the building could be occupied by the library. Early in February, 1858, however, all was in readiness, and the removal of the books to their new home was begun. The volumes given by Mr. Bates, and then reposing in the house on Boylston Place, were the first removed and placed upon the proper shelves in the new building. Those stored in the

Quincy schoolhouse followed, and lastly, the main portion of the library was removed from the Mason Street building. The library, numbering not far from sixty thousand volumes, besides about sixteen thousand pamphlets, was now in its new home, and its real work was fairly begun. For thirty-seven years this building was occupied, until it in turn became too strait, and the present beautiful and capacious edifice, elsewhere fully described,* was erected and opened to the public in March, 1895.

Edward Capen, the first librarian of the Boston Public Library, had acted as clerk of the commissioners for the erection of the first library building, in addition to his other duties. In the year 1857 an ordinance of the city was adopted, by which the office of superintendent of the library was created, and C. C. Jewett was appointed to that office. This was just

THEODORE PARKER.

prior to the dedication of the library building. Mr. Jewett occupied the position to the satisfaction of all until his death in January, 1868. In the following month, Justin Winsor, now librarian of Harvard College, was elected to the position of superintendent. He remained in office until October 1, 1877, when he resigned. Dr. Samuel A. Green, one of the trustees, was placed in temporary charge of the library, and in the following May, the trustees having in the mean time been incorporated, Dr. Green was chosen acting librarian. He held the position until October 1, 1878, when Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, having been elected librarian in the previous August, entered upon

J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH.

the duties of his office. Dr. Green having been elected clerk of the corporation, under the act of incorporation retained that position. Judge Chamberlain remained in office for about twelve years, when he in turn resigned. A considerable interregnum then occurred in the office of librarian. About two years after the resignation of Judge Chamberlain, Mr. Theodore Dwight was appointed to the vacancy. He occupied the position of librarian during 1892 and 1893, and then resigned. For a year or more the library was without an appointed head, Mr. Samuel A. B. Abbott, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, performing the administrative work.

Upon the occupation of the new library building Mr. Herbert Putnam was chosen librarian by the unanimous vote

* See article on "The Boston Public Library," by C. Howard Walker, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for May, 1895.

of the trustees. It was an excellent choice. Mr. Putnam's experience had well qualified him for the task. Born in 1861 of old New England stock, and educated at Harvard College and the Columbia Law School, he was in 1885, admitted a member of the Minnesota bar. He had for a year prior to this date been in charge of the Minneapolis Athenæum. Upon the basis of this institution Mr. Putnam founded and organized the Minneapolis Public Library and became its first librarian. He made two trips to Europe for the purpose of purchasing books for the library. At the end of seven years of service he resigned, leaving behind him a well-organized and well-chosen library of sixty thousand volumes, fifty thousand of which he had himself purchased. He left it housed in a fine new building, erected at an expense of $325,000, and with an annual income from the city of $60,000, a special book fund of $10,000, and a library circulation ranking fifth in the United States. In 1891 Mr. Putnam came to Boston and resumed the practice of law. He was about to remove to New York, when he was tendered the position of librarian of the Boston Public Library. Personally Mr. Putnam is admirably fitted for the important position which he occupies. He is young and vigorous, quiet and unostentatious in manner, gentle in speech, and thoroughly courteous withal. His family is one long known to the literary world, his father having been the founder of the old-established book publishing house of George P. Putnam's Sons, in New York.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

Some of the long-time members of the working force of the library should be mentioned here. Of these, Miss Caroline E. J. Porée leads in point of service. It was in 1859, when the now abandoned library building was still new, that Miss Porée first joined the force of which she has been so efficient a member. For many years she was in charge of the reading-room. In the present edifice she is in charge of the periodical room. The next in order is Mr. James L. Whitney, who entered the service of the library in 1869. Mr. Whitney is the head of the catalogue department, and is the author and editor of all the catalogues, handbooks and kindred publications which the reading public find so useful. Mr. Arthur Mason Knapp is the librarian in charge of Bates Hall, which position he has occupied since 1878. His service with the library, however, dates from 1875; the removal of the library to the new building, in January of the present year, marked the exact completion of his twentieth year of service. With Mr. Knapp in the library there is little need of a catalogue.

ALLEN A. BROWN.

The searcher for information concerning any subject which he desires to study has but to apply to him and the material wished is immediately set before him. To the student whose time is precious, or who is but slightly acquainted with the system of the library, Mr. Knapp's aid is invaluable. To procure a new librarian would be an easy task compared with that of endeavoring to supply the place of such public servants as Mr. Whitney and Mr. Knapp. Mr. José F. Carret is the equal of Mr. Knapp in point of service, having joined the library's working force in 1875. For many years Mr. Carret occupied the position of registrar of the library. Since the occupation of the new building he has assumed the position of keeper of the special libraries.

Every frequenter of the library is familiar with the slight, agile form, the silvery hair, the soft but quick movements and the grave, dignified countenance of Mr. Edward Tiffany, the assistant librarian in Bates Hall, although hundreds do not know his name. Especially useful is he as an assistant to readers who are seeking books in some especial line of study. He is remarkably well versed in French and German fiction.

HERBERT PUTNAM.
THE PRESENT LIBRARIAN

The library has been rich in noble benefactors. The gifts of Joshua Bates have been already described. Mr. Bates's bust and his portrait are treasured within the walls of the library as priceless heritages; and upon his death, which occurred in September, 1864, the main hall of the library was named in his honor, a feature which has been retained in the new edifice. The gifts of Edward Everett and Robert C. Winthrop have also received mention. Others whose benefactions have greatly added to the efficiency of the library are Jonathan Phillips, who gave by direct gift and by bequest the sum of $30,000; Abbott Lawrence, who bequeathed $10,000; George Ticknor, who by will gave a library of 4,000 volumes and the sum of $4,000 for its increase; Henry L. Pierce, who gave $5,000; Miss Charlotte Harris, who devised $10,000; Professor Daniel Treadwell, whose bequest, with later additions, amounted to $10,700; J. Ingersoll Bowditch, who gave annually for more than ten years the sum of $500, and who at his death bequeathed $10,000; and Arthur Scholfield, who in 1883 bequeathed contingently the sum of $50,000, and Joseph Scholfield, who seven years later bequeathed its increase, amounting to about $12,000 more. Among other benefactors who are deserving of mention here are Samuel Appleton, who in 1852 gave the sum of $1,000; Mrs. Sally I. K. Shepard, who three years later gave a like sum; the Boston Mercantile Library Association, which in May, 1877, gave its collection of books amounting to 18,000 volumes; Mrs. Eliza Mary Thayer of Roxbury, who in 1877 bequeathed a library of 800 volumes; Dr. Samuel A. Green, whose gifts made at various times have reached the sum of $2,000, besides a collection of books, pamphlets and engravings relating to Benjamin Franklin; and Mrs. John G. Gilbert, who in December, 1889, presented the library with a collection of dramatic works, comprising eleven hundred vol-

umes, the property of her deceased husband.

The extension of the geographical limits of the city from time to time resulted in an extension also of the Public Library and of its scope. Branch libraries had already been opened in South Boston and East Boston, when in July, 1873, a branch library was established in Roxbury and opened with 5,700 volumes. A year later, when the annexation of Charlestown and Brighton occurred, the public libraries already established in those places became branches of the Boston library. In January, 1875, the Dorchester branch library, with 4,000 volumes, was opened to the public, and a delivery of the same branch was established at the Lower Mills village. The Dorchester and Milton library added to this its collection of books, numbering nearly two thousand volumes. A branch library was opened at the South End, in Boston, in August, 1877, and another in Jamaica Plain in September of the same year. A few years later, delivery stations were opened in the villages of Mattapan and Neponset, both in the Dorchester district, and still later, one at Mt. Bowdoin, in the same district. In 1889, a station was opened at Allston in the Brighton district. All these branches and stations greatly increased the scope and influence of the library and aided in establishing it more firmly as a magnificent adjunct to the public school system of the city.

In addition to the general library, which is strong in very many departments of learning, several special libraries have from time to time been added by gift or purchase. While the volumes of these libraries are accessible to the public equally with those of the general library, the individuality of the special libraries is in every case retained. They were in the Boylston Street building kept carefully in alcoves by themselves. When the present grand edifice was erected in Copley Square especial provision was made for the placing of these libraries; for their better preservation and display, as well as to increase their accessibility and efficiency. In many cases special rooms were arranged for their occupancy, where they are magnificently housed as well as readily reached by special students.

Of these special libraries the most ancient is that known as the Prince Library. This was formed by the Rev. Thomas Prince, a pastor of the Old South Church, in the eighteenth century, and by him bequeathed, in the year 1758, to that church. For many years it occupied a position in the tower of the Old South Meeting-House, where in 1816 was discovered the third volume of the priceless manuscript of the diary of John Winthrop, which doubtless once belonged to the Prince collection. This manuscript is now the most highly valued of the possessions of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In this collection also was once, no doubt, deposited the valuable manuscript history of the Plymouth plantation, written by Governor Bradford, and for many years lost. The story of the discovery of this manuscript in 1855 in the library of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and its subsequent publication in this country, is familiar to all bibliographers; the story of its wanderings from the time of its disappearance from the Prince library until its discovery in England has never been traced. In the year 1866 this interesting collection of books was deposited by the deacons of the Old South Church in the Public Library. Among the rare books which it includes are two copies of the Bay Psalm-Book, which was printed at Cambridge in the year 1640, and is doubtless the first book printed in the British colonies in North America. There are also copies of the first edition of Eliot's translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue (Cambridge, 1663), and of the second edition of the same work (1685), as well as a copy of Eliot's Indian Primer. The books and manuscripts which form the collection are of great value as illustrating the early history of New England.

The Parker Library, numbering nearly 15,000 volumes, comprises the private collection of Theodore Parker, and was by him bequeathed to the Public Library in 1860. In writing of this library, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson once said: —

"It was the work of a man possessing a more omnivorous passion for books than almost any of his contemporaries in this country and enabled by circumstances to gratify that passion more and more as time went on. It was formed by a scholar upon the lines of his own particular studies, but projecting those lines far beyond what he could reasonably expect to accomplish in a lifetime."

The library includes dictionaries and grammars in many languages, and is especially strong in the departments of history, theology, philosophy and the classics. Parker made a specialty of books upon American history, and especially such as bear upon the anti-slavery controversy.

The Bowditch Library, although comparatively small, is valuable for its collection of mathematical and astronomical works. This library includes the private collection of the late Nathaniel Bowditch, which was given to the Public Library in the year 1858, and which has since been largely increased by the gift of J. Ingersoll Bowditch, already mentioned, and by gifts of other members of that family.

Allusion has already been made to the gift of George Ticknor. The collection of books given by him, and which bears the name of the Ticknor Library, is for the greater part in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. It contains many early printed books of extreme rarity, some being examples of publications which were suppressed by ecclesiastical power when such use of power was possible, others being copies of volumes limited editions of which were printed. Some of these volumes bear the date of the eighteenth, seventeenth, sixteenth, and even of the fifteenth centuries.

The Barton Library was formed by Thomas Pennant Barton between the years 1834 and 1866. This library includes a large collection of Shakespeariana, comprising more than thirteen hundred different editions of the works of the great poet. In this collection are found the first four folios, with several reproductions, twenty-two of the early quarto editions of the single plays, with several of the later issues of the quartos, and many of the valuable later editions of Shakespeare, including translations. The Barton Library is also rich in early editions of other dramatic literature, particularly the English drama, while the departments of poetry, the classics and history are represented, in many instances, by choice and unique editions. The collection includes many early specimens of printing of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Holinshed's Chronicles, editions of 1547 and 1587, the "Vinegar Bible," 1717, Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit," 1629, and "England's Parnassus," 1600, are examples of these rarities.

In the year 1890 an excitement was created among bibliographers by the announcement that the library of the late Samuel L. M. Barlow was to be sold by auction in New York City. This library had long been celebrated especially for its remarkable collection of works relating to America, some of which are of great rarity. This was a department in which the Boston Public Library was by no means strong. At the request of the trustees of the library a special appropriation was made by the city government for the purchase of books at this sale. Many notable additions were made to the library by this means, among which may be mentioned Sir Francis Drake's "The World Encompassed," 1635, Frobisher's "Narratio Historica," 1580, and other early works of travel and exploration. The purchase is especially rich in early New England literature, among which are copies of the exceedingly rare publications of John Eliot, Roger Williams's "Key into the Languages of America," 1643, and his "The Bloudy Tenant yet more Bloudy," 1652, Captain John Smith's "True Relation," 1608, and Captain John Underhill's "Newes from America," 1638. An absolutely unique book purchased at this sale, and to the people of Massachusetts of almost priceless value, is a manuscript volume of the earliest colonial records of Massachusetts Bay, entitled "A True Copie of the Courte Booke of the Governor and Society of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." The handwriting of this copy has been attributed both to Increase Nowell and to Edward Rawson, the second and third secretaries of the Great and General Court after the organization

under the first charter. It is enriched with marginal notes by Governor Richard Bellingham, and a memorandum as to its former ownership in the handwriting of Governor Thomas Hutchinson of the Revolutionary period. The library also secured at this sale a Latin copy of the first letter of Columbus addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella in 1493 announcing his discovery of the New World.

At about the same time that these valuable additions were made to the library it received other similar acquisitions from the library of the late John A. Lewis. In this collection the writings of Cotton, Increase, Samuel, Richard and Nathaniel Mather are largely represented, as well as others equally rare and interesting. There are works by Thomas Prince, by William Cooper, by Samuel Willard and John Cotton, by William Penn and by James Otis. This library also includes several issues from the press of Benjamin Franklin, including copies of "Poor Richard's Almanack."

Another of the special libraries is that of President John Adams, numbering perhaps fifteen hundred volumes, valuable both for its historic interest and for the publications of the early Revolutionary period.

The Hunt Library is a small but interesting collection of books on the West Indies, bequeathed by Mr. Benjamin P. Hunt.

The Franklin Library, consisting of editions of the writings of Benjamin Franklin, together with books, pamphlets and engravings illustrating his life, was presented by Dr. Samuel A. Green, and receives the income of a fund established by him for its increase.

The Thayer Library, comprising now about fifteen hundred volumes, was the bequest of Miss Eliza Mary Thayer of Roxbury, and has been increased by gifts from her sisters, Mrs. R. Anne Nichols, Mrs. Susan Thayer Balch and Miss Caroline Coddington Thayer. This is a collection of illustrated works, and contains several thousand portraits.

The most recent acquisition in the form of a special library is the Brown Musical Library, the gift of Mr. Allen A. Brown. This was made available for public use upon the opening of the new library building, where it has been placed in a room set apart for its special occupancy. The seven thousand volumes of this library have been chosen with rare intelligence, and cover every department of musical literature. They are beautifully bound in leather, and merely from an æsthetic point of view this library is the most beautiful of the special libraries.

In the year 1858 the library began to receive the publications of the British Patent Office. These, together with the publications of the American Patent Office for many years past, constitute a large special library contained in a room by itself, where the volumes are accessible to all.

The Public Library of Boston now comprises upward of half a million volumes, selected with the greatest intelligence and care. As a working library it is not excelled by any in our country, while it rivals closely the world-renowned library of the British Museum.

The present library building was erected at an expense of two and a half million dollars, and the library itself represents an expenditure of an equal sum. The functions of the librarian are administrative only, the executive labors being divided among a well-organized corps of two hundred officers and assistants. The expense of maintaining the library, including expenditures for the purchase of books, amounts to upward of $200,000 annually. Of this sum $175,000 is appropriated by the city government, the remainder accruing from the increment of invested funds, the gifts by bequest, and other sources already mentioned.

The library is governed by a board of five trustees, to whom alone the librarian is responsible. These officials are appointed by the mayor for a term of five years each, the term of one expiring each year.

Mr. Samuel A. B. Abbott, who has long been the president of the board, and to whom Boston owes so much for his services in connection with the new building, has recently resigned. The trustees now in office are Hon. Frederick O. Prince, J. H. Benton, Jr., Professor H. P. Bowditch,

Rev. James De Normandie and Samuel Carr.

The Boston Public Library has the distinction of being free to the use of all citizens of Boston. Even before the actual foundation of the library it was decreed that it should be "open to the public in as free a manner as is consistent with the safety of the property." The spirit of this decree has been well observed from the beginning until now. Upon the front of the building on Boylston Street occupied by the library for nearly forty years was the inscription, "Free to All." Chiselled upon the façade of the magnificent new edifice on Copley Square is the legend, "Built by the People of Boston and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning." A more comprehensive motto and one more truly descriptive of the Boston Public Library could not have been chosen.

---

# MARY.

*By Ellen Strong Bartlett.*

YES, I can tell you that I never signed a check with so much pleasure as that one, —and I always keep it where I can peep at it with all the cancellations; it makes me sure that the money was paid.

You see, when I married Mary, I had a good position, and we lived very comfortably on my salary. Her relatives didn't admire her choice much, I fancy, but they thought that she would be sure of a steady support. They didn't know she had married a man who had the fever of invention. It is almost as great a curse as drinking. You have no idea of the grip it gets on a man. He is ready sometimes to sacrifice everything for it. And no one has found a Keeley cure for inventors.

I used to lie awake nights, planning my wonderful improvements. Then I took to staying at home for a day once in a while, just to work out my ideas and make models. Then I actually secured a patent on an egg-beater. I believe that my royalty was about fifty dollars, but it seemed greater cause for self-gratulation than the three thousand a year I earned by plodding. There is no use in telling of the potato-mashers and oil-cans and locks and toys. Some failed and some succeeded. But when I got into improvements on sewing machines and bicycles, my destiny was decided. I was an inventor, and no mistake. I gave up my first business, and was absorbed in that of inventing.

I don't believe that I was very amiable in those days, among so many dreams and theories. I often tried to accomplish things that would not be accomplished; and the consciousness of being baffled is not soothing. The children were perpetually hushed when I appeared — I should think they would hate me yet; and Mary had to oil me up with coffee and beef-tea and chicken sandwiches, at all hours of day and night, to keep me in running order. I felt as if my own machines were in my head.

Poor Mary! How patient and loving and cheerful she was! I kept telling her that in a little while we could live in grand style. I meant to get a pair of carriage horses, and a pony for the children. But somehow it was not easy to get the money for those things when it was so hard to scrape together enough for the water-tax and the grocer and the doctor. I seemed to be very busy all the while; and Mary — why, she was at work day and night. I used to tell her that I did wish that she wouldn't mend so much, that she would buy some new things for herself and the children. She certainly didn't look as well dressed as she did when I was on a salary.

Yet I sold my patent for a gas-tip pretty well — four thousand dollars. But I had run behind somehow on rent for two

years and other things; and that money seemed to melt away. Indeed, I had to put fifteen hundred of it into my great invention, — the pistol.

About that time we moved into a smaller house. It was easier for Mary to take care of, when she had only one little raw Swede to help her. And Howard and Edison went to the public school; I thought it was the thing anyway for children in a democratic country. Mary taught little Rose, and gave them all music lessons. They had to practise when I was away, because I could not stand any noise. Sometimes when I felt pretty well, Mary would have the children play their duets after tea, and they would sing, and we were very happy. On other nights, when I had to sit up away into the morning, and had headache and heartache, she was a ministering angel. Toast and tea then; no chicken sandwiches.

Just then my pistol, which was a grand thing if I do say it, got a boom, and the Parker Arms Company made me a handsome offer for it. They were to begin making it at once, and I was to have a good percentage on every case sold. I was happy. I saw Mary already in a sealskin jacket. But the Parker Company made one stipulation. I was to keep the pistol at the head of the market for at least five years, making all such improvements as would be needed to compete with other pistols and keep in advance of them. As luck would have it, that Creighton, who had been sneaking around Washington all the time I was securing my patent, picked up a little discarded idea of mine, clapped it on to the pistol, took out his patent, — and there we were!

I can't tell much more about that time. They say that I was very sick for weeks. My first vision when I came back to things of life was Mary bending over me, so pale and thin, but beaming with joy. She would not give up, even when the doctors lost courage. As soon as I was well enough, we went into a smaller house. The little raw Swede didn't bother us any more, for Mary did all the housework; and I wasn't afflicted by the piano, because it went to pay doctors' bills.

By and by I lighted on the idea of my Elfin steam-engine. I was sure of success if I could put it through. But where was the money to come from? My way was blocked. Mary's relatives generally crossed the street when they saw me coming, and I don't believe any one would have lent me a dollar. But Mary still had faith in me.

"Walter," she said, "there is my money. It is yours. Take it, and work out the engine."

Mary had ten thousand dollars, all that was left from her father's estate. We had clung to that during all the storms; it was understood that it was our sheet anchor. It was safely invested; and while the tiny income invariably had to go for rent or something absolutely necessary, we had always vowed never to touch the principal. The very thought seemed sacrilege. But Mary insisted. She declared that the engine would be a success, and that I would be using the money for her pleasure if I took it to work out my patent. Her faith was an inspiration. It seemed then as if I should surely succeed. But as months dragged into years, and so much of that precious patrimony had to go for working models and trips to the Patent Office and lawyers' fees, and so little of it to the support of the family, I lost hope. Mary never did. We went down to poverty's back door, I know; even Mary couldn't always put a full meal on the table when the storeroom was empty, nor keep us warm when the coal was out. It was all dismal enough.

I think it had been the most dismal morning of my life, that on which the postman brought that letter. A dun, of course, I thought. Well, sir, that letter was from the Armsdale Company, asking if I would be willing to take a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for my steam-engine. Ask a starving man if he would be willing to take a tenderloin steak. Ask a drowning man if he is willing to be taken on board a man-of-war. I rushed down to New York to complete the negotiations, — poor seedy inventor that I was. Mary thought that I was on another wild-goose chase; but I could not tell her until I was sure. The

bargain was completed; they would forward the money the next week. I said: —

"Gentlemen, if you can give me a check for eleven thousand dollars, payable to my wife, to-day, it will mean a great deal." And the old treasurer wrote the check.

It seemed to me that the train crawled home; but I reached Mary at last. You must excuse me, — I always break down when I think of that scene.

Yes, I believe I'm a millionnaire now. Mary can rest on satin if it will bring back her strength. Her relatives are very much reconciled to the match. I suppose I shall lose most of my fortune some time; but I assure you, there's a snug sum put away for Mary, which she will always have.

---

# ALONE ON OSCEOLA.

*By William Morse Cole.*

TWO years ago the advance of railroads and summer hotels had left the hobgoblins and dragons of the White Mountains but one foraging ground. My intimacy with these charming creatures is not great, but my interest in them has made their cause my own. The woful news last summer was that the enemy was on the track of my friends and in a year or two at most would drive them from their last resort. In the region of which I write a new era has begun, and no one can quite repeat the experiences that I have cherished and anticipated on my favorite mountain.

Until the recent inroads of civilization, wilderness stretched north and south from the Twins to the Sandwich range, and east and west from Tom and Tremont to the Tecumseh and Franconia ranges. A dozen mountains were included within its bounds. The edges of this wilderness were cut by four or five miles of carriage road on the south, a few miles of logging railroad on the east and north, and a footpath or two. The interior, however, was unbroken, except for an occasional blazed trail.

Just over the edge of the wilderness, north of the Sandwich range, stands Mt. Osceola, rising forty-four hundred feet above the sea and a little less than three thousand feet above the valley at its foot. Unless acuteness of angle is insisted upon in mountain form, one finds Osceola settling itself in one's mind as a type of perfect outline. As seen from the south, its base is massive, spreading into spurs, of which two thrust themselves out parallel with each other into the valley of the Mad River and end abruptly. The outline against the sky rises rapidly at the west, curves sharply to a level ridge, and then rises by a graceful compound curve to form the low dome of the summit; thence, by a gently undulating line, it falls toward the ravine between the two southern spurs, rises to the eastern peak, and then drops behind the hills. It is like some prince of beasts stretched out in lazy strength.

In the winter of 1891–92, or at some time between the autumn of 1891 and the early summer of 1892 — for none passes that way in winter — a land-slide stripped a path from near the top of the ridge on the northeastern slope to the Greeley Ponds. To the few climbers who chanced thither during the summer, the track of the slide was a challenge; and the fact that human foot had never trod those newly bared ledges served as an invitation.

It was on an October morning that I started alone for twenty-four hours on Osceola. I planned to scale the eastern slope by the path of the slide, follow the ridge to the top, spend the night in watching the lights and shadows, and descend in the morning by the western slope.

At the end of the carriage-road which leads to three or four farms within the Sandwich notch, I took the Mad River path, maintained by summer visitors, around the eastern end of the mountain. A brisk walk of an hour and a quarter through the woods took me to the Upper Greeley Pond, the source of the river. At the point where I had entered the path the stream was thirty or forty feet wide. I crossed it at a bound several times in my walk; and at the end, four miles away, I could hardly find it among the brush and fallen trees. At the pond I paddled out upon a log raft to plan my route along the ridge. From the water, the scene is of rare picturesqueness. Upon the south, through the Mad River notch, bounded by the sharp pitches of Osceola and Kancamagus, Tripyramid thrusts out its Scaur Ridge, and shows the white rock of its overtopping peaks. Upon the east, the slopes of the modest but massive Kancamagus curve over and pitch to the very shore of the pond. Upon the north, through the narrow notch of the Hancock Branch one sees Mount Hancock stretching its barrier. On the west rises abruptly the northeastern slope of Osceola, tracked with the white line of the slide. On every side are the sharply pitched slopes of wooded mountains, and filling all the basin between are the black depths of the pond. No sign of life, brute or human, present or past, is visible.

Having determined upon a route of ascent, I retraced my steps to the point where some of the *débris* of the slide had fallen into the path, and thence followed its track. My first work was like that of an ant working its way over trodden grass. The winter storm had begun a game with huge logs for jackstraws, and had gone off leaving only Time to straighten out the tangle. Some of the large trunks were twisted completely round. In the path of a slide the giants of the forest are little more than brush in the track of a man. In the midst of one of these piles of logs great bowlders were caught.

On advancing to the *débris* higher up the slope, I suddenly left the land of Brobdingnag and entered Liliput. I seemed to be looking down upon a city whose tallest buildings reached not above my heel. The loose material brought down by the slide included innumerable bits of disintegrated rock which the sifting process of descent had left at the top. Upon this loose material, sprinkled with the tiny rock fragments, had fallen the rains of spring and summer. Each bit of rock served as a shield for the earth beneath it, but the loose, uncovered earth had been beaten down an inch or more below its former level. Innumerable mounds, flat-topped and square-edged, protruded from the ground, like the buildings of a city seen from a great height.

The first third of the way up the slide lay over bed-rock, nearly as smooth and washed as clean as a marble floor. A small stream, which had chosen this easy path to the river spread out over the surface and occasionally rendered the footing treacherous. Although here and there the slope was very steep, nature seemed always to have provided some resource for climbers. At one point, my rubber-soled shoes refused to cling; but I found an overlapped shelf so placed that by thrusting my hands under its edge I could, as it were, press myself down upon the bed-rock hard enough to obtain a foothold. For the second part of the way, my route lay over disintegrated rock. The particles held together like grains of sugar gathered in a lump; a touch separated them. Three modes of progress were possible; but whether I tried one or another, the others seemed preferable. The slope was steep, and wherever I stepped the rock crumbled and slid beneath my feet. After several narrow escapes from starting a new slide with myself for a centre, perhaps to be rushed two or three hundred feet downward and impaled upon the sharp spikes of a fallen spruce, I abandoned the middle of the track and attempted to follow the edges. Here, however, though the probability of a fall was somewhat reduced, the tangle of logs and bowlders increased in even greater proportion the probability of injury should a fall occur. When one is alone, some risks are wisest avoided. At last I abandoned this route

and turned to the stream, which had worn a channel sometimes eight or ten feet deep. Only by walking in the water was I able to secure a hard footing.

The upper portion of the slide was bare ledge, solid and smooth. As seen from the pond below, it appears almost perpendicular, and until reaching it I had wondered whether a human being could cling there. I found that for much of it nothing less soft and flexible than rubber-soled shoes would be serviceable, and in some parts even these were inadequate. Now and then I came to a pitch so sharp and smooth that I could not cling, even though I lay flat and pressed hard with both feet and hands. The only possibility of advance was by dropping back a few yards upon the less steep portions and getting momentum sufficient to carry me to another foothold, unless, indeed, I abandoned the original plan of scaling the slide and took ignominiously to the woods.

The necessity of frequent stops for breath and for selecting the best route was never less burdensome; and, on the other hand, the severe angle which my feet were forced to take in order to keep my body perpendicular removed the temptation to linger too long over foretastes of the view. I was getting well up toward the heights, and the distant mountains began to peer over Osceola's neighbors. Directly below me, so nearly underneath that I could almost drop a stone into it, lay the Upper Greeley Pond, its clear waters black as ink. I could barely distinguish the raft upon which, an hour before, I had been paddling.

As soon as I had gone high enough to see over Kancamagus, the inspiration of height came over me. Every lover of mountains and every one who has in him the making of a lover of mountains knows the feeling. Mountain after mountain in "wild pell mell" rose up between the rest of the world and me. Not an acre of level ground, not a foot of clearing, not a trace of man as far as the eye could see. That is what it is to be alone. But then, by chance, I caught a glimpse of a tiny white spot on the dome of Mt. Washington twenty miles away, and reminded myself that as a sign of civilization the Summit House could not be escaped. Finally a faint gleam of light came from the summit of Kearsarge, and I knew that another Summit House must be the innocent cause. In such a position one sees how puny is man, and yet how great. Whether we will or not, however we may shun sermons, Nature will have her word with us. She forces us to feel how vast is her kingdom of material things; yet she reminds us that even these the mind and heart of man can conquer and make as naught.

From the top of the slide to the ridge is only a short distance, but the walking is treacherous. The ground is covered with huge bowlders of all shapes. The interstices are partially filled with dead and decaying trees or limbs, fallen years ago; and the whole is overspread with a carpet of soft, thick moss. Here and there, out of the tangle, rise scraggy spruces, and scattered about over the moss are trees which have fallen in recent years. One sometimes stands upon apparently firm footing, a foot raised for the next step, and then, suddenly feeling the moss give way, drops with twisted ankle or knee between two bowlders, or plunges headlong into a dead spruce which threatens to impale one upon the sharp stumps of its broken-off branches.

When I reached the ridge, a little after noon, the main peak loomed up through the thin clouds nearer than I had expected. I was tempted to linger and let my eyes wander about over the Pemigewasset wilderness, which now lay at my feet; but the October winds were swift and searching. I have only this one complaint to make against cold weather — that one cannot stop in the midst of hard, hot work until one can make a business of keeping warm I followed the ridge southerly through the thin woods to a point near the top of the eastern peak, and thence westerly along the other ridge which connects the two parts of the mountain. This is, I think, the most beautiful walk, or line of march, — if that name better fits a tramp through unbroken woods, — that I have ever taken. As the ground is not treacherous and as nothing blocks the way, one's eyes are

free to wander. The ridge is narrow and the sides are steep. On the south one looks down two thousand feet into the beautiful, half-cultivated valley of the Mad River; on the north, into the bowl-shaped wilderness through which flows the East Branch of the Pemigewasset. In early October both valleys are vast gardens.

Just under the last incline reaching to the summit I was surprised to come upon a little heath, perhaps three rods square. Upon three sides it is surrounded by the primeval forest; upon the fourth a precipice looks down upon it. Yet upon a summer's day one might lie in a hammock there, twenty-five hundred feet above the valley, and, warmed by the sun and sung to by the stray breezes, feel as civilized as in a hayfield in any populous farming region. No evidence of height or of the surrounding wilderness obtrudes itself.

The last pitch to the top of the mountain gave me another variety of climbing. I had carelessly failed to circumvent altogether the cliffs which on that side drop abruptly two hundred feet from the summit. When I reached the upper part, with which the ridge intersects, I was so far out of my way that return was not worth while. The cliffs were like all others, — easy enough when clinging-places for hands and feet were found, but almost inexorable when one is in a position from which both advance and retreat look doubtful.

From the top of the cliffs the summit was in view, close at hand. Five minutes' walk would seem a fair estimate. Twenty, if I remember rightly, was the fact. Scrub spruce here, as so often elsewhere, was responsible for the discrepancy. The trees grew so closely together that progress was a matter of brute force. Sometimes it paid literally to ride over a tree, — to get a good grip on something beyond and crowd the tree down and drag the body over; sometimes two trees must be bent apart far enough to let the body through, — but not always all of one's clothing; sometimes, push and pull and plunge as one would, there was no thoroughfare, — but patience always found one somewhere. My last tug was the hardest. Then a brisk trot of a few rods brought me out on the bare ledges, touched here and there with the first snow of the season.

But I found myself in the midst of a cloud. For a view, I might as well have been in a log cabin in the woods. Then I literally cried out in ecstasy. At my right, through a tiny rift in the cloud, I saw, almost three thousand feet below me, a vast garden, radiant in the noon sun with all the glorious brilliancy and harmony of the October mountain foliage. I was looking down into the valley, upon the tops of the trees where the sun had done its best work. It was one of those revelations which come upon us suddenly, but leave their impress for always. That rift in the cloud was like the star to the child, — "a hole in the sky to let the glory through;" only I was in the sky, and the glory that shone through was that of earth. In a moment the wind had closed my view. Yet so thrilling had been the glimpse, that I was glad I had come, even though I might see nothing more. In a few moments another rift was opened, and another bit of the Mad River valley, under the Tripyramid Scaur, was my garden. Soon the cloud rolled away from me, though lingering among the scraggy trees behind, and I looked out unhindered over the bowl-like valley. The tops of all the mountains were covered, for half their height, with clouds, which seemed to be the edges of space. It was hard to imagine any world beyond. In whichever direction I looked, clouds bounded the vision. I seemed to be in a little isolated world, afloat in space, — a part of the universe, but having no relation to what we call the earth. When one sees the top of a mountain, one feels that there is an unseen descent corresponding to the ascent which he knows; but when the hills mount into the clouds and lose themselves, nothing but space seems to lie beyond.

Slowly the clouds covering Sandwich Dome — or Black Mountain, as the natives call it — shifted and became thin, and then were re-enforced, and thinned again. From leaden gray to azure, back to purple, and on again to azure, the veil changed. Now it would

tinge the zebra-colored ridge running along the upper half of the mountain from Noon Peak to Jennings Peak; now it would drop down and hide the belated greens on the slope of Noon Peak; again it would lift and reveal the hard, cold black of the changeless spruces on the highest pitch.

It was hard to lose a moment of the changing shades and tints; but muscle for climbing and animal warmth to scorn the cold do not come from watching shadows in a wintry wind. I descended to the spring on the western slope, about three eighths of a mile from the summit, and filled my flask and a small pail. On my return there was no lack of draught for a blaze, but dry wood was scarce. Though the snow lay only in patches, everything was moist. A few shavings from the inside of a dead spruce started my fire, and soon hot chocolate was ready. On such days one does not stand much on the order of eating nor — what is more to the purpose — of drinking. It is often the annoyance of hot-weather climbing that, unless one carries pounds of water, one runs the risk of having food repel for its very dryness. In cold weather, water can be almost dispensed with, — at any rate, appetite does not wait on it.

As I ate my lunch, I watched the shifting scene. My respect for the native appreciation of mountain scenery was increased. I found that even the prosaic names of Black and Green spoke much for the observation of the natives. Though I had both climbed and noticed from a distance, many times, Black and Green Mountains, I had never before seen special appropriateness in their names. Yet now, in these few days of the height of autumn coloring, — and the period between the height of the coloring and the falling of the leaves is very short, — Black was the blackest mountain within range, and Green was the greenest.

When the clouds had lifted, every variety of color was in view. The deep blue, caught in glimpses between the clouds, shaded down on the south to the color of polished steel in the wandering Winnepesaukee. Just beneath were the blacks and greens on Sandwich Dome, giving place in turn to yellow Mt. Fisher. Next came Tecumseh, gay with scarlet and gold. Beyond, an occasional gleam of silver came from the Pemigewasset River, winding beneath the sun. Toward the northwest, distance had turned the abounding scarlets of the lower Franconia range to pink; but on the higher peaks winter had settled, and Lafayette was glistening in fairy whiteness.

As the afternoon advanced, the wind increased to a half a gale, and the thermometer fell rapidly. The western sky grew black, and I began to count the signs of a storm. Though to spend the night alone on a mountain top in a drenching rain and a wintry gale might be an interesting experience, it was not what I had counted on. It was with some difficulty that I persuaded myself that concern in the matter was not necessarily a sort of white feather. There was still time to retreat; but I thought it best to abandon forecasts and stay for luck. Just before sunset I built my fire for the night in the lee of a big shelf of rock, twenty or thirty rods from the bold crags which were to be my observatory. I think it was in cutting wood on my first night alone at the top that I realized, when my hatchet was turned by an overhanging branch and missed its aim, what it may mean to be alone. I remembered suddenly that even experienced woodchoppers sometimes drive an axe into a leg; that I was more than four miles from the nearest house; that the best road was a blazed path, useless by night. My improvement as a wood-cutter was rapid.

When a good fire had been started, I hurried out to watch the sun go down. I had barely time to say good night to it. The clouds were so dense that I gave up the expectation of beautiful coloring in the west, and went to another part of the summit to look for reflections. When I turned to the west again, my heart jumped. I seemed to be looking into the very mouth of the Inferno. A great ball, red like flowing blood, lay behind two black ragged jaws; and streaks of flaming scarlet lay within. The wind was howling about me. The sun seemed to have risen again in fury. And then the mystery was ex-

plained. I had before mistaken the upper edge of a black cloud for the horizon, and the sun had not yet gone. It was now finally settling behind a cloud as dense and angry as the first.

Immediately the black shadows began to come up out of the valleys, — one cannot use the passive voice for such darkness. It is not the mere absence of light, as the dictionaries tell us; it is positive, active. What we see is not the voluntary departure of day; it is the aggressive advance of an enemy who has sprung from the deepest ravines and comes marching steadily upward, pushing day before it. Never hastening, never halting, it is inexorability itself. Seasons, tempests, pestilences, nations, and even continents come and go, play their part and disappear, but in unvarying round since time began the darkness has risen from its haunts at night and has retired to them by day. One must be alone in the heart of mountains to realize that this ceaseless flow is the one unchangeable fact that the physical world can show us. I shall not forget the sensations of my first night alone on Osceola. The steadily nearing blackness shutting me off from my fellow-men was like a demon that hissed out to me: "Your coming was at your own will; your staying shall be at mine; and meantime the clouds and the winds and the lightnings and I will follow our own devices."

On this October evening the wind was momentarily increasing. It blew into my face the loose fragments of rock upon the summit. Now and then it swayed the trees until they chafed against each other and uttered a moan or a shrill cry. Several times I thought the cry human, or else that of some strange animal.

I took my station for the night stretched out on a shelf of rock just under the highest crag. Its slope gave me the advantages both of a reclining and a standing posture. A buffalo robe, which I had taken to the top a few days previously, kept off the wind. I watched the stars coming out in response to the nightly roll-call. The clouds had floated away, and attendance was good. One disappointment, however, I felt keenly at the start. Always before Vega had been almost directly overhead during a large part of the night, and I had lain looking up into her face and dreaming the dreams she gave me. In this matter I can vouch for her kindness of heart. Now that she was off in the west, almost behind the crag, I was forced to make new friends, and the night was less homelike.

At seven o'clock I was surprised to see in the east a glow as from the electric lights of a distant city. Soon I saw upon the horizon a bright line, which rapidly widened and spread apart its bevelled ends. Then I knew it was the moon, enormous beyond all previous experience. I had expected it to appear about half past seven or eight o'clock, but I had forgotten that the moon does not use upon a mountain top the time-table of the enclosed valley below. Soon the darkness began to give ground, but it refused to yield further than to the tops of the trees. Moreover, the light was unlike that which had fled before the darkness an hour and more ago. It was kin to the darkness itself, for both are foster fathers of dreams and romance. As the moon rose higher, the dead level of black shadow stretching to the horizon began to break. The dim light settled deeper and deeper, and the mountains began to show their heads with softened outlines above the shadows; but I could not see into the valleys. As I looked out toward the northeast the succession of looming summits seemed great waves not yet subsided after a tornado at sea. The view was constantly changing. As the moon swung southward, new slopes, with their knolls and ridges and ravines, came out of the shadow, and others disappeared. New stars appeared in the east, and old favorites went down behind the crags. With so much to watch and so much food for thought the moments flew rapidly. I was surprised at the lateness of the hour whenever I went back to the fire to warm my stiffening joints.

I was glad that I had made my fire at a distance and out of sight of my station. For one who wishes to feel the throb of the very heart of Nature, a fire is too companionable. It crackles in the wind,

sings with the steaming of wet wood, and makes pictures with its flames and smoke. It drives off the darkness, and establishes a little circle within which no mystery, no romance, no fancied terrors, can hope to live. One must be utterly alone in the wilderness, where there is no sound but the wind and, for a time at least, no light but that of the stars. Then it is that one sees the physical man stripped of all his belongings of tradition and convention looking out of his puny might upon the universe he deigns to patronize.

About midnight I heard above the roar of the wind a sharp rattle of stones at my elbow. Instinctively I rose to a sitting posture and clapped my hand to the revolver in my pocket. The movement startled my visitor even more than he had startled me. He stopped suddenly, turned his head to look at me, and off. I had not even time to see whether he was a fox or a wildcat. I ran around the rock under which I had lain, and clambered to the top for another look at him. He was watching there, but at my reappearance he darted for the woods. I had one other visitor before morning, but I heard only his retreat and caught no glimpse of him.

A little after four o'clock the east became just perceptibly lighter than the rest of the sky. For a long time no other change was apparent; then, very slowly, the gray brightened, spreading higher and wider until it became a glow. The stars slipped away, one by one, and the shadows started back into their ravines. The morning river-fogs, so white and dense that at first I mistook them for banks of snow, peered out of the darkness. One thing only was lacking: the birds were gone. I had once heard the bird chorus from this point. On a glorious July morning, just an hour after the first touch of dawn, a single call had come up from the foot of the slope below me. It seemed wondrously beautiful after my night of solitude. A second and a third time it was given, and then from across the ravine came an answering note. For several moments the distant duet continued, and then it became a trio, and then a quartet, and finally a chorus. The world was awake once more. But on this October morning the silence was absolute.

At about half past five the last star had disappeared. Ten minutes later a disk of molten gold appeared over Doublehead. I found that there is no fiction nor arbitrary division in the words "the new day." When the sun had appeared, it was true that the old had been left behind and the new had been taken up. There was no similarity even in my moods. The spirit of romance, of dreams, of sublimity, had vanished with the shadows. I no longer cared even for the view. It had taken on the air of workaday life. Energy, activity, the spirit of conquest, had sprung forward with the sun. I was eager to be moving.

As I crossed the plateau at the top, two rabbits were making their morning meal, with apparently nothing but bare ledge for a larder. I descended by the footpath which follows the southwestern ridge. Half a mile below the top the rushing of the wind became more marked. Near the summit the thin, dry spruces had moaned and sung and whistled only; but down among the deciduous trees the tall trunks and branching limbs, but half stripped of leaves, gave a roar like the overhead passing of a railroad train.

During the lulls the woods were almost more beautiful than in summer. The sun streamed in great patches through the half-stripped trees, upon the fallen leaves, yellows and scarlets and browns. Thus not only more light than in summer entered the woods, but it was reflected, rather than absorbed, by the ground. Suddenly, as I was enjoying the quiet beauty, the wind came in a fresh gust and roared among the branches. Nuts and twigs came pattering down. A solitary woodpecker, somewhere out of sight, tapped his tree with superhuman rapidity — the first sign of life I had found since leaving the top. In that solitude it was weird. A thick growth of moosewood thrust across my path its ghastly leaves, blotched with great blood-red patches, as if a battle had been fought there. A hemlock at my elbow bent and cracked with a loud report, and the other trees moaned and wailed as they chafed against one another. I found that I had

not left all romance and sublimity at the top.

About breakfast time I reached the river. Here in the valley the voice of the wind was only a rustle; it mingled with the murmuring of the tumbling water. With a sense of relief I picked up a stick and tossed it into the stream; it signified the transfer of my allegiance from the gods of Egypt to the gods of Greece. I had been worshipping at the shrine of the dark, the mysterious, the sublime; I turned to the light, the friendly, the joyous. One does well to turn to Egypt on sacred days; for the rest, Greece will suffice.

---

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship devoted its recent annual meeting to the consideration of a subject of the highest importance — the Revival of Public Spirit in our Country Towns. Many things have combined to make the leading members of this society ask themselves whether there is not a great work for the society to do in the promotion of such a revival. Although the society is by name a state society, its interests and activities have actually been confined chiefly to Boston; and here it has done much for several years, by courses of lectures on municipal affairs, presenting especially accounts of what is best in the organization and administration of European cities, to develop the spirit of municipal reform, which has resulted in the establishment of the Boston Municipal League. Many of the officers of the new League are officers of the Good Citizenship Society, who feel that they can accomplish most for municipal reform in an organization devoted exclusively to that purpose.

Municipal Leagues are being born at this time in every large city in the country. We have made their work the theme of discussion more than once in these pages. The movement which has given them birth is one of the most important and necessary political movements in the country, and their rapid multiplication surely one of the most noteworthy and hopeful signs of the times. Our great cities, where the tides of public life run strongest, where political activities centre, and whence the influences radiate which affect for weal or woe the whole body of our society, have become, by reason of the political corruption which is rampant in them, the danger points in the nation. It is a true instinct which has warned the people that the problem of American politics is the problem of the American city, and has provoked the uprising which we see in our cities everywhere, so general and so energetic that men may well speak of it as a civic renaissance.

***

But while we see this encouraging devotion to reform and to the effort of rousing civic pride in our cities, there is no corresponding effort in behalf of the smaller towns and the country. That the needs here are great has certainly been pointed out often enough. We have heard much in these days of the decline of the hill town, of the abandoned farm, and of many things that seem to threaten, where they have not already undermined, the fine old life of agricultural New England. A hundred of our country towns have during the century poured their best blood into New York and Boston, into the multiplying factory towns along our rivers, and into the great West. A hundred towns, where fifty or sixty years ago two thousand vigorous and ambitious people led an active, enterprising and stimulating life, now, with but half that population, and these often a poor and feeble folk beside the men of whose deeds the elders tell, seem going to decay. Public life in these depleted towns, ghostly with memories of a greater past, can hardly be said to exist; and the private and social life is in multitudes of cases dull, thin, uneventful, and uninteresting. It is not to be wondered at that the young people, as soon as their wings are fully grown, spread them and fly away. Fortunate is it in not a few places of the class of which we speak if the life is not worse than dull, if it is not stagnant and threatened with demoralization. The president of one of our colleges startled us two or three years ago by an article on the question, "Is the New England country becoming paganized?" Drawing his illustrations chiefly from the state of Maine, he pointed out that in that state there are many country towns where to-day, from one year's end to the other, the gospel in any form is never heard, the old church door never unlocked. Who of us does not think of country towns in other states, towns perhaps well known to us, where tradition tells of a time when on the Sunday morning and the Sunday afternoon the one old meeting-house had every pew on the floor and in the big galleries full, and a hundred horses, driven from every corner of the town, were hitched in the village sheds, — yet where to-day hardly a score of people gather in each of the two or three little rival churches, struggling groups hardly able to pay the minister, pathetic enough often in their lonesome and patient devotion, exercising slight influence upon the general life of the town? It is generally but a short step from religious decadence to moral degeneration; and it is certainly true that the reports of the moral life in many of the decaying country towns of New England are discouraging and ominous. With all that the great cities have to answer for, it may be questioned whether, hundred for hundred, their population does not show a higher moral average than the country population — more purity, more temperance,

more civility and humaneness. Isolation is not good for men; and in many parts of the country there is much of it. Edward Everett Hale likes to dwell upon the fact that *conscience* means literally *knowing together*, as the term *moral* relates to men as social beings; and he has emphasized with power in recent discussions of this very problem of the country town the danger of isolation and the saving grace of *togetherhood* and public spirit. It is a startling fact that in Massachusetts, as shown by late statistics covering a series of years, a majority of the murders, and those the most brutal and revolting, are committed not in the great cities, but in the small towns, often in the remotest and most out-of-the-way corners of the small towns. The people of such towns need to be made better neighbors, need to be brought into closer, more constant and more organic relations, need to be given something public and inspiring to think about, need to be united and informed by common interests. This is one great problem, perhaps the greatest, with which the worker for good citizenship outside of the great cities has to deal. It is not simply a New England problem. It is a great mistake to think that the decadence of the country town, of which so much has been said of late in New England, is something seen there alone. The same problem confronts the West. In Illinois and Iowa and neighboring states, as a careful writer has been telling us at this very time in one of the magazines, the small towns, where life a little while ago was so impulsive and promising, are in multitudes of cases suffering reaction and decay — by reason of the rush of men to the great centres; and as a result of it the same social questions which we have just referred to rise to be answered there. Answered they must be, and will be. The country town is certainly not going to vanish from the face of the earth. We do not believe that the passion for cities or the industrial motives which have led to such congestion in cities will be so strong in the next century as they have been in this. Already the man and woman of the city, suffering from life's high pressure, hunger for the country as never before; where twenty years ago they passed one or two midsummer weeks there, now if possible they pass as many months. The summer homes of city men multiply on the Maine coast, in New Hampshire, in the Cape Cod towns, in Berkshire, and in scores of places where fashion and the crowd do not go. In the welfare of these places the earnest and abiding interest of these men is often enlisted; and the remote and important results of this interest cannot be calculated. It is an interest which can be appealed to in behalf of many wholesome and civilizing efforts in this transition period in the history of rural New England, which will constantly contribute to the bringing of city and country into closer touch and sympathy, and which is an element of permanent and great importance in the problem of the enrichment of life and the revival of public spirit in the country places.

***

THE great cities are not the only centres from which care for the interests of the country town should proceed. The country town is in a county as well as in a state; and the county town, the little capital, close at hand, the centre of trade and of local institutions, often of a brisk intellectual and social life, should make itself a source of nourishment and inspiration for the country round about. Our county life should be better organized. There should be more frequent meetings at the centre of the ministers of the county, and of the teachers of the county, to confer on common needs and to reinforce each other. One of the most hopeful things in the country at present is the growth and multiplication of the granges. The popularity and success of these organizations in many very small places, where there was almost no social or institutional life among the farmers and their families, shows how great was the need and hunger for fraternity and cooperation. The grange has not only fulfilled its original intent as a stimulator of better thought about the field and garden and dairy and market, but has made itself as well the theatre — since oftentimes there is no other — of neighborhood discussion of all things pertaining to the neighborhood welfare, and the organ of the neighborhood pleasure. It is the best of all helps in being self-help; and the best thing about it is its federal instinct. The new grange in Smithfield immediately reaches out for relations with the older grange in Jonesboro; and straightway the granges of half a dozen towns meet together in convention or picnic, — and then the county is embraced. Such social federation as we thus see shaping itself among the farmers in their own particular province we want to see and want to foster in relation to whatever concerns public needs or affects public spirit. Each county town should make itself a centre of activity to this end. It is the thought of the Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society to do something, by arranging county conventions and prompting county organizations, to promote interest in this matter and if possible to inaugurate a movement which shall send "the civic renaissance" from the city and the university to the hill-top farm and village and the district school. It is a thought which should commend itself to all good citizenship societies the country through.

***

IN the work of the revival of public spirit in the country towns, there are important agencies at our hand, if they can be intelligently enlisted in service, — the church, the public school, the public library, and the country newspaper. We have spoken of sad and discouraging features in the religious and church life of our country towns. Much that is worst and most harmful has come from our excessive sectarianism, the extravagant emphasis upon some favorite and controverted doctrine as the basis of religious fellowship and separate organization. We do not care to say anything about these several rival doctrines, and we surely do not question the right of each man to his own. What we do say is that this excessive sectarianism, this carrying of three poor churches into a little village instead of one good one, is again and again the source of

enfeeblement and frittering where there might be unity and power. There are things more important to the religious life of a little town than correctness as to the appointment of a minister by the congregation or by a bishop, or as to baptism at the font or in the brook; and the Congregationalist or Methodist or Baptist who does not see this has no proportion in his thinking and is a poor Christian. It is one virtue of the remarkable Christian Endeavor movement — in addition to the very great virtue that every one of these Christian Endeavor societies seems becoming, under the earnest and thoughtful guidance of the leaders of the movement, a good citizenship society—that its whole tendency is to rebuke and modify our extreme denominationalism: these zealous and fraternal young people grow impatient of the minor points of form and dogma over which their elders quarrel and divide. This virtue will have more beneficent operation in small towns and country places than in the large cities, where a high degree of sectarianism is quite compatible with fraternity and efficiency and not without wholesomeness and advantage.

We do not wish to see any return to the state church system which obtained in New England a century ago; the voluntary system in religion has come to stay, and we are all glad of it. But the old system had one distinct merit: it made the parish minister officially responsible for the religious interests of the whole town. Now the Baptist minister is responsible for his little flock, and the Methodist minister for his, and nobody for the "unchurched," who constitute the vast majority. This particular problem, one of the most serious in the general problem of the revival of the country town, was the subject of attention this year by the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational ministers. One of the members of the committee appointed a year ago to make a report wrote as follows: —

"But a small percentage of the people of our agricultural towns now have any connection with religious institutions. They seldom or never attend a religious meeting unless it be a funeral. What can be done to bring these people under some religious influence? Let us form a Christian league, embracing all denominations, to establish religious worship and instruction in these destitute districts. Take the abandoned school houses, fit them up for Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening religious services, and let the ministers hold meetings there in turn, each free to preach the gospel of a simple, practical faith, in his own way, without any purpose of controversy — the plain precepts of Christian morality and piety applied to the condition of the people. If we could come together on some broad basis like this, much might be done to bring this home-heathenism under the influence of Christianity. But so long as we keep up our petty rivalries and jealousies, I see no prospect of reaching the religious destitution lying at our very doors."

It was recommended that the minister of the First Parish in each town in Massachusetts be requested to call together all the clergymen of the town, for a conference, and that early in each year these ministers meet to divide among themselves the responsibility of house-to-house visiting through the town. Acquaintance should be made with the circumstances of every household, the plan of education for the children, the health of the family, and the reasons why any do not attend religious services — and proper effort made to persuade all to do so; and at the union meeting on Thanksgiving Day, some such public statement should be made as would interest the people of the town in arrangements for improving the condition of the more destitute districts. The efficient carrying out of this scheme — would result in incalculable good for our country towns.

***

Two things must tend to make the common schools of the country better nurseries, in the one case, of public spirit and, in the other, of interest in country life, — the extension of the study of our national history and of civil government, and the new attention which is being paid to nature studies. Too little has been done by the country schools in the past to open to the country boy and girl the beautiful secrets of their environment. Sympathy and sensitiveness have led this one and that into companionship with the birds and the woods, and have made naturalists of some. But every country child should be taught enough of botany and geology, of the science of the soil and the things that grow in it, of plant life and animal life, to make his world more eloquent and didactic and beckoning than it usually is. We wish that every country school-house in the future might be set in a garden, and that everything in farm life might become science before it has a chance to become drudgery. Each town should have its little natural history museum, where every local rock and tree and fern and flower and beast and bird should be represented, and school should vie with school in making contributions. There should be closer touch between the various district schools, and once a year at least a common festival at some common centre.

***

The school should be brought into relation everywhere with the public library, the teacher should instruct the pupils what and how to read, and all should be taught as they leave school that the public library may become for all a permanent higher school. There is now hardly a town in Massachusetts without its public library. This is peculiarly the library age. To a hundred towns beautiful library buildings have been given by successful sons of the town in grateful reverence for the place of their nativity. Other states are following the lead of Massachusetts in legislation which shall make library privileges universal. This notable library movement is a thing of our own time; and nothing is more potential with good for the country town, where often there are few books and slight intellectual stimulus. Here is a great new engine of inspiration and delight. Let those especially who direct the education of the young people of the country unite to see that it is warmly welcomed and well used.

***

An engine too of which it seems to us much

more use might be made than is made is the country newspaper. Too warm tribute cannot be paid to many of our country newspapers, to the conscientiousness and care which mark them, and to the public spirit of their editors. But too often the country newspaper is not a missionary or a teacher, but merely a panderer to the little villagers love of little gossip. The country newspaper must be enlisted everywhere as the great organ for the work of the revival of public spirit in the country places. The hour of its great opportunity is now; and the country minister and lawyer and teacher, each with his own special experience and knowledge and purpose, should all become the editor's assistants in the work, which may be so noble, of sending week by week into each home a messenger of culture and of public spirit.

---

# OMNIBUS.

## The Mower.

He is up betimes in the morning,
  Ere the dew from the grass is gone,
Merrily whistling down the street,
  The mower who mows the lawn.
In and out by the gnarled old trees,
  Leisurely round and round,
Under and over the sweet white clover,
  Flecking the velvety ground;
Coming near to the hammock to rest,
As a wild bird hovers about her nest.

For somebody swings in the hammock, I ween,
  Whose cheeks with the roses vie,
With lips as ripe as cherries are red
  In the heart of the gold July.
She croons a song with the birds o'erhead,
  While the lawn mower rings in her ear;
When it stops its ringing, she ceases singing,
  She knows somebody is near;
And mowing a lawn is dull alway,
Unless you rest often and toss up the hay.

He takes off his hat for the breeze to fan
  His brow with its touches cool;
He clips the weeds where the hammock hangs, —
  Our mower is not any fool;
He knows that the laws of nature and love
  Are governed the very same way,
His heart divines while the hot sun shines
  It is wiser to make up his hay.
He tosses his words like his hay with grace,
And watches the smiles on her listening face.

The hours drift into the drowsy noon,
  And into the gloaming late,
But he lingers lovingly over his task,
  He mows with the mower of fate.
And Cupid cuts swaths in holiday hearts,
  In the light of the stars or the dawn,
So over and over, mid fragrance and clover,
  The mower who mows the lawn
Tells the story that seems to all lovers the best,
Whenever he stops by the hammock to rest.

We wonder sometimes as the holidays wane
  And afar in the glow of the sun
On uplands ripples the golden grain,
  If his task will never be done.
For weeds grow fast in the long warm days;
  Yet a man will reap what he sows,
And a harvest of love is sure, it is said,
  And the hay to the man who mows;
So we patiently bide our time, that's all,
And wait for the garnering in, next fall.

*Emma Playter Seabury.*

***

## A Song of Summer.

Out in the open country fields,
  With the green grass blowing merrily,
The daisies nod, and the dewdrops shine,
  And the sunbeams dance right cheerily.

A lassie and laddie come tripping along,
  Like the fair day smiling brightly;
They pluck the flowers, and they hum a song
  As they shake off the dewdrops lightly.

The song tells how neither you nor I
  Nor any one else they know
Has drunk the full cup of the joy of the fields
  Where the daisies and buttercups grow.

You may rise when the flowers open their eyes,
  You may bathe your feet in the dew,
You may live as the children of nature live,
  The whole long summer through;

But there'll still be a secret of nature's own
  Beyond your human ken;
It is known to the fairies who dwell in the grass,
  But is hid from the sons of men.

Yet whenever together a lad and a lass
  Trip hand in hand through the fields,
They fancy they drink with the elfin race
  All the sweetest that nature yields.

Out in the full, free light of the sun
  Where the green grass bloweth merrily
The lass and the lad go dancing by
  Singing their song right cheerily.

*Mary Aimée Goodman*

Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., 7 Federal Court, Boston, Mass.